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Confederate Veteran
Magazine
1918

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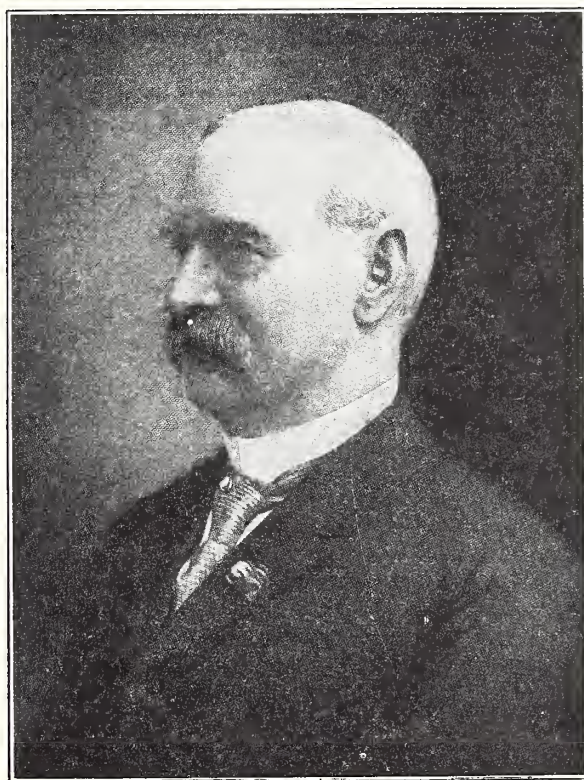
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVI.

JANUARY, 1918

2230692

NO. 1



HON. T. L. BURNETT, OF KENTUCKY
Member of the Confederate Congress, who died recently at Louisville, Ky.

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

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**BRONZE MEMORIAL AND
INSCRIPTION TABLETS**

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"OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES."

CAPT. B. L. RIDLEY'S VERSION.

(Air: "Old-Time Religion.")

I can hear the bugles sounding,
And the Rebel yell in action,
And the echoes of the battle
Returning home to me;
I can see the Lincoln cohorts
And our Southern boys confronting—
These meetings stir the ashes
Of old memories to me.

Chorus.

We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates—
It's good enough for me.

Pat Cleburne with his Ringgold,
Stewart with his New Hope,
John Morgan with his Hartsville
Bring happy thoughts to me;
Our Bragg at Chickamauga,
Joe Johnston to Atlanta,
Hood at bloody Franklin
Recall old times to me.

Our Rebel ram Arkansas,
Our steamer Alabama,
Our noted Shenandoah
Bring delights to me;
The sea dogs of the Union
Subsided in their grandeur
When Brown, Semmes, and Whittle
Proclaimed the mastery.

Our Rains and Strahl and Adams,
Our Stonewall, Bee, and Bartow,
Our Gordon, Ewell, Early—
They were good enough for me.
Our Stewart, Brown, and Forrest,
Our Polk, Lee, and Wheeler,
Our Gist and Bate and Cheatham—
They were good enough for me.

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn, immortal, brighter—
That's good enough for me.
Our hope is now in heaven,
Our hope is now in heaven,
Our hope is now in heaven—
It's good enough for me.

We'll see Lee, Price, and Johnstons,
We'll see Lee, Price, and Johnstons,
We'll see Lee, Price, and Johnstons—
That's a happy thought to me.
Hatton, Bragg, and old Pat Cleburne,
Hatton, Bragg, and old Pat Cleburne,
Hatton, Bragg, and old Pat Cleburne—
That's a thrilling thought to me.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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TIME—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL, CHICAGO, ILL.

From the small ingrafted bud I've lived to see
And enjoy the plucking from life's full-fruited tree.

The link between the turbulent present and the more leisurely times of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun is fast lengthening out. Though eighty-five years old, I still like to mingle with the wonderful things of life, but am moderate in enjoying them.

The shades of evening cannot be very distant from me; advanced years bring increased leisure. While I feel the need of rest and quiet in the evening of life, I cannot forget that due exercise of mind and body is indispensable to health and happiness; age brings no exemption from this law. Time unemployed is life unenjoyed. Just look back for a moment. I was here when Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England; of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States, I have seen thirteen of them and lived through twenty-one of their administrations, while the great measures in Congress, the Missouri Compromise and the Dred Scott decision, were being fought and abolition was a burning issue. I was here when the greatest Presidential canvass was ever fought, in 1840, and I well remember the log cabins on wagons drawn by six horses. On the sides of the cabins coonskins were tacked, and inside were barrels of hard cider, free to all. The popular slogan was: "Vote for Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The Whig candidates were William Henry Harrison and John Tyler.

I was a boy in my teens when General Scott entered the City of Mexico; I was a full-grown man when the first shot was fired on Fort Sumter, opening the War between the States. I was here when the two great cities of the North and South, Chicago and Atlanta, did not exist. When I was born there were no steamships, only sailing vessels; there were only four short lines of railroad altogether, less than five hundred miles, in the United States; the third oldest road was the Raleigh and Gaston, in North Carolina. I saw its building. All traveled then by stagecoach, and mails were transported the same way.

I have seen America in the making; I have first-hand knowledge of the events of almost a century, the greatest century of progress in the history of the world. I have seen the inception and development of all the wonderful inventions and discoveries which have transformed the earth—the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless, the aeroplane, and the automobile. The world has rushed on with giant strides. It seems that I have lived a thousand years in one. I am still active, at daily business. I am no back number bound in last year's musty cover. I still look straight to the front and keep step to the music of the times, let it be "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie." From day to day I'm doing all I can to keep from being dumped, like an old worn-out machine, on the scrap heap.

I find the way to grow old with grace
Is not to grow old at all, but just keep the pace.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

[Written for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.]

BY D. G. BICKERS.

Sign of the Cross! Since Calvary that sign has stood
For honor—yea, for sacrifice—because there never has been
good
That was enduring save through sacrifice,
And in the willingness real honor lies.

Sign of the Cross! The Son of Glory gave his life,
And to the world unseeing he went out, a failure in the strife;
Defeat apparent was the price he gave
For honor of the world he came to save.

So followers of him in conscience kept their honor bright,
In seeming vanquishment went down. But through the bit-
terness of night
They kept the faith; then morning kissed their brow,
And they may wear the Cross of Honor now.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

MEMBER OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

In using the picture of the late T. L. Burnett, of Kentucky, on the title-page of this number, it was intended to publish also a short sketch of him, but the data was not available in time. He was one of the very few survivors of the Confederate Congress. If there are others now living, the VETERAN would be glad to know.

OFFICIAL EDITOR U. D. C.

The President General U. D. C. announces the appointment of Mrs. Monroe McClurg, of Greenwood, Miss., as Official Editor of the U. D. C. Department of the VETERAN. All communications for that department should be sent direct to her.

CORRECTING HISTORY.

In this number of the VETERAN, on page 24, will be found the first of a series of articles prepared for "The Gray Book," a volume which is to be gotten out by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in the effort to set before the world the true position of the South in the War between the States. This first article is by A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., a prominent member of the organization, who gives various authorities to show that the South was not responsible for slavery, did not want it, and made strong protest against it. The second article will present "The Right of Secession" as claimed by the Southern States, this article being contributed by Comrade Fauntleroy, of St. Louis, Mo. Another of the series will be by Matthew Page Andrews, an able and impartial historian, on "Prisons" as conducted by Federals and Confederates.

Other articles in this booklet will be on the line of correcting other wrong ideas of the South's position and its fight for constitutional rights. Such a work has become all the more necessary because of the general disposition of writers and speakers of the present to parallel the present Germany with the South of 1861-65. In the introduction to "The Gray Book" will be a number of quotations revealing much misinformation, one of which is from a speech by Gen. Francis V. Greene before the Y. M. C. A. of New York City, in which he said (comparing the present war with the War between the States): "This contest is on a scale of unparalleled magnitude, but the issues at stake are the same. The forces of autocracy and world dominion will make as stubborn a defense as did the forces of slavery and disunion, and the forces of liberty and freedom will be as resolute to obtain a righteous decision as then."

All of which places the South in a very ugly light, and unjustly so, and the work that the Sons of Veterans have undertaken in the dissemination of the truth of history should have wide commendation and loyal support.

DR. McNEILLY'S APPEAL.

The appeal made by Dr. McNeilly in this number to all comrades not to fail to write their reminiscences of service in the Confederate army or in other departments of the Confederate government should not pass unheeded. Whether these reminiscences are ever published or not, they will be of value to the descendants of those veterans or can be deposited as manuscripts in some museum, where they can be referred to for information on certain points. The VETERAN has published much history through such contributions, but there is much yet that needs to be brought to light through its columns; and those who have a good story to tell of their service, of any special deed of bravery, or of anything connected with the Confederacy which would add to its history should not fail to record it. There are still survivors of the Confederate navy, yet there is very little on record of the wonderful performances of that arm of service. The civil history of the Confederacy is yet to be written, and there are yet survivors of those who served in different departments of the government who could contribute much to that history. So little is known of our Treasury Department that it has fallen to a Northern man to write a history of Confederate currency; yet there should still be among the living many who helped to engrave and print those notes which represented the "pledge of a nation."

What a story might be written of the wonderful resourcefulness of the Southern people in building up a government, in equipping and maintaining an army and navy whose deeds aroused the admiration of the world, and all within itself! That will be done by the future historian; yet it is for us to contribute to it by telling of our part in making that history, and it can best be done by doing it now.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Bridges Smith, in the *Macon Telegraph*, has this to say of present conditions: "And yet with it all we are having a picnic, we are living on the fat of the land, we are as warm as toast, we have all we want to eat and drink and to wear and lots of things to make us happy and contented with our lots if we but compare what we are going through with to what the people of Macon and the South went through during the four years of the Civil War. We may get to it, but we are a long way from it at the present writing. This situation is simply pie."

LENGTH OF DAYS.

An optimist of the first quality is Maj. T. H. Blacknall, of Chicago, who finds that the most graceful way of growing old is not to grow old at all, but to keep the pace in active interests and occupation; so his eighty-five years are not a handicap except in making him more prudent and careful with himself. Read his autobiography on the first page of this number.

It is remarkable to find so many veterans of the War between the States still men of affairs of the present or otherwise active and vigorous long past the age which was allotted for our length of days. There are a few of them who are not past the threescore years and ten, which was considered the limit for an active life. Some two years ago the VETERAN published a challenge from Maj. W. T. Hardison, of Nashville, to all Confederates to report any six veterans of one community whose combined ages would equal those of six comrades in his old home community whose ages totaled five

hundred and twelve years, an average of eighty-five and a third years, and all still active. Responding to that, N. H. Gaines, of the Confederate Home of Missouri, wrote of six old comrades there whose ages were five hundred and forty-four years in all, an average of ninety and two-third years, and all were in reasonably good health. One of them, past eighty-four years, has used the mowing scythe six hours a day for six days in succession in mowing the grass on the lawn of the Home during the previous summer. One of the six reported was then one hundred and five years old. These veterans, however, were not originally of the same community.

Another comrade, H. T. Goodman, of Ballsville, Va., wrote sometime later of six veterans in his community, including himself, whose ages ran from eighty-two to eighty-nine years, totaling five hundred and twelve, an average of eighty-five and a third; and in the same section of country there were six other veterans in age from seventy to seventy-nine years, the average being almost seventy-five years. Doubtless there are many other communities that can show a number of veterans still "doing their bit" in vigorous old age.

The average age of veterans in Confederate Homes would be about seventy-five years, as there are usually some of the youngest as well as some of the oldest in such institutions. But they are not, as a rule, among the most vigorous of our veterans, many having gone to the Homes because of disabilities which unfitted them from further active work. The gatherings at Confederate reunions still have many veterans alert in mind and vigorous in body who are the leading men of their communities in business and public affairs.

All of which brings up the feeling that the four years of hard out-of-door life and privations may have been the means of lengthening the days of a worthy people.

A TENNESSEE CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Harriet Angeline Spinks Thornton, of Nashville, Tenn., celebrated on October 15, 1917, the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. She was born in Wilson County, near Lebanon Tenn., on a farm which was a grant of land to her grandfather, James Crawford, for services in the Revolutionary War. The elder James Crawford, her great-great-grandfather, came to America in 1765 from Carrickfergus, Ireland, and settled at Waxhaw, N. C. His wife was the sister of Gen. Andrew Jackson's mother; thus "Old Hickory" was first cousin to Mrs. Thornton's great-grandfather. When a boy Andrew Jackson, after the death of his father, went with his mother to live with James Crawford in Lancaster District, S. C., and Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson" gives some interesting accounts of Jackson's intimate friendship with his cousin, Maj. Thomas Crawford.

Mrs. Thornton is a woman of strong mentality, with a most remarkable memory, and can tell many interesting

stories of the Mexican War and our War between the States. She was an ardent supporter of the Confederate cause and had two brothers in the Confederate army, while her husband was a civil officer in the Confederate government. She is no less a patriot to-day than she was in those dark days of the sixties, when she worked day and night making uniforms for the Confederate soldiers, for she has registered for service to help win the war which is now engaging the world. For ninety years she has been a devoted and faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The father of Mrs. Thornton was Capt. John Spinks, an old-time "fighting parson," who served under Jackson in the Indian wars and was with him at New Orleans. He won the admiration of "Old Hickory" by his reply when asked if his company had sufficient rations: "Yes, General, we have plenty of parched corn."

Mrs. Thornton lives in Nashville with her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Davis, who is President of the William B. Bate Chapter, U. D. C.

ANNEXATION OF TEXAS AND CALIFORNIA.

Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, makes correction as to a very important happening in our history:

"I read with much interest the excellent address of Col. Robert Bingham, of Asheville, N. C., published in your last issue. He makes a fine résumé of Southern activity in connection with the history of the Union, and I wish to correct him in one particular only, where he has slipped, inadvertently, of course, into error. He states that it was "James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who added Texas and the Pacific Slope to our domain." It does not change the sum of Southern activity to say that it was John Tyler, of Virginia, who added Texas to our domain, and the addition of the Pacific Slope was, properly speaking, not at all the action of Mr. Polk, but through the Mexican War was a consequence of the addition of Texas itself, with which the Pacific Slope had been united by negotiations under Tyler.

"The first steps to the annexation of Texas were taken by Tyler in 1843, and the measure was consummated before his term was out by the passage of joint resolutions of Congress offering terms to Texas. All that was done after the succession of Mr. Polk was done by the Texas Congress and Texas Convention, which accepted the terms. Mr. Polk did nothing himself.

"In 1856 President Tyler wrote to Gen. Thomas J. Green, of North Carolina, as follows: 'It would be indeed strange if my enemies could deprive me of the credit of having annexed Texas to the Union. I presented the question, urged it first in the form of a treaty to the Senate, met the rejection of that treaty by a prompt and immediate appeal to the House of Representatives, fought the battle before the people and conquered its two formidable adversaries with their trained bands, and two days before my term expired adopted and enforced the alternate resolution under which Texas took her place amid the fraternity of States. My successor did nothing but confirm what I had done. Nor is that all. Texas drew after it California, so I may well claim that in regard to that whole subject. Mr. Polk was my *administrator de bonis non*. True, I would not have negotiated a treaty of peace without settling the slave question in that treaty, the omission to do which was a great blunder. Of this I will talk to you when I see you.'



MRS. THORNTON.

THE OLD BLACK MAMMY.

The most unique character connected with the days of slavery was the old black mammy, who held a position of trust and confidence in nearly every white family of importance in the South. Acting as nurse for the children of several generations, she was also their mentor, holding them to strict account of what was expected of them as being "to the manner born." Thus she was an important member of the household, and for her faithfulness and devotion she has been immortalized in the literature of the South; so the memory of her will never pass, but live on in the tales that are told of those "dear dead days beyond recall." But it seems that there are some who feel that mammy has had her day in song and story as well as in the flesh and should be laid away for all time. On this line Mrs. L. H. Hammond, in writing of the efforts made by Southern white women through personal and club work to improve the condition of the negroes in their communities, says: "One of the first steps necessary is to bury the old black mammy. * * * Her removal will clear the atmosphere and enable us to see the old soul's granddaughters, to whom we must in justice pay something of the debt we so freely acknowledge to her." The New York *Sun* agrees with Mrs. Hammond in saying: "The old black mammy has served her purpose. She should be laid away decently."

Commenting on this, the Hon. Bridges Smith, in the *Macon Telegraph*, says:

"Bless your ignorant souls, honey, the old black mammy has been dead and buried these many moons. And if flowers were laid upon her grave and tears were dropped on the mound, it was right and proper. She deserved every flower and was due every tear. We shall never look upon her like again.

"The old black mammy does not now exist in the flesh and only in the memory of those who knew her as she was, not as she is written about and pictured by Northern writers. She is dead and long since buried, and she should rest in peace. She has no place, nor should she have, in these modern plans and schemes to better the condition of her granddaughters and great-granddaughters, some of whom might have undertaken to imitate her ways.

"It is only the imitations, the caricatures, of the devoted, the loyal, the ever-faithful old black mammy that the present generation knows. And this is why the *Sun*, in its ignorance of the original, says she is trotted out on so many occasions that she has become a racial type, a political institution, and a good deal of a bore. That the imitation should be got out of the way, and the sooner the better, may be all well and good; but as for the old black mammy as we knew and loved her, she is dead beyond resurrection."

JAMES CALLAWAY, IN *MACON TELEGRAPH*.

What Bridges Smith had to say about the old black mammy recalls to mind that Washington Irving in his "Bracebridge Hall" devoted a chapter to family servants. Irving loved the old family servants, who, he said, "are linked with the home of our heart, who have been the confidants of our boyish cares and schemes and enterprises, who have hailed us as we came home at vacation and been the promoters of all our holiday sports, who when we in wandering manhood leave the paternal roof and only return thither at intervals will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that of our parents."

This is a true picture of the old-time black mammy of days

past and gone. And with those days passed the old mammy. Yet a few are still living, allowed to live on by a kind Providence that the new generation may know what a sure-enough, genuine old black mammy was to the old Southern home.

The old black mammy was certainly a character in the Southern home. When Gen. John B. Gordon was Governor of Georgia, he tendered a reception to President Grover Cleveland. The guests had gathered. "Mr. President," said Governor Gordon, "would you like to see a sure-enough, old-time Southern black mammy?" "I certainly would," replied Mr. Cleveland.

Governor Gordon called Bob, the butler, and told him to take the carriage out to Edgewood and bring his old mammy in to meet the President. Bob returned, but no mammy. The Governor espied Bob peering in at the door in a broad grin.

"Walk right in," said Governor Gordon, "and tell the President what mammy said. Bob hesitated to tell. "Speak out," said the Governor, "and tell the President exactly what message mammy sent me."

"Mammy say: 'You tell Marse John it too late for me to fix up, an', more'n dat, seeing quality is nothin' to me. Ise been used to quality all my born days. The President's folks warn't no such quality as my folks, nohow.'"

President Cleveland enjoyed the message, and he and Governor Gordon and the guests laughed heartily over it and the independence of old mammy.

"Aunt Tenny," as she is called, was a family servant of the Gatewoods of Putnam County, Ga. She nursed the late Any D. Gatewood when he was a baby; and when he became a man and was settled in Sumter County, Aunt Tenny was still his nurse, his family servant, who never left his home, but still resides there, cared for by his two sons, Furlow and Dudley Gatewood.

While in Americus Dudley Gatewood took Mrs. Frank Jones and me in his automobile out to his farm to see Aunt Tenny, who, now ninety-one years of age, lives in a comfortable house in the yard. The afternoon was chilly, but she had a bright fire, giving her home a cheerful aspect. Aunt Tenny is quite spry and moves about with ease. She gave us a cordial welcome, and her very manner and countenance expressed her joy, for she considered her visitors a part of the family. She had photographs of all the Gatewood and Furlow kin, the little ones and the grown ones, which she showed with much pride and affection, and she knew every one by them. Aunt Tenny still keeps up her custom of making ginger cakes and persimmon beer, the latter not under the ban as yet, and the grandchildren delight to go out and see her.

Aunt Tenny has a distinct individuality and loves to talk of Any Gatewood and "Miss Hallie," his wife. Said she: "There never was a better woman than Miss Hallie. She was so good to me, but her sons are just like her; they supply me with everything I want and make my life pleasant and comfortable."

The Gatewood home was the rallying place of the young people of Americus, and there never was a more charming hostess than Mrs. Hallie Furlow Gatewood. In all this Aunt Tenny took joyful part. No hour was too late and none too early for her to do a kindness.

At the negro fair in Macon some years ago it was arranged to set apart an afternoon for the old ex-slaves. Quite a number gathered, and Gov. Nat Harris and Dr. W. L. Pickard addressed them. Their tributes were tender and touched

[Continued on page 45.]

AN APPEAL AND A SUGGESTION.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In these days of tragic import, with the world at war and men's highest ideals of justice, mercy, and truth threatened with utter overthrow, our sons are suddenly called to defend those ideals even unto death on the field of battle. In such a time the thoughts of the people are naturally and properly taken up with the urgent interests of the present, to the exclusion of the things of the past, however glorious they may be. And yet that past, with its memorable deeds, its patient sacrifices, its thrilling heroisms, sends forth the most inspiring call, the mightiest influence to stir the souls of succeeding generations to high and noble endeavor. And when a people become forgetful of or indifferent to the grand spiritual forces and achievements of their past, that people has become sordid, selfish, degenerate, and incapable of great things. It is almost the only thing that can be said in favor of war, that it arouses men from the lusts of flesh and sense and shows them things worth dying for. It is said that Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids roused the enthusiasm of his soldiers with the words: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you!"

Every true American soldier should go into this war resolved to keep untarnished the name and fame of his ancestry by his own worthy deeds. This is especially true of those who are heirs of the traditions of the Confederate soldiers of 1861-65, in whose veins flows the blood of the men and women of that heroic period, and all the more because of the malignant and persistent efforts to misrepresent and dishonor the memory of those who stood for four years of dreadful conflict for their constitutional rights. The cause, origin, and course of that war between the States, when truly recorded, will vindicate the Southern people as standing for liberty and justice. It is ours to see that the history is truly written and falsehoods corrected. And we may be sure that time, with slow, unswerving step, will in the end overtake every falsehood and trample it into the dust of forgetfulness. We may not write the final word as to that great war of principles, but we can gather and record the materials from which the future historian shall make up the authoritative verdict of history. Thus far the only organized effort to do this has been by that noble band of true patriots, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and we should be deeply thankful for their work. But there are two classes on whom the obligation rests with especial emphasis. One is the living Confederate veterans, the other is the sons of the Confederate veterans. To the first of these, my comrades, I make appeal. Leave a record of what you know personally of the war, the facts of your own experience, the battles in which you were engaged, the campaigns, the spirit of your comrades, the happenings of everyday life, characteristics of your leaders, the purpose that actuated you in the conflict—in a word, everything that will throw light on the causes or the conduct of the war. Especially record your prison experiences, if you had any, as showing the purpose of your foes. It is not necessary that all these reminiscences be published, though the *VETERAN*, our official organ, would be a proper medium for their publication. But the object is to have in every family a record of real experience from which the historian may draw facts of intimate personal observation.

One of the most valued sources of New England history is the family records of the daily life and experience of great numbers of New England people. Indeed, it would almost seem as if Peleg and Mehitabel, as soon as they joined for-

tunes, began to keep a diary of all that came their way, and as a consequence much of the beauty and freshness, as well as the strictness, of that old New England life has come to the present day. Our Southern people, in a land where outdoor life was attractive all the year round, have been more taken up with these than with the record of them.

There are two classes to whom I would make special appeal—doctors and lawyers. My closest association during the war was with the surgeons. I went with the assistant surgeons to the battle lines and, when the battle was over, then to help the surgeons in their more serious work, and let me say I never saw a braver, more devoted, more skillful body of men. I saw operations successfully performed by them with poor instruments that would make the reputation of any up-to-date surgeon of to-day, and their ability to improvise medicines from nature's sources in some measure put to shame the order of the Federal government making medicines contraband of war. The experiences of such men would be of great value.

We had in our armies numbers of lawyers, many of whom became great leaders in their profession. One of them is now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. They could give the clearest expression to the legal and constitutional rights of the South for which we fought. And there are still among us Confederate veterans of military training who could give an intelligent account of the strategy of the great leaders who won victories against overwhelming odds until worn out in fighting.

To the other class, the Sons of Veterans, I would make a suggestion. In their ranks there are many young men of commanding ability and who are devoted to the cause for which we fought. Let them select certain ones of their number to whom special subjects of war history shall be assigned, such as causes of the war, origin of the war, Fort Sumter, treatment of prisoners, crisis battles, Shiloh and Gettysburg; and let each one study carefully his subject and write a paper to be read before his Camp and have it filed for preservation in its archives. These would be of great help to the future historian, for much of the material would be derived from living actors in the great drama whom these writers would consult in preparing their papers.

I have tried to do something in the lines herein suggested. Several years ago I published in the Nashville *Banner* a series of reminiscences of my four years' service as private and chaplain. To my surprise, they went to forty numbers of the paper, so garrulous does an old man become. Then I have written a good deal for our organ, the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and it has been kindly noticed by my comrades. But lacking legal knowledge and military skill, I have been conscious that my explanations of Confederate history were inadequate. And I have been often urged to write by indignation at the falsehood and injustice of Northern writers. In fact, much of my writing may be illustrated by the plea in defense of an old negro woman in the police court at Richmond, Va. Jinny was the breadwinner of the family, which consisted of her husband, Ike, and a large brood of children. By washing and ironing she managed to make a living; while Ike was a worthless lout, lounging about the streets and only at home at meal time. One day when he came in and had earned nothing Jinny's temper gave way, and she hit him over the head with her smoothing iron and knocked him into unconsciousness. The neighbors thought Ike was killed, and Jinny was taken before the court. When Ike came to and was told about it, he realized that if Jinny went to prison he

must take care of the brood. So he went to the police court to plead for her, and this was his plea: "Jedge, you des' mus' 'scuse Jinny. She didn't mean no harm; she was sorter mad, and she was des' easin' her min'." When Jinny gits mad, she des' got to ease her min'." In view of Jinny's weakness the "jedge 'scused" her. So with me there are times when I "des has got to ease my min'," and the VETERAN is indulgent, and my comrades will "'scuse" me.

ORDINANCE OF SECESSION AND THE SIGNERS.

BY CLIFFORD BERRY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

The members who composed the Secession Convention of the State of South Carolina were chosen from the various parishes of the several districts of the State. Since the war, however, the State has been divided into counties, and representation from parishes is no longer in vogue.

The Ordinance of Secession as adopted in the city of Charleston is as follows:

"An Ordinance to Dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and Other States United with Her under the Compact Entitled the Constitution of the United States of America.

"We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of said Constitution are hereby repealed and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America is hereby dissolved.

"Done at Charleston the 20th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty."

The following are the signers of the Ordinance of Secession and the parishes which they represented in the convention:

Abbeville: Thomas Chiles Perrin, Edward Noble, J. H. Wilson, Thomas Thomson, David Louis Wardlaw, John Alfred Calhoun.

All-Saints: John Izard Middleton, Benjamin E. Sessions.

Anderson: J. N. Whitner, James L. Orr, J. P. Reed, R. F. Simpson, Benjamin Franklin Mauldin.

Barnwell: Lewis Malone Ayer, Jr., W. Peronneau Finley, J. J. Brabham, Benjamin W. Lawton, D. F. Jamison.

Chester: John McKee, Thomas W. Moore, Richard Woods, A. Q. Dunovant.

Chesterfield: John A. Inglis, Henry McIver, Stephen Jackson.

Christ Church: W. Pickney Shingler, Peter P. Bonneau.

Clarendon: John P. Richardson, John J. Ingram.

Darlington: Edgar W. Charles, Julius A. Dargan, Isaac D. Wilson, John M. Timmons.

Edgefield: Francis Hugh Wardlaw, R. G. M. Dunovant, James Parsons Carroll, William Gregg, Andrew J. Hammond, James Tompkins, James C. Smyly.

Fairfield: John Hugh Means, William Strother Lyles, Henry Campbell Davis, John Buchanan.

Greenville: James C. Furman, P. E. Duncan, W. K. Easley, James Harrison, W. H. Campbell.

Horry: Thomas W. Beaty, William J. Ellis.

Kershaw: T. J. Withers, James C. Chestnut, Jr.

Lancaster: R. L. Crawford, W. C. Cauthen, D. P. Robinson.

Laurens: H. C. Young, H. W. Garlington, John D. Williams, W. D. Watts, Thomas Wier.

Lexington: H. I. Caughman, John C. Geiger, Paul Quattlebaum.

Marion: W. B. Rowell, Chesley D. Evans, William W. Harlee, A. W. Bethea.

Marlboro: E. W. Goodwin, William D. Johnson, Alex. McLeod.

Newberry: John P. Kinard, Robert Moorman, Joseph Caldwell, Simeon Fair.

Orange: Thomas Worth Glover, Lawrence M. Keitt, Donald Rowe Barton.

Pickens: William Hunter, Andrew F. Lewis, Robert A. Thompson, William S. Grisham, John Maxwell.

Prince William's: John E. Frampton, W. Ferguson Hutson.

Richland: W. F. DeSaussure, William Hopkins, James H. Adams, Maxcy Gregg, John H. Kinsler.

St. Andrew's: Ephraim M. Clark, Alex. H. Brown.

St. Bartholomew's: E. St. P. Bellinger, Merrick E. Carn, E. R. Henderson, Peter Stokes.

St. George's, Dorchester: Daniel Flood, David C. Appleby.

St. Helena: R. W. Barnwell, Joseph Daniel Pope.

St. James's, Goose Creek: John M. Shingler, C. P. Brown.

St. James's, Santee: Daniel DuPree, A. Mazyck.

St. John's, Berkeley: William Cain, P. G. Snowden.

St. John's, Colleton: George W. Seabrook, Sr., John Jenkins.

St. Luke's: R. J. Davant, E. M. Seabrook.

St. Matthew's: John J. Wannamaker.

St. Paul's: Elias B. Scott, Joseph E. Jenkins.

St. Peter's: Langdon Cheves, George Rhodes.

St. Philip's and St. Michael's: A. G. Magrath, William Porcher Miles, John Townsend, Robert N. Gourdin, H. W. Connor, Theodore D. Wagner, R. Barnwell Rhett, C. G. Memminger, Gabriel Manigault, John Julius Pringle Smith, Isaac W. Hayne, John H. Honour, Richard DeTreville, Thomas M. Hancel, A. W. Burnet, Thomas Y. Simons, L. W. Spratt, Williams Middleton, F. D. Richardson, B. H. Rutledge, Edward McCrady, Francis J. Porcher.

St. Stephen's: T. L. Gourdin, John S. Palmer.

St. Thomas's and St. Dennis's: John L. Nowell, John S. O'Hear.

Spartanburg: John G. Landrum, B. B. Foster, Benjamin F. Kilgo, J. H. Carlisle, Simpson Bobo, William Curtis.

Sumter: H. D. Green, Matthew P. Mayes, Thomas Reese English, Sr., Albertus Chambers Spain.

Union: J. M. Gadberry, J. S. Sims, William H. Gist, James Jefferies.

Williamsburg: Anthony W. Dozier, John G. Pressley, R. C. Logan.

Winyaw: Francis S. Parker, Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin, Samuel Taylor Atkinson, Alex. M. Forster.

York: William Blackburn Wilson, Robert T. Allison, Samuel Rainey, A. Baxter Springs, A. I. Barron.

None of the men who sat as members of this convention and placed their signatures to the Ordinance of Secession are now alive.

BELOVED DAUGHTER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY DR. JOHN W. DUBOSE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The motto of the ancient seal of South Carolina stands unrelinquished in the hearts of her children, passing generations: *Animis opibusque parati*.

We tell of this favored daughter among the host of her sisters who, in the voice of the past, the present, and the future, is a veritable tree of existence, "beautiful, altogether beautiful."

On November 18, 1917, a public ceremony of remarkable dignity was performed at the capital, Columbia, of which a leading newspaper gave this account: "A beautiful ceremony in the rotunda of the old Statehouse building at noon to-day marked the unveiling of a handsome marble tablet, a gift of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the State of South Carolina, commemorating the nobility of heart and the broad charities of Mrs. Mary Amarantha Snowden, of Charleston, South Carolina's greatest woman. The ceremonies were patriotic in the extreme. About the improvised platform directly in front of the tablet was a drapery of national colors. More than two hundred members of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters' auxiliary, representatives of the State government, men prominent in education, Church life, and social welfare, occupied chairs or grouped themselves beyond the range of reserved seats, the last standing for more than an hour while the simple but dignified program was being carried out. In the balcony a band played the national anthem, 'Dixie,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and other Southern airs. Rev. Dr. Blackburn, of the Crest Hill Baptist Church, raised his voice in a brief petition to the All-High. Hon. E. M. Rucker presided in the absence of David Cardwell, Commander of Camp Hampton, U. C. V., who had been requested by the State Confederation to preside, but he was kept at home because of illness. Gov. Richard I. Manning, following the presentation address by Col. John P. Thomas, formally accepted the tablet in the name of the State."

Mrs. Snowden was born September 10, 1819, in Charleston and lived seventy-eight years, always a citizen of her home city. She was educated under those environments which gave Charleston fame as the center of American social refinement of that day. Her widening intelligence responded eagerly to the public spirit around her. When John C. Calhoun died at his post at Washington March 31, 1850, the Senate received the dead body with the greatest observance, and it was then placed in charge of a large joint committee of Congress to be delivered in South Carolina by the requirement of the family of the deceased and on the demand of the people of his State. The direct line of travel led via Wilmington by sea to Charleston. The funeral cortege at the destination was so imposing that the like of it had never been exceeded in the United States. The memory of it lingered and burned brightly in the heart of the young maiden, a spectator, this daughter of Mr. Joseph Saylor Yates. At her suggestion some ladies, her friends of the city, assembled in the drawing-room of her home on January 24, 1854, to organize the Ladies' Calhoun Association. This prime mover of the design was appointed Treasurer of the Association, and she took upon herself with religious consecration the task of accumulating the necessary fund.

After four years of defense most memorable, Charleston was evacuated by the Confederate army. Meantime the Treasurer had become the wife of a citizen of the doomed

city, a physician, Dr. William M. Snowden. Upon the military conflict pending, she found herself at Columbia a refugee—a refugee under the very circumstances from which she had fled. In January, 1865, General Sherman at Savannah received orders from Washington, Halleck his superior, to proceed on his march to "lay waste South Carolina." (Halleck to Sherman, "War Records.") It was suggested to him that if he would take Charleston on his way his orders were to "sow salt" on the ground there.

Forewarned, Mrs. Snowden carried on her person, sewed in her dress, the securities of the Calhoun Monument Association. When Sherman reached Columbia for the purpose of burning the city, the forethought and valor of the Treasurer of the Monument Association proved equal to the emergency. She saved the securities from their imminent peril.

If we look for written memorials of volcanic chasms in the world's history, of chaotic waste in the track of fanaticism, follow Sherman from Sister's Ferry, on the Savannah, until he turns his back upon Cheraw, on the Pee Dee, the whole length of the State.

When Justice Lamar, of the Federal Supreme Court, dedicated the Calhoun monument at Charleston in immortal oratory in April, 1887, he spoke then and there of "the beloved matron who, amid the perils of war and the storms of battle," served her country faithfully. The reference was to Mrs. Snowden, whose name we embalm in the files of this permanent literature of the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy. When it became known in South Carolina that Mr. Calhoun's health was in jeopardy, his friends and constituency raised a fund to charter a vessel to be placed at his disposal for a sea passage, hoping thus to recuperate his strength. Death overtook him too soon. The legislature published the six volumes now found in our libraries under the title "Works of Calhoun." By resolution it was ordered that a set of the volumes be donated in compliment to individuals, that the library committee of the legislature might select, "distinguished for science, learning, or public service." Under this resolution Mrs. Snowden received the set of six volumes. The spokesman of the library, Hon. William D. Porter, a distinguished political leader, in an autograph letter of presentation wrote to Mrs. Snowden: "If any person in the range of my acquaintance is distinguished above others for ardent devotion to the memory of our great dead statesman, Mr. Calhoun, and by long, faithful, and unwearied endeavors to erect a memorial worthy of his name and public services, you are that person."

The peroration of the orator of the day at the dedication of the tablet is chaste and interesting, worthy of the occasion:

"We of the present generation must feel that the distinguished gentleman who undertook to speak for the General Assembly not only correctly voiced the sentiments of his contemporaries, but that in his tribute to Mrs. Snowden he spoke for all South Carolinians, who reverence an exalted patriotism and pay homage to unselfish devotion to duty. It was, however, when the cruel blast of war swept over our land that Mrs. Snowden's capacity as a leader and organizer was demonstrated. She at once became active in the organization of soldiers' hospitals and measures for the comfort of the sick and wounded. No task was too difficult, no obstacle was too great when the object to be achieved was to give aid and succor to a Confederate soldier fighting for the cause he held so dear and for the land he loved so well. Sustained

by an unwavering faith, inspired by an unconquerable energy, this patriotic woman accomplished almost incredible results. Truly

"Some novel power
Sprang up forever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much."

"If the memory of the brave sons of Carolina who gave their lives and their fortunes in defense of their convictions is sacred to the present generation, then must we, indeed, hold in the very highest honor and reverence those noble women who ministered to them in their suffering, comforted them in the hour of despair, and stood by them in the agony of death. Is not the stone that is unveiled here to-day a tribute, not only to one noble and devoted woman, but, in a wider sense, to the faithfulness and devotion of all the good women of South Carolina who, in the stress of cruel war and in the bitter days of Reconstruction, displayed a heroic fortitude and a self-sacrificing devotion that have never been surpassed?

"In 1856 Mrs. Snowden was largely instrumental in organizing the Ladies' Memorial Association in Charleston. From its organization and until the day of her death she was its leader and its only President. In Magnolia, the city of the dead, eight hundred marble headstones, with name, rank, and State engraved thereon, and a statue in bronze of a Confederate soldier stand as silent but eloquent witnesses of her love and patriotism. Mrs. Snowden's charity was, however, too broad and her sympathies too deep to be satisfied by measures that looked only to the preservation of the memory of our dead heroes. The war was scarcely over when she bent her energies toward preparing a home for the mothers, widows, and daughters of the Confederacy. This institution, the only one of its kind in the Southern States, was founded on August 12, 1867. On that day Mrs. Snowden, the only President which the institution ever had up to the time of her death, secured the premises which were the means of beginning this beneficent enterprise. In conjunction with her sister, she mortgaged her own home to secure the first year's annual rental. It is a monument to what can be accomplished by woman's tender love when joined to woman's dauntless will. In the words of the constitution of the institution, its object was to 'extend aid to the mothers, widows, and daughters of deceased Confederate soldiers by securing to them a home at a rent as nearly nominal as the means of the Association will permit.'

"The institution immediately entered upon a career of great usefulness. The mothers and widows of Confederate soldiers here found a home. The untiring and unselfish efforts of Mrs. Snowden supplied the means for its support and eventually secured for it a substantial endowment. Shortly after its establishment provision was made not only to admit daughters of deceased Confederate soldiers and persons impoverished by the war, but also to provide an education for them. This school filled, and still fills, a needed want in the care and the education of the daughters of the noble men and women who were impoverished by the war as well as by providing a home for the dependent relatives of Confederate soldiers. For the services rendered to this noble charity the founder should live in the hearts of a grateful people. Up to the time of Mrs. Snowden's death some sixteen hundred girls had been educated at the home. Besides, food and shelter were provided for a large number of deserving and needy women who would otherwise have been thrown upon the cold charity of the public.

"It is now fifty years since the home was organized, and its good work still continues. The beneficent work of its founder is still bearing fruit. The State of South Carolina has in recent years by an annual appropriation recognized the good work carried on by the institution. It is living evidence of what can result from 'a lofty hope if earnestly pursued.' Are we not, then, justified in saying that the life work of this remarkable woman entitles her to a place of distinction among the women of whom Carolinians have a right to be proud? When we honor her we pay a tribute to a heart full of charity and love as well as to a will steadfast and firm in purpose. Does not her life work prove that she had high and noble ideals of woman's sphere of usefulness? She met the tasks which she planned with a courage that was unflinching and with an energy that was indomitable. She did not

"Count the chances, sure that all
A prudent foresight asks we shall not want,
And all that bold and patient heart can do
Ye will not leave undone. The rest is, God's."

"With a tenacity of purpose that acknowledged no failure, with a self-denying zeal that was overcome by no difficulties, this devoted daughter of Carolina strove and continued to strive until life's end. 'Like a star, unshining, unshining,' she was ever pursuing her God-given best. And when future generations read the name and inscription upon this tablet, they will be reminded by one who was distinguished for the wisdom of her counsels, for the greatness of her executive ability, for the intensity of her patriotism, and, above all, for her broad Christian philanthropy."

We read of Mrs. Snowden's incorporation by birth, blood, and lifelong association with the dominant society of Charleston and of her preëminence there. Perhaps some passing incidents of that society peculiar to itself may help to explain itself. A considerable proportion of prominent families claiming residence in the city lived in certain months of each year upon rice plantations, cultivated by African slaves. Some of these families were of English ancestry, and others were Huguenot.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Charleston was the commercial center of America. For years later the progress of the war failed to disturb business at Charleston. The result was that Continental money was good there. A prosperous merchant of Rhode Island, John Brown, for whom Brown's College, of Providence, was named, started a youth of nineteen years, Elkanah Watson by name, mounted on a horse, his coat well lined with paper money, to carry letters and the paper money to his agents in Charleston, where it would buy foreign commodities. Soon after Watson reached Charleston the great fire broke out in the city. Watson was aroused in the dead of night and, looking about him, he seized his trunk, with much money locked in it, rushed on the street, and made his way to the suburbs. He selected an inviting private residence for refuge. His knock brought no answer. Probably the family were out observing the fire. Already suspicion was out that British spies, or Tories, were at the bottom of the fire. Neither seeing nor hearing white or black servants, Watson walked in alone, deposited his trunk in a closet, locked the door, and departed whence he had come. Later in the day he returned for his trunk, when he found the gentleman of the home to be John Rutledge, Governor, or "President," as he was called, also signer of the Declaration. The trunk was returned to him and the hospitality of the house offered to the gentlemanly stranger.

Years, or decades even, passed. A Virginian had built the Octagon near the White House and reared a family there. One of these sons owned tobacco plantations in Virginia and Maryland and cotton plantations in the Black Belt of Alabama. The overseers managed the plantations. Mr. T— lived in Washington, amusing himself by giving dinners to great people, politicians and literati. Wine at table was indispensable. Mr. T— set out with his son, a recent graduate of Princeton, to lay in a winter's supply of Madeira at Charleston. Charleston Madeira ranked as a social institution in those times. The searcher for the Madeira took rooms at the Charleston Hotel, a famous hostelry. On returning to his rooms he found that a gentleman of the city had left his card, had sent his wagon, and had already taken home the baggage and left his coach at the door. Mr. T— and his son were expected to make their home in the gentleman's house as long as they would.

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria, Miss Amelia Murray, came touring the United States. The Queen was an abolitionist; so was the maid of honor when she reached Charleston from the North. The afternoon air was inviting. Miss Murray, with a companion, walked on the Battery, facing the bay and upon which many private residences had been built. As the two ladies strolled along they were surprised by the approach of a black cloud above. Quickening their steps, they were confronted by a black man in servant's attire, bowing most gracefully, who insisted that the ladies accept shelter in the parlor of his master until the storm be passed. As the two resumed their walk from the proffered hospitality the companion said to Miss Murray: "What a shame! That man a slave!" The retort was: "I have been reflecting upon his rescue from the unclad life of the jungles of Africa to be here."

While Mrs. Snowden was organizing and pursuing the Calhoun Monument Association work, Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham, of the Rosemont estate, in Laurens District of the "up country" of South Carolina, projected the Mount Vernon Association, a historic society of American women. Miss Cunningham was a granddaughter of Col. William Bird, of the famous entailed estate Birdsborough, in Pennsylvania. He left Pennsylvania for Alexandria, Va., where he married Miss Dalton. With his young wife and their several children, he settled the Aviary estate in Warren County, Ga., southwest of Augusta. One of his daughters, Caroline, married Benjamin Cadworth Yancey, a distinguished member of the bar of South Carolina, father of the orator, William Lowndes Yancey; his daughter Louisa married Mr. Robert Cunningham, of South Carolina. These were the parents of the founder of the Mount Vernon Association. She was its first regent, and under her direction the Mount Vernon estate as now known was redeemed from private ownership. This regent resided on the premises for years and supervised it while it remained the property of the Association.

OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.—Such devotion was a stronger bulwark to the Confederacy than all of its material resources and its statesmanship combined. Defeat could not diminish it. It persists in the belief in the cause, despite the knowledge that the purposes of the cause have failed forever in this world. Women who knew the cause militant and suffered for it, who saw it fade and sorrowed for it, leave its memories a sacred legacy to their daughters and granddaughters. Their faith in it goes up with them beyond the grave. They carry it to the throne of God.—*Edward Ingle.*

HOOD'S ORDER AFTER THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY PATRICK HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

I was acting assistant inspector general on the staff of Brig. Gen. John Adams at Franklin, Tenn. In that terrible battle General Adams was killed, having been mortally wounded on the enemy's breastworks, whereupon the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Robert Lowry, of the 6th Mississippi Regiment. About ten o'clock that night I received orders to report to Maj. R. W. Millsaps, inspector general of Major General Loring's division. Arriving at General Loring's headquarters, I found the inspectors of other brigades. Major Millsaps informed us that we were to report to General Hood, from whom we would receive orders in person. General Hood received us with great courtesy, remarked on the battle, and announced that the corps of Gen. Stephen D. Lee had come up from Columbia (where he had been left to engage the attention of General Schofield, who was threatening Columbia, while Hood with two corps crossed the river and marched to Spring Hill in the rear of the enemy), bringing the artillery of the army; that he desired each brigade inspector to place his respective brigade as near the position it occupied in the battle as possible under cover of the darkness, taking advantage of all natural obstructions for the protection of the men; that he proposed at dawn to open on the enemy with two hundred guns, firing without cessation till sunrise, when general firing would cease; then a signal gun would be fired, when, under the smoke from the batteries, a general assault would be made on the works of the enemy.

This was a very trying order to men who had been in that bloody battle, but the responsibility of placing brigades in position was the fearful part of it to me. Having gone over only the ground in line of battle, I determined to familiarize myself with the route of the brigade to its position before promulgating the order to the troops, as they were resting and getting rations. Taking with me my personal friend, Courier Joe McCain, whom I knew to be true and tried, we picked our way as best we could through the darkness to the battle field, directed by the occasional report of a rifle. Just before reaching the field the firing ceased, and we found little torchlights flitting about in our front. Hailing one of these torchbearers, I asked: "What do these lights mean?" The reply was: "The enemy has evacuated the works, and we are looking out for the wounded." I asked him to call the officer commanding the picket line along that front, who, I learned, was the gallant Major Hendon, of the 6th Mississippi. He confirmed the statement that the enemy had retired. When I asked him if he had notified General Hood of the evacuation, he replied that he had not, but supposed his superior officer had done so. I sent McCain back to make the report.

Very soon thereafter I heard a voice calling me, and, following its direction, I found James A. Penn, orderly sergeant of Company A, 6th Mississippi, lying on the pike nearest the river, desperately wounded in the leg and, as he said, "concussed from the fire of a Federal battery." He could not move his body and was suffering from the loss of blood and the cold night air. Calling the litter corps, he was removed to the improvised hospital, where Dr. William Aills, the devoted regimental surgeon, dressed his wounds and made him as comfortable as his limited opportunities permitted. A few days ago this grand old soldier, now eighty-six years

old, walked into my office and asked me to make out his application for a pension, modestly suggesting that he thought he ought to be in one of the preferred classes, as his Franklin wound had never healed and had incapacitated him for labor. No more faithful soldier served in the ranks than Jim Penn.

I have never seen any written account of this order of General Hood's, so I send my version of it from memory, but I feel that it is substantially correct.

From Franklin, after burying our dead, General Hood's army followed the retreating Federals to Nashville.

HARD FIGHTING IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY JAMES Z. M'CHESNEY, CHARLESTON, W. VA.
CHAMBERSBURG TO MOOREFIELD.

On the return from the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., in 1864, the division of cavalry under the command of Brig. Gen. John McCausland, composed of his own brigade and that of Bradley T. Johnson, was surprised at its camp near Moorefield, Va. (now West Virginia). It was encamped on both sides of the south branch of the Potomac River. Johnson's Brigade was on the north side and McCausland's on the south side, about three-fourths of a mile off and nearer Moorefield. The 14th Virginia Cavalry of McCausland's Brigade, then commanded by Capt. E. E. Bouldin, on whose staff I had been detailed as orderly, was stationed in a field on the south side near the ford and had its horses turned out to graze with the other horses of the brigade. The order came the night of August 6 to be ready to march at daylight, but owing to the darkness it was impossible for our men to find their horses. I had attached a short piece of chain to one of the forelegs of my mare, so that I could catch her easily, and was able by the noise made by the chain to find and catch her as soon as the order came. Just at daybreak the Federals, who had followed us from New Creek, captured Johnson's pickets and, riding into his camp among his men, opened fire on them before they were up.

Before it was good daylight, Captain Bouldin sent me with orders to the various company commanders to have their horses caught and prepare to march at once. When I reached the last company, I heard firing and noticed the Federals attacking and driving Johnson's men. I told the men to hurry, that the Yankees were driving in the pickets, not knowing at the time that Johnson's whole brigade was on that side of the river. I ran to headquarters and jumped on my horse. I had just mounted when the light squadron of the 14th Virginia, composed of the Churchville and Charlotte companies, under command of the gallant Capt. Joseph

A. Wilson, of Augusta County, Va., came charging by to meet the Federals coming toward the Ford. I joined them, and we met the Federals in the river, where a desperate fight occurred, Captain Wilson losing an arm and Lieut. W. R. Gaines (recent Register of the Land Office of Virginia) a leg. I had my horse mortally wounded by a ball which cut her breast girth in two at the saddle and, passing through the left shoulder, lodged under the right shoulder blade. Luckily she kept her feet so that I was able to make several other charges and remain in the fight as long as any one else did. The Federals were checked at the Ford for a while; but others, crossing the river below, compelled a rapid retreat of McCausland's whole command, which resulted in the capture of several officers and a number of men from his own and Johnson's Brigade. Capt. E. E. Bouldin (acting colonel) and Adjt. J. W. Marshall, of the 14th Cavalry, were among the number. On August 8 we arrived at Mount Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia, where I was furloughed to go home after another horse.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

A remarkable escape from capture at Moorefield was made by Lieut. Granville J. Reger, of Company C, 14th Virginia Cavalry. Lieutenant Reger told me on his return to the regiment that before he could catch his horse the Federals took after him; that he jumped the fence into a cornfield and ran toward the river, expecting to swim across, but when he came to the fence on the river bank he noticed a large hollow sycamore tree, broken off some eight or ten feet above the ground and having a projecting limb within easy reach while standing on top of the fence. He climbed from the fence to the limb, then to the top of the broken-off tree and, claspng his saber to his side, jumped feet foremost into the hollow trunk. He got wedged in, but after some exertion was able to work some of the rotten wood from around him and went on down to the bottom. The Federals came to the fence where the tree stood and looked all around, expecting to find him in the river, but, not being able to locate him, gave up the chase.

After several hours, everything having quieted down, he became anxious about getting out, for he could not climb back the way he got in. Fortunately, the tree was hollow clear through; and since it had large, long roots, as all sycamore trees have, and had been undermined by high water, his stamping around in his anxiety to get out knocked out the dirt bottom, and he got under the tree on the edge of the river.

He was a brave and a truthful man, and I have no reason to doubt his statement, which is given substantially as he told it to me.

THE ISSUE FINALLY DRAWN.—Incidents illustrative of political confusion might be multiplied indefinitely, but from the attack on Sumter a clear-cut issue was framed by the Federal government. This "firing upon the flag of the nation" was made the immediate pretext for aggressive measures against the Southern Confederacy. As so heralded, it served to inflame the hearts of thousands in the North who seemed not to have noticed or to have forgotten, as it is forgotten to-day, that this was not the first firing upon the Stars and Stripes. The Union flag had been fired upon from the coast of South Carolina as early as January 9, 1861, for the same reason as that which provoked attack upon it at the later date of April 12.—*Matthew Page Andrews.*



JAMES Z. M'CHESNEY.

"HANCOCK THE SUPERB."

THE CIVIL RECORD OF MAJ. GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK
DURING HIS ADMINISTRATION IN LOUISIANA AND
TEXAS, 1871.

[The masterly and impeccable argument presented by Dr. Lyon G. Tyler on "The South and Germany" in the November number of the *VETERAN*, in referring to the military conduct of the Federal commanders, has this notable parenthesis: "George B. McClellan always excepted." During that period of greater frightfulness following the four years' war for Southern independence there was the name of another Federal commander which showed the distinguishing honor of such parenthesis, Winfield S. Hancock." So honorably exceptional was General Hancock as to hold very briefly the post as military commander of Louisiana and Texas, but long enough to establish a character for pure Americanism, patriotism, and statesmanship, making fitting the title "Hancock the Superb." The following record from the *Southern Review* (St. Louis, 1871), edited by Dr. Alfred Taylor Bledsoe, is offered as evidence for the claim.—*H. M. Lovett*.]

The period of time which his civil record covers commenced November 29, 1867, when he assumed command of the Fifth Military District, including Louisiana and Texas, and ended March 16, 1868, when he was relieved of that command. During that period General Hancock was clothed with the absolute power conferred on the district commanders in the Southern States by what are called the "Reconstruction Acts of Congress." These acts of Congress invested him, as well as others, with dictatorial powers, and accordingly he was generally regarded and approached as a dictator by the people of his district. It is this relation of absolute, autocratic ruler and subject people, so strange to an American citizen of former times, which attracts and rivets the attention of the reader to the civil record before us. * * *

Those people, conquered in war, accept the dictator as he is sent. They submit to their fate. They ask nothing, and they expect nothing except what the military dictator may be pleased to vouchsafe to them. This is sad, but natural. A more curious spectacle, however, is presented by that portion of the people who during the war affiliated with the finally victorious North. For though they seemed at one time to think that their liberties had been secured by the suppression of the revolt, they prostrate themselves before the viceregal throne of the congressional commander and beg him to confer on them such rights as he may be pleased to grant. But the most amazing spectacle of all is that the dictator himself is the only person in all his dominions who is unwilling to see himself wield or exercise the arbitrary and imperial prerogatives with which he has been invested. He alone, though clothed with "a little brief authority" (so fearfully abused by other military commanders), thinks it does not become him to play the Cæsar.

It appears from the civil record before us that General Hancock was petitioned by the humble and loyal subjects to suppress the regular courts of law, annul the laws themselves, set aside contracts, prevent the collection of debts, overthrow the right of trial by jury, decide cases already instituted in the civil tribunals, divest citizens of their title to lands for the benefit of corporations, send troops to the polls to secure the election of favorites, arrest, imprison, and punish by means of a military commission any and every person who might happen not to speak as submissively as they should or to feel exactly as they ought in regard to the all-glorious and

perfect government of Congress. But, absolutely refusing to comply with all such petitions, he respects the rights of the people, one and all, and confines the exercise of his unlimited powers within the sacred bounds of constitutional law and justice. We hail him, therefore, as a second Washington, whom no amount of temptation can seduce from the path of conscious rectitude. He will offend the powers that be, and he will disgust his friends if necessary, but he will not violate his own sense of right and justice and mercy. He is, in fact, one of the few men who in the history of our race have shown themselves as firm and noble in the administration of civil justice as they were brave and heroic in the conduct of their military campaigns.

His order on assuming command of his district is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 29, 1867.

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 40.

"I. In accordance with General Orders No. 81, headquarters of the army, adjutant general's office, Washington, D. C., August 27, 1867, Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock hereby assumes command of the Fifth Military District and of the department composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas.

"II. The general commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end, he regards the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances.

"In war it is indispensable to repel force by force and overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority. But when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these views, the General announces that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be.

"The right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved.

"Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offenses committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction.

"Should there be violations of existing laws which are not inquired into by the civil magistrates, or should failures in the administration of justice by the courts be complained of, the cases will be reported to these headquarters, when such orders will be made as may be deemed necessary.

"While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms.

"By command of
"(Official.)"

MAJ. GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.

It appears from this order that General Hancock was inflexibly resolved to rule according to the laws of the land and not by the exercise of arbitrary power. Still, efforts were

made to shake his purpose. Hence on the 18th of December it became necessary to issue the following:

"ORDER TO SECURE THE PURITY OF ELECTIONS AND TO PREVENT INTERFERENCE AT THE POLLS.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 18, 1867.

"SPECIAL ORDERS No. 213.

"I. In compliance with the supplementary act of Congress of March 23, 1867, notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the State of Texas on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th days of February, 1868, to determine whether a convention shall be held and for delegates thereto 'to form a Constitution' for the State under said act. * * *

"IX. Military interference with elections, 'unless it shall be necessary to keep the peace at the polls,' is prohibited by law, and no soldiers will be allowed to appear at any polling place unless as citizens of the State they are registered as voters, and then only for the purpose of voting; but the commanders of posts will be prepared to act promptly if the civil authorities fail to preserve the peace.

"X. The sheriff and other peace officers of each county are required to be present during the whole time the polls are kept open and until the election is completed and will be made responsible that there shall be no interference with judges of election or other interruption of good order.

"As an additional measure to secure the purity of the election each registrar or clerk is hereby clothed during the election with authority to call upon the civil officers of the county to make arrests and, in the case of failure of the aforesaid civil officers, are empowered to perform their duties during the election. They will make full report of such failures on the part of civil officers to the commanding general of the Fifth Military District through the headquarters of the district of Texas for orders in each case. * * *

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL HANCOCK.
"(Official.)"

On the 1st of January, 1868, our dictator was forced by the circumstances around him to declare to the people that he was not an autocrat by nature and that he would not be compelled by any amount of external pressure to the exercise of arbitrary power. The order containing this noble declaration is in these words:

"ORDER OF GENERAL HANCOCK DISCLAIMING JUDICIAL FUNCTIONS IN CIVIL CASES.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 1, 1868.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

"Applications have been made at these headquarters implying the existence of an arbitrary authority in the commanding general touching purely civil controversies. One petitioner solicits this action, another that, and each refers to some special consideration of grace or favor which he supposes to exist and which should influence this department.

"The number of such applications makes it necessary to declare that the administration of civil justice appertains to the regular courts. The rights of litigants do not depend on the views of the general; they are to be adjudged and settled according to the laws. Arbitrary power such as he has been urged to assume has no existence here. It is not found in the laws of Louisiana or of Texas; it cannot be derived from any act or acts of Congress; it is restrained by a Constitution and prohibited from action in many particulars.

"The Major General commanding takes occasion to repeat that, while disclaiming judicial functions in civil cases, he can suffer no forcible resistance to the execution of the process of the courts.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL HANCOCK.
"(Official.)"

These orders are here given as specimens of the views of government entertained by General Hancock. If necessary, others of the same kind and exhibiting the same traits of character might be easily adduced. He certainly deserves all praise. His first administration was, of course, not such as to please the radical party. On the contrary, it proved so deeply offensive to that party that it provoked the greatest bitterness of feeling against him. Accordingly, in a letter of January 17, 1868, which reflected all the malevolent feelings of his enemies, Governor Pease, of Texas, roundly denounced him for refusing to try citizens by military commission and otherwise disregarding the will of Congress. The reply of General Hancock to Governor Pease is, we say without hesitation, one of the ablest expositions of the great principles of American liberty which we have seen. It follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 9, 1868.

"To His Excellency E. M. Pease, Governor of Texas—Sir: Your statement that the act of Congress 'to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States' declares that whatever government existed in Texas was provisional, that peace and order should be enforced, that Texas should be a part of the Fifth Military District and subject to military power, that the President should appoint an officer to command in said district and detail a force to protect the rights of person and property, suppress insurrection and violence, and punish offenders, either by military commission or through the action of local civil tribunals, as in his judgment might seem best, will not be disputed. One need only to read the act to perceive that it contains such provisions. But how all this is supposed to have made it my duty to order the military commission requested you have entirely failed to show. The power to do a thing if shown and the propriety of doing it are often very different matters. You observe that you are at a loss to understand how a government without representation in Congress or a militia force and subject to military power can be said to be in full exercise of all its proper powers. You do not reflect that this government, created or permitted by Congress, has all the powers which the act intends and may fully exercise them accordingly. If you think it ought to have more powers, should be allowed to send members to Congress, wield a militia force, and possess yet other powers, your complaint is not to be preferred against me, but against Congress, who made it what it is.

"As respects the issue between us, a question as to what Congress ought to have done has no pertinence. You admit that the act of Congress authorizes me to try an offender by military commission or allow the local civil tribunals to try as I shall deem best, and you cannot deny that the act expressly recognizes such local civil tribunals as legal authorities for the purpose specified. When you contend that there are no legal local tribunals for any purpose in Texas, you must either deny the plain reading of the act of Congress or the power of Congress to pass that act.

"Your next remark is that you dissent from my declaration that 'the country (Texas) is in a state of profound peace'

and proceed to state the grounds of your dissent. They appear to me not a little extraordinary. I quote your words: 'It is true there no longer exists here (Texas) any organized resistance to the authority of the United States.' 'But a large majority of the white population who participated in the late rebellion are embittered against the government and yield to it an unwilling obedience.' Nevertheless, you concede that they do yield it obedience. You proceed: 'None of the class have any affection for the government and very few any respect for it. They regard the legislation of Congress on the subject of reconstruction as unconstitutional and hostile to their interests and consider the government now existing here under authority of the United States as an usurpation on their rights. They look on the emancipation of their late slaves and the disfranchisement of a portion of their own class as an act of insult and oppression.'

"And this is all you have to present for proof that war, not peace, prevails in Texas; and hence it becomes my duty, so you suppose, to set aside the local civil tribunals and enforce the penal code against citizens by means of military commissions. My dear sir, I am not a lawyer, nor has it been my business, as it may have been yours, to study the philosophy of statecraft and politics. But I may claim, after the experience of more than half a lifetime, to some poor knowledge of men and some appreciation of what is necessary to social order and happiness. And for the future of our common country I could devoutly wish that no great number of our people have yet fallen in with the views you appear to entertain. Woe be to us whenever it shall come to pass that the power of the magistrate, civil or military, is permitted to deal with the mere opinions or feelings of the people! I have been accustomed to believe that sentiments of respect or disrespect, feeling or affection, love or hatred, so long as not developed into acts in violation of law, were matters wholly beyond the punitive power of human tribunals. I will maintain that the entire freedom of thought and speech, however acrimoniously indulged, is consistent with the noblest aspirations of man and the happiest condition of his race.

"When a boy I remember to have read a speech of Lord Chatham's delivered in Parliament. It was during our Revolutionary War and related to the policy of employing the savages on the side of Britain. You may be more familiar with the speech than I am. If I am not greatly mistaken, his lordship denounced the British government—his government—in terms of unmeasured bitterness. He characterized its policy as revolting to every sentiment of humanity and religion, proclaimed it covered with disgrace, and vented his eternal abhorrence of it and its measures. It may, I think, be safely asserted that a majority of the British nation concurred in the views of Lord Chatham. But who ever supposed that profound peace was not existing in that kingdom or that that government had any authority to question the absolute right of the opposition to express their objections to the propriety of the king's measures in any words or to any extent they pleased? It would be difficult to show that the opponents of the government in the days of the elder Adams or Jefferson or Jackson exhibited for it either 'affection' or 'respect.' You are conversant with the history of our parties and political struggles touching legislation on alienage, sedition, the embargo, national banks, our wars with England and Mexico, and cannot be ignorant of the fact that for one party to assert that a law or system of legislation is unconstitutional, oppressive, and usurpative, is not a new thing in the United States. That the people of Texas con-

sider acts of Congress unconstitutional, oppressive, or insulting to them is of no consequence to the matter in hand. The President of the United States has announced his opinion that these acts of Congress are unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, as you are aware, not long ago decided unanimously that a certain military commission was unconstitutional. Our people everywhere in every State, without reference to the side they took during the rebellion, differ as to the constitutionality of the acts of Congress. How the matter really is, neither you nor I may dogmatically affirm.

"If you deem them constitutional laws and beneficial to the country, you not only have the right to publish your opinions, but it might be your bounden duty as a citizen to do so. Not less is it the privilege and duty of any and every citizen, wherever residing, to publish his opinion freely and fearlessly on this and every question which he thinks concerns his interest. This is merely in accordance with the principles of our free government, and neither you nor I wish to live under any other. It is time now, at the end of almost two years from the close of the war, that we should begin to recollect what manner of people we are; to tolerate again free, popular discussion and extend some forbearance and consideration to opposing views. The maxims that in all intellectual contests truth is mighty and must prevail and that error is harmless when reason is left free to combat it are not only sound, but salutary. It is a poor compliment to the merits of such a cause that its advocates would silence opposition by force, and generally those only who are in the wrong will resort to this ungenerous means. I am confident that you will not commit your serious judgment to the proposition that any amount of discussion or any assertion or feeling, however resentful or bitter, not resulting in a breach of law can furnish justification for your denial that profound peace exists in Texas. You might as well deny that profound peace exists in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, California, Ohio, and Kentucky, where a majority of the people differ with a minority on these questions, or that profound peace exists in the House of Representatives or the Senate at Washington or the Supreme Court, where all these questions have been repeatedly discussed and parties respectfully and patiently heard.

"You next complain that in parts of the State (Texas) it is difficult to enforce the criminal laws; that sheriffs fail to arrest; that grand jurors will not always indict; that in some cases the military, acting in aid of the civil authorities, have not been able to execute the process of the courts; that the petit jurors have acquitted persons adjudged guilty by you; and that other persons charged with offenses have broken jail and fled from prosecution. I know not how these things are; but, admitting your representations to be literally true, if for such reasons I should set aside the local civil tribunals and order a military commission, there is no place in the United States where it might not be done with equal propriety. There is not a State in the Union, North or South, where like facts are not continually happening. Perfection is not to be predicated of man or his works. No one can reasonably expect certain and absolute justice in human transactions; and if the military power is to be set in motion on the principles for which you would seem to contend, I fear that a civil government regulated by laws could have no abiding place beneath the circuit of the sun. It is rather more than hinted in your letter that there is no local State government in Texas and no local laws outside of the acts of Congress which I ought to respect and that I should under-

take to protect the rights of persons and property in my own way and in an arbitrary manner. If such be your meaning, I am compelled to differ with you.

"After the abolition of slavery, an event which I hope no one now regrets, the laws of Louisiana and Texas existing prior to the rebellion and not in conflict with acts of Congress comprised a vast system of jurisprudence, both civil and criminal. It requires not volumes only, but libraries, to contain them. They laid down principles and precedents for ascertaining the rights and adjusting the controversies of men in every conceivable case. They were creations of great and good and learned men who had labored in their day for their kind and gone down to the grave long before our recent troubles, leaving their works an inestimable legacy to the human race. These laws, as I am informed, connected the civilization of past and present ages and testified of the justice, wisdom, humanity, and patriotism of more than one nation through whose records they descended to the present people of these States. I am satisfied from representations from people competent to judge that they are as perfect a system of laws as may be found elsewhere and better suited than any other to the condition of this people, for by them they have long been governed. Why should it be supposed that Congress has abolished these laws? Why should any one wish to abolish them? They have committed no treason, nor are hostile to the United States, nor countenance crime, nor favor injustice. On them, as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire superstructure of social order in the two States. Annul this code of local laws, and there no longer would be any rights, either of person or of property, here. Abolish the local civil tribunals made to execute them, and you would virtually annul the laws, except in reference to the very few cases cognizable in the Federal courts.

"Let us for a moment suppose the whole local code annulled and that I am left, as commander of the Fifth Military District, the sole fountain of law and justice. This is the position in which you would place me. I am now to protect all rights and redress all wrongs. How is it possible for me to do it? Innumerable questions arise of which I am not only ignorant, but to the solution of which a military court is entirely unfitted. One would establish a will, another a deed, or the question is one of succession or partnership or descent or trust, a suit of ejectment or claim to chattels, or the application may relate to robbery, theft, arson, or murder. How am I to take the first step in any such matter? If I turn to the acts of Congress, I find nothing on the subject. I dare not open the authors on the local code, for it has ceased to exist.

"And you tell me that in this perplexing condition I am to furnish, by dint of my own hasty and crude judgment, the legislation demanded by the vast and manifold interest of the people. I repeat, sir, that you, and not Congress, are responsible for the monstrous suggestion that there are no local laws or institutions here to be respected by me outside the acts of Congress. I say unhesitatingly that if it were possible that Congress should pass an act abolishing the local codes for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and if it should fall to my lot to supply their places, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting whatever therein shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles, of justice; these will live in spite e'ev of the sword. History tells us that the Roman pandects were lost for a long period among the rubbish that war and revolution had heaped upon

them, but at length were dug out of the ruins, again to be regarded as a precious treasure. * * *

"I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. S. HANCOCK, *Major General Commanding.*"

This document must, it seems to us, convince every one by whom it is read that General Hancock is a just man—a simple, massive, and heroic character, as calm and dispassionate in the formation of his opinions as he is firm and inflexible in his adherence to them. He is not to be driven from his convictions of right, because in the formation of them his great aim has been, not the exaltation of self, but his country's good. We admire this memorable State paper, because it stands out so grandly above the darkness of evil times and an almost universal defection of principle like some memorial of the olden time when a regard for justice and the liberties of the people had a fixed abode in the hearts of statesmen.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER, ATLANTA, GA.

1863.

Lo! where the battle billows' thundering tide
Comes rolling vast up the steep mountain side,
A blue sea breaking against crags of gray
Whose crests are crowned by wreaths of scarlet spray,
Along the flaming lines the death shots peal,
But on and up the bleeding columns reel.
The crest is reached; the blue and gray have met,
Breast against breast, clubbed gun and bayonet.
Death reaps with ruthless scythe the living grain,
And the wide swaths are met with crimson rain.
Swept by the stormy onset's fiery blast,
The gray lines melt and yield to fate at last.
Across the field so nobly lost and won
Streams the dimmed splendor of the setting sun,
And soon the night her shrouding cloak will spread
In silence o'er the dying and the dead.

1913.

Time's tender hand has healed the wounds of war
And hides with blooms of peace each cruel scar.
In yonder oak, whose boughs still shade the crest,
A bird has built her safely sheltered nest.
On town and village, vale and wooded height
Falls the unclouded sunset's mellow light.
Where once wild war's death-dooming tocsin pealed
The reapers' scythes sing in the harvest field,
And crumbling ramparts which once fiercely frowned
Smile in the sunshine, rose- and ivy-crowned.

[The writer, who served as a Confederate courier during the battle, visited the field fifty years later. These lines were suggested by the visit.]

Miss Mary A. Irvine, The Briers, Natchez, Miss., writes: "In a recent number of the *VETERAN* there is an article relating to a standard bearer in the battle of Malvern Hill. The young soldier was killed. My brother, E. S. Irvine, grasped the flag of the 16th Mississippi before it fell and carried it through the battle. The flag had so many holes shot in it that it could not be used again; but it was presented to, Capt. Samuel Baker, my brother's captain, and it is still preserved by our veterans of the 16th Mississippi."

HISTORIC IRONIES—SHERMAN AND GERMAN.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The study of ironies as they are revealed in the process of historic evolution presents to the researcher in this sphere a field which is not only rich in suggestiveness and inspiration, but is touched by a morbid, as well as resistless, fascination. To the investigator who devotes himself to this special phase of his complex and ceaselessly broadening subject Satan is ever eager to display himself in his favorite rôle as an angel of light. We raise to heaven agonies of lamentation that "shiver the tingling stars" as we contemplate the atrocities of the German armies in France and Belgium, yet we rear lofty monuments, graven by art and man's device, to perpetuate the memory and idealize the infamy of Sherman and Sheridan. Even a Confederate Reunion was recently celebrated in Washington almost under the shadow of those aspiring creations graven in bronze or marble and glorifying the achievements of warriors whose most notable campaigns were waged against age and infancy, against the cradle, the death chamber, and the sepulcher. To a devoted Confederate the environment and association must have been fraught with melancholy, and a thousand mystic voices must have risen from out the hallowed past in protest against the remorseless irony implied by the unedifying, if not the humiliating, procedure. The reference to the Reunion is merely a digression which may serve to illustrate the viewpoint of the writer and is marked rather by sorrow than by anger. The stereotyped eulogies and panegyrics lavished upon our "reunited country," our loyalty to the "flag," must have fallen strangely upon the ears of the dead, if God in wisdom has not withheld from them the sense of hearing in so far as it has relation to those who are still in their pilgrimage.

I pass from these casual or episodal features to the essential point contemplated in this article. This—that is, "the essential point"—resolves itself into an effort to portray with brevity and conciseness the campaign of Sherman in the Carolinas, describing its progress from his initial movement at Savannah about the beginning of January, 1865, until the final stage was attained by the surrender of Johnston's army near Durham, N. C., two weeks and more after the tragedy of Appomattox. I reserve for an auspicious season an account of his movements against Atlanta, as well as his capture of Savannah, December 22, 1864, which he presented "as a Christmas gift to the nation." My purpose has specific regard to the period of four months, beginning with his advance from Savannah and reaching its close with the capitulation of Johnston, or, to be perfectly exact, from January 1 to April 26, 1865. This brief interval is easily available for conciseness and concentration of description, and, more than this, within its limited range the crowning infamies of our national conflict and of American history assume imperishable form and character under the leadership of Sherman. The conditions adapt it to the requirements of a circumscribed narrative, and the selection will commend itself to the judgment of the reader.

We now approach the specific time at which the animating spirit of Sherman's campaign in the Carolinas begins to reveal its diabolic intent and to assume definite form through the medium of official deliverances issuing from the chief of staff in Washington. On December 18, 1864, Major General Halleck wrote to Sherman, then advancing upon Savannah: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be

sown on its site, it might prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and treason." To the execution of the clearly avowed purpose embodied in this letter Sherman declares himself a zealous and relentless accessory, writing to Halleck on December 24: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think 'salt' will be necessary." (Sherman's "Memoirs," Volume II., page 223.) A merciful Providence averted the fate in reserve for her, as the city was evacuated by our forces on February 18, the day succeeding the occupation of Columbia by the Federal army. The quotations which I have introduced may be multiplied indefinitely, and when the testimony of Sherman is cited he becomes the most convincing and inexorable of witnesses against himself. Never in all records has a historic character been more hopelessly annihilated by the resistless logic of his own evidence, proclaimed without a touch of shame and heralded with no apparent consciousness or even faint suggestion of his own unique and peerless infamy.

From a strategic point of view, the object of the campaign in the Carolinas may be presented in summary form: Advancing from Savannah with the advent of the new year, 1865, he reached Columbia, S. C., February 17, and, proceeding into North Carolina, he occupied Fayetteville on March 11. His next objective point was Goldsboro, some seventy miles distant, which he occupied on March 23. At Goldsboro he was reinforced by Schofield's Corps, which had been detached from the army in Tennessee and sent by way of New Bern, N. C., in order to cooperate with him. With the addition of this force, estimated at twenty-three thousand, he proceeded in the direction of Raleigh, his probable intention being to intercept Lee at Greensboro or Danville in the event of his evacuation of Petersburg and his withdrawal into North Carolina, a line of action rendered unnecessary by the memorable and melancholy episode at Appomattox on the 9th of April.

The campaign of Sherman in the Carolinas may be traced in detail from its first to its final phase, or from Savannah to Durham and Greensboro, by the aid of an accurate map. The ghastly "sentinels," "the pillars of the hearth," have faded from our vision with nascent hope and reviving life. There is, however, an ethical or moral feature associated with this notable act in our war drama unrelated to geographical or strategic considerations, and this special element involves itself with the inmost life of our contemporary and complex historic development. We pass to the consideration of the problems it presents.

Before I become absorbed in the engrossing theme which is convulsing two worlds, I wish to define my own attitude in language which is neither ambiguous nor equivocal in character. To state the situation succinctly, the autocracy of the Hohenzollern empire must be annihilated, or Christian civilization will be gradually but inexorably effaced in Europe; such is the alternative distinctly revealed and set before us with the fierce light reflected from the throne of the German war lord. Since the formal creation of the North German Empire, in January, 1871, the slowly moving, relentless finger of fate has heralded this foregone result, and now the ghastly issue, embroiling two continents, is before us with its all-encircling dance of death. I should regard it as a work of supererogation to avow my own sympathy with the Allies in their grapple against a remorseless absolutism. Still, to the student of American history from a philosophical viewpoint the situation evokes a line of comment and reflection which cannot be ignored or disregarded, despite its ungracious and disquieting suggestiveness. There are many abiding unto

this present who recall the part played by Louis Napoleon when, in 1859, he assumed the championship of Italian freedom against the prolonged and goading oppression of the house of Austria. "Every schoolboy knows" that the rôle he enacted was a colossal jest, which in a measure marshaled the way to Sedan and the republic in 1871. In so far as the intervention of our own country in the European conflict is concerned, no such inglorious outcome can be imagined, unless by some dispensation of fate our national traditions are dissolved and our ideals, historic as well as ethical, "vanish in the vast." Yet in ominous contrast to this inspiring fantasy there rises in the background of 1864-65 the dark image of our own record and the lowering figures of Sherman and Sheridan.

We have engaged in the most stupendous struggle whereof the world holds record, to avenge the wrongs inflicted upon France and Belgium, while the carnival of desolation which swept over Columbia and Fayetteville is glorified by abiding memorials, preserving in undiminished vigor the infamy of the perpetrators. The ghostly features of Mrs. Surratt "watch from her grave," while the American nation is roused to a frenzy of rage as it contemplates the murder of Miss Cavell; the one untouched by crime, the other obnoxious at least to the penalties of violated military order. Such are the strange and irreconcilable ironies that make the evolution of human history; Sherman and Sheridan are the ideal heroes of a people who are compassing sea and land to engirdle the empire of the Hohenzollerns, while the shades of their victims, delicate women and infants emerging into consciousness, stalk unavenged amongst us. In the retrospect of its own story, in the view of its own irrevocable past, the attitude assumed by our own country becomes not merely untenable, but falls to the ground by the resistless weight of its own logical absurdity. How can Satan cast out Satan? With what pretense of reason or consistency can the nation which has assigned Sherman a foremost rank in its pantheon of military divinities raise its hands in protest against the most atrocious crimes which are justly imputed to the armies of the German war lord, William II.? In accordance with the ancient superstition, the bodies of his victims would become almost transformed by the effusion of their own blood as the slain discerned the contact with its slayers.

A most notable and characteristic feature of Sherman's campaigns in the Carolinas was the minuteness and perfection of detail which marked them from their first to their final stage. That they were not an outburst of frenzy, a paroxysm of insane rage such as sweeps over even disciplined armies, is amply attested by the all-prevailing system and method, beginning with the ascent of the three rockets, a prearranged signal for the destruction of Columbia. Every contingency had been foreseen and every element taken into account when the carnival of desolation began in due form on the 17th of February, 1865. The sacking of this fair and beautiful city may justly claim rank with the crowning atrocities of the Thirty Years' War and assures Sherman an unchallengeable eminence with Tilly, his prototype and precursor. When the army of the Union entered Columbia, the world moved backward for two centuries, nor have the legions of the Kaiser in their wildest frenzies of vandalism surpassed the infamies forever linked with the memory of the Federal commander. Yet the bands of American military units now in London regale their English allies with the strains of "Marching through Georgia," and we of the South in silent meekness accept the implied indignity.

A hundred narratives, some of them even the creations of Northern historians and chroniclers, such as Rhodes, White-law Reid, and Charles Francis Adams, have portrayed the campaign in the Carolinas; but all the resources of literary art have failed to exhaust its infinite barbarity. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night marked the line of advance from Savannah to Columbia, from Columbia to Fayetteville, from Fayetteville to Goldsboro. Considerations of sex, age, infirmity stayed not for a moment the hand of the invader, nor in the slightest measure tempered the violence of his hireling soldiery. It was a crusade, minutely devised and remorselessly executed, against infants in arms and women far declined into the vale of years; and many of the atrocities attributed to the armies of the Kaiser in Belgium or in France seem, even in minute detail, a renewed description of the desolation which reigned at Columbia, as well as in the home of my boyhood, Fayetteville, N. C. So complete was the devastation through the region adjacent to Fayetteville that families reared in affluence were reduced to utter destitution and subsisted for a season upon corn gathered from the cavalry camps occupied by Kilpatrick. Upon the discarded food of animals, converted into "big hominy," they maintained life until relief came from beyond the "zone" embraced within the area of the Federal advance. Specific or individual illustrations of atrocity, such as the Germans might aspire to emulate, may be cited without limitation; their name is legion.

In regard to numbers of these, I bear personal testimony, as they occurred within the vicinity of Fayetteville; and in more than one instance those linked to me by ties of blood and association were the victims, high-bred women in remote plantation homes, isolated and absolutely devoid of protection or defense, their sons or husbands with Lee at the forefront during the expiring agonies of our dissolving Confederacy. A near relative, living in the circumstances I have described, was attacked by a Union soldier, who thrust a revolver into her face, threatening her with instant death if she did not surrender her husband's watch, silver, etc. This typical woman of the ancient South folded her arms and calmly replied: "Shoot." The Northern hireling wreaked his vengeance by wrenching her rings from her fingers and slunk away, declaring his purpose to "burn the house" which shielded a defenseless but invincible heroine. The death chamber even was not sacred from invasion, nor the lonely cottage of the humblest tenant living under the shadow of some ancient manor house. A young girl in the last stages of disease was lifted from her couch that Kilpatrick's raiders might be assured that no gold or jewelry lay concealed beneath it; an aged woman of the peasant class was choked into insensibility for refusing to make known the hiding place of a watch, a precious heirloom intrusted to her keeping. In some instances graves were laid bare, and the ghastly secrets of the prison house confronted our vision. Cherished portraits were cut from their frames or thrust through with the point of the bayonet, musical instruments were saturated with molasses, and even infants in arms were robbed of their scanty raiment. One contemplating this saturnalian riot of desolation exclaims involuntarily in the language of Shakespeare's "Ariel": "Hell is empty, and all the devils are here."

Heart and soul, I wish once more to avow my unqualified sympathy with the Allies in their conflict with the autocracy of the Hohenzollern empire. It is the array of darkness against light, and to those who are enveloped in gloom God has "sent strong delusion that they should believe a lie."

We may at least cherish a hope that nobler civic standards and purer ideals, moral as well as political, have entered into our national life since Sherman burned Columbia and made war upon delicate and dying women in the region of country of which Fayetteville is the geographical center. Their blood may not cry out from the ground; assuredly their memory should not be suffered to perish. That it should be shielded from decay forms part of the one increasing purpose which runs through the eternal ages. Still, to those who contemplate the work of time and summon back from the vanished past the final stages of our own drama of war there is a melancholy and suggestive incongruity revealed in the moral outburst and clamor against the iniquities of Germany by a people who have lavished with the exuberant zeal the resources of art in order to perpetuate and ennoble the infamies of Sherman. When, however, we have purged our guilt, like the spirit in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," we may be restored to the constitutional heritage which was illustrated by Washington and his contemporaries and faded from us at Appomattox in the springtide of 1865.

ONE OF THE NEAR-GREAT—A BROTHER OF HENRY CLAY.

BY RICHARD MASON, CAMDEN, ARK.

While thousands of people visit annually the magnificent tomb at Lexington, Ky., to pay tribute to the memory of Henry Clay, the grave of Porter Clay, his brother, is unknown save to a few surviving admirers who knew and loved the man. Though marked with a small slab of stone, it is covered with moss and grass and is well-nigh lost to view. It lies in an old and unfrequented cemetery at Camden, Ark.

Porter Clay was many years younger than his illustrious brother Henry. Though not inferior to that great statesman in intellect, he was without the inordinate ambition that history lays at the door of his brother. Both boys were brought up by a pious Baptist mother. Henry was captivated by the glare of politics. History depicts his life in glowing colors. Porter followed the desire of his mother's heart and became a Baptist minister. He gave the best of his life to the service of God and died in poverty.

At the age of twenty-one Porter Clay was admitted to the bar of Kentucky in 1815. He was appointed Auditor of State Accounts shortly afterwards by Gov. Gabriel Slaughter. Even at this time he felt the call to the ministry, and he hesitated long before accepting the lucrative position. Friends persuaded him to accept, however, insisting that he had a brilliant future before him. By this time Henry Clay had served two short terms in the United States Senate and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for four years. It was freely predicted that young Porter would follow in the footsteps of his brother.

Porter Clay served as auditor for the State for several years. During this time he was married. His first wife died, and he was remarried. His second wife was the widow of Senator M. D. Hardin. She was a woman of great wealth and burning ambition. She desired her husband to take his place with the political leaders of the nation.

Mrs. Hardin was the mother of two sons at the time of the marriage. These boys developed wild and unruly traits of character as they grew. They manifested an open contempt for the gentle ways of their stepfather and for his simple life, for he had begun to preach in the Baptist church after his marriage with their mother. One of these stepsons be-

came particularly notorious all over the country for his waywardness and profligacy. It was he who distinguished himself as an officer during the war with Mexico and who later challenged Jefferson Davis (afterwards President of the Confederate States) to fight a duel over some fancied slight, though the duel was not fought, for President Zachary Taylor interfered and prevented it.

About 1840 Mrs. Clay persuaded her husband to move to Jacksonville, Ill., where they lived, with her sons, in a house that had been the property of Senator Hardin. The mother and sons gradually came to treat Porter Clay as an outcast. So incessant was their abuse that he was forced at last to leave their roof.

A dispute with the authorities of the Baptist Church over some doctrinal question caused Clay to be suspended as a minister. He turned evangelist and traveled widely in his preaching. It was in the capacity of revivalist that he first came to Camden, late in the forties.

Evangelism in those early days was not the gilded path to fortune that it appears to be to-day. Porter Clay was frequently in actual want. His brother Henry, now thrice a candidate for the Presidency, offered to share his palatial home with the wanderer. But the Spirit called the shepherd, and he continued to follow the Voice.

After holding the revival at Camden he founded a Baptist Church and became its first minister. He felt that he had reached the goal of his mission and desired nothing better than to spend the rest of his life ministering to the little settlement on the banks of the Ouachita. But his term of service was not long, for in 1850, two years before the death of his brother Henry, Porter Clay was stricken by fever, and he died after a few days of patient suffering.

Porter Clay's grave was unmarked for many years, but in time a board was placed at the head by his Church members. Several years ago the New Century Club, of Camden, erected a slab of stone over the grave. Save for the care given the grave by the ladies of this organization, its solitude is unbroken from year to year.

A JOKE ON STUART'S CAVALRY.—I think it was soon after the return of Lee's army from the Gettysburg campaign that Stuart had the grand review of his cavalry division; at least there was such a review. A few days before the review, while we of Lane's Brigade were quietly resting in camp, we were surprised to see cavalymen dash through our camp, some of them without hats, completely stampeded. We asked what was the matter, and they said the Yanks had run them out of their camps. We were rushed some ten miles to intercept this cavalry raid, at some point, I think, on the Rappahannock, and stayed all night, returning to camp the next day. A few days after we went out to witness the grand review. Before starting some one suggested that we had better take our arms and accouterments, which we did. As we trudged along squadrons of cavalry kept passing us, and we were hailed with: "Boys, where are you going?" The reply was: "Out to the grand review." "What are you doing with your guns and accouterments?" Our reply was: "Why, to keep the Yankees off till you get through, of course." I think I heard some muttered imprecations, and I don't think I imagined it, either.—*Rev. H. H. Sturgis, Homestead, Fla.*

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married ag'in." "Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' two wreaths."—*Exchange.*

THE TOM GREEN RIFLES.

[This history of a noted company was sent to the VETERAN some years ago by Val C. Giles, one of the survivors. The roster is unique in the comment on each member, and the record of the company is remarkable in the loss of only a little more than twenty per cent by death during the four years. Most of the survivors returned to Texas and became worthy citizens.]

The company known as the Tom Green Rifles was organized at Austin, Tex., early in the spring of 1861, and at the suggestion of Sergt. Charles M. McAnnelly it was named in honor of Col. Tom Green, a resident of the city of Austin at the time and a veteran of the Texas and Mexican Wars. He was afterwards a major general in the Confederate army and was killed in the battle of Yellow Bayou, in Louisiana, in 1864.

It was the first company raised in Austin and one of the first organized in the State. It was composed of merchants, lawyers, clerks, mechanics, and farmers, the average age of the members being twenty years. The original company contained one hundred and four men, rank and file, but was afterwards recruited with more than seventy. They first went into camp of instruction on the San Marcos River, in Hays County, and later on at Harrisburg, near Houston, Tex. The night before the final departure from Austin the citizens, relatives, and friends of the members of the company tendered them a grand farewell ball at the State Capitol. Many of the girls we danced with that night have crossed over the river, while those who are now living are grandmothers. They were all young and pretty then, "the girls we left behind us."

The company was mustered into the Confederate service at Harrisburg, Tex., on the 11th of July, 1861, and started immediately for Virginia. By this time we had been joined by four other companies that afterwards became part of our regiment. Our march across Louisiana from Hibblett's Bluff to New Iberia will never be forgotten by any surviving soldier who made it. For twelve days and nights it rained continuously, and there we had the first realization of the fact that we were actual soldiers. When the Texas Brigade was formed at Richmond, the Tom Green Rifles was assigned to the 4th Texas Regiment as Company B, with John B. Hood as colonel, John Marshall as lieutenant colonel, and Bradford Warrick as major. The company participated in nearly all the great battles fought in Virginia. We went west with Longstreet to reinforce General Bragg at Chickamauga and returned to the Army of Northern Virginia in the winter of 1863 and surrendered at Appomattox with Gen. Robert E. Lee on April 9, 1865.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY B, 4TH TEXAS REGIMENT,
HOOD'S BRIGADE, LONGSTREET'S CORPS, A. N. V.

B. F. Carter, captain. Promoted lieutenant colonel July 10, 1862; killed in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, while in command of the 4th Texas Regiment.

W. C. Walsh, first lieutenant. Promoted captain July 10, 1862; permanently disabled in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862; was Commissioner of the General Land Office at Austin for many years.

James T. McLaurin, second lieutenant. Promoted first lieutenant July 10, 1862; never missed a battle in which the regiment was engaged and surrendered the fragment of Company B at Appomattox; a Christian, a soldier, and a gentleman; died in Mississippi.

Robert J. Lambert, third lieutenant. A natural-born soldier, brother of Col. Will Lambert, of Houston; was mortally wounded in the battle of Gaines's Mill and died at Richmond July 5, 1862.

F. L. Price, first sergeant. Promoted to adjutant July 24, 1862. He was the son of a British officer and was born in the West Indies; was captured at Gettysburg and died at Austin in 1882.

Oliver Flusser, second sergeant. Born in Kentucky and partly educated at Annapolis; killed in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg.

Charles M. McAnnelly, third sergeant. Rough-mannered, kind-hearted, and brave; killed at Second Manassas.

T. W. Masterson, fourth sergeant. Promoted third lieutenant August 15, 1862; died in Brazoria County in 1870.

John T. Price, fifth sergeant. Promoted second lieutenant August 15, 1862; died at Gadfly, Williamson County, Tex., in 1895.

Niles Fawcett, first corporal. Killed at Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.

M. T. Norris, second corporal. Got a furlough in the winter of 1862 and went back to Austin; returned to Virginia, was promoted to third sergeant, and was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

S. W. Burnham, third corporal. Killed at Second Manassas.

R. H. Clements, fourth corporal. Was a lieutenant in the Texas navy in the days of the republic and was one of two survivors of that heroic band. After the war he lived twelve miles from Austin, on Lake McDonald, and frequently walked to the city. (If the legislature would vote "Old Bob" a small pension, there is not a taxpayer in all "grand old Texas" that would kick about it.)

A. M. Adams. Died in San Antonio.

Lee Adams. Died in Richmond in 1862.

L. Black. Killed in Virginia in 1862.

H. G. Blakey. Killed at Sharpsburg in September, 1862.

"Bud" Bonner. Died in Richmond in November, 1861.

"Cal" Bonner. Lived near Austin, Tex., after the war.

Wash Bonner. Lived at San Saba, Tex.

J. C. Barker. As rough as a pine knot, loved his friends, hated his enemies, and had his fun. Jim properly belonged to Company G, but Lieutenant McLaurin used to "borrow" him occasionally from Capt. J. W. Hutcherson; killed in 1869.

Tom P. Burdett. Lived after the war somewhere in Western Texas.

Mike Burditt. Died in Virginia in 1862.

W. E. Burditt. Died near Austin in 1873.

Frank M. Burnham. In Caldwell County, Tex., if living.

J. Burk, an Irishman. Wounded in the battle of the Wilderness; never returned.

C. A. Buechner, printer. Lived at Austin after the war.

John Callahan. His father was a general in the Federal army. John was killed near Sergeant Flusser in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg in September, 1862.

William C. Calhoun. The wag and wit of the regiment. The last ever heard of him he was running a ferryboat on the Calcasieu River, in Louisiana, with a grocery on each bank, singing, "On the wings of love I fly."

A. G. Campbell. Died in Austin in 1886.

W. G. Carpenter. Killed.

Tom E. Cates. Merchant three miles south of Austin.

W. H. Caton. Wounded and discharged in 1863.

Garland Calvin ("Snook"). County Commissioner of

Travis County. "Snook" was a hard fighter, a fine forager, a big eater, a good retreat, and a poor fiddler.

W. M. Chandler. Died at LaGrange, Tex., in 1886.

Sam Cooper. Died in Austin.

"Pet" Cook. Badly wounded at Gettysburg; died in Austin after the war from the effects of his wound.

Louis B. Cox. Died in Austin in 1897.

Granville H. Crozier. The smallest man in the company and the first one shot in the battle of Gaines's Mill. Just as Crozier fell General Hood galloped up, dismounted, and walked rapidly to the front of the regiment, about-faced, and in a clear, ringing voice said: "Soldiers, I have come to fulfill a promise I made you while colonel of your regiment. I promised to lead you personally in the first great battle. The time has come, and I am here." Raising his sword in front of him and holding the hilt in his right hand and the point in his left, he gave the command: "Forward! Guide right!" He never said, "March!" for the regiment anticipated him and was in motion by the time he said, "Forward!" He went a few steps backward, holding his sword at arm's length, dressing the line as it advanced. Crozier was postmaster at Graham, Tex., for several years.

James Donohue. Transferred to a Louisiana regiment in 1862.

R. A. Davidge. Captured at Second Manassas on the first raid to Maryland; wrote to Bill Calhoun by flag of truce that he was dead. Davidge was an editor and poet.

James H. Dearing. One of Longstreet's sharpshooters and scouts; killed in June, 1864. He was six feet four inches in height and as noble-hearted as he was tall.

C. A. Dohme. Clerk; lived in Austin.

G. A. Dunkin. Died September 2, 1862, and was buried at Fredericksburg.

J. K. P. Dunson. Discharged in 1862, returned to Texas, and died in 1863.

A. A. Durfee. Died at the Confederate Home at Austin in 1892.

J. Falls. Died in Virginia in 1863.

William J. Flanikin. Died.

William F. Ford. Promoted to second lieutenant in 1864; was full of romance, poetry, and song; died in Texas in 1875.

W. K. Foster. A printer; died at Georgetown, Tex., in 1878.

"Poney" Freeman. Died in Richmond in 1862.

C. L. Freeman. Died in Georgia in 1862.

B. K. Fawcett. Wounded at Sharpsburg and discharged; murdered by Mexicans on the Rio Grande in 1869.

Alex Gregg, son of Bishop Gregg. Died at Dumfries, Va., in 1861.

F. W. Girard, first orderly sergeant of the company. On account of ill health was discharged in 1862; was clerk of the Federal court at Graham, Tex., for a number of years.

T. A. Glasscock. Lived in Blanco County, Tex., after the war.

Uriah Gould. "Lost in the fog."

A. M. George. Lost an arm at the Wilderness; was a merchant at Albany, Tex.

Val C. Giles. Promoted from fourth to second sergeant at Gettysburg; captured by the 136th New York Regiment (all Dutch) on the night of October 28, 1863, in Raccoon Valley, East Tennessee; was sent to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, and escaped in November, 1864; tramped through to Kentucky, crossed the Ohio River on a raft a few miles below Owensboro, joined Maj. Walker Taylor, who was in

that section of the country recruiting for General Buckner; was paroled in Louisville April 28, 1865, by General Palmer; commander of the Department of Kentucky at the close of the war (candidate for President on the gold ticket in 1896); returned home in September, 1865, after an absence of four years and five months.

John Griffith. Lived in Mississippi after the war.

Perry B. Grumbles. Promoted to fifth sergeant; killed at Gettysburg in 1863.

H. Hamilton. Killed in Virginia in July, 1862.

William R. Hamby. The youngest soldier in the company; a boy in years, but a man in duty. When the war was over he went to Nashville, Tenn., and Gov. James E. Porter made him adjutant general. He returned to Texas and represented Travis County in the legislature; was later Cashier, then President, of the American National Bank of Austin; died in 1914.

W. S. Hamilton. Lived at Duval, in Travis County, Tex.

Charles L. Haralson. Graduated at Annapolis; was transferred to the Confederate navy in 1863; died of cholera at Galveston in 1866.

A. J. Hawthorne. Relative of the author of that name; discharged in 1862.

W. H. Horton. When he quit fighting Yankees, he went to preaching; in Arkansas if living, in heaven if dead.

J. J. Haynes, litter bearer. Gen. J. B. Robertson used to say that Haynes was the bravest man in Lee's army. In the battle of Gettysburg, as he was going in for "another load," a shell struck the soft earth about six feet in front of him and exploded almost under his feet. The old general said he could see nothing but dust, pieces of litter, etc., flying through the air for a few seconds; then he saw Haynes rise Phoenixlike, draw his sleeve across his dusty brow, pick up his old wool hat, wave it over his head, and shout at the top of his voice. Have not heard from him in thirty years.

J. B. Henderson. Loved poker better than war.

L. D. Hill. Physician; prescribed "pinetop" whisky as an antidote for mosquito bites at Escobar's Store, La., while on our way to Virginia; was a member of the twenty-fifth legislature of Texas; lived at Webberville, Travis County.

G. W. Hoffer. A North Carolinian; killed at Sharpsburg in 1862.

D. W. Halden. A wild kid; lost him in East Tennessee.

B. W. Hopson. Enlisted from Fayette County; don't know what became of him.

Bob Howard. Killed at Sharpsburg.

Jeff Howard. Lived in San Saba County.

J. J. Hughes. Died near Austin in 1867.

P. Horn. One of the "Trombusky mess"; been on furlough for many years.

Philip Herbert. Son of Congressman Herbert, of Texas; played the guitar and sang like a lark; killed in Virginia in 1862.

A. C. Jones. Discharged in August, 1862.

Etniel Jones. Pulled the boots off of a Yankee officer in the battle of West Point, "so he could rest easy"; killed in Virginia in 1863.

Joe E. Jones. Wrote to Capt. W. C. Walsh some years ago from the mountains of East Tennessee to send him a Mexican hat with a snake on it; later lived at Estill Springs, Tenn.

J. K. P. Jones. A gallant little fellow; killed at Chickamauga.

W. A. Keller. Discharged on account of wounds in 1862; died somewhere in the Panhandle country many years ago.

Confederate Veteran.

J. H. Keller. Discharged in 1862; died in Austin in 1870.
W. H. Lessing. A gallant soldier and was dangerously wounded; became a lawyer and lived at Waco, Tex.

W. H. Lightfoot. Turned preacher; don't know what became of him.

Alf T. Lockett. The only man in the company that ever received a bayonet wound; died in Williamson County, Tex., in 1873.

H. Maier. Killed at Sharpsburg.

R. Marcham. Died in 1866 of yellow fever.

Newton W. Mayfield ("Old Burnsides"). Died near Austin in 1892.

Eph Mayfield. Lived in Travis County, Tex.

John F. McGehee. Lived at San Marcos, Hays County.

M. W. McMath. Killed in Virginia in 1862.

Arthur Minor. Came to us in 1862 as a recruit; died in ten days after reaching Richmond.

Barney McMullen. A "dandy"; died at Corpus Christi in 1892.

C. M. McPhane, litter bearer. Have not heard of him since the surrender.

Arch Masterson. Captured a red artillery cap, got all the crown shot out of it at Gettysburg, gave the scraps to a Pennsylvania Dutchman as a souvenir, and marched to Hagerstown, Md., bareheaded; lived in Brazoria County, Tex.

Ed B. Millican. First man in the company that caught a grayback; lived at Lampasas, Tex.

Sidney E. Mosely. Lost a leg in battle; a good soldier and an educated gentleman; died at Austin in 1870.

W. V. Moss. Died in Missouri in 1894.

C. L. Morris. Killed at Knoxville on Longstreet's return to Virginia in the winter of 1863.

Max Nuendoff. Died in San Antonio in 1885.

A. W. Nichols. Night watchman at the State Capitol in Austin for many years.

George W. Nichols. Killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

W. L. Piper. Died near Austin in 1885.

C. Plagge. Musician; died at San Antonio in 1892.

Lem Puckett. Had himself captured on our retreat from Suffolk; have never heard of him since.

William E. Puryear. Lived in Austin after the war.

J. D. Railey. Had him dead for twenty years, when he wrote that he had never been dead at all; was living in Waco.

A. R. Rice ("old Pontoon"). Bill Calhoun said that in the stampede in Raccoon Valley one night in October, 1863, the old man was one of the first to pull out when the order came to fall back. In attempting to cross the ditch he fell on his hands and knees, and the whole retreating regiment made a pontoon bridge out of him. I met him some years after the war, and he told me he had found a gold mine in the mountains of Coryell County, Tex. I haven't seen or heard of him since.

A. S. Roberts. Courier for General Hood; was major general of the Texas State militia and later made his home in Washington City.

George L. Robertson. Was left on the battle field of Sharpsburg for dead; recovered and held a position in the State Treasury Department at Austin after the war.

R. R. Robertson ("Radway's Ready Relief"). Promoted to first sergeant; a fine soldier, a good business man, and a walking encyclopedia of practical knowledge; died in Austin in 1891.

George W. Rose. A fiddler of the 'way-back, "rack-back Davy" sort; died near Austin in 1895.

Charles H. Rushton. Died in Brazoria County, Tex.

Robert S. Rust. Promoted to orderly sergeant; left at Sharpsburg severely wounded; died in Burnet County, Tex., in 1885.

J. Ripetoe. Killed somewhere in Virginia.

J. L. Sheppard. Died at Dumfries, on the Potomac, in the winter of 1861.

John Schuler. Killed at Sharpsburg in 1862.

E. Simmons. Discharged in 1862; never returned to Texas.

A. E. Stanley. Have not heard of him since the close of the war.

Isaac Stein. Lost an arm at Second Manassas; was a merchant in Austin and died there in December, 1897.

S. T. C. Stone. Transferred to Terry's Rangers; lived near Austin.

F. K. Steves. Absent without leave; a hard case.

John S. Summers. Killed at Gaines's Mill in 1862.

Frank Strahmer. Lived in Travis County, Tex.

James Sims. Died at the Confederate Home at Austin in 1896.

W. J. Tannehill. Lived in Burnet County, Tex.

J. M. Tatum. Died in Virginia in 1862.

S. C. Taylor. Discharged August 16, 1862; has been lost ever since.

S. R. Teague. Henderson's "poker partner."

James H. Thomas. Belonged to my mess; told me the night before the second battle of Manassas that he had a presentiment that he would be killed in the next engagement. The next day he was shot dead on the battle field. If there was a Christian among us, it was Jimmie Thomas.

Mark Thomas. Died near Austin, Tex.

L. C. Thornton. Died at Marshall, Tex., in 1868.

D. A. Todd. "A Democrat of the old school"; believed in "bourbon and the two-thirds rule"; a good soldier and a good citizen; lived at St. Elmo, in Travis County, Tex.

G. H. Walker. Killed in Virginia.

John G. Wheeler. Lost an arm at the Wilderness; was a merchant at Manor, Tex.

J. A. White. A mysterious young doctor who joined in Virginia. He was an Alabamian, messed by himself, said little, and was an enigma to all; killed in 1863.

Sam C. Wilson. Thrown from a horse and killed near Georgetown, Tex., in 1868.

J. A. Wright. Resided near Duval, in Travis County, Tex.

P. A. Wright. Died in July, 1862.

Logan Woodward. Died in a hospital at Richmond in 1862.

H. Whitesides. An Irishman; residence not known.

John Price (colored). Cook for mess No. 5 and faithful to the end; porter for the American National Bank at Austin, Tex., for many years.

"Candy," the little white dog, went with the company from Austin and became a great favorite with the regiment. Engraved on his collar was, "Candy, Co. B, 4th Texas Regt." When George L. Robertson lay wounded in the field hospital at Sharpsburg, he saw a band wagon parading through the camp with the little "Rebel" prisoner. He got lost from his company and regiment in the old cornfield and was captured by the enemy. In the battle of Gaines's Mill he got separated from us, and next morning, when the burying detail was sent out from our regiment, they found Candy cuddled up under the arm of poor John Summers, who was killed

the evening before. There was not a man in the company, and I doubt if there was one in the regiment, who would not have divided his last piece of hard-tack with Candy. We never saw him after the battle of Sharpsburg.

A CANNONEER AS COURIER.

BY J. W. BRUNSON.

The 2d of May, 1863—that day of direful, irremediable calamity and brilliant, victorious strategy—had closed. The “four-mile race” was over, and Sigel’s panic-stricken Dutchmen had found a temporary refuge behind the well-fortified second line of “Fighting Joe” Hooker. The “foot cavalry,” after their vain pursuit, had halted for new alignment, and, save for an occasional rifle fusillade, the firing had practically ceased. The Pee Dee Light Artillery, then commanded by Capt. E. B. Brunson, was “in battery” on the right of the plank road near an old blacksmith shop. Tired and hungry, I had crawled under my gun and was about dozing off when I was aroused by the captain and ordered to report to Col. R. Lindsey Walker, battalion commander. I found the Colonel only a few yards away, evidently awaiting me, and, upon saluting, I received his order: “Get your horse and come with me.”

Leading my horse, I followed him, and at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards we found ourselves in the presence of Gen. A. P. Hill, who was sitting at the root of a large oak, with one boot off, evidently wounded, as I could see from the bloodstains on his underclothing. There was an expression of pain and anxiety upon his fine intellectual face as he looked up inquiringly at Colonel Walker. “Here is your man,” was the Colonel’s reply. Stepping from behind the giant form of Colonel Walker, I saluted and received the General’s order, “Go find General Stuart,” adding, as I thought, very emphatically, “and don’t come back without him.”

Springing upon my horse, I dashed out into the darkness—and with a heavy heart. Evidently General Jackson was seriously, instead of slightly, wounded, as we had been told by our officers. But whither was I to go? Where could I find General Stuart? I had no directions and knew absolutely nothing of the topography. I was well mounted upon a fine sorrel mare, captured, with full equipment, during the “four-mile race,” for which I had quickly abandoned my wounded gray. Realizing what might hang upon my mission, I determined simply to scour the country. After a rapid ride of possibly an hour and many fruitless inquiries, I came upon three cavalymen lying by a fire, when the following colloquy ensued: “Can you tell me General Stuart’s whereabouts?” “What do you want with him?” “I have a dispatch for him.” “Give it to me.” “It is a verbal message. Who are you?” Springing with one bound to his feet and laying his hand smartly upon his chest, he replied somewhat haughtily: “I am Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.” “Pardon me, General. Gen. A. P. Hill wants General Stuart’s presence at once.” “He is making a reconnoissance where you cannot get to him. I will send for him.” “But I cannot go back without him.” “I will go with you to General Hill.” And, giving an order to one of his companions, who mounted and sped away, he sprang upon his little gray, and, knowing every foot of the terrain, he soon brought us to the wounded General. Dismounting, I stood at a respectful distance, bridle in hand,

awaiting further orders. General Hill did not forget me. In a few minutes, looking toward me, he said in a kindly tone: “Now, Sergeant, go to sleep.” And I was soon wrapped in my blanket, not, however, soundly to rest, for I felt that the master hand of Jackson would not guide his victorious battalions on the morrow.

A little after dawn the next morning the battle opened. A six-gun battery planted just in front of the brick Chancellorsville house received our special attention, and General Stuart, taking position about twenty yards on our right, sat for some time witnessing the duel, seemingly much interested. I had never been so near him before and was much impressed by his fine presence and his absolute indifference to the rain of shell and shrapnel to which he was exposed. He was mounted on a trim light bay, which had received a slight wound in the neck from which the blood trickled in a tiny, steady stream. I remember being relieved when I saw that it was not flowing in jets. He sat his horse with an easy grace, reminding me of the perfect seat of General Hampton and of Col. Alex C. Haskell. Soon he galloped off to the right toward McGowan’s Brigade, which was then charging the enemy’s fortified line, and we saw him no more.

Shortly after this General McGowan came near the battery from the front, limping and using his sheathed sword as a walking-cane support. I took the liberty of expressing the hope that he was not badly hurt. “No, nothing serious, I think,” he said; “but look at this, Jackson’s cap,” at the same time handing it to me. Taking it in my hand, I observed the name, “T. J. Jackson,” written on a piece of linen and sewed on the inside of the crown. Holding it up, I cried out, “Boys, Jackson’s cap!” and my detachment ceased firing for the moment and closed around me, each, I think, taking it reverently in his hand. I was for a long time under the impression that General McGowan had found the cap in passing the spot by accident where General Jackson was wounded the evening before, but have recently learned that the cap was first found by an infantry soldier by the name of Murdoch McRae McLauchlin, of Cheraw, S. C., who, it is presumed, gave it to General McGowan to be returned to General Jackson, at that time thought by the army to have been only painfully, and by no means seriously, wounded.

After our gallant infantry had driven the enemy from his breastworks, we took position on the Fredericksburg side of Chancellorsville, where we formed part of a line of artillery detailed to hold a gap in our line made by the withdrawal of infantry to help dispose of Sedgwick, who had attacked the right flank of General Lee.

But there was no more hard fighting there. The boaster was beaten, badly whipped, and was, only too glad to get the Rappahannock River between “the finest army on the planet” and the ragged battalions of Lee.

BILLY FORT AT GETTYSBURG.—Occupying the extreme right of Lee’s army, we made our attack upon Devil’s Den. I think our colors were shot down four times and carried at last by little Billy Fort. When we reached the battery of four guns, Billy Fort climbed on the gun carriage just before the lanyard was pulled to fire the gun and was holding up the flag when the gun was fired. He was knocked off by an artilleryman with the swab staff. He was killed at Chickamauga—a brave little boy whom the regiment loved to honor.—Rev. H. H. Sturgis, Homestead, Fla.

THE SOUTH NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR SLAVERY.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN GRAY BOOK
COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

"No Southern man or Southern ship ever brought a slave to this country."

Undoubtedly England, Spain, and the Dutch were primarily and largely responsible for the introduction and the earlier importation of slaves to this country. As Bancroft says: "The sovereigns of England and Spain were the greatest slave merchants in the world."

Later on, however, DuBois, the negro historian, says: "The American slave trade came to be carried on principally by United States capital, in United States ships, officered by United States citizens, and under the United States flag."

Dr. Phillips, of Tulane University, in his section of "The South in the Building of the Nation," says: "The great volume of the slave traffic from the early seventeenth century onward was carried on by English and Yankee vessels, with some competition from the French and the Dutch."

The responsibility for this home participation in the slave-importing business rests primarily and principally upon New England and likewise largely upon New York. It was a boast and a taunt of proslavery orators before the war that "the North imported slaves, the South only bought them"; and historians assert that "there is some truth in the assertion." Indeed, it has been widely claimed, although disputed, that "no Southern man or Southern ship ever brought a slave to the United States." While this statement may be claimed to be too broad and general, it is unquestionably true in spirit; for the cases wherein a Southern man or ship could be charged with importing slaves are few indeed, while the New England States, as well as New York, were openly and boldly engaged in the traffic, employing hundreds of ships in the nefarious business.

"Slavery," says Henry Waterson in a recent issue of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, "existed in the beginning North and South. But the North, finding slave labor unsuited to its needs and therefore unprofitable, sold its slaves to the South, not forgetting to pocket the money it got for them, having, indeed, at great profit brought them over from Africa in its ships."

Numerous authorities support the claim, directly or indirectly, that the South did not import slaves. "Slavery," says Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, "was thrust on the South an uninvited—aye, a forbidden—guest." While Dr. Charles Morris in his "History of Civilization" says: "The institution of slavery was not of their making; it had been thrust upon their fathers against their violent opposition." Mrs. Sea in her book, "The Synoptical Review of Slavery," says: "I have heard the statement made, and gentlemen of the highest standing for scholarly attainments given as authority, that no Southern man ever owned a slave ship and that no slave ship handled by a Southern man ever brought a cargo of slaves from Africa."

Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, the scholarly President of William and Mary College and an authority, says regarding this statement: "I am sure it can be said that no Southern man or Southern ship, as far as is known, engaged in the slave trade."

References to Southern ships or Southern men as engaged in the slave-importing business are at best vague. The famous case of the *Wanderer*, one of the most noted of slave-trading vessels, is often mentioned, and her ownership is

credited to men of Charleston and Savannah; but even if this be true, she was built in New York, her captain was a New York man, a member of the New York Yacht Club, and the wanderer sailed under the proud flag of the club when she went to the Congo after slaves. Her captain was later expelled from the club for this offense.

The fact that there was domestic traffic in slaves, some of this domestic traffic being carried on through coastwise trading, seems to have confused some and induced them to believe that the South imported slaves. On the other hand, the responsibility of New England and New York for the almost exclusive monopoly of domestic participation in the slave-importing business is clearly established. Massachusetts looms largely to the front when investigation into this gruesome subject is pursued. The first slave ship of this country, the *Desire*, was fitted out in Massachusetts and set sail for the coast of Africa from Marblehead. Massachusetts was the first of all the colonies to authorize the establishment of slavery by statutory law, doing this some decades before her example was followed by any of the Southern colonies.

Much of the wealth of these Northern States was derived from the slave trade, and the old-time commercial importance of such towns as Newport, R. I., was based entirely upon the traffic. It is stated that Faneuil Hall, the famous "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston, was built by money earned in the slave trade, as Peter Faneuil was actively engaged in it. "It was a traffic," says Dr. Phillips in "The South in the Building of the Nation," "in which highly honorable men like Peter Faneuil engaged and which the Puritans did not condemn in the colonial period."

In fact, DuBois says that the tender New England conscience, which would not allow slavery to flourish on the sacred soil of Massachusetts, did not hesitate to seize the profits resulting in the rape of slaves from their African homes and their sale to Southern planters. But, according to John Adams, it was not a tender conscience, but an economic reason, upon which the emancipation of slaves in Massachusetts was based, for he is quoted as saying: "Argument might have had some weight in the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts, but the real cause was the multiplication of laboring white people, who no longer would suffer the rich to employ these sable rivals so much to their injury."

Boston was all along prominent in the slave trade, the *Continental Monthly*, of New York, as late as January, 1862, being quoted as saying: "The city of New York has been until of late (1862) the principal port of the world for this infamous traffic, the cities of Portland and Boston being only second to her in that distinction. Slave dealers," it says, "added much to the wealth of our metropolis."

Vessels from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire were early and largely engaged in the slave trade; and it is a very significant fact that, while duties more or less heavy were imposed upon the imported slaves in Southern harbors and other harbors of the country, the ports of New England were offered as a free-exchange mart for slavers.

New England citizens were traders by instinct and profession, and with the birth of commerce in the New World they eagerly turned to the high profits of the African slave trade and made it a regular business. The *Hartford Courant* in an issue of July, 1916, said: "Northern rum had much to do with the extension of slavery in the South. Many people in this State (Connecticut), as well as in Boston, Mass., made

snug fortunes for themselves by sending rum to Africa to be exchanged for slaves and then selling the slaves to the planters of Southern States.

Rhode Island at an early date had one hundred and fifty vessels engaged in the slave trade, while at a later date, when New York had loomed to the front of the trade, the *New York Journal of Commerce* is quoted as saying: "Few of our readers are aware of the extent to which this infernal traffic is carried on by vessels clearing from New York, and down-town merchants of wealth and respectability are engaged extensively in buying and selling African negroes and have been for an indefinite number of years."

The United States deputy marshal for that New York district reported in 1855 that "the business of fitting out slavers was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present." In a year and a half just preceding the Civil War eighty-five slave-trading vessels are reported as fitted out in New York Harbor, and DuBois states that "from 1850 to 1860 the fitting out of slavers became a flourishing business in the United States and centered in New York City."

Although Massachusetts and New York were thus prominent in the business of enslaving and importing Africans and selling them to South Africa and the Southern colonies and later the Southern States of the Union, other sections of New England took most prominent parts in the slave trade. Indeed, in the "Reminiscences of Samuel Hopkins" Rhode Island is said to have been "more deeply interested in the slave trade than any other colony in New England and has enslaved more Africans."

Thus, beginning with that first slave ship of this country, the *Desire*, of Marblehead, Mass., the slave trade flourished in New England and New York, the favorite method being the exchange of rum for negroes and the sale of negroes to the Southern plantations. Federal laws were powerless to hold in check the keenness for this profitable traffic in human flesh. As late as 1850 the noted slave smuggler Drake, who flourished and operated on the Gulf Coast, is reported to have said: "Slave-trading is growing more profitable every year; and if you should hang all the Yankee merchants engaged in it, hundreds more would take their places."

The outlawing of the traffic seemed but to stimulate it. From the very inception of the institution of slavery in this country there were protest and action against it throughout the Southern colonies. The vigorous action of Virginia and her protests to the royal government to prohibit the further importation of slaves to her territory are well known. South Carolina protested against slavery as early as 1727, and in Georgia there was absolute prohibition of it by law. Let it be remembered that when the national government took action and the slavery prohibition laws of Congress went into effect in 1808 every Southern State had prohibited it.

But, as stated, the outlawing of the traffic seemed but to stimulate it. In the earlier years of the nineteenth century thousands of slaves were imported into this country. In the year 1819 Gen. James Talmadge, speaking in the House of Representatives, declared: "It is a well-known fact that about fourteen thousand slaves have been brought into our country this year." And Sargeant, of Pennsylvania, said: "It is notorious that, in spite of the utmost vigilance that can be employed, African negroes are clandestinely brought in and sold as slaves." This "vigilance" he speaks of, however, was much ridiculed by others, and it was openly hinted that the efforts of the Federal authorities to suppress the trade, even the lookout for slavers along the African coast as con-

ducted by vessels of the United States navy, was merely perfunctory.

Blake, in his "History of Slavery and the Slave Trade," published in 1857, says: "It is stated upon good authority that in 1844 more slaves were carried away from Africa in ships than in 1744, when the trade was legal and in full vigor." While in the year immediately preceding the opening of the War between the States John C. Underwood is quoted as writing to the *New York Tribune*: "I have ample evidence of the fact that the reopening of the African slave trade is an accomplished fact and the traffic is brisk."

Not only was the traffic brisk with the United States, but thousands of slaves were being smuggled into Brazil. Southern members of Congress complained of the violations of the laws and the illegal importation of slaves into their territory.

Smith, of South Carolina, said on the floor of Congress in 1819: "Our Northern friends are not afraid to furnish the Southern States with Africans." And in 1819 Middleton, of South Carolina, and Wright, of Virginia, estimated the illicit introduction of slaves at from 13,000 to 15,000, respectively.

There is interest in the striking fact that one year before the outbreak of the War between the States, and at the time when the abolitionists of New England and the North were most vigorous in their denunciation of the South and the slaveholders, there were in Massachusetts only 9,000 free negroes, while in Virginia there were 53,000 of these negroes, free and able to go where they pleased; and it is significant that about as many free negroes chose to live in Southern slaveholding States as dwelt in the Northern States, and many of these free negroes owned slaves themselves and were well-to-do citizens. In the city of Charleston some three hundred free negroes owned slaves themselves.

Too long has the South had to bear the odium of slavery. With slaves thrust upon her and against her earnest protest, the institution flourished in her boundaries on account of climatic and economic conditions. The facts set forth above indicate clearly the innocence of the South in foisting the institution of slavery upon the country as well as the continued importation of slaves into the country. While no claim is made for special virtue in that the South did not engage in the slave-importing business as the North did, yet the facts as they exist are to her credit. With the facts in her favor, the South sits still under the false indictments constantly made against her by the section most responsible for the whole trouble. Willing to abide by the verdict of posterity, if the verdict is based upon the truth and not upon the false statements of Northern historians, writers, and speakers, and willing to accept her share, her full share, of due responsibility, this section in justice to her dead, who died in a maligned cause, and to her unborn children, the inheritors of a glorious heritage, must set forth to the world the facts as they are, neither tainted with injustice to others nor burdened with hypocritical claims of righteousness for herself; and these facts will establish her in the proud position to which she has all along been entitled among the people of the earth.

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Yesterday a large iron spoon, about eighteen inches long, passed through this city in charge of the Southern Express Company, directed as follows: "B. F. Butler, care of Hon. A. J. Rogers, of New Jersey, Washington, D. C." On the reverse side was: "First Alabama returns under the Sherman act."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*, March 12, 1867.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[The following letters were written by Thomas Caffey, a member of the Metropolitan Guards of Montgomery, Ala., to members of his family, giving his views and impressions of army life, which are doubtless very similar to the feelings of our boys now in camps and trenches. He belonged to the well-known Caffey family of Middle Alabama and was born in Lowndesboro, Lowndes County, on May 23, 1831, the son of Hugh Patrick and Jane Caroline Dunklin Caffey. He had been practicing law in Montgomery for some years when, in January, 1861, he volunteered for military duty and served for several weeks at Pensacola, Fla. Returning to Montgomery, he enlisted in the Metropolitan Guards, which became Company F, 3d Alabama Infantry, with which he went to Virginia and served throughout the entire war, surrendering at Appomattox. His brother William enlisted as a private in Company G, 44th Alabama Infantry, in May, 1862, but was soon transferred to the medical department and served to the end as assistant surgeon in Virginia and North Carolina. His brother Hooper, to whom he frequently refers, was a member of the Lowndes Beauregards, Company H, of the 3d Alabama; he was wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, and died on September 13. After the war Thomas Caffey lived with his brother William in Lowndes County, Ala., until 1886, when he went to Verbena, where he died in 1904. Some of these letters will appear each month.]

MONTGOMERY, April 6, 1861.

Dear Mary: I would be glad to have you come up here sometime during the session of Congress that will convene on the second Monday in May. * * * This is perhaps the dullest place about now in the Confederate States. It is true that once in a while we have exciting rumors in regard to the intentions of our Northern brethren, but as yet we are about as wise in regard to the course that will be pursued by them as we were the day the State seceded from the glorious Union. I don't believe we are to have any fighting, and I am sorry to have to say it, as a little war of a few months' duration would tend to force the border States to unite their destinies with their Southern sisters. In the past few days about one thousand soldiers have passed through this place *en route* to Pensacola and other points on the Gulf, and others are expected in a few days. If "honest old Abe" really intends to attempt coercion, we will be fully prepared for him at all points.

IN THE WOODS NEAR LYNCHBURG, May 7, 1861.

Dear Mary: We are now quartered in the woods four miles from town, and it has been raining for two days past. We are all as wet as "drowned rats," and in consequence a good many of our company are sick with colds and dysentery. However, none of your acquaintances have been unwell; but all of us would rather be sick at any time than to be compelled to undergo the fatigues and privations of camp life. I tell you the life of a soldier to those who have no experience is very attractive, but to those who have "seen the elephant" it is enough to say that, so far as we are concerned, all our fun is yet to come. We were penned up in freight cars all the way from Atlanta to this place like a lot of hogs, and on our arrival at Lynchburg we were sent to the Fair Grounds and quartered in the horse and cow stalls; but as our boys kicked up a muss, the "powers that be" moved us to the woods, and we are now quartered in tents in the mud. On our trip here we had a perfect ovation all the way. At

Knoxville, Bristol, Wytheville, Cleveland, and Lynchburg men, women, and children turned out by the thousands to welcome us. At one place in Tennessee we found two United States flags flying, but we boys tore them down; and one man who hurrahed for Lincoln was shot by some one in our crowd. This fact, of course, none of us will acknowledge, but some of us know all about it. We will leave for Norfolk to-morrow, and I doubt not that we will have a battle before long; and I assure you that in the three thousand men from our State there is none but who will march up to the cannon's mouth cheerfully in defense of our own section. It is true that our life is a very hard one, but we are ready for the conflict, and, "come weal or woe," we will fight to the last. * * * I will write to you from every point I get a chance.

INTRENCHED CAMP NEAR NORFOLK, June 26, 1861.

Dear Mary: I am getting on about as usual and am glad to say that my health never was better. We have some sickness, such as measles, mumps, and flux, in the camp; but when the numbers composing our regiment are taken into consideration and the exposure incident to the life of a soldier, the health of the men is remarkable. There are some five or six of our company on the sick list now; but as they are in charge of the Sisters of Charity in Norfolk, I think they will all be well in a few days. — died last night; hard drink and flux combined, I presume, terminated his life. His body will be sent home to-day in charge of an escort.

We have the warmest days and coolest nights up here you ever heard of at this season of the year. In daytime the heat of the sun is almost beyond endurance, and at night we have to cover ourselves with a blanket in order to keep warm. The greatest pest we have yet encountered is innumerable hordes of black gnats. A fellow can't sleep well of nights for them, and we poor fellows who have guard duty to perform have a hard time of it. The Virginians call the "pesky little varmints" sand flies, but their bite hurts bad enough for them to be as large as elephants. On Monday last the boys composing our mess brought planks enough to floor our tent and to make us bunks to sleep in. We are now as comfortable as one could be who expects to be a soldier. We have good tents and plenty of good, though coarse, food; and with ordinary prudence on our part, we ought to be as healthy as any body of men leading the same life we do. Occasionally we manage to get eggs and chickens and vegetables. So you see we don't fare so very badly. The only objection (or at least the greatest one) I have to the life I am now living is the restrictions placed on the privates, when the officers can go to town at option, stay as long as they please, and get gloriously drunk in and out of camp when it suits them to do so. If I live through this campaign, I, for one, am done "sojering."

Ed Pierce has not yet returned, but I got a letter from Billy last night saying they would leave Montgomery on Monday last. If they did so, they should get here on Friday next. * * * As for war news, I know of none reliable. We hear a great deal of firing every day, but it all proceeds from the different batteries in the vicinity, and it is done for the purpose of practice.

INTRENCHED CAMP, NORFOLK, VA., November 27, 1861.

Dear Mary: Since my last letter to you I have suffered a good deal with cold and occasional fevers, but I feel much better to-day and hope soon to be as well as usual. We have

had some very cold weather in the last week and occasionally a severe storm from the direction of the coast, but so far no damage has been done in health or otherwise other than in giving us a good deal of inconvenience. I know of no sickness among our boys, though they are constantly exposed to the various changes of this changeable climate.

It matters not what the state of the weather is, when you are detailed for duty you have to go and do the best you can to keep from drowning or freezing, as the case may be. In a few days (so the colonel says) we will get into our new quarters, and I hope that we will manage to keep more comfortable than we now are and that the guard duty will not be so onerous as it now is. One very great difficulty we have to contend with is the want of wood. Privates and noncommissioned officers are allowed by the regulations only one-sixth of a cord per month; and as the article costs the government \$4 per cord, you can readily imagine that our supply is not very abundant. We intend, however, to cut all we can in our vicinity and leave the Confederate States to account to the owners for it, as we do not intend to freeze in this cold country if we can help it.

Again rumors begin to come thick and fast that an early attack will be made on this place. I learn that a board was found in Elizabeth River yesterday, supposed to have been thrown overboard from some vessel by a Confederate prisoner, notifying the authorities that an attack would be made in a few days. I am inclined to think there is some truth in the rumor, as the Yankees for two or three days past have kept up a continuous fire on our batteries at Pigg's Point and Sewell's Point, and I presume in all they have expended about fifteen hundred shot and shell. A few days ago a body of eight thousand Yankees marched from the southern part of Maryland to the eastern shore of this State, which comprises the counties of Accomac and Northampton, and succeeded in running off and capturing every man favorable to our cause.

If this force is not intended to operate against Norfolk, it does not look reasonable that their sole object is to keep in subjection two small counties which are isolated from the mainland and the occupation of which can never be of any benefit to them. It would not surprise me (if these rumors are true) to have a fight here at any time in the next ten days. So far as my opinion is concerned, I look on all reports concerning the capture of this place as sensational stories gotten up by some of the ten thousand Yankees who infest Norfolk. The rascals will never dare come this way, though I must confess we are not as strong as I should like to see us; but they don't know that and probably never will unless some traitor from Norfolk gives them the information.

I once thought I would come home for Christmas, but have now declined the idea, as I have only a little more than five months to serve the Confederate States. I hope to hear from you very soon. You home folks are a little remiss in writing to me. I have heard nothing from Hooper in nearly two months. Is he too busy to remember his absent brother?

Now bitter cold, the thin and vagrant air

Steals from the frozen shadows of the trees;

Dead are the hills that were so green and fair,

Hushed are the streams, and, joyless as the seas

Far stretched beneath the cheerless polar sky,

The sad, snow-shrouded fields in solemn sadness lie.

—Robert Burns Wilson.

OUR SOUTHLAND.

(Sung to the air of "America.")

Our Southland! Ah! that word,
Like storm-tossed, flut'ring bird,
Throbs on the air.
That name on starry height
Fame seized the plume to write,
When might and darkest night
Concealed each star.

Yet honor with firm heart
Held glory's blood-stained chart
Through murk and storm.
Its stars like unto those
God's azure vaults disclose
Each with its own life glows,
Yet uniform.

Grand voice of liberty!
Thy tones in infancy
First spoken here.
A Southron heard thy tone,
South breezes bore it on,
And Southern sun bright shone
On utterance clear.

Fair Southland! Thy bright plain
And grandly rolling main
In wondrous plan
Of wise conformity
Supply crowns lavishly
And pæans ceaselessly
For sovereign man.

O Southland! Thy deep moans,
As Rachel, for thy sons
We still do hear.
Mayhap those tears adown
The caves of woe have grown
To diamonds for thy crown
In other sphere.

We lift our voice to thee,
Author of land and sea,
Creator all.
Still guide our steps, O God,
In paths our fathers trod.
Thou wert their King, their God;
Be thou our all! —Adelia A. Dunovant.

FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—The four national flags represent four periods in the fearful struggle. The first, which so closely resembles the old flag, may represent a time of reluctant, sorrowful going forth to battle. The second is emblematic of the red-hot strife and high hopes of success. The third brought the first wave of doubt and misgiving, for this flag wrapped the body of Stonewall Jackson, and in his death the Confederacy received its first great blow. The fourth and last bears across the end a red bar as if to say: See, the best blood of the Southland yields, but has not been spilled in vain. 'Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and she shall ever be the land of fair women and brave men.'—*From a history of the flags by Mrs. F. H. Elmore, Chairman Flag Committee, Alabama Division, U. D. C.*

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

SERIES II., VOLUME V.

Kultur.—On August 31, 1862, Lieut. Von Bodemgen, 5th Missouri (Union), reported: "I gave the prisoner in charge of Corporal Stolz and Privates Pfluge and Kreichanf, with the order to follow the detachment at the distance of half a mile and to shoot the said Hopkins." On September 16 Colonel Sigel, 13th Missouri (Union), said: "Lieutenant Kerr, who mistook my expression for an order to shoot the two prisoners, took them out of the guardhouse and killed them both." And the present-day Huns are bravely keeping up the record.

Kultur Again.—Lieut. Thomas J. Leigh, U. S. A., on his return from a Southern prison, said: "We arrived at Petersburg at 7 A.M., and going through the streets Lieutenant Dietrich, C. S. A., would not allow us to purchase anything, but damned us for Yankees and swore if we did not cover files and march by fours he would have the bayonet put into us." These people just couldn't act decently.

Status of Chaplains.—On July 1, 1862, S. Cooper, adjutant general of the Confederate States army, ordered: "All chaplains taken prisoners of war while in discharge of their duties will be immediately and unconditionally released." And as L. Thomas, adjutant general of the United States army, issued a similar order, the chaplain was classed as a noncombatant and treated accordingly.

Wanted to Fight.—On August 9, 1862, Z. Chandler wrote the adjutant general of the United States army from Detroit, Mich.: "Our quota is full and the blood of the people up. They were yesterday paying \$10 a chance to enter some of the regiments." And a good reason for their blood to be up; but probably when they called for more meat from Michigan their blood was down, and away down at that, and those lucky ones who had paid \$10 for a chance to fight possibly would have paid ten times as much for a chance to get out.

Poisoning.—On July 13, 1862, Lieut. Col. A. F. Cook, 8th Virginia Cavalry (Confederate), wrote: "One of the companies left a barrel of hard bread in the camp; and when they sent back after it, they found the Yankees in possession, so it had to be left. The next morning the owner of the field found 'wo of his cows dead and one dying and the bread all gone. It had been poisoned, as the cows had eaten it and died. The devils had expected our men to come back and get it, which they would have done if the cows hadn't destroyed it all." I judge that the cows drank freely of water after their repast, and hard bread mixed with water was a sufficient dose without anything else to bust them wide open.

SERIES II., VOLUME VI.

United States Currency.—On September 16, 1863, J. A. Seddon, Confederate States Secretary of War, wrote to General Winder: "You will hand over such gold as may be sent to the Yankee prisoners; but if in Federal paper it cannot be given them, as it is not recognized as money by the Confederate government." Which, I think, was "straining at a gnat."

Newspapers.—On August 5, 1863, R. Ould, Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, wrote the corresponding Federal officer: "We have no advice as to the hanging of two

Union officers commanding negro troops. Allow me to suggest that no implicit reliance should be placed on newspaper statements. If they had been only half true, no correspondence would be taking place between us at this time." Which, no doubt, was the truth.

Prisoners First.—On September 9, 1863, General Beauregard told Maj. Stephen Elliott: "The general will endeavor to have the prisoners removed to-day. Should meanwhile the enemy bombard Sumter and you have not enough cover for your command, you will expose the prisoners instead of your own troops to the enemy's fire." Which seems barbarous, but was perfectly right.

SERIES II., VOLUME VII.

Sherman's Sharp Scheme.—On September 11, 1864, Gen. J. B. Hood wrote Sherman: "Your refusal to receive in exchange your soldiers belonging to regiments whose terms are out and have been discharged discloses a fixed purpose on your part to doom to hopeless captivity those prisoners whose terms of service have or will soon expire." But it didn't change Sherman's mind or purpose.

Reduction of Prisoners' Ration.—On May 19, 1864, Colonel Hoffman, United States commissary general of prisoners, wrote Mr. Stanton that the ration of the Rebel prisoners could be materially reduced without injuring their health or, in other words, keep them from starvation, and wound up by saying that coffee and sugar should be issued every other day. This was referred to Halleck, who said: "Why not dispense with tea, coffee, and sugar, and reduce the ration to that issued by the Rebels to their own troops?" At any rate, the issue was reduced sufficiently to bring forth the following from Col. John A. Fite, 7th Tennessee, who was confined at Johnson's Island: "It is a well-known fact that the ration now issued us is not enough for men in good health. We have had to subsist on two meals per day, but the present issue does not make enough to satisfy for twenty-four hours. The rations last winter, with what we were allowed to purchase, were ample, but the order cutting off both a portion of the ration and our purchasing or receiving supplies from outside sources leaves the present issue insufficient. We, therefore, respectfully urge you to increase our rations by an issue of anything eatable that you may see fit and that will be sufficient to satisfy our hunger." And here is where I can put a good word for fighting Joe Hooker, who was then in command of the Ohio Department. This general, upon hearing of the reduction of rations, sent an officer to investigate; and as he reported that the Rebels were hungry enough to eat rats, to his eternal credit he remedied the situation and without consulting any one but himself.

Some Colonel.—On August 5, 1864, Col. D. T. Chandler, C. S. A., was sent to Andersonville, Ga., as an inspector. He spoke of the 53th Georgia, that was guarding the post, as "thoroughly demoralized, mutinous, and entirely without discipline. The colonel of this regiment, though armed at the time, permitted his men to drag him from a railroad car and march him up and down the platform of the depot and to take him from his tent, place him on a stump, and compel him to go through the manual of arms with a tent pole and to sign and forward his resignation to the War Department. This last he recalled by telegram, but does not assume command of the regiment." I won't give the poor creature's name, but by consulting the "Records" it can be found.

SERIES II., VOLUME VIII.

Amnesty for General Lee.—On May 6, 1865, General Grant wrote Halleck: "Although it would meet with opposition in the North to allow Lee the benefit of amnesty, I think it would have the best possible effect toward restoring good feeling and peace in the South to have him come in. All the people except a few politicians in the South will accept whatever he does as right and will be guided to a great extent by his example." And Grant was absolutely correct.

Shackling Jefferson Davis.—On May 22, 1865, the United States Secretary of War authorized and directed Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles, President Davis's jailer, to "place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis whenever he may think it advisable." And on May 24, Jailer Miles wrote: "Yesterday I directed that irons be put on Davis's ankles, which he violently resisted." And as he gives no reason for this procedure, I judge that he only wanted to see if the shackles would fit.

Red Cross.—On February 24, 1865, General Hoffman, U. S. A., wrote the commanding officer at Camp Parole, Md.: "Miss Clara Barton, who will hand you this, desires to be the means of informing the friends of prisoners who have been in the hands of the enemy of their fate as far as it can be ascertained." This is the first appearance of Miss Barton in her life work that I can find.

VOLUME XV., PAGE 2.

Pillaging.—F. A. Roe, lieutenant U. S. N., wrote Commodore Morris in September, 1862: "I was overhauled yesterday by Lieutenant Lowry, of the Scioto, and directed by him to convoy three army transports to Donaldsonville. Upon reaching that point the troops landed, and the boats commenced receiving on board sugar and merchandise. A few hours after I received positive information that a company of these troops had entered a large mansion, had pillaged it in a brutal manner, and carried off wines, liquors, silver, and clothing belonging to ladies. I respectfully request instructions if the guns of my ship are to be used for the protection of soldiers upon a marauding expedition and if I am to use them in the protection of drunken, undisciplined, and licentious troops in the wanton pillage of a private mansion of wines, plate, silk dresses, and other feminine apparel, to say nothing of the confiscation of sugar, which I believe to be without proper and lawful reasons. Therefore I confess, sir, that I blush to report that while the troops were thus engaged in this unsoldierly and ungallant, not to say disgraceful, operation I opened fire upon guerrillas hovering in the rear, apparently occupied in preventing such acts of United States troops. I feel quite ready to place my boat and her guns under the fire of an enemy. I am desirous of encountering enemies and of injuring them in any manly manner, but I cannot further prostitute the dignity of my profession, as I conceive I have done, without an earnest and respectful appeal to your authority. It is disgraceful and humiliating to me to be ordered on guard duty of soldiers employed in pillaging ladies' dresses and petticoats, and I respectfully request that I may be relieved from such service." Pillaging, however, was not altogether sanctioned by the United States authorities at this stage of the game, at any rate, as General Dwight had a soldier shot in April, Banks one in May, and no less a person than Butler himself had a transport officer hanged in June for this same offense.

Running Some.—Lieutenant Colonel Miller, C. S. A., wrote to General Pemberton in March, 1862: "The regiment that attacked me was Wilson's Zouaves. We whipped them easily, but had great difficulty in getting them to stop running long enough to receive a flag of truce." The zouaves had this record on both sides, probably because a man running in the "panties" they wore was very conspicuous.

French Zouaves.—M. Jeff Thompson, brigadier general C. S. A., in a letter to General Breckinridge, says: "I would be pleased to have the French Zouaves which you have, as I think I can use them to double advantage. They can be marched directly to this point and can report nothing which we do not wish told. If the zouaves are here, the Creoles will hear of the movement and be prepared to render assistance if necessary. I can stuff them easier than I can gossiping Americans." M. Jeff knew his business.

Fall of Vicksburg Predicted.—General Beauregard on June 10, 1862, said: "With regard to Vicksburg, I believe its fate is sealed. You may defend it for a while to hold the enemy at bay, but it must follow ere long the fate of Fort Pillow." He knew, but "J. D." didn't.

Expected Duration of the War.—On March 2, 1863, C. G. Forshey wrote General Magruder: "The symptoms are now promising an early end to the war, and it would be a subject of great pride in our future history if we could close the war in full possession of all of our (Texas) coast." I don't know where he got the symptoms, but his idea was all right.

VOLUME XVI., PART I., 1862.

General Cruft, U. S. A., says in his report of the battle of Richmond, Ky.: "The attack soon became general and was stoutly resisted for a few moments, when the whole line broke in wild confusion, and a general stampede ensued. Both officers and men became reckless of all restraint or command and rushed pell-mell to the rear, amidst a mass of horses, wagons, artillery, etc., in an utter rout. Every effort possible was made to rally the men behind the artillery, trusting with the few shots left to make our way to the rear. Officers, or men wearing shoulder straps, deliberately refused to render any assistance or respond to any order. The enemy had flanked our line and passed large bodies of cavalry to our rear. These fell upon the helpless and demoralized mass of fugitives and either slew or captured them without much show of resistance. It now became a matter of individual safety, and the mass scattered, each one taking such course as he was able." It wasn't altogether the Yankees who were demoralized in this affair, as General Cleburne, C. S. A., reported: "I warned commanders of regiments at the first alarm to bring their commands to the prescribed positions and then dismissed them, retaining, however, my battery and sharpshooters on the line. I had scarcely dismissed them before firing and yelling were heard on our front, and almost simultaneously a multitude of stragglers of Scott's Cavalry Brigade, sick men, baggage wagons, servants leading horses came flying in the utmost consternation, closely pursued by United States cavalry, who were firing on them and yelling as though they were all excited with liquor. I re-formed my line, leaving the road clear, and when the cavalry got within twenty-five steps two companies of the 48th Tennessee fired on the enemy's advance and checked it." "Better a live dog than a dead lion."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss,
Each still to each corrective and relief,
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but grief."

CAPT. RICHARD H. GORDON.

The following memorial resolution, presented by Adj. Clarence R. Hatton, was unanimously adopted at the stated assembly of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City held on November 22, 1917:

"Commander Gordon is dead! During the years of his commandership this Confederate Veteran Camp has through the ever-present influence of his tender nature fostered and maintained a fellowship of fraternal courtesy and kindly sentiment.

"Truly was he one of nature's noblemen, as modest as a maiden, loyal to the cause for which he fought, tender in his sympathies, a friend without reserve, zealous in his labors for the Camp, his whole life an open book, on every page of which was writ the record of homely deeds. He has left a record that challenges the admiration and affection of all who were privileged to be associated with him and which claims the earnest emulation of all.

"In slight recognition, then, of the simple life of this Christian gentleman and chivalrous soldier it is fitting that some minute should be made in the records of our Camp; therefore I submit the following:

"Be it resolved that in the death of Commander Gordon this Camp has lost a wise counselor, an ardent advocate, and a staunch friend; that those who knew him and felt the influence of his genial soul have lost that which neither time nor circumstance can ever replace; that the heartfelt sympathy of comrades and associates is hereby tendered to his children in this hour of their deep sorrow, which is beyond our ken, for we have but tasted of their chalice of grief."

Richard H. Gordon was born at Williamsport, Tenn., September 6, 1844. He entered the Confederate army at Columbia, Tenn., April 20, 1861, in the 2d Tennessee Regiment and later was captain of a company in Col. W. S. Hawkins's regiment of Tennessee cavalry, Gen. Joe Wheeler's scouts; was captured and imprisoned on Johnson's Island and released and paroled June 10, 1865.

He had been Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York for the past three years. In all positions he served gallantly, faithfully, and well. Ever courteous to all, he made many friends who sincerely mourn their loss. He had resided in New York City for twenty years and leaves surviving him four children, two sons and two daughters.

[Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.]

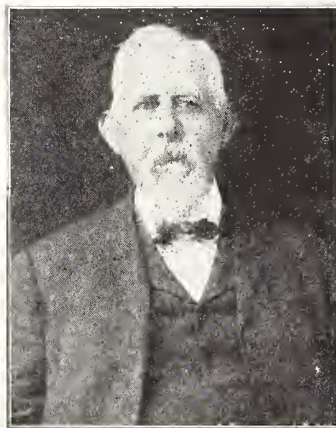
CAPT. WALTER M. WARREN.

The committee appointed by W. B. Plemons Camp, No. 1451, U. C. V., to present memorial resolutions upon the death of Capt. Walter M. Warren, whose death occurred at his home, in Amarillo, Tex., on October 12, 1917, reported the following:

"In May, 1861, Walter M. Warren enlisted in Company D, 3d Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and after two years' service rose to the rank of first lieutenant. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Douglas Prison, but made his escape the following June, reached the South by rail, and

joined Forrest. In the battle of Murfreesboro he was wounded by a Minie ball passing through the upper portion of the right lung and was again captured; but on his way from Triune to Nashville he again escaped and rejoined Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., where he first heard of the surrender.

"His first wife died in 1906, and in November, 1910, he was married at Wichita Falls, Tex., to Mrs. Nora Bynum, who survives him.



CAPT. W. M. WARREN.

"The Sunday *Bulletin* of the Methodist Church, of which he was a member, contributed to his memory the following: 'We regret deeply to announce the death of Captain Warren. His passing came after along life of useful years, many of which were spent in Amarillo, and all of us have loved him as a father. "And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."'

"Whereas the all-wise Maker and Ruler of all things has taken from us our beloved comrade, as we bow in humble submission to the will of God we wish to leave upon record a testimonial of the love and esteem we held for him—his unswerving devotion to duty in all the walks of life, his fearless and undaunted bravery as a Confederate soldier in defense of the Constitution and the rights of the States, his loyalty to his Church, and his Christian virtues. All who knew him loved him. He was honorable, noble, true, and brave."

[David Darden, J. H. Rockwill, J. C. Caldwell, committee.]

H. M. SHANK, SR.

H. M. Shank, Sr., died September 15, 1917, at Swan, Smith County, Tex., aged seventy-six years. He was born July 28, 1841, in Wilkes County, Ga., and moved to Macon County, Ala., in December, 1854. In April, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Auburn, Ala., in Company D, 37th Alabama Infantry, and served throughout the entire war without being wounded. He stacked arms under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. He was married in December, 1872, to Miss Mary Teague, daughter of the Rev. E. B. Teague, and five children were born to them. He moved to Smith County, Tex., in 1878 and lived there the remainder of his life. His wife died August 29, 1903.

MAJ. JAMES DU GUE FERGUSON.

Maj. James Du Gue Ferguson was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1837, and died in Baltimore, Md., on November 26, 1917, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was a gallant and distinguished officer in the Army of Northern Virginia, having served as adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who commanded the cavalry corps of the army after Hampton, who succeeded Stuart, had been sent to South Carolina to assist in the resistance to Sherman's march.

After the war Major Ferguson went to Baltimore and practiced law there for some years and then became prominent in banking circles, serving as President of the First National Bank of that city. He retired from business in 1915 on account of ill health due to the infirmities of age.

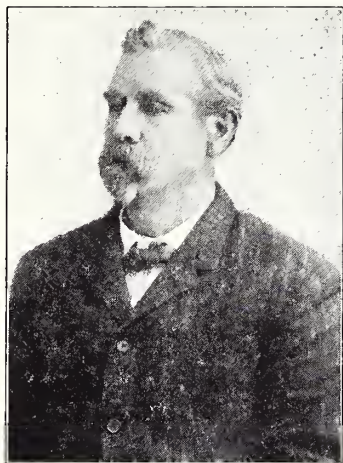
He was a gallant and lovable man, and his many friends and associates in South Carolina and Baltimore regret his death and revere his memory. His wife, who died in 1902, was Miss Henrietta Simons, daughter of Gen. James Simons, of Charleston, who was one of the leading lawyers of that city, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives of the South Carolina General Assembly, a distinguished Confederate officer, and a prominent member of the Order of Cincinnati.

Major Ferguson is survived by a daughter and a son, James F. Ferguson, who is connected with the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at New Orleans.

BALDWIN L. HOGE.

Baldwin L. Hoge was born in Pearisburg, Va., November 22, 1845, and died in Los Angeles, Cal., October 9, 1917. He enlisted in Company D, 7th Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, C. S. A., in April, 1861, and left for home on the 9th of April, 1865. He was in the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, and others in which his regiment engaged, and was wounded at Sharpsburg. He was for twenty-seven years county clerk of Summers County, Va., and mayor of Hinton. He removed to California in 1902 and became an active and valued member of Camp No. 770, U. C. V., of Los Angeles, which he served as Commander for several terms. He had been appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., which office he held at the time of his death.

The following resolution was passed by the Camp: "Be it resolved by Camp No. 770, U. C. V., that in the death of Col. Baldwin L. Hoge we mourn the loss of a man whose place cannot be filled, a man whose high and noble life inspires us all to higher and better things. He was a good soldier and a good citizen, a model husband and father. We mourn him as a comrade of this Camp, as a comrade in arms, and await with fortitude the time when we answer our names with his at the final roll call at the great meeting 'over the river.' Comrade Hoge left a widow and four children, with a host of friends, to mourn for him."



B. L. HOGE.

E. W. STRODE.

Edwin W. Strode, after an illness of a year, died on August 25, 1917, at his home, in Independence, Mo., at the age of seventy-three years. A native of Jackson County, he was born near Independence on March 6, 1844, and, with the exception of a few years immediately after the War between the States, all of his life was spent in this county. He was a son of Charles and Sarah Weston Strode.

While still a boy when the war came on, few men served the Confederacy longer than he. When barely sixteen he enlisted on June 3, 1861, as a member of the battery of field artillery commanded by Capt. Schuyler Lowe, of Independence, and took part in the battle of Lexington and other important engagements. He was mustered out on June 16, 1865, at Mobile, Ala., after having spent more than four years away from home in active field service, never having had the opportunity to visit home from the day of his enlistment till he was mustered out. He was the last survivor known of Captain Lowe's battery.

He was married to Miss Mollie Ferguson in 1870 and later took his family to Texas, but after a few years returned to Independence and engaged in business. Some years ago he was appointed a deputy in the office of the Probate Judge of Independence and held that position till his health failed a year ago. He was a member of the board of trustees of the First Christian Church and was active in Confederate reunions.

Surviving him are his wife and two children, a son, Harry Strode, a railroad auditor, of Salina, Kans., and a daughter, Mrs. F. D. Hughes, of St. Louis.

HENRY A. YONGE.

Henry Augustus Yonge, a member of the St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., died on September 27, 1917, at San Francisco, Cal., aged seventy-two years. He was born at Geneva, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate army on March 22, 1862, serving in Company A, 37th Alabama Infantry, under Colonel Dowdell; was in active service until surrendered at Jonesboro, N. C., in April, 1865. He served as second sergeant until 1864, when he was elected second lieutenant of Company A and was in command of the company at the close of the war, due to the absence of Captain Greene, who was acting colonel of the regiment. Comrade Yonge was wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

After the war he practiced law and made his home in St. Louis for many years, when his health failed, and he moved to California. He was a good soldier and a devoted husband and father.

J. D. DILBECK.

The angel of death has visited our home and taken from us our husband and father, J. D. Dilbeck. He was born in Selma, Ala., March 4, 1840, and departed this life at Kellyville, Okla., where he had gone for a visit, August 28, 1916. The body was laid to rest in the Kellyville Cemetery. He was a member of Company F, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Forrest's Corps, Jackson's Brigade, Armstrong's Division, Army of Tennessee, having enlisted in 1861 and served to the close of the war. He was wounded three times during his service, but was never captured. At the close of the war he went to Mississippi and lived three years, then moved to North Arkansas and lived there until 1907, when he removed to Oklahoma. His happiest hours were spent in relating incidents of war times. He leaves a wife and six children—five daughters and a son—to mourn their loss.

GEN. STITH BOLLING.

Gen. Stith Bolling, whose death occurred at Petersburg, Va., on November 1, 1916, was one of the most prominent Confederate veterans of the State and had for twenty-four years served as postmaster at Petersburg. He was a native of Lunenburg County, Va., and was educated at Lebanon Academy. He went to Richmond at twenty years of age and was in the mercantile business until the outbreak of the war, when he returned to his native county and enlisted as a private in the Lunenburg Guards. He displayed such gallantry and efficiency in service that he was soon promoted to first sergeant, lieutenant, captain, and then lieutenant colonel. He commanded the largest cavalry troop under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and during part of the war he served as acting adjutant general on Gen. W. H. F. Lee's staff; later he commanded the fourth squadron of sharpshooters, composed of Companies G and H of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. In 1870 he was appointed brigadier general of the State militia.

General Bolling was wounded six times and was at Appomattox, though he refused to surrender. Taking his command through the enemy's lines, he tried to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, but the latter had surrendered before he got to him. General Bolling then surrendered his command to General Wilson.

In addition to being postmaster at Petersburg, he had been President of the Petersburg Tobacco Association and Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1884 he was elected Commander of the Confederate Veteran Association of the State of Virginia. In 1901 he was elected Commander of the First Brigade, U. C. V., and was reelected annually thereafter. He was a member and for a number of years commander of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg.

NATHAN DEWITT BACHMAN.

Nathan DeWitt Bachman was born in Kingsport, Tenn., December 26, 1844, and died in Bristol, Tenn., August 13, 1917. At the age of sixteen he joined the Confederate army under Col. Abe Fulkerson, of the 63d Tennessee Infantry. In his four years of service he was in the Chickamauga, Snodgrass Hill, Petersburg, and other hard-fought battles. At the close of the war he returned to Sullivan County and helped to build up a new citizenship. He served two terms as county court clerk and two terms as trustee. In 1868 he married Miss Jonnie Davis, of Blountville, and his wife, three sons, and four daughters survive him.

In the early nineties he became a citizen of Bristol. In the organization of the Windsor Avenue Presbyterian Church he was chosen ruling elder, which office, as well as that of superintendent of the Sabbath school, he most faithfully exercised until the day of his death. He was an influential Mason and high in the councils of the order. Much of his late life was given to the service of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, and hundreds of the poor widows were put upon the pension roll through his self-sacrificing, faithful, earnest endeavors. In his death they lost their truest friend.

As a man he was true to himself and therefore could not be false to any man; as a father he was loving, wise, and kind; as a husband he kept every vow of the marriage altar; as a Christian, "for him to live was Christ, and to die was gain."

"He was a friend of truth, of soul sincere,

In action faithful, in honor clear;

Who broke no promises, served no private ends,

Sought no titles, and forsook no friends."

WILLIAM HENRY REYNOLDS.

One of the most honored and revered citizens of Starkville, Miss., was lost to that community in the death of W. H. Reynolds on October 21, 1917. He was born at Lawrenceville, Ga., August 24, 1842, a son of Hugh Montgomery and Martha Ann (Hamilton) Reynolds. In 1845 the family went from Georgia to Mississippi, settling near Starkville, but later moved to Camden, Ark.

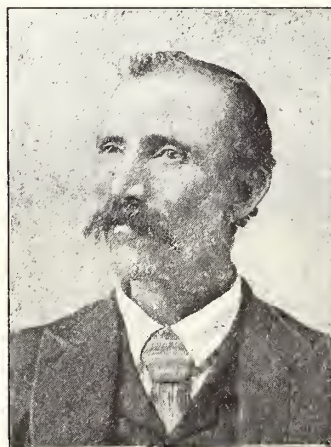
At the outbreak of the War between the States W. H. Reynolds entered the Confederate service, first a member of the Voltigers and later of the City Guards of Camden, which was signed to the 6th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, Tom Hindman's legion, Cleburne's Division, C. S. A. During the two years he was with this command he took part in many skirmishes as well as in the important engagements at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Bowling Green, Corinth, and Mumfordsville. He was seriously wounded at Mumfordsville, being shot through the head. Upon recovery he was assigned to duty in the chief quartermaster's department at General Price's headquarters, and during the last two years of the war he served as special courier to General Price. While in this command he took part in the celebrated raid into Missouri and also participated in the battles at Poison Springs, Marks Mills, Sabine, and the skirmishes near Camden, Ark. In May, 1865, he received an honorable discharge at Camden and returned to his boyhood home in Oktibbeha County, near Starkville, Miss.

On January 22, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Jane Buntin, daughter of James and Elizabeth (Dean) Buntin. Of the ten children born to this union, five survive him with their mother. For over a quarter of a century Mr. Reynolds was a commanding figure in Starkville and for that long a period held the office of justice of the peace. Unassuming and ruggedly honest, as a public servant he was just, faithful, and efficient. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a forceful and successful man of the highest integrity, a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and a loyal friend.

[Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter.]

H. A. BROWNFIELD.

H. A. Brownfield answered the last roll call February 24, 1917, at his home, in Summerville, Ga. He was the last to go of six brothers who wore the gray. He volunteered in the first company that left Chattooga County, Ga., Company B, 9th Georgia Regiment, which belonged to Longstreet's Corps. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg on July 3 and kept at Fort Delaware and at Point Lookout until after the surrender. For a number of years, and to the time of his death, he was Commander of Camp John S. Cleghorn, of Chattooga veterans. He leaves a sister and many friends. He was cheerful, kind-hearted, and jolly up to the end. He was born September 5, 1836.

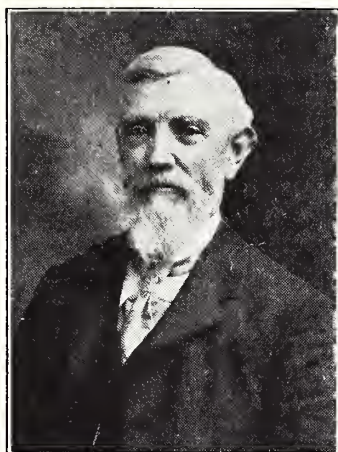


H. A. BROWNFIELD.

REV. JOHN R. DEERING, D.D.

When a few days after the close of the Washington Confederate Reunion the wires carried to hundreds of thousands of friends the sad, sad news that John R. Deering had laid down the cross and taken up the crown, there was grief and sorrow in a multitude of Southern hearts and homes. None were prepared to learn of this sudden quenching of a great intellectual and social light of a few days before, when he participated in the annual convention of his soldier comrades. His eloquent and earnest words had touched the souls of those who loved him and whom he loved best of all, and they could with difficulty believe or realize that he was gone from earth and that they should see his face no more forever until they shall meet and greet him in the land of the blessed.

John R. Deering was an extraordinary man, a unique and splendid type of Christian—a preacher, a gentleman, a patriot, and withal a generous, sincere friend. He was one of the most eloquent mem-



REV. JOHN R. DEERING, D.D.

bers of the United Confederate Association. He was one of the most loyal survivors of the war. He was one of the most courteous of Southern gentlemen. He was one of the most brilliant of the South's defenders. He was one of the most enthusiastic of those who rose up to vindicate the good name of the Confederacy. He was one of the bravest and truest of the sons of the South who unsheathed their swords in defense of the South's life and honor and one of the most devoted of those who told to the people of his Church and land the glad news of the gospel of the Saviour of mankind.

He was not a great soldier as fame goes—he was too young to have held high rank—but of the 600,000 men who battled for the Southland there were none who surpassed him in love of his people, in heroic devotion to his country, or in courage for the defense of the liberties of the Confederacy, or who carried in their hearts a greater willingness to die, if need be, for the great truths for which his people fought and made such tremendous sacrifices.

No one ever met him who did not feel the touch of his noble mind and deeply spiritual soul or the inspiration that ever comes from contact with a man who had the impulses and convictions of a true and beautiful life, which was characterized by an ever-urgent vision for the uplift and help of his fellow men.

He believed the South was right, and when she appealed to the sword, the final arbiter, he went promptly and enthusiastically to battle for the truth as he saw it. He stood as a hero ever stands—with his face to the foe—for more than two years and then came painful wounds which rendered him unable to keep his place in the ranks. He rode with John H. Morgan, and that was a fame and renown which thrilled his soul through all the days he lived.

The greatest service he ever rendered his people was the writing of "Lee and His Cause," a masterpiece of diction and

rhetoric. One fact it demonstrated which profoundly impressed the minds of the thinkers of the world was that the right of secession by a State was taught at West Point when Robert E. Lee was a student there and that the textbook he studied stated and maintained this principle. This book smashed and shattered to atoms the charge that Robert E. Lee was a traitor. It demonstrated that in the course he pursued in standing by his State as against the general government he followed that which he had been taught at West Point when there as a ward of his government.

Dr. Deering died at Washington, D. C., June 12, 1917, when within twenty days of his seventy-fifth birthday. He went down in the possession of all his faculties. Years had not dimmed his mental or intellectual power, and nature had dealt very kindly on the physical side.

John R. Deering was a really great man with a big heart and a generous soul. No one ever knew him well and did not love him. His presence was the essence of courtliness, his conversation and speech were pure and intensely charming and attractive. He loved the South, its traditions and memories, with an unquenchable love, and none of her sons ever served her more faithfully or honorably. He sleeps at Lexington, Ky., among the people he had loved so well and who loved him as he loved them. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

Rev. John Richard Deering was born at Lexington, Ky., July 2, 1842, and was pursuing his education at the Louisville University when the war came on in 1861. Leaving school, he went to Virginia and at Manassas became a member of Company E, Claiborne Guards, of the 12th Mississippi, which was recruited at Port Gibson. He served with the company as a private, taking part in its every engagement from Yorktown to Fredericksburg. In December, 1862, he was transferred to John Morgan's scouts, with whom he served until the battle of Snow's Hill, Tenn., where he was desperately wounded, and he was honorably discharged from further service on November 13, 1863.

His religious history begins with his joining the Methodist Church in 1858. He was licensed to preach on November 16, 1863, joined the Georgia Conference, and was appointed to his first circuit on December 3, 1863. Since then he had been in the active service of his Church in Kentucky, having been in the Kentucky Conference for over fifty years, never having missed a roll call, and having received the highest honors his Church could bestow. He was superannuated in September, 1915.

In the U. C. V. organization he was known prominently, serving as Chaplain of the Fourth Kentucky Brigade, as Chaplain of the Kentucky State Division under Commander Bennett H. Young, and as Chaplain General of the Army of Tennessee Department, commanded then by Gen. George P. Harrison.

LIEUT. D. R. GRANT.

D. R. Grant was born in the Cherokee Nation October 23, 1841, but his parents removed to Dade County, Mo., in 1843. He died at his home, near Dover, Ark., September 4, 1917. A wife and nine children are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and a loving father.

When the War between the States began, he enlisted in Company G, 16th Missouri Infantry, under General Price, and participated in the battles of Wilson's Creek and Lone Jack, Mo., Helena, Poison Springs, and Jenkins's Ferry, Ark.

He surrendered at Shreveport, La., on April 8, 1865, and went from there to St. Francis County, Ark. He was married to Mary E. Atkins, February 28, 1867. They moved to Pope County, Ark., in 1870, and settled near Dover. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church for more than fifty years. His life was indeed a life of service to his fellow men.

H. W. BUSEY.

H. W. Busey, a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 427, of Amory, Miss., passed to his reward in October, 1917, aged ninety-two years. He enlisted in Company K, 12th Mississippi Cavalry, and was elected second lieutenant, as which he served until the close of the war. He was a brave soldier, faithful in all of his duties. In the death of Comrade Busey the Camp has lost one of its best and truest members. He was a kind and devoted father and a true and honorable citizen.

[W. M. Morgan, W. H. Pratt, Charles R. Cheek, committee.]

WILLIAM DENNIS BOULDIN.

In the death of William Dennis Bouldin, on November 13, 1917, Pembroke, Ky., lost one of her oldest, most prominent, and best-beloved citizens. Born of Christian parents in Charlotte County, Va., November 12, 1839, he grew to young manhood with those high ideals prevalent in the South at that time. Enlisting as a private in April, 1861, in the Confederate army, afterwards serving as orderly sergeant of Company K, 18th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, A. N. V., he participated in the battles of Gettysburg, Bull Run, Manassas, Gaines's Mill, and Seven Pines; was in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, where he was captured, and was imprisoned for twenty-two months at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout. In April, 1865, he was exchanged and then joined the Charlotte Cavalry just before Lee surrendered. He was never wounded, but had many narrow escapes.

Mr. Bouldin was highly commended by officers under whom he served. His colonel said of him: "Dennis was a good soldier. Of all the boys in gray who marched to the front, none were braver on the field of battle."

On October 16, 1867, he was married to Miss Clara Frances Roberts, of Charlotte County, Va., and for more than fifty years they journeyed together down life's highway. Mr. Bouldin was a lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, having served as Sunday school superintendent from the time he established a home of his own until failing health forced him to resign a few years ago. He was a Mason of more than fifty years' standing, and his burial was conducted by his Masonic brethren.

He was a loyal Confederate veteran and was among the first subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of which he had carefully read and preserved every copy. He was laid to rest in Riverside Cemetery, at Hopkinsville, Ky.



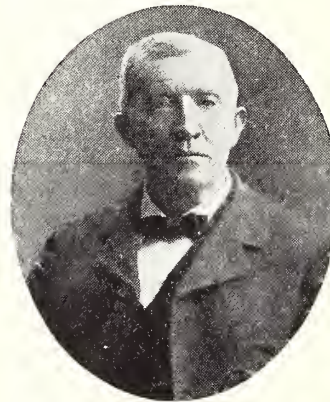
H. W. BUSEY.

NATHANIEL T. AVRET.

Nathaniel T. Avret was born in Richmond County, Ga., on August 2, 1845, and before he was sixteen years of age he enlisted in the Montgomery Guards at Augusta, Ga., Captain Cleveland, Company K, 20th Georgia Infantry, Col. W. D. Smith, Early's Brigade, C. S. A., and did service around Fairfax C. H. and Manassas, Va., in the early period of the war. He was discharged on account of age and size and sickness; but when the call for twelve thousand men from Georgia came, he reenlisted in the Wilson Tigers, Capt. R. J. Wilson, of Richmond County, which was placed in the 48th Georgia Regiment, Ripley's Brigade, D. H. Hill's division. He served with this command until after the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond, when he was transferred to Gen. A. R. Wright's brigade, Anderson's Division, where he served until he stacked arms with Lee at Appomattox Courthouse. He was wounded in the face, shoulder, and thigh in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and was captured and taken to David's Island. He was paroled and sent home in September and returned to duty in January, 1864, and served until the surrender. After that he went home and was married on December 27, 1867, to Miss Mary E. Sikes, who survives him, with five children—Mrs. H. E. Thorn, Claxton, Ga.; J. T. Avret, Kitson, Ga.; P. R. Avret, McBean, Ga.; Mrs. L. J. Kilpatrick, Millhaven, Ga.; Mrs. T. E. Corley, Hephzibah, Ga. Two children, a son and a daughter, preceded him to the spirit land.

D. P. McEACHERN.

In honoring Confederate veterans who have passed into the great beyond, there is none more worthy of mention than our late comrade, D. P. McEachern, of Red Springs, N. C. He was born in Robeson County, N. C., in 1836 and died in October, 1917, at the age of eighty-one years. He



D. P. McEACHERN.

entered the University of North Carolina in 1855 and graduated in 1859. When North Carolina seceded, in 1861, he immediately volunteered in Company G, Highland Boys, 24th North Carolina Troops, Ransom's Brigade, A. N. V. He was in the Seven Days' Battles at Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and other engagements. After coming home in 1865 he engaged in farming and also served as State Senator.

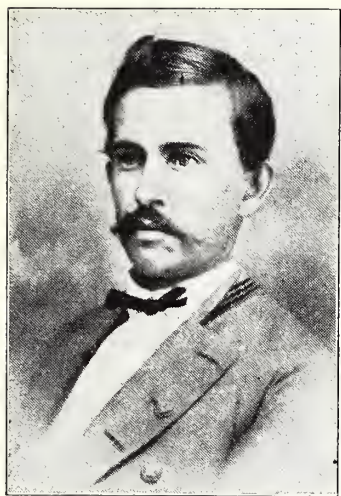
He was Commander of Camp Ryan, U. C. V., for several years. He was a loyal Southerner and was always ready to defend the South. To the end of his life he always knew we were right in the effort to establish the Confederate government. He was an elder of the Presbyterian Church and stood firm in the faith. He was married in 1880 to Miss Mary McNeill, who, with two daughters and four grandchildren, survives him.

There is none that stood higher on that immortal roll of Confederate heroes than our friend and comrade, D. P. McEachern.

JAMES M. ARNOLD.

The year 1917 has claimed through death many of the noblest and bravest Confederate soldiers. Among the most prominent of these was Gen. James M. Arnold, of Newport. Born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1840, twenty years later, after securing a most excellent education, he settled in Desha County, Ark.

Quick and eager to answer the call of his beloved Southland, he enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861. Wonderfully chivalrous by nature, he entered the conflict



J. M. ARNOLD.

with all the earnestness of a valiant soul. As a second lieutenant in Company K, 7th Kentucky, he early won a reputation for calmness and disregard of danger in conflict. He was an absolute stranger to fear. In the 7th Kentucky he bore a gallant part in the battle of Shiloh and did all he could do in his sphere to win the renown that the Confederates wrested from fate in that sanguinary conflict.

Transferred to the 13th Arkansas Infantry, he saw that regiment decimated by the campaign in Kentucky from July to Oc-

tober, 1862, and then at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga he watched the havoc of war amongst his comrades until that splendid regiment was so wasted by conflict and disease that a mere skeleton of its organization remained. It was consolidated with other Arkansas regiments, and then Lieutenant Arnold was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Gen. T. C. Hindman, one of the great military executives of the Confederacy, was sent to reorganize that department. Under his master mind order came out of chaos. The South needed soldiers, and under the law General Hindman demanded service of the men in Arkansas. He was relentless against all who hesitated to fight for their State and country. He was a man of iron, and he imparted a spirit of splendid courage wherever he was.

J. M. Arnold joined in this effort to reorganize Arkansas and became a captain in Carlton's Cavalry Regiment and rendered faithful service to the end. There was no risk or sacrifice that could appall him. He was a man of iron, too, and he did what he could to hold firm the great work Hindman had organized in the Trans-Mississippi. Faithful in all duty required, he was with the army to the last. He rode on the great raid with Price, Shelby, and Marmaduke into Missouri and Kansas in the fall of 1864 and in the disastrous defeat that followed that movement; was in the rear, ever defending the ranks of the Confederates against an aggressive and vicious foe. He was severely wounded in January, 1865, from the effects of which he never recovered.

In August, 1865, Captain Arnold was paroled and accepted the situation with courage. In 1882 he entered the service of the Queen and Crescent Railroad at Cincinnati and held for more than thirty years an important position in its operation. He was loved and honored on both sides of the river.

His friends in Cincinnati were legion; but though his business relations were there, his heart was always in Kentucky.

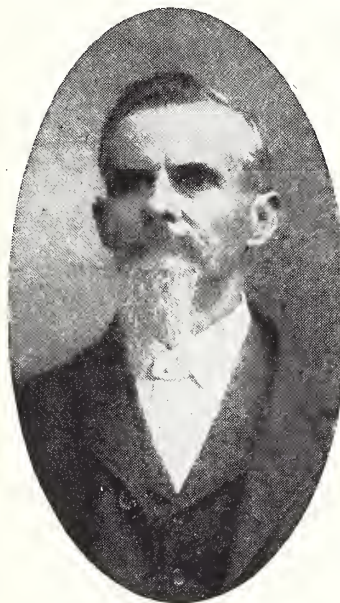
In the United Confederate Veteran Association he was active and distinguished. For many years he commanded its First Brigade. Declining further election, he became a member of the staff of Gen. Bennett H. Young with the rank of Brigadier General. He was appointed a trustee of the Kentucky Confederate Home, in which he ever took a lively interest.

He died with the harness on. He went away when in active work, with the flags flying and the drums beating. He went as he wanted to go. The end came quickly, with no parleying or delay. He was ready to answer the final summons. His departure was sincerely mourned by all Kentucky Confederates, who feel that the world was made poorer when he was called to be with the immortals.

BENNETT H. YOUNG.

JOHN A. PAYNE.

John A. Payne was born September 19, 1842, in San Augustine County, Tex., growing up under the adverse conditions and inconveniences of a new country and acquiring only a common school education. He joined Capt. John H. Brooks's company and was mustered into the Confederate service October 10, 1861, at Fayetteville, Ark., which was attached to



J. A. PAYNE.

Col. John W. Whitfield's 1st Texas Legion. After being transferred to reinforce Shiloh, the legion was later on attached to Gen. Sul Ross's brigade with the Tennessee Army, where Comrade Payne remained to the close of the war, being paroled at Canton, Miss., in May, 1865.

Comrade Payne returned to his home, in San Augustine County, Tex., and later moved to Kaufman County, then to Dallas County and to Ellis County, where he remained until his death, on November 9, 1917. He had always been a very active business man and accumulated a good fortune. He was married

three times, and four children survive him: F. G. Payne, of San Antonio; Mrs. May Payne Willis, of Dallas; Mrs. J. D. Love, of El Paso; and Mrs. Abbie Payne Harrison, of Palmer. His last wife, Mrs. Adelia Payne, also survives him.

The life of Comrade Payne was filled with industry and studiousness. His great delight was to get the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and peruse it closely and to teach his children and friends of the value of this historical publication.

"Above you shall the oak and cedar fling
Their giant plumage and protecting shade;
For you the song bird pause upon its wing
And warble requiem ever undismayed."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va.. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Greetings for the new year!

In conferring on me the honor of this office you have given me the highest acclaim; in accepting its responsibilities and its opportunities for service to our country, our Confederate ideals, and our membership I am undertaking what will require the best and most efficient efforts of my heart, my mind, and my hands, and this I pledge to you with the new year. I thank you all for the spirit of confidence, good will, and sympathy with which you have greeted my induction into the position of your leader for 1918. This spirit fires me to give my all in my efforts to fulfill your expectations of me in discharging the duties of my office.

I shall ask your consideration this year for five great efforts to develop our Association to its full power and opportunity for usefulness:

1. *Increased Membership.*—This is within the means and opportunity of every individual member and every Chapter. Upon this foundation stone we may build a great structure. If you can do nothing else for the U. D. C. in 1918, you can as an individual or as a Chapter at least get new members. This will increase our historical records as well as our capacity to do in material ways. Let every Chapter President set this motto before her eyes this year: "Increased Membership."

2. *Care of Confederate Veterans.*—This was one of our first impulses to organization; it is our most important duty to-day; it is one that we cannot put off until to-morrow, for the opportunities to do this will lessen with each day. Chapters, in these exacting hours do not let the appeal for the young and the new divert your attention and your sympathy away from the needs of Confederate veterans, else we shall be false to our name.

3. *Care of Needy Confederate Women.*—This appeal is as strong as, or even stronger than, the appeal for the care of the veterans, because to whom shall these women look for help in their declining years if not to the women of their own lineage, civilization, and ideals? In memory of our mothers let us see to it that no Confederate woman shall need comfort and sympathy in 1918 where a U. D. C. Chapter exists.

4. *War Relief Work.*—The hour for present-day patriotism has struck, and the U. D. C. have their opportunity to show that they are worthy daughters of the men and women of the sixties. In this crisis in our country's national life we must give our best and a best worthy of our Confederate lineage. Our general U. D. C. Committee on War Relief authorized at the Chattanooga convention, under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., is preparing instructions to be distributed among State Divisions. Under these instructions and with the guidance of your State Di-

rector for War Relief all your energies and sympathies in behalf of the youth of America who are giving up their all at their country's call will be directed, systematized, and recorded as U. D. C. work. The plan for the various State beds in hospitals abroad to follow on the general U. D. C. bed "in memoriam" to Jefferson Davis, provided for at the Chattanooga convention, is in conference with officials of the War Department and the American Red Cross. As soon as this plan is perfected you will receive it through your State Presidents and War Relief Directors. In the meantime continue your energies in behalf of the American Red Cross, preserving all records of work you do for it. Collect funds for your State hospital bed or ambulance equipment, as you may decide, and have ready to be used when the general committee shall be able to give you definite and authentic information as how best to use these funds, and use your best efforts toward helpfulness in cantonment service. Every cantonment community knows the opportunities they have for woman's organized help in providing cheer and comfort for the young national soldiers temporarily in their midst.

5. *Education.*—Do not let your work for education slip back one dollar or one scholarship in these war times. In this work you are building not only for the life of the U. D. C., but for your national life as well. At Chattanooga you pledged yourselves to build another U. D. C. monument, but this time it is not to be of marble or bronze. You are committed to the task of raising fifty thousand dollars as an endowment fund for education. Begin at once to put a few dollars aside for this fund, that it may grow for the needs of the children of the next decade, those children who are going to need more help than we realize now, with this drain on the strength and the time of the young manhood of our country whose lives and energies are removed from the peaceful pursuits of home-building to the exploits, perils, and demands of battle fields and trenches. Again I remind you, "guard and develop your work for the education of the Children of the Confederacy."

These five great cardinal demands on your time I beg of you for 1918. Other worthy causes may engage your time and sympathy, but these are your first duties and responsibilities as an organization of descendants of Confederate men and women.

The Registrar General.—I regret to report the resignation of your Registrar General, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Tennessee. The Executive Committee is now in an election to secure her successor. As soon as its choice has been made by a written ballot for both nomination and election you will be notified. All State Registrars are requested to hold their papers and their problems in their own State office until the new officer is announced.

Committees.—The following are the names of the new chairmen of committees, which information may be useful in the

transaction of State work until the minutes come from the printers:

Education, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala.
Award of University Prize for Confederate Essay, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, 567 West 139th Street, New York City.
Relief of Confederate Women, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, 1917 Stuart Avenue, Richmond, Va.
Stationery, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Newton, N. C.
Credentials, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky.
Collecting Money for the Red Cross Window, Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, Greenwood, Miss.
War Relief Work, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 1800 Eleventh Avenue, South Birmingham, Ala.

The names of other chairmen will be given as their acceptances are recorded with the President General.

The minutes are in active preparation and will reach the Chapters as early in the year as possible. This year promises our organization the greatest opportunity for constructive work that it has ever faced. May I beg of each Chapter and each Division to engrave on its heart in all its efforts for our Association these words: "Harmony in dealing with one another and efficient work in all we undertake."

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

CORRECTIONS.

As Chairman of the Executive Board which met in Washington, D. C., on June 7, 1917, I wish to call attention to an error contained in the statement from Mrs. Grace M. Newbill in the December (1917) *VETERAN*, in which she quotes that the "Executive Board in session in Washington in June had *pledged themselves* that I would not offer for reelection in November." The italics are mine. The fact is that the former President of the Tennessee Division, a member of the Executive Board, who had just returned from the Tennessee State convention, nominated Mrs. Newbill and pledged upon her word of honor to the other members of the Executive Board present that Mrs. Newbill, if elected, would not come up for reelection in November. The full record of this is contained in the minutes of the Chattanooga convention.

The Executive Board of the U. D. C. during the recent convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., held sessions from ten o'clock Monday morning until one o'clock the following Tuesday morning, from ten o'clock Tuesday morning until twelve-thirty, from four that afternoon until seven that evening, from the close of the evening session on Wednesday until two o'clock Thursday morning, and from eleven o'clock Thursday night until one o'clock Friday morning, and so expedited the business of the convention that, it was generally conceded, an unusual amount was disposed of, as also the minutes testify; and I am at a loss to account for the assertion in column 2, page 568, of the December *VETERAN*, that "the convention closed with much left undone." If there was anything that was properly the business of that convention left undone, I am unaware of it, and some correction in justice to the Executive Board, the convention, and myself seems due.

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

The *VETERAN* apologizes for any error in the report of the convention proceedings, which was taken from the newspaper accounts, very incomplete at best, and from which came the impression that some things did not have consideration. The disposition of business coming before the convention required a session on Saturday night, in addition to the work done by the Executive Board.

THE CONFEDERATE LIBRARY.

This is to express personal appreciation for the two hundred and seven volumes contributed through me as Chairman of Southern Literature, U. D. C., to the Confederate Library. These books are packed and ready to be sent as soon as any decision can be made as to where placed.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD,

Ex-Chairman of Southern Literature.

Athens, Ga., December 7, 1917.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, FAYETTEVILLE.

The Middle Tennessee District Conference, held in Nashville October 24, was a gratifying success. Mrs. Owen Walker, of Franklin, Vice President for Middle Tennessee, presided, and representatives were present from a number of Chapters. Mrs. Birdie Owen, of Jackson, President of the Tennessee Division, the honor guest, gave a splendid address upon the aims and purposes of the U. D. C. An interesting feature of the Conference was the round-table discussion of Chapter problems, which included "The Financial Problem of the Town Chapter," "Importance of Wise Chapter Leadership," "Sustaining Interest in the Historical Work," "Enlisting the Interest of Young Members in Chapter Work." Miss Elizabeth Bloomstein ably addressed the convention upon the "Chair of Southern History in Peabody College." Other interesting and forceful talks were made, and musical numbers added much to the pleasure of the day. A delightful luncheon was given the visitors by the affiliated Chapters of Nashville.

From Johnson City Chapter comes a splendid and inspiring report. Of special interest among its observances of memorial days was the program given on Sam Davis Day, the feature of which was a timely address by Dr. L. D. Ridden upon "The Appeal of Our Heritage," in which the duties of women in the present crisis were forcibly brought out. This Chapter is an active auxiliary to the Red Cross Chapter of Johnson City. It purchased a liberty bond and contributed twenty dollars to the ambulance fund. The soldier boys leaving the city and community were remembered, and funds were also contributed for sending all the Johnson City veterans otherwise unable to go to the Reunion. The Chapter slogan for the coming year is the fullest coöperation with the government in all prescribed war movements. The historical work of the Chapter has not been neglected, a set of Southern histories having been recently purchased as a nucleus for a Chapter library. The auxiliary to the Chapter is an unqualified success.

Joe Wheeler Chapter of Stanton, among others, is devoting its largest interest to the Red Cross, having just sent fifty dollars to this cause as well as fifteen dollars to the ambulance fund. This Chapter is very proud of its possession of a complete set of the Rutherford books. The old veteran at the Home from whom much pleasure came to the Chapter by his cheerful, spicy letters has passed over the river; but the Chapter has "adopted" his roommate, for whom they hope to do even more to make his last days bright and happy.

Harriet Overton Chapter, of Nashville, with its membership of busy young women, conducted an interesting memorial service at the Sam Davis monument in the Capitol grounds. Judge B. D. Bell, of Nashville, addressed the large gathering of veterans and Daughters, and musical numbers were given by the Tennessee Industrial School Band. This Chapter was

hostess to the veterans for one day at the State Fair, serving a delightful picnic lunch to their fifty guests. Liberal contributions have been made to Division causes, while the Chapter is actively engaged in various forms of war relief work.

Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter of Humboldt finds the veterans almost indispensable in arranging monthly programs. The meetings are necessarily full of interest and the work dear to each member. A contribution has been sent to the ambulance fund, and the Chapter is doing active Red Cross work. It is constantly responding, too, to calls for relief of the veterans of the city and vicinity.

Gordon-Lee Chapter, of Whiteville, is basing its historical work upon the invaluable programs sent out by the Historian General with splendid success. This hustling Chapter has already paid all dues and pledges, besides sending five dollars to the Jefferson Davis monument fund and responding to the Red Cross appeal.

Lewisburg Chapter, one of the smallest in the State numerically, devotes much of its time to caring for its Confederate monument and beautifying the quarter of the courtyard in which it stands and to keeping in condition the Confederate cemetery at Farmington, six miles distant. It has an attractive U. D. C. room in the courthouse for which a rag drugget has recently been woven. Practically every member has been knitting for several months for the soldiers.

Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, of Fayetteville, has, through the generosity of one of its members, Mrs. Fannie Holman, furnished a room in the recently established Lincoln County Hospital in Fayetteville. This room is a memorial to Col. D. W. Holman, the late husband of the donor, and will be maintained by the Chapter. Veterans, their widows, or needy descendants will be given the use of the room free of charge.

Shiloh Chapter, of Savannah, was one of the first to respond to the liberty loan call. The ambulance fund also received a contribution. Red Cross work is preëminent among present Chapter interests, though there has been no neglect of Division causes.

A. J. Harris Chapter, of Nashville, took much pleasure in providing some Thanksgiving delicacies for the veterans at the Home. An invalid chair was recently given to a Confederate veteran who had been helplessly bedridden for several years, and, among other good works of this character, winter clothes were provided for two needy veterans, one of whom sells papers upon the Nashville streets.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

MRS. M. B. EAKINS, EDITOR.

The Antlers Chapter has given its annual reception honoring the Confederate veterans and has again offered a gold medal to the high school for memorial work. This Chapter has also finished paying for a liberty bond and shipped a box of supplies to the Red Cross headquarters.

Tahlequah Chapter paid its educational pledge, \$10, sent \$5 to a destitute family in a neighboring town, and contributed to Confederate veterans and the Red Cross memorial window fund. After the business part of the meetings the members knit or sew for the Red Cross. Large things are planned for the year.

Pryor Chapter, one of our smallest Chapters, has bestowed crosses upon every Confederate veteran in the county and some in Missouri. This Chapter makes the Yearbook in January and adheres to the program every month. Each

member is a Red Cross woman, sewing and knitting every week. Almost every member has fitted out a Christmas bag for the soldiers. The Chapter sent a box of books to the Confederate Home at Ardmore and will pay its pledge of \$25 to the Gen. Stand Watie memorial fund and hopes to pay \$120 on that memorial this year, having met all other obligations. A luncheon was given to the veterans in June.

Shawnee Chapter has made comfort kits for the soldier boys from our town and has engaged talent for a fine concert in December. It hopes to pay \$25 on the Gen. Stand Watie memorial.

We are true to our principles and national in our thoughts and works—Red Cross, liberty bonds, Council of Defense, knitting, Christmas boxes—any and everything that heads, hearts, and hands can do for our country.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

Mrs. Jeannette C. Reamer, Secretary of the Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, sends this copy of a letter sent with contribution for Belgian relief work and reports that a similar amount was sent to the committee for Armenian and Syrian relief:

"COLUMBUS, OHIO.

"J. P. Morgan & Co., New York City—Dear Sirs: Inclosed please find check for \$17.50, to be applied to the Belgian Children's Milk Fund.

"The Dixie Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Columbus, Ohio, is sending this in loving memory of S. A. Cunningham, for so many years editor and proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn.

"The spirit of self-sacrifice is a common heritage of the past war which belongs both to the North and to the South. Now we can all recognize and admit that the dead on both sides were for the most part of the same race and blood and inspired by the same history and traditions. It is our common pride that each displayed the courage and devotion that belong to the highest and best manhood, and to-day this feeling unites us in the present war.

"Mr. Cunningham possessed peculiarly those traits of courage and bravery as a Confederate soldier. Later he showed the same devotion and self-sacrifice to the cause of keeping alive the brave deeds of his comrades and furthering the educational and memorial interests of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Losing his only son just as he was growing into manhood, he was keenly appreciative of the sorrows and needs of children and labored that their lives might be preserved to grow into useful men and women.

"So in loving memory of S. A. Cunningham and the spirit of patriotism and its sacrifices Dixie Chapter sends this fund.

"Than his no hand would sooner turn
To drop his alms in pity's urn;
Than he none higher worth e'er won
As husband, father, brother, son;
On none can higher praise descend
As soldier, citizen, and friend.
In each respect, well tried and proved,
Honored he lived and died beloved."

JULIET HILBURTON PRESTON,
Committee Dixie Chapter, U. D. C."

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH, EDITOR.

Who would have believed that Louisiana could register somewhere near a hundred thousand names and conservative old New Orleans stage a street parade of women that took the shine off of some of our world-famous Mardi Gras processions? Well, it has been done, and the whole female population marched to the polls on "registration day" and answered all questions, giving their ages, occupations, in what they would like the government to help them when training for service, how long they would serve at home or abroad, and how soon they could be called into active service, with or without pay.

The food pledge parade was without doubt the finest showing of the woman power of the city. We are all so proud of it. The Council of National Defense, the Hoovers, the guard of honor girls, the canteen service, the little sailor girls, the Red Cross mothers, and last, but not least, the Relief Corps, U. D. C., and the Newcomb students in caps and gowns carried a large United States flag that proved a patriotic receptacle for the small and large coins with which the spectators who lined the streets gallantly paid tribute to the pretty flag bearers.

It is a fact to be forever deplored that many beautiful and pathetic recitals of personal history connected with the War between the States may never be written up; so many of them would be historical facts showing the spirit of a race of people that is fast passing away. O the sublime inspiration of true womanhood that even in defeat flashes out from the gloom of misfortune and sorrow that have followed the lives of many of the bravest and best of women! Registration day seemed to some of them a day of renunciation, "when my boys left me to go to the war." Such a dear soul gave her age—eighty—with tearful eyes and said: "I had four sons to send to fight for the South. I am alone now, everything taken from me. I am well and strong, despite my years. I can give my country a few hours' service during the week where most needed. I can cook and do home-nursing and clean up a house."

Another old lady gave her name as Smith, her age seventy-five, her present occupations knitting for the sailors and journalism. "What journal?" "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Reference, the editor of the VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn." "What branch of the service would you like to be instructed in?" "Wireless telegraphy. I will go anywhere and give any length of service required."

There were many amusing features of the day. It was a study to watch the faces of some of the women when the chairman tried to explain the necessity of signing the Hoover card and how to economize in foodstuff, for it is a well-accepted fact that many foreign women can raise a brood of kiddies on one demoralized banana and an onion a day, and in some settlements the Creole quartermaster will skin a flea for his hide and tallow.

Our State Division was well represented at the Chattanooga convention.

The latest addition to the many valuable relics in Memorial Hall is the sword of Lieut. Thomas Pearson, the only officer killed at Fort Jackson when the Federal forces attacked the fort April 24, 1862. The sword was presented by Mrs. A. W. Roberts in behalf of the widow of Lieutenant Pearson, Mrs. Josephine Carr, to the New Orleans Chapter.

Following a talk by Mrs. Charles Granger on the plans

for presenting guidons to the Washington Artillery, ten per cent of the funds were appropriated for the guidon fund, which Mrs. Adolph Roquet was designated to receive. Many members of the Chapter went to Camp Beauregard for the event, December 9.

Miss Lise Allain made an appeal for contributions for the usual Christmas dinner at the Soldiers' Home. The veterans will also be given an entertainment on December 28.

THE COLORADO U. D. C.

BY MRS. WILLIAM T. DUNCAN, DENVER.

Since the last report from Colorado, war has cast her shadow over our country, and the U. D. C. of Colorado, as loyal to the Stars and Stripes as were our mothers to the Stars and Bars, have had a busy summer and fall.

The Margaret Davis Hayes and the Robert E. Lee Chapters have been working diligently in the various departments of the Red Cross. We have served meals to the soldier boys as they passed through our city on their way to the cantonments. Many of us are knitting; some of our women have charge of from fifty to eighty ladies who are knitting mufflers, sweaters, sox, and wristlets for the civilians of France and Belgium, also for the ambulance boys. The Southern women are not slackers; many mothers have given their sons—one, two, and three—to serve their country. A prayer offered by a little chap five years old on the day set apart for prayer by our President better expresses how we feel where we have to give up our sons: "Dear Jesus, bless all the soldier boys, bless all the boys in the trenches; and, dear Lord, bless my dear Uncle Frank and Uncle Philip, for they are the ones that bring the tears to my eyes."

Our city has just completed a very successful campaign for the conservation of food, and many of our Daughters took an active part in the canvassing. With hands and hearts full, we are trying to do all we can on this pledge and stand by our President ready and willing to do our part at all times. Many of our members have purchased liberty bonds in both issues.

On the 2d of October we laid aside all work and answered the call of the State convention, which was held in Pueblo. About ten ladies, representing the two Chapters in Denver, were guests of the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter of Pueblo. The address of welcome was delivered by our former Governor Adams, who spoke of the loyalty of the Southern women in the days of the Civil War and stated that he believed their descendants were just as loyal to the Stars and Stripes to-day. Mrs. Lovell, Third Vice President General, responded to the address and pledged the support of the U. D. C. in the present crisis. And now, dear sisters of the Southland, it is up to us to keep this pledge.

Officers elected are: President, Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis, Denver; First Vice President, Mrs. W. O. Temple, Denver; Second Vice President, Mrs. Mary Raynor, Pueblo; Third Vice President, Mrs. Walker, Grand Junction; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Walters, Denver; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. T. Fennell, Denver; Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence Harris, Denver; Registrar, Miss Cortez, Pueblo; Historian, Mrs. Rosa Bowden, Denver; Custodian Flags and Pennants, Mrs. J. M. McClelland, Denver; Official Parliamentarian, Mrs. Lulu Lovell, Denver.

An invitation was given to come to Denver next year as guests of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The high honor conferred upon me was accepted with grateful humility, and as far as my ability and eyes will permit I hope to make out the programs as rapidly as possible.

You have had fine work set before you by your former Historians, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. Newbill, and of them and your own accomplishments we are proud. It seems well this year to have a series of character studies of the men who helped to make the Southern Confederacy mous in the order of the months in which they were born and to use with them poems by Southern poets commemorating their endeavors. Such heroes were not the product of one nor yet two or three generations. They sprang from a race of people who were willing to give and lose all they possessed, save honor, for the land they loved.

And our young men who are going forth to battle now have not fallen below their brave ancestors.

A few years ago a writer, reviewing the life work of Commodore Maury, wrote: "He is now forgotten." Maury may have been long "hidden among the stuff" and neglected, but his great deeds will prevent him from ever being forgotten. As for Robert E. Lee, the great captain of his age: "Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Stonewall Jackson, warrior and man of prayer, though compared to Cromwell and Havelock, was superior to either and, to my mind, resembles more in his religious life Col. James Gardiner, slain at Preston Pans. Their heroic deeds we can imitate.

Dear Children of the Confederacy: Youth is the time to learn poetry; songs and poems you memorize then will be your friends in later years. So much has been written, since the terrible European war began, of the sacrifices made by talented young poets for love of country, and the name of a Rupert Brooke or an Alan Seeger awakens pæans of praise. But during the War between the States gifted young poets and authors from all over the South rushed to her defense, and there was "much waste of ointment made." It seems well to have a series of studies of these young men in the order of the months in which they were born and to learn each month of their poems. Not all of them were in actual warfare, but all rendered some service to their beloved country, and many suffered grievously for her.

Think what the world lost on account of the pitiless poverty and suffering forced upon Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier!

To the State Historians: Owing to circumstances over which I have no control, it will be impossible to get out a yearbook very early, but will try to have programs in the VETERAN until I can.

Mr. Clifton Rose announces that he will continue the "Rose Loving Cup" in memory of his beloved mother. By decision of the Executive Board, Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, former Historian General, Pulaski, Tenn., selected the subject for this contest, which will be "Southern Ideals," and it is requested that correspondence regarding it be with her.

The Annah Robinson Andrews medal will be continued and notice of the questions be given later. It is with pride that we note the faithful work done by our State Historians.

As many officers have been changed, it will be greatly appreciated if each State Historian in office at present will send her name and address to Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, 229 Vine Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1918.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

("The Pathfinder of the Seas.")

Born in Spottsylvania County, Va., January 14, 1806; died in Lexington, Va., February 1, 1873; buried in Hollywood, Richmond, Va.

1. Where did he spend his early years?
2. How did he obtain an appointment in the United States navy?
3. Describe his life on the high seas.
4. What book published by him in 1834 was made a textbook for the United States navy?
5. What great saving to commerce was made by following the directions in this book?
6. At what conference did he represent America in 1853?
7. How many foreign nations conferred orders of knighthood upon him?
8. What English university made him LL.D. at the same time with Tennyson?
9. What was his connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable?
10. Describe his many activities during the War between the States on behalf of the Confederacy.

Poem to read: "Through the Pass," by Margaret J. Preston.

References: "Life of Commodore Maury," by his daughter, Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin; Rutherford, "Where the South Leads"; Manly, "Southern Literature"; "Margaret Junkin Preston, Life and Letters," by Elizabeth Preston Allan, 1903; article on Maury in *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1889; "Library of Southern Literature," Volume VIII, article by Francis M. Smith; "Recollections of a Virginian," by Gen. Dabney H. Maury, 1894; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; "A Brief Sketch of the Work of Matthew Fontaine Maury, 1861-65," by his son, Richard L. Maury, 1915.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

("Marse Robert.")

Born January 19, 1807, at Stratford House, Westmoreland County, Va.; died October 12, 1870, at Lexington, Va.; buried in Lexington.

1. What course of conduct characterized his life at West Point?
2. What excellent work did he do in the corps of engineers at Fortress Monroe, in St. Louis, in Florida, and in 1861 along the coasts of South Carolina and Florida?
3. What ability was demonstrated in the war with Mexico?
4. What great decision was he called upon to make when Virginia seceded from the Union?
5. Describe his first activities in behalf of the Confederacy and how he bore criticism.
6. Describe his great battles, and where did he attempt to lead his troops in person?

7. What were his greatest characteristics as a soldier and commander?
8. From what great calamities did he save the South and the Union by his surrender?
9. Describe his great mental struggles the night of April 19, 1861, and the night of April 8, 1865.
10. What supreme qualities did he show in defeat?
11. How did the English nation regard General Lee?

Poems.

1. "The Sword of Robert Lee," by Father Ryan.
2. "Marse Robert Is Asleep," by Mrs. S. B. Valentine.
3. "Lee Memorial Ode," by James Barron Hope.
4. "Gone Forward," by Margaret J. Preston.

References: "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," by Gen. A. L. Long; "Life and Campaigns of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by James D. McCabe, Jr., 1866; "A Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by John Esten Cooke, 1871; oration of John W. Daniel, LL.D., at the unveiling of the recumbent figure of Gen. Robert Edward Lee, 1883; "The Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," for children, by Mrs. Mary L. Williamson, 1895; "Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier," by Thomas Nelson Page, 1911; "Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by his son, Capt. Robert E. Lee, 1904; "Lee, the American," by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., 1912; address at the Lee centennial, January 19, 1907, by Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

(Stonewall Jackson.)

Born January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, Va. (now W. Va.); died May 10, 1863, at Guiney's Station, Va.; buried in Lexington, Va.

1. What great rule of his life appears in his book of maxims drawn up at West Point?
2. What honors came to him from his service in the Mexican War?
3. Describe the ten quiet years spent as a professor at the Virginia Military Institute.
4. What special work did he do for the colored people of Lexington? and in what esteem was he held by them?
5. What were his two most marked mental characteristics?
6. Describe him as a soldier.
7. Where did he win the name of "Stonewall" Jackson?
8. What were the great secrets of his success?
9. Describe his religious life and glorious death.
10. English estimates of his life and character.
11. In how short a time did he win endless fame?

Poems.

1. "Stonewall Jackson's Way," by John Williamson Palmer.
2. "Death of Stonewall Jackson," by Harry Lynden Flash.
3. "Stonewall Jackson's Dying Words," by Margaret J. Preston.
4. "The Lone Sentry."

References: "Life of Stonewall Jackson," by Daniels, of Virginia, 1863; "Life and Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson," by R. L. Dabney, D.D., 1866; "The Life and Military Career of Thomas Jonathan Jackson," by Markinfield Addey, 1863; "Stonewall Jackson—A Military Biography," by John Esten Cooke, 1866; "Memoirs of Stone-

wall Jackson," by his widow, Mary Anna Jackson, 1895; "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," by Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., two volumes, 1898; "Stonewall Jackson," an address by Hunter McGuire, M.D., 1897; oration by Rev. Moses Hoge, D.D., at the dedication of the Jackson statue, 1885; "Stonewall Jackson and Chancellorsville," by James Power Smith, D.D., 1904; "The Religious Character of Stonewall Jackson," by James Power Smith, D.D., 1897; "Margaret Junkin Preston," by Elizabeth Preston Allen, 1903; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1918.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Born January 1, 1830, at Charleston, S. C.; died July 6, 1886, at Groveton, Ga.; buried at Augusta, Ga.

1. Why was he called "The Poet of the South" and "The Lament of the South"?
2. What other noted Southern poet was his schoolmate and friend?
3. What service did he render the Confederacy?
4. What great losses did he sustain during the war?
5. When did his complete poetical works appear?
6. For what are his poems noted?

Poems to use: "Charleston," "Beauregard's Appeal," "Vicksburg," "Beyond the Potomac."

References: Volume V., "Library of Southern Literature" (Edwin Mims); Volume XI., "The South in the Building of the Nation"; Moses, "Literature of the South"; Painter, "Poets of the South."

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

Born January 1, 1834, at Baltimore, Md.; died January 14, 1908, at Augusta, Ga.

1. Upon what poem does his fame chiefly rest?
2. What was the occasion upon which "Maryland, My Maryland" was written?
3. By whom was it set to music?
4. To what stirring French war song has it been compared?
5. What service did Randall render to the Confederacy?
6. Why was he called "The Tyrtæus" of the Confederacy?
7. When were his poems collected and published?

Poems to use: "Maryland, My Maryland," "There Is Life in the Old Land Yet," "Pelham."

References: Volume X., "Library of Southern Literature" (Matthew Page Andrews); Volume XII., "The South in the Building of the Nations"; "The South in History and Literature," Rutherford.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

Born January 5, 1831, in Louisville, Ky.; died July 16, 1899, in Lexington, Va.; buried in Louisville, Ky.

1. What distinguished Confederate general was his father?
2. Where was Colonel Johnston educated?
3. Where did he enlist in the Confederate service?
4. In what battles was he present?
5. Where was he captured, and where imprisoned?
6. What were the honors of his later life?
7. What two volumes of poems did he publish?

Poems to use: "The Ladder," "La Gitana."

References: Volume XXVII., "Southern Historical Papers"; Volume VII., "Library of Southern Literature."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1917-18.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

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[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

AMERICAN HISTORY STUDIES.

THE CHAUTAUQUA COURSE FOR S. C. V. CAMPS.

BRIEF OUTLINES SUGGESTED BY E. W. R. EWING, A.M., LL.B.,
LL.D., HISTORIAN IN CHIEF.

Section I.

Introduction.—The terrible holocaust which characterizes the present world war is testing, among other things, systems of government. Radical changes will result in some quarters with the certain coming of peace, and no people can hope to escape all effects of this volcano. Individual intelligence and alertness were never more indispensable to the greatest human uplift in the consequent readjustment which will be in possibly diminishing progress for a generation or more. Public sentiment, a phase of democracy, will count as in no past crisis, national or international. No sane and thoughtful person will deny that the more we in the United States know of American government, the power of which is now such a world factor, the better will each meet the individual responsibility—the unit of public opinion.

Therefore we Sons of Confederate Veterans turn with splendid zeal, stronger because of our sense of present greater responsibility and keener because our fathers offered their lives in defense of some of its principles now fundamental, to a renewed study of the fundamentals of American government.

Method.—As one of many methods we here suggest a study of a few representative opinions by the Supreme Court of the United States announcing what are now recognized as fundamental axioms defining the great characteristics of that government. Herewith is an outline for guidance in giving a Chautauqua evening to the public. A member of the Camp who reads forcibly will turn to the citations, being

found in the report, as named, of the decisions and opinions of the court, make a brief statement of the points involved, and mention by whom the decision was written, then close his paper by quoting literally and carefully the words of the court as here indicated. Do not attempt more, as the passages indicated have been selected for the purpose of exhibiting the leading features of our government, and these fundamentals will be developed into a comprehensive view of the whole by the end of this course of studies. Have the Daughters cooperate by furnishing good music and reading from the live poems of the South of yesterday. Invite the public and advertise the occasion thoroughly. Much interest and good will result.

GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS DUAL.

(a) The one branch is constituted as distinguished from an inherent sovereignty. The constituted sovereign is named the United States of America and is often indicated by the title of Federal government. This Federal government, the United States, has only enumerated powers, delegated to it by some sovereign existing before it, and hence it is limited in peace and in war, and the Constitution is the sole source of its power.

Marbury v. Madison, 1 Cranch, quote 3d par., p. 176, and close with 4th next p.

MacCulloch v. Maryland, 4 Wheaton, 404, 3d and 4th pars., 1st and 2d on 421.

South Carolina v. U. S., 199 U. S. (report), 448, 2d par. to and incl. 3d 421.

Atlantic, etc., 219 U. S. (report), 202, quote sentence, "undoubtedly the U. S.," etc.

Copies of these quotations may be had by addressing the Historian in Chief by all initials, Washington, D. C., for the actual cost.

Section II.

CHAUTAUQUA HISTORY COURSE.

Method.—The method is the same as for the first section. Some one who reads forcibly will copy as many quotations from the decisions suggested below as the time at command on the public evening will permit. A brief history of the case from which the quotation is selected will be given, and the name of the judge who wrote the opinion and the State of his nativity will add much to the interest. The remainder of the program for the evening should be the best possible. Some one representing the Daughters (or any one who can command attention) should read some of our fine Southern poems, and the best musicians in the neighborhood should perform. Make the occasion a high-class literary treat and an entertainment that will draw a crowd.

Take the work up with orthodox Southern teachers in our best schools, with the leading men of sane Southern thought (which is the highest patriotic thought and the finest element in our American patriotism, for patriotism begins at home), and get men of real worth and power to address the meeting as a feature of this work; but never omit the quotations from the court.

This section is a study of the second part in our subject:

GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS DUAL.

(b) The other (or second, as a mere matter of number, though first in fact) branch of this government is the inherent sovereign through the organized functions of which

the United States was created. This inherent sovereign is named State in indicating the form of its government. The power not delegated to the United States through the Constitution remains to each State, and that remaining power is just as complete, just as independent of the United States and of all other powers, and just as sovereign as before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; and as to its reserved powers, each State possesses the powers of the most independent government in the world.

City of N. Y. v. Miln, 11 Peters, 139, 153*a*; The General Smith, 4 Wheaton, 438; Ogden v. Sanders, 12 Wheaton, 294; Briscoe v. Bank, 11 Peters, 257; Poole v. Fleger, 11 Peters, 212*b*; Dodge v. Woolsey, 18 Howard, 357; Collector v. Day, 11 Wallace, 125; Ex parte Siebold, 100 U. S. (Report), 399; Hall v. Wisconsin, 103 U. S. 11; Kilburn v. Thompson, 103 U. S. 176, 182; Kidd v. Pearson, 128 U. S. 16; Fairbank v. U. S., 181 U. S. 288; Huntington v. Georgia, 163 U. S. 308; South Carolina v. U. S., 199 U. S. 454; Kansas v. Colorado, 206 U. S. 90; Halter v. Nebraska, 205 U. S. 40; Grafton v. U. S., 206 U. S. 354.

Of course, for instance, 100 U. S. refers to the volume of the official reports, and so on each time, the earlier reports being indicated by the name of the reporter, as Wallace, Peters, etc.

The exact page where the most appropriate quotation is found is not always given in this section. I am sure a careful reading of the cases will quickly suggest the part to be used. Address E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, Washington, D. C., for further information or assistance.

CHAUTAUQUA HISTORY COURSE.

(Under the auspices of Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V.)

BY E. W. R. EWING, A.M., LL.B., LL.D., CAMP HISTORIAN AND HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

January 10, 1918.—Subject: "The Government of the United States as Defined by the Supreme Court of the United States."

"Selections from Representative Decisions." By Commander W. S. Stamper.

"Was the Doctrine of State Secession Dangerous?" By the Historian in Chief.

Patriotic music by the best artists.

February 14.—Subject: "State Sovereignty as Defined by the Supreme Court of the United States."

"Selections from Representative Decisions." By J. Roy Price, Past Commander.

Address of the evening, subject to be announced. By Lyon G. Tyler, A.M., LL.D., President of William and Mary College, Virginia.

Live songs from the Old South.

April 11.—Subject: "Supremacy of the United States with Reference to State Sovereignty as Defined by the Supreme Court of the United States."

"Selections from Representative Decisions." By the Historian in Chief.

"America's Most Notable Attitude in the World War." By Claude N. Bennett, Past President of the Southern Society, etc.

Readings from poems of patriotic to-day and of the historic South of yesterday.

Music and readings under the supervision of Mrs. Maude Howell Smith.

Devotional each evening. By Chaplain Rev. Andrew R. Bird.

This course is a serious and very valuable study of live questions as well as of matters vital to historic truth, and all sincere men and women are cordially invited each evening. Unless otherwise announced, the meetings will be in the hall of the Confederate Home, 1322 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D. C.

SERVICE WITH THE "BOY COMPANY."

BY HENRY H. REDWOOD, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The article in the December VETERAN on "The Boy Company of Richmond" was most interesting, especially to one who was in the same regiment and witnessed the meritorious service of those boys. I notice a few unimportant errors. Company G was not in the Glenburnie fight, where the Departmental Battalion, under Maj. John McAnerney, Jr., with another battalion on their left, repulsed the assault of Dahlgren's Cavalry that stormy night of March 1, 1864 (not 1863, as Peters has it), and saved Richmond, for there were no other troops between Dahlgren and Richmond. Not a few of the brave boys, however, were in the fight and, needless to say, did their full part. Those, without exception, I think, were in B Company, McAnerney's old company, commanded by Capt. Bartholomew Fuller from that time until the close of its service.

I joined the battalion in March, 1864, just after the Glenburnie affair (a few days before or a few days after my sixteenth birthday), and many of the boys in G Company (about August) were in our Company (B) during the field service, commencing May 5 and extending up to the last of June, with a few days in July. I distinctly recall Gay, Taylor, the two Randolphs, Purcell, Hill, Faris, Johnson, Yarbrough, Tyree, Lyle, Brooke, Barksdale, Williamson, B. D. Tucker, James, Watt, and Wood; and I think Quarles, Cullen, J. R. Tucker, and the two Doswells were B Company "men" also, as was Frank Wise. The regiment was formed about August, with McAnerney as colonel, and G Company's field service as a company was in that regiment, 3d Virginia Infantry, Forces Local Defense, beginning September 29, 1864, when the regiment went from Richmond to Fort Harrison, captured that morning by the army corps of Birney and Ord. We took our position in the trenches facing Fort Harrison, some four hundred yards away, and remained there until ordered to Richmond about February 1, 1865, and no company had a better record than G. In the assault of September 29 the enemy lost General Burnham, after whom they rechristened the fort "Fort Burnham."

FROM CAPT. J. A. CUMMINS, BOWIE, TEX.—"Please send the VETERAN to me as long as I live, for I am sure if there is one of my old Camp, the Bowie Pelham Camp, No. 572, Bowie, Tex., living when I answer the last roll call he or they will notify you. At this time the VETERAN is almost food for me. I was seventy-five years old last June and can run fifty yards in ten seconds. How is that for one of the 'kids' of the sixties? And I have done my best to get to go to France with the volunteers. I could never stand to be conscripted, yet the boys that have gone and are going will put the fixin's on old Germany before they return; but if they cannot, all Uncle Sam will have to do is to call for the Confederate veterans. We can still give them the Rebel yell."

THE BURNING OF LOUDON BRIDGE.

BY W. G. ALLEN, DAYTON, TENN.

The last days of July, 1863, Gen. S. B. Buckner ordered Col. John S. Scott's brigade of cavalry, the 1st Louisiana, 2d Tennessee (Col. H. M. Ashby), 5th Tennessee (Col. G. W. McKenzie), and 6th Georgia (Col. Henry Hart) to raid Kentucky to draw off as many Federals as possible from pursuit of Gen. John H. Morgan, who was to raid Ohio. We struck the Federals at Crab Orchard. At Stanford we had a skirmish, another at Big Hill, and a heavy skirmish at Richmond. After skirmishing there two or three hours, Colonel Scott sent Colonel Hart to the north of the town with an order for two companies each from the 1st Louisiana and 2d and 5th Tennessee, and these six companies were ordered to charge the town; Colonel Scott, with the rest of the brigade, followed. To hold any advantage the charging party might gain, we cut their lines in a hand-to-hand fight. In this charge I received a pistol shot in my left wrist, right shoulder, and a heavy blow from a gun, and my horse was killed. We captured six four-pound cannon and most of Saunders's Brigade. General Saunders was killed at Knoxville, Tenn.

I went to Colonel Scott's headquarters, and I found him standing on a large stone in front of the hotel. When I told him my horse was killed, he directed Shelby Williams, his adjutant, to send me the best horse in the stable. He ordered me to take a detail of one hundred men from the 5th Tennessee and march to Paris and burn the railroad trestle north of the town. When I told him I had received a blow from a gun on my right shoulder and could not use my arm, also had a shot in my left wrist, he paid no attention to me, but told his adjutant to write the order. He then ordered Colonel Hart to Danville, the 2d Tennessee to Georgetown, and he, with the 1st Louisiana and 5th Tennessee, went to Lexington.

At daylight the next morning I began to fire the railroad trestles. Soon the Federal infantry opened fire on us, killing Gibson and his horse and several other horses. We were driven in the direction of Winchester, a mile out, and again I had my horse killed. I had no pilot. When dark came, we stopped in some heavy woods. At daybreak we heard cannon south of us. Late in the evening we found the 5th Tennessee in line of battle on the Lexington Pike. General Burnside had moved a heavy force on our rear and sent a flag of truce, demanding our surrender. Colonel Scott asked terms, and Burnside said, "Unconditional." Scott asked for the officers' horses and side arms. This parleying lasted till ten o'clock, when Colonel McKenzie received orders to cut his way out on the Winchester Pike. It was raining and very dark, but we had no trouble cutting their lines. Soon there were many drums beating and much noise in their camps. It seemed that all of Burnside's army was after the 5th Tennessee. Colonel Scott ordered Colonel Hart to move south of Dix River, his battery and the Saunders battery to follow. Cutting their lines, Colonel Hart crossed south of Dix River and, throwing shells over the heads of his own column, shelled the woods and caused much confusion in the column of the Yankees in pursuit. When daylight came we were in Jackson County, Ky. We passed out into Virginia through Hazard, the county site of Hazel County, Ky. It is the roughest country east of the Rocky Mountains. When we reached Powell's Valley, Va., one-fourth of our boys were bareheaded. They would go to sleep on their horses and nod, and their hats would fall off in the darkness.

In twelve days and nights the 5th Tennessee lost forty-three men and many horses. We moved down Powell and Clinch Valleys to Big Creek Gap and went on duty. Colonel Scott came into Clinch Valley by way of Big Creek and Winter's Gap and General Pegram by Emory Gap. Generals Burnside and Buell united at Huntsville and Montgomery in Scott County, Tenn., on their march for Knoxville. On the 20th of August, 1863, our pickets were driven in, and Colonel Scott gave orders to back slowly and fight at every turn in the road. All day the 21st was a continual skirmish until late in the night. On the early morning of the 22d at Concord, fourteen miles west of Knoxville, we had a heavy skirmish. We could hear Colonel Scott's cannon on the Clinton and Buttermilk road leading to Lenoir Station. General Pegram was on the Kingston and Loudon road. Near night we united with the balance of the brigade below Lenoir's Station.

At the junction of Lenoir and Kingston road to Loudon Colonel Scott ordered me to take a detail of two lieutenants and one hundred men from the 5th Tennessee and cover the rear of the command to the Loudon Bridge as soon as General Pegram's brigade passed and when I reached the bridge to have the combustibles fired at the north end of the bridge. A stockade had been built out of pine poles eight or ten feet long and four to six inches in diameter. These had been split, piled, and saturated with turpentine. Colonel Scott rode away, but soon returned and said: "Adjutant, make a stubborn fight till you hear my cannon fire from the south side of the river; then fall back rapidly, set fire to the bridge, and ride over." Near twelve o'clock General Pegram's rear guard passed, and I sent fifteen men toward Kingston. Soon after I heard guns, the fifteen men were driven in, and the fight in the darkness was on. Sometimes it was hand-to-hand; they had forty or more to our one. Near daybreak I made my last stand. My boys shot out their small pistols and threw them at the enemy in a hand-to-hand struggle. Colonel Scott's guns had not fired. Just at day I reached the bridge with thirty men, two lieutenants and seventy men lost. When we fired the combustibles they flashed up, and the Yankees stopped; but the light was so great that the enemy opened fire on us. We rode on the boards laid between the railroad iron bars. When we reached the south bank, a cannon shot killed one man and horse. Colonel Scott galloped up, swearing as he came, and said: "Adjutant, why did you fight so long?" I said: "Why didn't you fire your cannon?" He replied: "Some d— rascal spiked my guns." The Loudon Bridge was burned by order of Col. J. S. Scott on the morning of August 23, 1863.

Mr. Asa Johnson, who lives in Dayton, was one of the men detailed to prepare the fuel. The bridge was a two-story structure, the lower floor being used for wagon transportation. The dry pine poles were laid on this floor and saturated with turpentine. We rode over on the railroad spans. Johnson was a member of Capt. W. P. Darwin's Rhea County boys' company, which was Company C of J. R. Neal's 16th Battalion. He says he never did a harder night's work in his life than in preparing the fuel to burn the Loudon Bridge.

Mrs. D. R. Bedford, of Fort Worth, Tex., writes: "I am an old Tennessean, born and brought up in Lincoln County. During the war I spent all my time in making clothes and knitting socks and gloves for Company D, 8th Tennessee Regiment. I read and enjoy the *VETERAN*, but seldom see anything in it from that regiment. Long live the *VETERAN*, and God bless the boys who wore the gray!"

THE OLD BLACK MAMMY.

[Continued from page 6.]

a responsive chord. One could see that the old negroes enjoyed the recollections of former days and gave evidences of appreciation. Numbers of old black mammies were in the audience, and tears filled their eyes as the speakers told of their loyalty and faithfulness and that the sons of the old masters held the old mammies in affectionate remembrance.

These old ties had never been broken had not Reconstruction played its part. Emancipation did not do it; it was Reconstruction and the Freedmen's Bureaus. These did all that ingenuity could devise to detach the negroes from their old white folks. Reconstruction was a great curse to both races.

A GOOD PLACE TO DIE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

During my four years of service in the Confederate cause I heard and saw a great many funny things that served to mitigate the weariness of the march or the horrors of the battle field. My memory became a kind of *omnium gatherum* of witty sayings, humorous expressions, and ridiculous doings of my comrades. This on Meridian, Miss., expressed the opinion of many soldiers on that little wooden town at the railroad crossing, with its hotels of exorbitant charges and poor fare. Lauderdale Springs, a few miles north of Meridian, had a very large and well-equipped hospital, where I spent three months under treatment for blindness. In the hospital after I was there a Captain Sankowitz was being treated for typhoid fever. He was a foreigner, a soldier of fortune. For a time he was delirious. After a while, free from delirium, he was very weak. Calling his attendant, he said in a thin, feeble voice: "I want you to take me to Meridian." "Why do you want to go to Meridian?" "Because I am bound to die." "But," said the attendant, "what has Meridian to do with your dying?" And in a voice of utter weariness the Captain replied: "My dear sir, I have traveled all over the world and served in many countries, and I think I could leave this earth with less regret from Meridian than from any place on the face of the planet." The Captain began to improve and did not leave the earth just then.

Now, Meridian is a city of many thousands, rich, prosperous, up-to-date, and I want it understood that I do not vouch for the truth of this story. Indeed, I decline responsibility for anything that I have not seen and known myself. During the stay of my regiment at Port Hudson, where Captain Sankowitz commanded a battery, I took the daily *Memphis Appeal*, which published much grapevine news. My tent was open to the boys, and they read the paper and, going out, would spread the "news," and when asked where it came from the answer was: "Why, from the parson." So I gave this notice one evening in dress parade: "Don't believe anything you hear as coming from me unless I personally indorse it, and even then take it with many grains of salt."

VENGEANCE IS MINE!—Dr. M. R. Hammer, of Newton, Iowa, wants to hear from some survivor of the 33d Virginia Regiment who can give further facts of this incident, told him by J. F. Lucas, who was a member of Company H, of that regiment: "At the beginning of the War between the States a family by the name of Cabbage was living in Page County, Va. The father was too old to go into the army, but one of his sons, Simpson Cabbage, and two grandsons

were members of Company H, 33d Virginia Regiment. The Federals overran Page County, and one day as Mr. Cabbage was returning from mill he met two Yankee cavalrymen, who asked him if he was a Rebel. When he replied that he was too old to take any part in the war, they asked if he had any relatives in the Rebel army. Finding that he had a son and two grandsons in the Confederate service, one of the men put his pistol to the old man's head and shot him. Jackson's army was only a few miles away; and when Simpson Cabbage heard of the cruel murder of his father, he swore vengeance on the murderers. Getting a ten days' furlough for himself and nephews, after visiting at home a day or two, they took to the woods, watched the roads, and killed thirty-one Federal soldiers before rejoining their regiment. Northern papers were full of the doings of the bushwhackers, but nothing was said of the murder which instigated their vengeance."

LIEUTENANT COLONEL WHIPPLE.—J. C. R. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex., pays tribute to a kind-hearted prison commandant: "Col. Richard Owen was not the only Federal officer who was kind to Confederate prisoners during the war. I was one of eleven hundred Island No. 10 prisoners sent to Madison, Wis., in April, 1862, from Camp Douglas. Lieutenant Colonel Whipple, of the 17th Wisconsin Regiment, had charge of us. The weather was cold; and as we were thinly clad, he issued warm underwear to us and had our rations cooked for three days, until he could issue cooking vessels and have us comfortably located in barracks in the Fair Grounds. He allowed citizens to visit us and bring magazines, tobacco, etc., and allowed no visitor to insult us, saying that 'no gentleman would insult a prisoner who couldn't defend himself.' After two weeks he was relieved by the colonel of the regiment, and after he took charge of us our troubles began. Six weeks later we were sent back to Camp Douglas and remained until September, 1862, when we were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. Colonel Whipple no doubt has passed away, but I still revere his memory."

W. P. Ownby, of Whitewright, Tex., a native of Bedford County, Tenn., went into the war with Jim Boone's company of one hundred and fourteen able-bodied men from Shelbyville, which became a part of the 4th Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Ferguson, Buckner's Brigade. He later served in a company of the 44th Tennessee, and still later he was under Forrest and went with him and General Bragg through Kentucky. After the battle of Murfreesboro he was in the 4th Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Smith, and was with this regiment, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, at the close of the war. He would like to hear from some of the comrades of those strenuous days. He is now seventy-five years old.

Thomas M. Stell, Cuero, Tex.: "I have been a subscriber for nearly twenty-five years. I was eight years old when the war ended. My father and five uncles and a number of relatives were engaged on the side of the 'storm-cradled nation that fell,' some of whom rest in unmarked graves at Vicksburg and other battle fields. I take the *VETERAN* largely out of deference to their memory, yet I find it very interesting and worthy of the patronage of every son of the South. I regret that I have not preserved and bound my copies."

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DURING THE ENCAMPMENT

Dr. H. A. Parrott, of Blountville, Tenn., would like to hear from Jacob Coffee, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment, if still living or some of his family. Dr. Parrott was a member of the 19th Tennessee Regiment.

Mrs. Betty Smyer, Susanville, Oregon: "Every issue is better than the preceding one, to my great surprise, for all of them are so good that it seems impossible for the next to be better. My enthusiasm over the November issue is unbounded. I sent it to a dear friend."

C. M. Patterson, Kirkwood, Ga.: "Consider me a lifetime subscriber to the VETERAN."

H. V. Redington, Sidney, Nebr.: "I like the VETERAN. It is well edited, a little rasping at times, but there is a lot of information in it that possibly a good many of us don't get otherwise. In the November number the address by Bishop Denny, of Richmond, Va., is fine and is the feeling to go by. It is too long since the trouble between the North and South happened to have any very hard feelings, and a good deal should be passed up."

W. P. Burns, Ashwood, La.: "You can include me as one of your subscribers as long as I am able to make a dollar. Long may she live!"

George H. Miller, of Sutherland, Fla., writes: "The VETERAN seems to grow better with each issue. Its publication must never cease. The Southern people would be unworthy of it if any such fate should befall it."

Mrs. J. W. Tarrant, of Lynchburg, S. C., would like to hear from some comrade of her uncle, J. G. Rutherford, of Company B, 14th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, under Capt. A. C. West, McGowan's Brigade. He at one time was Jackson's courier.

J. M. Lynn, of Breckenridge, Tex., wants to hear from every surviving comrade of Gen. John H. Morgan's command who surrendered at Cheshire, Ohio, and was transferred to Cincinnati, then by railroad to Columbus, Ohio, and thence to Camp Chase Prison. Remaining there one month, they were transferred to Camp Douglas, Ill., and remained there until after the surrender.

J. T. Cook, of Waynesboro, Va., writes: "I am inclosing check for a year's subscription to the VETERAN. I am expecting to go to war most any time, but will let it continue to come to our home and help keep alive the heroic deeds of our fathers. I am a son of a veteran, but stand ready to answer the call to help defend the honor of our country and make our country safe for our women and children to live in."

PRACTICING THE REBEL YELL.—To put "the fear of God" into Boche hearts, United States marines in training are practicing the old-time Rebel yell. Confederate veterans, who take keen interest in the activities of the sea soldiers, are teaching the boys their battle cry, reminiscent of Civil War days. It is thought that the blending of a cowman's "ee-yah" with the blood-curdling whoop of the Seminole will put "pep" in the Marine Corps charge sufficient to dislodge the Boches from their trenches.—*National Tribune.*

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R. E. Lester, Jonesboro, Tenn.: "I find each issue of the VETERAN better and more enjoyable than the last copy. You are performing and accomplishing a worthy deed."

D. V. Rudicil, Summerville, Ga.: "Inclosed find \$1 for the VETERAN. I cannot do without it. * * * My father was in the war with Johnston, Stuart, Gordon, and Longstreet."

G. W. Chancellor, Box 372, Bowie, Tex., is trying to help Mrs. G. T. Walker secure a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who remembers her husband. G. T. Walker enlisted from Arkansas in the early part of the war, joining a South Carolina company under Captain Ramsey, who was later made brigadier general.

C. C. Briggs, Livingston Parish, Springville, La., would like to hear from some comrade of his father, Robert W. Briggs, who was a member of Company I, 24th Mississippi Regiment, and went through the Kentucky campaign with Bragg; was captured in the battle of Missionary Ridge, sent to Rock Island Prison for eighteen months, and was then exchanged. He was paroled with Forrest's men at Gainesville, Ala.

Mrs. M. E. Wootan, 257½ Lion Canal, Venice, Cal., wants to hear from any survivor of Company A, 33d Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A., to learn something of her husband's record. John Thomas Wootan volunteered as a private and was promoted until he became captain. Information of his record is wanted in order to secure a pension.

T. J. Feagin, of Sunflower, Ala., writes that he is one of the survivors of the Red Gauntlet, that left Mobile on July 13, 1867, and that he was in the wilds of Brazil for five years. A companion of his at the time was a General Dobbins, who said he had a brother killed at Atlanta. They were together more than a year on the Tapajose River, and Col. Charles Broom and John Massey were also with them. Colonel Broom died and was buried near a creek called Tapacora. Col. Charles Minefee, a lawyer (having but one leg), also died out in that wild country. All the personal belongings of these two men fell to General Dobbins. Mr. Feagin would like to hear from the relatives of either of these men and also from General Dobbins.

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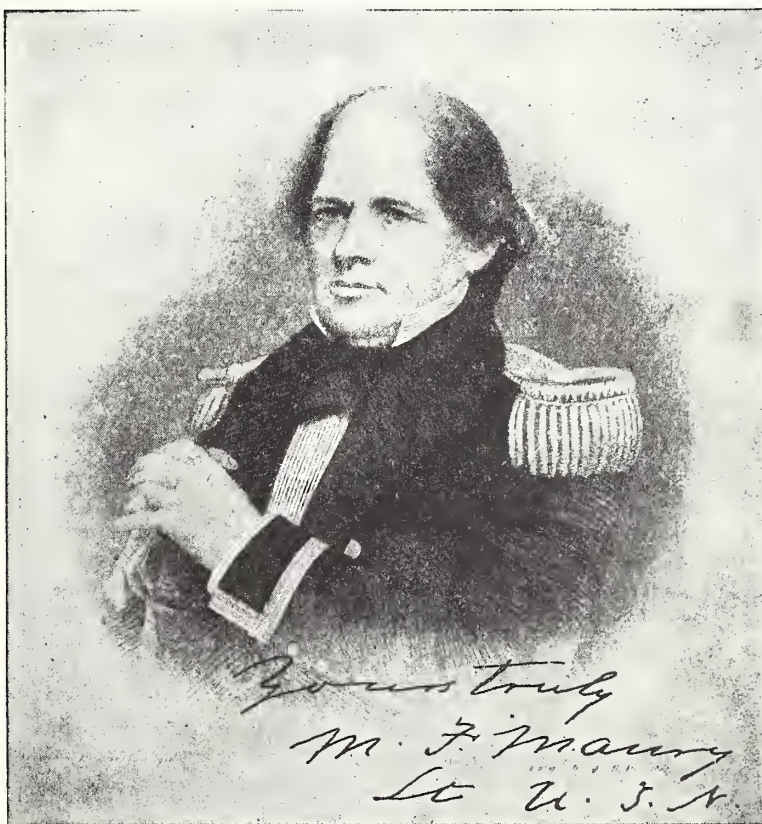
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AN EPIC POEM OF LEE.

Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens, a gifted literary woman of Kansas City, has just published the most ambitious effort of her career in the form of an epic poem dealing with the life and character of Robert E. Lee. That it is a labor of love and not a mere literary effort is evident in every line of the work, which comprises about sixty-five full pages of usual book print and is dedicated as follows: "To the memory of my father, who loved him, of my uncles, who followed him, I dedicate this poem—Lee."

The first high keynote struck in a little poem is maintained throughout the poem, which is for the most part in sonorous blank verse, frequently modified by metrical variations and occasional rhymes in ode form, giving a not unpleasing variety to the versification. The poem itself is instinct with a poetical soul, which is independent of verse forms, meter, or any of the artificial mediums of expression, that true poetry which can be expressed as effectively in so-called prose form as in the most ornate versification. A preliminary "taste of her quality" is effectively afforded by the introductory poem mentioned:

"Ay, this was Robert Lee and son of Harry,

Nephew of that Richard who did sign
The charter of our freedom, and nigh
Of kin to Fitzhugh and to Fairfax;
Yea, of goodly lineage from oversea;
And yet he had a prouder name withal
Than all these gentle titles;
Lover he and husband of the rose of
Arlington,
Sweetest Mary Custis, white rose of
Arlington."

The *Journal* has printed a number of Mrs. Stevens's shorter poems, which have uniformly breathed a spirit of mingled strength and delicacy. She may well commit this more pretentious work, which undoubtedly lies very close to her heart, to the consideration of the general public and to appreciative friends alike, as well as to the devotees of both causes, for there is nothing to offend the sensibilities of those who wore or revere the blue; and those who wore or revere the gray will find in "Lee" an expression of much of their love for the great Christian soldier of the Confederacy, who shed luster on the American name and who was more than the leader of the Confederacy. — *Kansas City Journal*.

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Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED.

"It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought."

So wrote General Lee to General Early after the war. In addition to the numerical odds against which the Southern armies were contending, what of that invisible, intangible opposition which was the real force that caused the downfall of the Confederacy? In his late book, "The Soul of Lee," Dr. Randolph H. McKim brings out certain facts showing the opposition in some of the States to recruiting the Confederate army from their citizenship. He says:

"It has been said that the Confederate States passed the most drastic conscript law on record, which may be true; but it is a mistake to suppose that this law was successfully executed. Thus General Cobb writes in December, 1864, from Macon, Ga., to the Secretary of War: 'I say to you that you will never get the men into the service who ought to be there through the conscript camp. It would require the whole army to enforce the conscript law if the same state of things exists throughout the Confederacy which I know to be the case in Georgia and Alabama and, I may add, Tennessee.'"

"The statement is often made that the Confederate conscription embraced all white males between sixteen and sixty years of age. This is an error. The first act, April 16, 1862, embraced men between eighteen and thirty-five years; the second, of September 27, 1862, men between eighteen and forty-five years; the third and last, of February 17, 1864, men between seventeen and fifty. * * *

"One of the difficulties confronting the conscript officers was the opposition of the Governors of some of the States, notably the Governor of Mississippi, the Governor of North Carolina, and the Governor of Georgia. Thus the doctrine of State rights, which was the bedrock of the Southern Confederacy, became a barrier to the effectiveness of the Confederate government. South Carolina passed an exemption law which nullified to a certain extent the conscript laws of the Confederacy, and Governor Vance, of North Carolina, proposed 'to try title with the Confederate government in resisting the claims of the conscript officers to such citizens of North Carolina as he made claim to for the proper administration of the State.'"

"The laws of North Carolina," General Preston, of the

conscription bureau, complains, 'have created large numbers of officers; and the Governor of that State has not only claimed exemption for those officers, but for all persons employed in any form by the State of North Carolina, such as workers in factories, salt makers, etc. * * * This bureau has no power to enforce the Confederate law in opposition to the * * * claims of the State.'

"Governor Brown, of Georgia, forbade the enrollment of 'large bodies of the citizens of Georgia.' * * * General Preston complains in like strain of the action of the Governor of Mississippi.

"There is an important report by General Preston in February, 1865, in which he gives the number of exempts allowed by the conscript bureau in seven States and parts of two States east of the Mississippi as 66,586. He then gives the agricultural details, those for public necessity and government service, contractors and artisans, a total of 21,414, the whole aggregating 87,990 men. In another report, of November, 1864, he gave the number of State officers on the certificates of Governors in nine States as 18,843. This, with the preceding, makes a grand total of 106,833.

"These are exemptions under the Confederate States' laws in seven States and in parts of two States. They do not include the States west of the Mississippi. But in addition to these there were many thousand exemptions under purely State laws. We have no complete record of these last, but in the State of Georgia alone we have a record of 11,031 such exemptions.

"We may also refer to the statement of General Kemper that in December, 1864, 'the returns of the bureau, obviously imperfect and partial, show 28,035 men in the State of Virginia between eighteen and forty-five exempt and detailed for all causes.' The South having an agricultural population, it was necessary when war came to organize manufactories of every kind of equipment for the army."

From all this may be realized the difficulties in the way of properly recruiting the armies of the Confederacy. The losses in men must be met to keep an army at fighting strength. With its States intrenched in their "rights," withholding citizens from necessary military service, what hope was there for the Southern Confederacy? Its ruin was from within as well as from without.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
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All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

I AM MY FATHER'S SON.

BY D. G. BICKERS.

I am my father's son, and for that reason one may see
That something noble and heroic is expected now of me.

I know that each must stand or fall upon his own account,
Each generation bear the justly chargeable amount
It owes to duty; and I know my father could not do
The thing expected of his son, and still this, too, is true:
He left a precious legacy into my keeping; now
I am responsible for this, its safety, and just how
It shall be kept untarnished, how its value shall increase
From day to day through trying times of war or times of
peace—

The name I bear, it is the bond for faithfulness to trust,
And to the challenge sacredly I answer now, "I must."

I am my father's son, and for that reason one may see
That something noble and heroic is expected now of me.

THE WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.

The wonderful increase of agricultural products in the South during the past year is set forth in the following, as published in the *Manufacturing Record*:

"The total value of the farm crops of the South (not including live-stock products) for 1917 was \$5,710,732,000, which exceeds by \$150,000,000, the highest value of all farm crops in the United States in 1911, the record value up to that year. This amazing change is a striking illustration of the enormous advances in the value of agricultural products of recent years.

"The total value of all crops in the South for last year was only about six per cent less than the total value of all farm crops in the United States in 1914, only four years ago.

"The gain in 1917 over 1916 was for the South over \$2,000,000,000, and as compared with 1909 there was an increase of over \$3,500,000,000.

"The increase in the South last year over the year before was, as stated, a little over \$2,000,000,000, while the total increase for the rest of the country was \$2,600,000,000. Thus nearly one-half of the total gain of crop values in the United States last year was in the South. This was not due, except to a limited extent, to the increase in the cotton crop, as many have supposed. The value of the cotton crop in 1917, as compared with 1916, not including seed in either case, showed an increase of \$390,000,000, or less than one-fifth of the net increase in 1917.

"The total value of the cotton crop for 1917, based on the December 1 prices as reported by the Department of Agriculture, would be \$1,517,000,000. If to this the value of the seed be added, the total of lint and seed would be in round figures about \$2,000,000,000 out of a grand total for all crop products of the South of \$5,710,000,000. Thus only about one-third of the total crop values of the South is due to cotton.

"As we have repeatedly shown of late, the South's increase in corn in 1917 was nearly one-half of the total increase in the United States, and last year's grain crop in the South aggregated about \$1,600,000,000.

"These figures are all based on the annual report of the Department of Agriculture, with crop values figured on the prices prevailing on December 1, 1917. Since that date there has been a large increase in the price of cotton and an advance in many other products. So, while the Department of Agriculture officially reports these figures for the year, the actual results will largely exceed them.

"If to the value of the crops we should add the value of animal products, the total value of farm products of the South for the year would exceed \$7,000,000,000."

The Nashville *Tennessean and American* comments thus on this showing: "And the increase in farming products is but a part of the immense business of the South. There is a constant and rapid growth in iron, steel, and coal business; and in the South shipbuilding for the government is being prosecuted on a large scale, to say nothing of the great munitions plants which the government is erecting. There is nothing now that can stop the progress of this wonderful section of the United States. It is expanding with a rapidity that is astounding."

If the South can make such a magnificent showing in one year by a little effort, what may not be expected of an extra earnest effort exerted generally throughout this section? We have the chance to put the South again in the lead, and to be true to ourselves we must do it. A strong pull all together, comrades; all together, remember!

A TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Many hearts will be saddened by the announcement of the death of Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill at her home, in Pulaski, Tenn., on Thursday, January 24, after a brief illness. Through her work as Historian General U. D. C. during 1917 Mrs. Newbill had become widely endeared to the organization, and she was also prominently known through her Division work and her contributions to Confederate history. It was mainly through her efforts that a bronze tablet was erected in Pulaski to mark the place where the Ku-Klux Klan originated. She was ever a tireless worker in the interest of true Confederate history.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

There is one insatiable, constant demand from soldiers in trench and training camp—the demand for letters from home.

Mothers and sisters and friends of soldiers can perform as great a service for them with the pen as with the knitting needle. Sweaters and socks at best mean but physical comfort, while letters strengthen the heart.

If our soldiers are to fight their best, we must keep them secure in their faith in our appreciation of their sacrifice and aware of the beauty and worth of the homes for whose freedom and happiness they go to battle.

Letters to soldiers should be pictures of home, and letter writers should spare no effort to make them cheerful and inspiring. The veriest commonplaces of family life are dear to these exiled lads—the news that mother is making pickles, that father was on the soliciting committee for the liberty loan, or that sister has joined the first-aid class. And don't forget the clippings from the home paper and the snapshot of mother feeding the hens.—*Brunswick Banner*.



A TRIBUTE.

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, COL. C. C. BLACKNALL,
23D NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL.

On the 6th of November, 1864, my brother passed away,
And we laid him under the trees in their leaves of gold
and brown,
Standing as mourning sentinels. There he rests in his Con-
federate gray,
The autumn leaves forming a pall o'er the ground.

In beautifully kept cemeteries the Northern soldiers lie,
And over them sculptured marble monuments pierce the sky;
In the woods the Southern soldier mounds dimly may be seen,
And where'er they lie nature spreads her pall of gold and
green.

The finest marbles from quarries are riven
To rear monuments that will crumble and fall,
While the refreshing dews from heaven
Will forever keep nature's leafy pall.
While the North will to the blue ever homage pay,
Deep in Southern hearts is embalmed the gray.

Charles Christopher Blacknall was born in Granville County,
N. C., December 4, 1830. Responding to the call of the South

in 1861, he raised a company called the Granville Riflemen and was commissioned its captain. This became Company G of the 13th, later known as the 23d, North Carolina Volunteers. In June, 1862, he was promoted to major and in August, 1863, to colonel, commanding the 23d North Carolina Regiment. As a soldier there was none braver. He was in the severest engagements of his command, was desperately wounded, captured, exchanged, captured again and imprisoned, again exchanged, and at Winchester received his mortal wound and died as a prisoner of war in the home of a Washington and on the site of Washington's ancient fort built in the French and Indian War, his death being in keeping with his picturesque career.

WHERE ARE THE NAVAL MONUMENTS?

In his address during the Vicksburg memorial celebration in October, 1917, A. O. Wright, commanding the Confederate naval veterans, told of how the inventions of Confederate naval officers are influencing the war in Europe at the present. The disappearing gun, now universally used, was invented by Capt. Beverly Kennon, C. S. N.; Capt. John N. Brooke invented the Brooke gun, which in its present perfected form, with shrunk-on bands of steel, is now the big gun of the world; Confederate naval officers invented the first ironclad ram, which was demonstrated to be an effective fighting machine; the torpedo was a Confederate navy evolution; the submarine was a project of the Confederate navy for the purpose of ridding our rivers and harbors of Federal blockaders, with never a thought that it would be used to murder women and children on peaceful merchant ships.

"But," says Commander Wright, "in going over the Vicksburg National Park, viewing the monuments, statues, and inscriptions to the Federal army and navy heroes and to the Confederate army heroes, I asked: 'Where are the tributes to the Confederate naval heroes?' The answer was: 'There are none.' Millions of dollars have been spent by Congress and the States to improve this grand park and in placing the many testimonials there in enduring form. Surely Congress and the States should be willing to spend a few hundred thousands in commemorating the valor of the Confederate naval heroes who served in that siege."

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BOYS.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution, the two distinctly patriotic women's organizations in the State, should in some uniform manner pay loving respect to the memory of each boy who dies in the service of his country; hence we ask that each Chapter President of the U. D. C. appoint a committee to send a Confederate battle flag, size 9x15 inches, to the funeral of every boy in her town and county, and that each Chapter Regent of the D. A. R. follow the same plan, sending a United States flag of the same dimensions.

Chapter Presidents will please ask their local undertakers to inform them of each funeral.

These organizations consider it a privilege to honor these men who so freely give their lives for a glorious cause, and each Chapter in Tennessee will be glad of the opportunity to perform this sacred duty.

MRS. BIRDIE A. OWEN,
President Tennessee Division, U. D. C.;
MRS. THOMAS POLK,
State Regent D. A. R.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The truly great ask nothing for themselves; their reward comes in the benefit of their service to mankind. But when those who have benefited by such service knowingly or carelessly allow the passing of that greatness into oblivion, a crime has been committed even against themselves, and the forces of time will bring it to light. If one were asked to name a man of the nineteenth century who had rendered the greatest practical service to mankind, what name could be more appropriately given than that of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "the pathfinder of the seas," whose charts and computations made of old ocean's highway a safer means of travel? What, then, may be thought of those who have so ignored this great service that, some forty years after his death, a fellow countryman confesses to having never heard the name until he made a visit to the South, Maury's native section, which does not forget? Honored by all the great governments of Europe, his own government, in punishment for his allegiance to his State when the separation came in the sixties, has treated him with silent neglect, his name even being omitted in official records of the departments he created. This neglect has been in part atoned for at this late day by giving his name to one of the buildings of the new Naval Academy and by Congress in 1916 making an appropriation for a monument to his memory. None will ever be more worthily placed in the city of Washington.

It is not possible here to give more than an outline of the life history of this distinguished scholar and gentleman. For some of the material at hand acknowledgment is made to Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, Tenn., who has for some years been interested in the effort to fittingly commemorate his wonderful achievements; and extracts have been made from the sketch of Maury by Maj. Francis H. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, contributed to the "Library of Southern Literature." Both make reference to the "Life of Maury," by his daughter Diana (Mrs. Corbin). Some notes are also taken from a sketch which appeared in the *Southern Illustrated News* of December 27, 1862.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was the fourth son of Richard Maury and Diana, daughter of Maj. John Minor, of Topping Castle, Caroline County, Va., whose Virginia ancestors had received a grant of land in the reign of Charles II. His grandfather was James Maury, an Episcopal clergyman and instructor of youth in Walker Parish, Albemarle County, Va., while his great-grandparents were Matthew Maury, "a Huguenot gentleman," and Mary Ann Fontaine, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Fontaine, once pastor at Rochelle, in France, afterwards a refugee in Ireland, and author of the "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family." Thus the blood of Protestant England commingled with that of Huguenot France in the veins of Matthew Fontaine Maury. His parents lived first in Spotsylvania County, Va., near Fredericksburg, where he was born on January 14, 1806. When he was five years old, his father removed to Tennessee, settling near Franklin. Here in the wilderness of Tennessee the Maury family lived the life of all pioneers. Each night and morning Richard Maury assembled his family of five sons and four daughters and read the Psalter for the day in response. In this way the boy Matthew became so familiar with the Psalms that in after life he could cite a quotation, giving verse and chapter, without reference to the Bible. A seeming trifle fired his ambition to become a mathematician. The shoemaker who made the family shoes often sent them home with little "x's" and "y's" scratched over the soles, which so excited Matthew's

curiosity that he began the study of figures, to the untold benefit and wealth of the world.

Sometimes what is regarded as a calamity proves to be a great blessing, and this young Maury found to be the case when, in his twelfth year, he fell from a tall tree and was picked up apparently dead. He was so injured that his father thought he could nevermore be of use on the farm, so he yielded to Matthew's pleading for more schooling and sent him to Harpeth Academy, later taught by Rev. James Henry Otey, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee, and by William C. Hasbrook, who became a distinguished New York lawyer.

At the age of nineteen Matthew Maury received, through the influence of Gen. Sam Houston, the eminent Texan, then a Senator in the United States Congress, an appointment as midshipman from Tennessee in the navy, and it is interesting to note that his first cruise was in the frigate *Brandywine* when she conveyed General Lafayette to France. It is also interesting to know that during the voyage the young midshipman attracted the favorable notice of the distinguished guest.

As there was at that time no naval academy, the cadets received their training entirely on the water. For fourteen years young Maury was afloat on many seas, during which time he was incessantly employed in observation and study and also in preparing a book on navigation which was used for years in the United States navy. The accident in 1839 which crippled him for life gave him opportunity for his greatest work. While convalescing he wrote for the *Southern Literary Messenger* a series of articles on the navy in which he advocated, among other things, the adoption of steam as a motive power for ships of war and the substitution of a few rifled guns of great size for the smaller pieces then used on our large battleships. These articles attracted wide attention; and though not written under his own name, their authorship was soon discovered. Upon recovery, although lame from his accident, Maury applied for active service again; but he was instead placed in charge of the depot of charts and instruments at Washington. He entered upon the development of this work with his usual energy, and from the records collected there he was able to furnish a better chart to those navigators who were willing to co-operate with him, thus shortening their voyages and making them safer. His "Wind and Current Charts and Sailing Directions," issued from year to year, created what Alexander Von Humboldt called "the physical geography of the sea." His investigations and study were continued by the most scientific methods and extended into that branch of physical science known as meteorology. "By his patient, expanding collection of facts through a series of years and his masterly discussion of these facts he not only gave to the world a new science, but gave to students the best specimens, perhaps, which the century affords of the sound Baconian method in the discovery of natural truth. The beneficial results of his labors were quickly extended to ships of other lands and created such an interest that he was able to assemble at Brussels in 1853 the first International Meteorological Congress, participated in by all the great commercial nations of the world, leading to the recommendation of a world-wide uniform system of observations at sea."

At this congress Maury was loaded with honors. "No American ever had so prompt and so general a recognition of his merit from foreign governments. The Emperor of Russia made him a Knight of the Order of St. Ann; the King of Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; the

King of Portugal, Knight of the Tower and Sword; the King of Belgium, Knight of the Order of St. Leopold; the Emperor of France, Commander of the Legion of Honor; and Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Sardinia, Bremen, and France struck medals in his honor. The pope conferred upon him a notable testimonial, and the Emperor of Mexico gave him a decoration. More than sixteen learned societies gave him honorary membership; while later the University of Cambridge, England, made him LL.D. at the same time with Tennyson."

With his marvelous research work came the thought of what could be done on land in the same way, and between 1850 and 1860 his efforts to secure daily reports from the farmers and lakeshore people were the beginning of our National Weather Bureau and Signal Service, which has been built up by the observations and suggestions of others moving along the same lines.

But the whole time of this remarkable man was not given to his scientific work. He saw the country's need of many things, and the defenses on the coast of Florida and at Memphis were built by his suggestion. In 1843 he urged the building of a canal from the Illinois River to Lake Michigan to connect with the Mississippi River and the Memphis Navy Yard. His knowledge of the sea bottom disclosed to him the "telegraphic plateau" when Cyrus W. Field was making preparations for the first Atlantic cable, and he gave such valuable help to that enterprise that he shared in the honor of its success, Mr. Field saying that "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

Maury's fertile brain also considered a Panama Canal, and his publications in 1849 led to the Darien exploring expedition, which helped to prepare our people to take up the French failure as an American enterprise. However, his most important work during his nineteen years at the Washington Observatory was the preparation of his book, "The Physical Geography of the Sea," which was such a success that it was reprinted in England, passing through twenty editions; and it was translated into Swedish, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Italian, and received the commendation of leading scientists. Its last edition in this country was prepared during the closing years of the author's life, 1872-73.

When in 1861 our country became involved in sectional strife, Maury answered the call made by Virginia to her sons and on April 20 resigned his commission in the United States navy and went to Richmond. There he was made one of the Executive Council, with the Chief Justice of the State, Allen, and Gen. F. S. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, which was to advise with Governor Letcher as to the best means of arming and protecting the State. When it became known in Europe that he had resigned from the Federal government, he received a cordial invitation from the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar and Grand Admiral of Russia, to make his home in that country and continue his scientific studies and investigations. Maury courteously declined the invitation, with the material benefits it might hold for him, for his country was in peril, and her fortune must be his.

When Virginia became a part of the Confederacy, the duties of the council were ended, so it was abolished; and on the same day, June 10, 1861, Maury was appointed chief of the seacoast, harbor, and river defenses of the South, in which post he assisted in fitting out the Virginia (Merrimac) for her short but destructive career. He invented a most formidable torpedo to be used both in water and land de-

fenses, which was operated by an electric current; and in other ways he contributed to the protection of the Southern seaboard. In 1862 he was sent by the Confederate government to England to see to the fitting out of Confederate cruisers. In that very entertaining volume, "Recollections of a Rebel Reefer," Colonel Morgan gives an interesting account of the trip to London with Commodore Maury, who, he says, notwithstanding his many years on the water, always suffered from seasickness, but his disposition was such that he was able to bear it with serenity and even able to joke about it while sick. He also tells of the attention paid to the distinguished guest while in London, not as a representative of the Confederate government, for that had never been recognized abroad, but as "Lieutenant Maury," the great scientist. "All day long," he says, "there would be in front of the house a string of carriages with coronets on their doors, while their owners were paying their respects to the great 'Lieutenant Maury.'"

The close of the War between the States found Maury an exile in England, a man without home or country, for it was not until 1868 that the Act of Amnesty enabled him to return to Virginia. He had planned to make his home in Mexico and had in charge a colonization project for that government, but his heart was ever with his native land and people. Though offered the directorship of the Imperial Observatory at Paris and the chancellorship of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., he declined both, but accepted the chair of physics in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., where he died on February 1, 1873, America's greatest citizen, even to-day, in his world service and benefaction. His body rests in beautiful Hollywood, at Richmond, Virginia's Valhalla.

In 1834, while a first lieutenant, Matthew F. Maury returned to Virginia and married his cousin, Ann Herndon, to whom he had been engaged for several years. Their married life was most happy, each finding in the other ideal companionship and helpfulness. His devotion to her and to their children is strongly brought out in his letters, as well as other beautiful traits of his character. For his children he had pet names, John being "Davy Jones" and Matthew, Jr., "Brave," both of whom are referred to in the letter to his wife written from Charleston, S. C., in 1862, just as he was starting on his mission to England for the Confederate government. In this he says:

"My Dear Wife: Your short note of the 4th has come to hand. We devoured it. 'Brave' is at his lessons. 'Brave' has read me from the calendar that the moon rises Saturday night by eight. We shall certainly get off that night, if not before. I shall be most anxious to hear about the fighting at Corinth and to learn how fared my 'Davy Jones' and Dabney. I am expecting a telegram from you about them. If either has been hit, the telegraphic account would perhaps have things worse than they really are, and so I shall sail and be miserable for a month or more in the absence of later information. Therefore I have concluded that it is more philosophical to sail thinking 'all's well' and wait for letters to dispel the delusion, if it be a delusion. I am thinking and dreaming about you all the time. Kiss them all [the children he calls by name]. May God Almighty bless and keep you!"

"HALIFAX, N. S., November 10, 1862.

"My Dear Friend: We arrived here last night after a tedious and boisterous passage of five and a half days from Bermuda. 'Brave' and I both suffered more from seasickness than we did in the passage to Bermuda. But, thanks

be to God, here we are at last, safe and well. This is Monday. Thursday night at two we take the steamer for Liverpool, and in nine days more we are due in 'Merrie Old England.'

"This is a place of 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. They are strongly 'secesh' here. The Confederate flag has been flying from the top of the hotel all day in honor, I am told, of our arrival. There is a grand review here to-day. It is the birthday of the Prince of Wales. They are celebrating it with unusual pomp, as it is his twenty-first. 'Brave' has gone with some of the passengers to see the review, etc. God bless you and us all!"

To his eldest daughter on the eve of her marriage he wrote:

"My Dear Daughter: My thoughts dwell with you, and my heart, brimful of the most tender and affectionate solicitude, clings to you. Alone in my room, there is something which keeps you ever present. The step you are about to take is the step of life—with a woman it certainly is such."

After commenting on the excellence and worth of his daughter's intended, he says: "That you are both poor is no ground for solicitude. Happiness is above riches; and if you are happy being poor, wealth would not, I apprehend, make you happy. Poverty has its virtues, and my struggles with it are full of pleasant remembrances. I hope your experience will tally with mine. I do not say strive to be content, for in that there is progression; but be content to strive. Your mother and I commenced housekeeping when my pay was forty dollars, and we lived as happily as now (1856). * * * God bless you, my child! is the daily prayer of your affectionate father."

The last will and testament of a man does not always reveal his character, but who can read this of Maury's without realizing the greatness of soul which made him so appreciative of the blessings which had been his, for the love and affection of wife and children, for the kindness of friends and relatives? It begins:

"By the grace and mercy of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I, Matthew Fontaine Maury, being of sound mind and healthful body, do make this my last will and testament.

"Should I fall in the war in which my country is now in this month of February, 1862, unhappily engaged, I wish no efforts to be made by my family to recover my body. A sailor's or a soldier's burial is all in such a case that I desire at the hands of men. But I pray the Lord to have mercy on my soul, beseeching my Redeemer from this day to the last to strengthen my hands to fight and to deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living.

"Should it please my Heavenly Father to let me die in the bosom of my family, then a pine coffin, a plain funeral, and a simple burial, with an evergreen to mark the spot, will constitute the burial, the tomb, and the epitaph that, under the circumstances, are most grateful to me.

"But whether I die in peace, surrounded by family and friends, or whether I fall in battle, I hope my wife and children will not grieve because I am gone before, but that they will be comforted and abstain from outward signs of mourning.

"After my death I wish the expenses of my burial and all my debts to be paid. The remaining portion of my possessions, save only my medals, I leave to my dear wife, who

deserves all and more than I can give. I love her for her love and gentleness and honor myself by confessing to my children our obligations to her for all her goodness as wife and mother and friend. I thank her for her example of piety and religion. My children, too, they have been dutiful, obedient, and affectionate, giving me calm and comfort, for which I humbly thank them. Very precious are they to their father's heart. They will comfort and cherish their mother when I am gone, as they have done to both when I was living."

After devising his medals to his children and granddaughter, he leaves other legacies of great value to relatives, and closes the document in this way: "Thanking all my good friends and affectionate relations for their many kindnesses and lamenting my own unworthiness, I commend them to God's holy keeping and my own soul to his gentle mercies."

His was a goodly family of sons and daughters, and another member was added by the adoption of the young son of his brother Dick, whom he had loved as more than brother. They had planned as boys always to live together, and each was to name his eldest son for the other. But when Matthew had a home of his own, Dick was dead, and the young nephew, Matthew F., became as one of his own children until he was old enough to depend upon himself. He was appointed to the Naval Academy by the Hon. Meredith P. Gentry, United States Senator from Tennessee and later of the Confederate Congress, and he also served the Confederacy in the ranks. This Matthew Fontaine Maury is now living in Franklin, Tenn., having on the 17th of January reached his eighty-ninth year.

In personal appearance Commodore Maury was stout, about five six inches in height; of a fresh, ruddy complexion, with curling brown hair, and clear, tender blue eyes; a deep, full chest and square shoulders; a strong neck, on which rested the massive head; long of arm, with small, soft, and beautifully shaped hands, which he used gracefully in gesticulating when talking; a face that reflected his noble, pleasant thoughts. He was a most enjoyable companion, a good listener as well as talker, and he made it a point to adapt himself to all with whom he came in contact. He especially enjoyed young people, to whom his wit and humor and gentle consideration made him very magnetic. He was never disturbed by an interruption, possessing the faculty of being able to carry a thought or to concentrate on a subject despite his surroundings, laying down his pen to join heartily in the laugh at a good joke, encourage the jollity, and then resume his writing or other work. His greatest books were written with his family circle around him. His daughters often wrote for him, and sometimes he would dictate to two at once, with one of the small girls balanced on the rounds of his chair curling his black hair over the red and blue pencil that was ever his companion.

Most appropriately may this sketch be concluded by these lines from "His Life Work," by Edgar A. Guest:

"He carried kindness where he went;
He spoke the simple word of cheer
That much to many a toiler meant;
His lips were never known to sneer.

Home was where he looked for praise.
If they were proud of him and smiled
To see him coming home at night,
To life his soul was reconciled,
And he possessed supreme delight."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF SECESSION.

BY CORNELIUS H. FAUNTLEROY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

[Second paper in series to be published by the Gray Book Committee, S. C. V.]

Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, in the preface to his book written in the year 1866 entitled "Is Davis a Traitor?" but in its last edition entitled "The War between the States," says: "It is not the design of this book to open the subject of secession. The subjugation of the Southern States and their acceptance of the terms dictated by the North may, if the reader please, be considered as having shifted the Federal government from the basis of compact to that of conquest, and thereby extinguished every claim to the right of secession for the future. * * * The sole object of this work is to discuss the right of secession with reference to the past in order to vindicate the character of the South for loyalty and to wipe off the charges of treason and rebellion from the names and memories of Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and of all who have fought or suffered in the great war of coercion."

That great work has no equal in the world on the subject of the fundamental character and the relation of the antebellum Federal government to that of the several States of the Union and of the right of the latter to withdraw from the Union. Its arguments, based as they are upon unequalled profundity, clarity, logic, and accuracy, are unanswerable.

My object in writing this article is the same as Dr. Bledsoe's. I have no intention of discussing the wisdom, unwisdom, expediency, or in expediency of secession. Of course his exhaustive work leaves little to be said on his side of the subject.

Unselfishness and faith in principle are cardinal features of the divine Christian religion, and there is no real patriotism that does not contain them.

Fighting for their constitutional rights, the Southerners who supported their Confederacy offered up their lives and their property without pay, stint, or hesitation for their cause. At the end of the war they faced widespread devastation, wholesale bankruptcy, and slavery for years under the carpet-bagger and negro régime. Where can such an enormous and heroic sacrifice of life and property for the sake of constitutional principle be found?

The most distinctive and brilliant characteristic of the English-speaking peoples is their deathless love of constitutional principles and limitations. John Hampden, gentleman, as Macaulay calls him, and not that bloody despot and hypocrite, Oliver Cromwell, was the hero of the rebellion against Charles I. for the latter's violation of the English Constitution. Hampden said: "I am a rich man and am easily able to pay the shilling tax which Charles Stuart has levied against me; but he has done so in violation of the Constitution of England without an act of Parliament, and I will not pay it, but will take up arms against him." He did so; and when King Charles I. heard of his having been mortally wounded in the battle of Chalgrove Field, he sent his royal surgeon to attend him, but in vain. Few names stand as high in the temple of fame as that of Hampden.

The American people in their war of independence started their revolution to vindicate their constitutional rights. So did the Southern people in their War between the States. In no section of the United States have there existed reverence for and obedience to the Constitution as widespread and potent as in the Southern States.

By the Southern people the Constitution has never been regarded as obsolete nor as "a scrap of paper." One of the strangest and most significant things in American history is the careful suppression by Northern writers of the assertion by the State of Massachusetts and by many of the leading men in the New England States of their right of secession and of the official declaration of open and unyielding resistance to the Federal government by members of the governments of other leading Northern States. These momentous facts of American history are also carefully excluded from the schools and many of the colleges from Boston to San Francisco.

When Thomas Jefferson, as President of the United States, purchased for the Federal government the vast Louisiana Territory in 1803, the legislature of Massachusetts passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of the United States. It forms a new confederacy to which the States united by a former compact are not bound to adhere."

President James Buchanan, in his work entitled "Buchanan's Administration," page 86, says: "At an early period after the formation of the Constitution many influential individuals of New England became dissatisfied with the union between the Northern and Southern States and wished to dissolve it. This design, according to Mr. John Quincy Adams, had been formed in the winter of 1803-04 immediately after, and in consequence of, the acquisition of Louisiana. 'That their object was,' said John Quincy Adams, 'and had been for several years, a dissolution of the Union and the establishment of a separate confederation, I knew from unequivocal evidence, although not provable in a court of law, and that in case of a civil war the aid of Great Britain to effect that purpose would be assuredly resorted to, as it would be indispensably necessary to their design.'"

Mr. Adams says he communicated this design to Mr. Jefferson in 1809. Again, when President of the United States, Mr. Adams said: "That project, I repeat, had gone to the length of fixing upon a military leader for its execution; and although the circumstances of the times never admitted of its execution nor even of its full development, I had no doubt in 1808-09, and have no doubt at this time, that it is the key of all the great movements of the Federal party in New England from that time forward till its final catastrophe at the Hartford Convention."

"It is but fair to observe," said President Buchanan, "that these statements were denied by the parties implicated, but were still adhered to and again reaffirmed by Mr. Adams." (See the letter of John Quincy Adams of date December 30, 1828, in reply to Harrison Gray Otis and others.)

Josiah Quincy, a member of the prominent Massachusetts family of that time and a member of the Congress of the United States from that State from the year 1805 until 1813, said in his speech in Congress on January 14, 1811, in opposition to the admission of the Louisiana Territory into the Union as a State: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

This same Josiah Quincy was President of Harvard College from the year 1829 until 1845.

The Hartford Convention was first held at Hartford, Conn.,

in the year 1814, and the journal of that convention of date January 4, 1815, said: "Events may prove that the causes of our calamities are deep and permanent. They may be found to proceed not merely from blindness of prejudice, pride of opinion, violence of party spirit, or the confusion of the times, but they may be traced to implacable combinations of individuals or of States to monopolize power and office and to trample without remorse upon the rights and interests of the commercial sections of the Union. Whenever it shall appear that these causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies inflamed by mutual hatred and jealousies and inviting by intestine divisions contempt and aggressions from abroad."

Harrison Gray Otis, T. H. Perkins, and W. Sullivan, the commissioners appointed by that convention to lay the grievances of New England before the government of the United States, reported that they had declined to do so because they found on their arrival at Washington that peace had been concluded.

Speaking of the Hartford Convention, President Buchanan said that "this body manifested their purpose to dissolve the Union should Congress refuse to redress the grievances of which they complained."

President Buchanan also said, in the work entitled "Buchanan's Administration," page 88: "The right of secession found advocates afterwards in men of distinguished abilities and unquestioned patriotism."

In 1825 the right of secession was maintained by Mr. William Rawle, of Philadelphia, an eminent and universally respected lawyer, in his work entitled "View of the Constitution of the United States." In speaking of him, his biographer says that "in 1791 he was appointed district attorney of the United States, and the situation of attorney-general was more than once tendered him by Washington, but as often declined for domestic reasons."

In his aforementioned book Mr. Rawle said: "The Union is an association of republics. * * * We have associated as republics, but the mere compact without the means to enforce it would be of little value. * * * It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on the State itself whether it continues a member of the Union. * * * The States may withdraw from the Union, but while they continue they must retain the character of republics as well as comply with every stipulation of the constitutional compact."

This clear and correct book on the character of our Constitution and of the Federal government, written by this distinguished and able Pennsylvanian, was used as a textbook for many years before the War between the States at the United States West Point Military Academy. How, then, could Gens. Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, J. E. B. Stuart, Beauregard, Leonidas Polk, Ewell, A. P. Hill, Fitzhugh Lee, George Washington Custis Lee, Early, Hardee, and hundreds of other officers of the Confederate army, as well as the President, Jefferson Davis, be successfully convicted or even accused of treason for following their States in their formal withdrawal from the Federal Union when they had received this instruction from the United States government through the prominent Mr. Rawle's great constitutional treatise?

The brilliant French author and statesman De Tocqueville, who, after traveling through the United States, wrote his

celebrated work entitled "Democracy in America," said in it: "The Union was formed by the voluntary agreement of the States, and in uniting together they have not forfeited their nationality, nor have they been reduced to the condition of one and the same people. If one of the States chose to withdraw from the compact, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so, and the Federal government would have no means of maintaining its claims directly either by force or right."

Mr. Spence, the well-known and able English writer, said in his work entitled "The American Union" that "secession was a constitutional right."

Dr. Mackay, another prominent writer, said: "The Federal government exists on sufferance only. Any State may at any time constitutionally withdraw from the Union and thus virtually dissolve it. It was not certainly created with the idea that the States, or several of them, would desire a separation, but whenever they choose to do it they have no obstacle in the Constitution."

After quoting these opinions of De Tocqueville and Mr. Mackay, Mr. Spence wrote: "Here secession is plainly declared a constitutional right, not by excited Southerners, but by impartial men of unquestionable ability."

William Lloyd Garrison, as President of the Antislavery Society of America, in his annual address delivered by him to the Society in 1844, said *inter alia*: "In withdrawing from the American Union we have the God of justice with us. * * * Circulate a declaration of disunion from slaveholders throughout the country. * * * The American Constitution is a paradox, the American Union is a paradox, the American government is a paradox; and if any one of these is to be repudiated on that ground, they all are. That it is the duty of the friends of freedom to deny the binding authority of them all and to secede from all, we distinctly affirm."

Dr. Bledsoe says in that powerful work of his: "President Buchanan could not find the power to coerce a State in the Constitution he had sworn to support. In like manner Professor Bernard, of Oxford University, England, finding no authority for the coercion of a State in the Constitution of 1787, pronounces it a wrong. The same ground is taken by Mr. Freeman, of the same university, in his learned work on 'Federal Government.' But if coercion is a wrong under the Constitution, then surely secession is a constitutional right."

If any one ridicules the idea or the statement that the Federal government had no constitutional authority to coerce States which had formally withdrawn from the Union, the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky *versus* William Dennison, Governor and executive authority of the State of Ohio, rendered at the December term of said court in the year 1860, will shed great light upon the limitations and character of the Federal Constitution and government of said date. A motion was made in this case in the Supreme Court of the United States in behalf of the State of Kentucky, by direction and in the name of the Governor of the State, for a rule on the Governor of Ohio to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued by said court commanding him to cause Willis Lago, a fugitive from justice, to be delivered up, to be removed to the State of Kentucky, having jurisdiction of the crime with which he was charged.

The opinion of the court, written by the Chief Justice, says *inter alia*: "These colonies had, by the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, become separate and independent sovereignties.

* * * The confederation was only a league of separate sovereignties, in which each State within its own limits held and exercised all the powers of sovereignty; and the confederation had no officer, either executive, judicial, or ministerial, through whom it could exercise an authority within the limits of a State. In the present Constitution, however, these powers to a limited extent have been conferred on the general government within the territories of the several States. * * * The question which remains to be examined is a grave and important one. When the demand was made, the proofs required by the act of 1793 to support it were exhibited to the Governor of Ohio duly certified and authenticated, and the objection made to the validity of the indictment is altogether untenable. Kentucky has undoubted right to regulate the forms of pleading and process in her own courts, in criminal as well as civil cases, and is not bound to conform to those of any other State. And whether the charge against Lago is legally and sufficiently laid in this indictment according to the laws of Kentucky is a judicial question to be decided by the courts of the States and not by the executive authority of the State of Ohio.

"The demand being thus made, the act of Congress declares that 'it shall be the duty of the executive authority of the State' to cause the fugitive to be arrested and secured and delivered to the agent of the demanding State. The words 'it shall be the duty' in ordinary legislation imply the assertion of the power to command and to coerce obedience. But looking to the subject matter of this law and the relation which the United States and the several States bear to each other, the court is of the opinion that the words 'it shall be the duty' were not used as mandatory and compulsory, but as declaratory of the moral duty which this compact created when Congress had provided the mode of carrying it into execution. The act does not provide any means to compel the execution of this duty nor inflict any punishment for neglect or refusal on the part of the executive of the State, nor is there any clause or provision in the Constitution which arms the government of the United States with this power. Indeed, such a power would place every State under the control and dominion of the general government, even in the administration of its internal concerns and reserved rights. And we think it clear that the Federal government under the Constitution has no power to impose on a State officer as such any duty whatever and compel him to perform it. * * * Laws were passed authorizing State courts to entertain jurisdiction in proceedings by the United States to recover penalties and forfeitures incurred by breaches of their revenue laws and giving to the State courts the same authority with the district court of the United States to enforce such penalties and forfeitures. * * * And these powers were for some years exercised by State tribunals readily and without objection until in some of the States it was declined because it interfered with and retarded the performance of duties which properly belonged to them as State courts, and in other States doubts appear to have arisen as to the power of the courts acting under the authority of the State to inflict these penalties and forfeitures for offenses against the general government unless especially authorized to do so by the State.

"And in these cases the coöperation of the States was a matter of comity, which the several sovereignties extended to one another for their mutual benefit. It was not regarded by either party as an obligation imposed by the Constitution.

And the acts of Congress conferring the jurisdiction merely give the power to the State tribunals, but do not purport to regard it as a duty, and they leave it to the States to exercise it or not, as might best comport with their own sense of justice and their own interest and convenience.

"But the language of the act of 1793 is very different. It does not purport to give authority to the State executive to arrest and deliver the fugitive, but requires it to be done; and the language of the law implies an absolute obligation which the State authority is bound to perform. And while it speaks of the duty of the Governor, it evidently points to the duty imposed by the Constitution in the clause we are now considering. The performance of this duty, however, is left to depend on the fidelity of the State executive to the compact entered into with the other States when it adopted the Constitution of the United States and became a member of the Union. It was so left by the Constitution and necessarily so left by the act of 1793. * * * But if the Governor of Ohio refuses to discharge this duty, there is no power delegated to the general government, either through the Judicial Department or any other department, to use any coercive means to compel him.

"And upon this ground the motion for the mandamus must be overruled."

While the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States was pending, President Madison sent to Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, who had been prior thereto a judge of the Supreme Court of that State, but at that date was its Governor, a requisition for four companies of troops merely for garrison purposes. Governor Griswold refused to accede to the President's requisition on the ground that to use Connecticut troops, even for mere garrison purposes and even while a war was raging between a foreign nation and the United States, was unconstitutional. President Madison and the Congress of the United States did not take any measures to force the enlistment or conscription of Connecticut troops, and nothing was done, either by the Congress or by the United States courts, to arraign and try Governor Griswold for treason.

Suppose any Governor of any State were to do now what Governor Griswold did during the War of 1812. He certainly would and should be arrested and tried for treason.

Wendell Phillips was one of the secretaries of the Anti-slavery Society of America, and at a meeting of the Society held about fifteen years before the War between the States the following resolutions were passed:

"*Resolved*, That secession from the United States government is the duty of every abolitionist, since no one can take office or deposit his vote under the Constitution without violating his antislavery principles and rendering himself an abettor to the slaveholder in his sin.

"*Resolved*, That years of warfare against the slave power has convinced us that every act done in support of the American Union rivets the chain of the slave; that the only exodus of the slave to freedom, unless it be one of blood, must be over the remains of the present American Constitution and the grave of the present Union.

"*Resolved*, That the abolitionists of this country should make it one of the primary objects of this agitation to dissolve the American Union."

Horace Greeley, one of the founders of the Republican party and the founder and editor of the *New York Tribune*, previous to the War between the States published in his newspaper the following verse:

"Tear down that flaunting lie!
 /Half-mast the starry flag!
 Insult no sunny sky
 With hate's polluted rag!"

On December 17, 1860, Mr. Greeley wrote and published in his newspaper the following statement: "If it [Declaration of Independence] justifies the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one show us wherein and why? * * * If seven or eight contiguous States should present themselves authoritatively at Washington, saying, 'We hate the Federal Union; we have withdrawn from it; we give you the choice between acquiescing in our secession and arranging amicably all incidental questions on the one hand and attempting to subdue us on the other; we could not stand up for coercion, for subjugation, for we do not think it would be just; we hold the right of self-government even when invoked in behalf of those who deny it to others. So much for the question of principle. * * *' any attempt to compel them by force to remain would be contrary to the principles enunciated in the immortal Declaration of Independence, contrary to the fundamental idea on which human liberty is based."

On February 23, 1861, Mr. Greeley used the following language in his *Tribune*: "We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is sound and just; and that if the slave States, the cotton States, or the Gulf States only choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so. Whenever it shall be clear that the great body of Southern people have become conclusively alienated from the Union and anxious to escape from it, we will do our best to forward their views."

President Buchanan said in his book entitled "Buchanan's Administration": "In a similar spirit leading Republicans everywhere scornfully exclaimed, 'Let them go,' 'We can do better without them,' 'Let the Union slide,' and other language of the same import."

Henry Ward Beecher, in his address delivered in Exeter Hall, London, in 1863, said: "Why not let the South go? O that the South would go! But then they must leave us their lands."

[Concluded in March number.]

FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have thought often and much of the apparent relegation to forgetfulness of that grand soldier and gentleman Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Let us consider some of the circumstances surrounding General Johnston in his service. When he cast his lot with the South in 1861, he of all the officers of the United States army who took that step was the highest in rank, and in the appointments first made he was the ranking general, which, according to the custom and rule of the army then, was correct. Later a rearrangement was made, and he was placed, in order, below several who were his juniors in rank in the service they had left to join the South. This certainly was not calculated to impress him or any one else with a sense of

fairness or justice, and he let this feeling be known to President Davis, by which he incurred the enmity of the President.

General Johnston's part in the conduct of affairs in the Valley of Virginia in the spring of 1861 and in the first battle of Manassas is well known. It is of his being placed in command of the army in 1862 to meet General McClellan in the Peninsular campaign, resulting in General Johnston's desperate wounding at Seven Pines, necessitating the appointment of a commander in his place, that I wish to speak. I do not refer to the number of troops in either army. It is known that General Johnston was largely outnumbered by General McClellan. In view of this fact, General Johnston had conceived a campaign for his defeat, if not the destruction of his army, in furtherance of which he asked that a large part of the troops at points south of Richmond, which might have been spared from there, be given him that he might carry out his plans. (See his "Narrative.") He believed in concentration of forces in certain circumstances. His request was refused, with the result that he had to meet McClellan's large and well-equipped army with the army and equipment he had. The record he made until he fell with wounds was not one to be ashamed of. To succeed him, and until then untried in the command of an army in the field, the great Lee was named. How he met and hurled McClellan back upon his base, compelling him to leave the Peninsula, is history. Mark well this. I would not if I could detract from his glorious record, but is it not a fact that the authorities at Richmond gave to General Lee at least some of the troops that had been refused to General Johnston?

Recovered from his wounds, General Johnston was left without command and in some obscurity (?) for months. Meantime General Bragg had made his campaign into Kentucky, had fought the battle of Murfreesboro, had then fallen back to Tullahoma, Tenn., and, according to the records, had gotten into trouble involving a threatened court-martial. To whom, then, did the Richmond authorities look? To Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was placed in command of all the southwestern territory east of the Mississippi River and sent to relieve General Bragg. Upon going there and looking over the situation, he averted the court-martial of General Bragg and recommended his continuance in command of the army. This was done; and while General Johnston had supreme command, he was sent to Mississippi to meet General Grant's large and well-equipped army in its campaign against Vicksburg. The disobedience by General Pemberton of General Johnston's order to relinquish Vicksburg, whereby he expected to concentrate an army sufficient to defeat Grant's plans, is a matter of record. I don't know of any reason to question General Johnston's statements as to his condition, either of men, equipment, or supplies, to carry out the plans and orders of Richmond; yet he was again relegated to semi-obscurity for failure to accomplish the impossible.

In September, 1863, the battle of Chickamauga was fought, resulting in driving General Rosecrans back on Chattanooga, General Bragg failing to take advantage of his great opportunity by which Rosecrans profited. General Grant was then assigned to the command of the Union army, and, with such able lieutenants as Generals Sherman, McPherson, and others, he delivered a stunning blow to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge the latter part of November, 1863, sending his army back in rout to and beyond Ringgold, Ga.; and it went into winter quarters in December at Dalton, Ga. To whom, then, did the authorities turn to bring "order out of chaos" and reorganize the broken army? Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. And right well he did it, for by the end of April, 1864, with the

grudging assistance the authorities gave him, he had repaired to a large extent the damage done and had an army of a little more than forty thousand men as well organized and equipped as possible with the facilities afforded him as could be gotten together. And the morale of the army was unquestioned. It had confidence in its great commander, and wherever he appeared he was greeted with cheers.

Not prepared in any particular to take the offensive, the Richmond authorities directed him, with his army of but little more than forty thousand men, to attack General Sherman, with his well-equipped army of over ninety thousand men, "and drive him across the Tennessee River." What madness and folly! General Johnston asked for men and means to do such a thing. They were promised him, but he said in effect, if not actually: "Let me have them first." Very soon General Sherman demonstrated that he was going to take the initiative and force General Johnston across the Chattahoochee. He succeeded in doing this, but it took him over one hundred days with an army increased to one hundred and twelve thousand men and with heavy loss to accomplish it. In all this time the morale of the army had been maintained, the men realizing very early in the campaign that General Johnston did not intend to subject them to any tests or losses unless he had the advantage in position. The men appreciated the fact that he had a protecting care of them, and they would fight when he said do so.

In "Sherman and His Campaigns" abundant evidence shows his estimate of General Johnston; and General Sherman, in my humble opinion, was the ablest general the North produced during the war.

General Johnston crossed his army over the Chattahoochee River and had made his plans to attack Sherman in detail as he crossed his army over and had issued the orders to his corps commanders to attack on the morning of the 18th of July, 1864. Alas for his plans and expectations! On the night of July 17 orders came from Richmond for him to turn over the command of the army to Gen. John B. Hood. (See what is said of this fatal order on pages 196 and 197 of "Sherman and His Campaigns.")

No attack was made on July 18, but on the 20th, two days later, after General Sherman had crossed his entire army and taken up his positions, General Hood made a headlong and abortive attack on General Sherman's left at Peachtree Creek. That night and next day, July 21, Sherman moved heavy columns around our right to Decatur, six miles below Atlanta on the Georgia Railroad, and extending some distance across the railroad, intending to envelope Hood's army and cut off his communication in every direction. The night of July 21 General Hardee's corps was hurried through Atlanta and out on the McDonough road, going far around Sherman's left, completely enveloping it, and on the morning of July 22 attacked vigorously with Maj. Gen. W. H. T. Walker's division. But, owing to inadequate support on the right, Walker's attack had negative results, though Cleburne's Division, on Walker's left, made glorious work at the angle in the Union works. While nothing decisive was gained, General Sherman found it desirable to resume his position in front of Atlanta, with the river behind him. After a month or more of picket-fighting, General Sherman left our front and moved the bulk of his army to the west and south of Atlanta, General Hardee handling the situation at Jonesboro, Ga., and saving General Hood and the troops with him at Atlanta by his skillful resistance of Sherman's attacks at Jonesboro on August 31 and September 1, 1864.

This ended that campaign. What followed is well known. General Hood started with an army of about thirty-five thousand men on his campaign in Tennessee the end of September, 1864, resulting in its utter rout from in front of Nashville December 16, 1864, after the terrible losses the army had sustained at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. The remnant of this army reached North Carolina in an effort to reach and reinforce General Lee. And to whom did the authorities at Richmond turn to reorganize and rehabilitate this broken army? It was to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom General Sherman regarded as the peer of any general in the service of the Confederacy.

I am not desirous of raising any questions or contentions, but to do justice to that grand soldier Joseph E. Johnston.

THE SOCIAL AND STERN SIDES OF WAR.

BY PAT HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

In the winter of 1863-64 Loring's Division, composed of Adam's, Featherstone's, and Buford's Brigades, was in winter quarters near Canton, Miss., and there occurred the celebrated drill between the 15th Mississippi, Col. M. Farrell, and the 3d Kentucky, Colonel Thompson, which was decided in favor of the 15th Mississippi, though each regiment acquitted itself handsomely. These were conceded to be the best-drilled regiments in the Army of the Mississippi. As a drill officer Colonel Farrell had no superior, and his grand old regiment responded to his admirable handling like a piece of splendid machinery. The Kentucky troops were but little behind the Mississippians in excellency.

That night in Canton a grand ball was given by the division, and it goes without saying that there were more pretty girls and gallant soldiers participating in that dance than will ever again assemble in that fine little city. The beauty of Madison and Rankin County was there—girls as fresh and fair as the morning dew, as sweet and pure as the breath of spring stealing o'er a bed of violets. The gallants were typical Southern gentlemen, each honorably vying with the other in courtesies to his "lady love"; and it was away in the "wee sma' hours ayant the 'twae" before General Buford, the master of ceremonies, had the band play "Home, Sweet Home," when, gathering the wraps about their lovely forms, we escorted our partners to their homes, where, promising "oft to meet again," we parted to dream of vows plighted, wondering how many would ever be carried into effect.

General Buford was commander in chief at the ball, and a grand commander he was. Six feet tall and weighing about three hundred pounds, his rare and courteous manner won the admiration of the ladies as well as wonder of the gentlemen. "Count Fesco" they dubbed him, so royally did he dispense his courtesies. But this was the "parlor" side of the service. Soon these gallants were to do their devoirs on sterner fields, and the ladies (God bless them!) were to smile on others equally as deserving.

One day, as so often happened in the life of a soldier, hurry orders came for me to report with Company B, of the 6th Mississippi Regiment (of which I was first lieutenant, commanding), to Col. John M. Smylie, post commandant at Jackson, Mass., for provost duty. The company was assigned quarters in a house near where now stands the high school on West Street, northwest from Smith's Park. We acted under the orders of Colonel Smylie until Sherman's advance

from Vicksburg, when we rejoined the regiment, which had arrived from Canton, falling back before the Federals to Meridian, finally going on by easy marches to Demopolis, Ala. During our service in Jackson I was indebted to Colonel Smylie for many courtesies, and there started a friendship between us which continued warm and true even to his demise.

One day a Federal prisoner, Lieutenant Earle, was turned over to me with orders to keep a sergeant and two men to guard him, as he had sworn that he would escape. We learned that Lieutenant Earle had been captured near Port Gibson by Colonel Griffin, commanding an Arkansas cavalry regiment, in a hand-to-hand encounter with swords. Lieutenant Earle had rendered himself quite obnoxious to the people of Jefferson and Claiborne Counties, operating with his marine cavalry along the banks of the Bayou Pierre, committing the most horrible depredations among the farmers who lived in this vicinity. His boat would quietly move up the bayou and, landing in some unsuspecting community, throw down the guards, and Earle, with his company, would ride forth to plunder, kill, and burn. As there were few men at home in those days, this hardship fell upon our women and children who were trying to keep up the farms at least to support themselves and servants.

Colonel Griffin, with a detachment of his regiment, met Earle on one of these forays and determined to kill or capture him. He made a dash for Earle, with whom he had a running fight for about eleven miles, finally capturing him and sent him heavily guarded to Jackson *en route* for Libby Prison.

Lieutenant Earle was a young man, probably twenty-five years of age, about six feet tall, very erect, with quite a military bearing, and a hard fighter. He resented being guarded so closely, saying that as an officer he was entitled to parole; but doubtless Colonel Griffin felt justified in his suggestion to Colonel Smylie to keep him securely guarded by reason of his threats, desperate character, and mode of warfare. It was said that he swore he would never go to Libby Prison, that he would escape, return to the scene of his capture, and lay the country waste with fire and sword. Of course I had to carry out my orders in caring for him, which I did, treating him with such courtesy as I could. In due time he was shipped for Richmond; but, despite his guards, he did escape, and ere long was again in the saddle at the head of his company (having been made captain), breathing vengeance and promising to lay waste the country. Shortly after this he charged with his command into Fayette, Jefferson County, Miss., where there was a small Confederate scout of perhaps a dozen men. These took position behind such obstructions as they could find, determined at least to impede the progress of the enemy. One of them, Mr. Smith, of Yazoo County, holding his fire till Earle came in range, shot him down, and as he fell his company, not knowing the number of the Confederates, broke to the rear, leaving Earle in the streets. He was decently interred by the Confederates and the citizens.

Thus ended the career of a desperate, bold, and dashing Federal, but not before he had by his forays left desolation in his wake. His death brought a feeling of relief to the good people of that section whom he had cruelly persecuted in the name of liberty.

This is from memory, but is believed to be substantially correct.

BANISHMENT FROM MISSOURI IN 1864.

BY MRS. B. A. C. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

Near the close of the year 1864 this order of banishment was issued in Missouri and began to be enforced. The order was that all women and children whose husbands, fathers, or brothers were in the Confederate army were to be banished and sent South to some point within the Confederate lines.

Rosecrans was the general in command. Many of the best families were compelled to leave their homes and were permitted to take only what they could pack in trunks. Sales were made, and household furniture was auctioned off for what it would bring, which was little. Southern people would not buy, for they felt that it was only a question of time when an order would be served on them to go; Yankees would not buy, saying: "We might be punished for buying Rebel goods." Consequently these sales were almost the same as giving the things away.

A day was set, and those who had received notice to be ready to leave were ordered to come to the headquarters' post, from which they were to start with an escort, "To see them through the lines," as they phrased it. Farm wagons and teams were pressed into service by the Federal authorities. If wagon covers could be had, they were used; if none, straw was placed in the bottom of the wagon bed, and the women and children were packed in like sardines in a box until all the space was taken up. Then another wagon was drawn up to the platform where they were being loaded with this precious human freight, and so on until all that had been ordered in for shipment with this cargo were loaded in this cramped condition. Mrs. McCoy, who lived near Missouri City, her husband, Capt. Moses McCoy, being in Gen. Joe Shelby's command, was sick, scarcely able to sit up, and having a babe two years old and two other small children, asked permission to delay being sent away until she was better able to stand the trip. "No," said the commander of the Liberty post, "the order can't be changed; you must go with this crowd that have been ordered to be ready for this day's departure."

It was February and cold; the ground was frozen. Cameron, forty miles away, was the nearest railroad station and had to be reached overland, mostly prairie, in these rough farm wagons. On the way the children suffered both with cold and cramped limbs in the bottom of these closely packed wagons, jolting along over the frozen ground. Billy Moore, a bright little boy, became furious and began to cry out against the officer who was escorting the wagon train. When the captain, who was mounted on a spirited horse, riding first ahead and then back, came alongside the wagon Mrs. Moore was in, Billy would raise the edge of the wagon cover, shake his fist at him, and yell at the top of his voice: "You old Captain Kemper! You'll be killed when I get where my pa is. I'll make him shoot you, see if I don't! You mean old Kemper!"

"Hush, Billy," said his mother. "They will hang us, and we will never get to your papa if you don't hush."

"I don't care," said Billy. "I'll tell him how mean he is for sending us out of our warm home in the cold, and my feet are freezin'."

As soon as Captain Kemper was again in reach of Billy's voice, "Here he is!" up goes the wagon cover and out goes Billy's chubby fist with a vicious shake and the repeated threat to make his pa shoot him. "I hate you, old Kemper, Kemper, old Kemper! I'd shoot you now if I had a gun.

I want to kill you for sending my mother and little sister out"—

"Billy, you must hush! Sit down here and let me put my shawl over you."

But Billy would not be covered up, and whenever Captain Kemper was in sight he stormed at him in his puny wrath. But Captain Kemper was obeying the orders of his superior officers and was not to blame. He, too, was cold and sympathized with the suffering women and children in the crowded wagons bumping along on the frozen ground, and where a good piece of road was reached he would hurry the drivers on as fast as possible; but he managed to keep away from Billy's wagon most of the time.

What those women and children suffered on that trip southward into Arkansas and into the Confederate lines will never be known. Many of those unfortunate Southerners never recovered the breaking up of their homes. Some of them never returned to Missouri nor ever saw their homes again. Captain McCoy and his wife, my sister, lived in Texas after the war ended. She is still living at the time of this writing. These people were banished for no offense but being Southerners and in sympathy with the Confederacy.

In our part of Missouri it was no uncommon thing to hear of some man being shot or hanged who was too old or physically unfit for service and who tried to remain at home, but who was known to be in sympathy with the South.

The Rev. Mr. Payne, of Clinton County, who had a son in the Confederate army, was arrested one day by a squad of Federal soldiers; and not being heard from for two days, his daughter went to the headquarters at Plattsburg near their home and begged the commander to tell her what they had done with her father, to please tell her if he had been sent to prison. To this pathetic appeal he gruffly replied: "You had better look in the woods for him."

She returned home and related what he had said. The neighbor women gathered in to join in the search, thinking he might be tied to a tree somewhere in the woods. They discovered buzzards circling around and lighting down in a dense forest not very far from his home. Following in that direction, they came to the spot where the birds of ill omen were alighting and there found several of them feeding on the dead body of Preacher Payne, who was loved by all who knew him. He was a good man and a good preacher and made no trouble for those who were opposed to him in sentiment.

Banishment was not the worst feature of the situation in Missouri during the war period. Sad as is the narrative of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Payne, there are others equally pathetic. A few nights after Dr. Payne was shot the same Federal soldiers went to the house of Mr. John Morris, who also had a son in the Confederate army, in General Price's command. Arousing him out of his bed, before he had time to dress himself they began beating him over the head with pistols. When in an almost unconscious condition, his gray hair matted with blood, they dragged him out of the house, with his wife clinging to him. Breaking her loose from him, they dragged Mr. Morris outside of the yard, riddled his body with bullets, then mounted their horses and disappeared, leaving the family to care for the body as best they might.

A mile and a half from Liberty, Mo., lived a fine citizen, Mr. Thatcher, who was Southern and entered the service at the beginning of the war; but after a few months' campaign he found that he was not strong enough to stand camp life and long marches. Returning home, he asked permission of

the commander of the Liberty post to remain with his family and be neutral. The privilege was granted by his taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal government.

But very soon afterwards a new commander was sent to the post. He was not of a mind to be satisfied with the mild treatment accorded Mr. Thatcher. As soon as he heard of it he sent out a squad of soldiers with orders to hang him. They found Mr. Thatcher seated on the front porch holding his sick baby on a pillow. Seeing the child in a dying condition, the soldiers returned to town without stating the object of their visit and said to their colonel: "We can't hang that man; his babe seems to be dying."

Colonel Pennick was very little more humane than old Asurbanipal, of the Assyrian kings. Not to be thwarted in his purpose, he said: "I'll send my lop-eared Dutch. They'll hang him."

True to their trust, they rode to Mr. Thatcher's home and found him holding the sick baby on a pillow. They called to him: "Colonel Pennick want you."

His wife, fearing that he might be detained as a prisoner, begged them to excuse him and let him remain with her till the child died or got better. But to no purpose. They ordered him to come on. He handed the baby, burning with fever, to his wife and went with them. In a few minutes one of the soldiers came galloping up to the yard fence and asked her if she "want some trouble."

"No, no!" she said. "Baby is dying, and I have all I can bear."

"Vell, veder you want or nod want, dere is some. You find you' huspan' hang on a tree down de road."

Her aged father and the little girls ran down to the place indicated and found his lifeless body hanging to the tree.

A fine old gentleman, the father of Rev. Charlie Hodges and of Mrs. Slaughter, stepmother of Tom and Jesse Slaughter, of Liberty, lived near Platte City in war time. Some Federal soldiers, raiding the homes of Southern people and robbing them of money, household goods, or anything else they wanted, began to ransack Mr. Hodges's house, gathering up valuables, opening trunks and bureau drawers, and taking whatever they could carry away. Old Mr. Hodges, a soldier of two wars, came leaning on his cane into the room where they were filling bags with their plunder. Full of his ancient courage, he said in a voice filled with rage: "Get out from here, you cowardly thieves!"

At this they turned on him and threatened to hang him.

He stood in the doorway, his hands on the door frame on each side of him, and looked the very "god of war." "Hang me, you cowardly thieves! You can't cheat me out of many days. Hang as high as Haman if you want to! You can't show such honorable scars as I have on my body, received in fighting for my country in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War. You are not true soldiers fighting for the Union, as you claim to be, or you would not be found robbing my house. I defy you! You are cowardly thieves! Put those things down and leave this house!"

Alarmed by the fury of the old veteran of two wars or stung by his words, the men filed out one at a time and left the place, but taking their booty with them.

Not far from the home of the murdered Norris, in Clay County, lived an aged man whose name was Ferrell. He had three sons in the Southern army fighting for their constitutional rights and in defense of their homes. One morning before breakfast he was visited by eight or ten Federal soldiers, who ordered him to go with them. Placing him before

[Continued on page 91.]

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[The spirit of these letters, written by Thomas Caffey, of Alabama, while a soldier of the Confederacy, is largely that which animates the correspondence coming from our boys "at the front" to-day.]

CAMP AT MOSELY'S CHURCH, NEAR NORFOLK,
December 19, 1861.

Dear Irene: * * * I intended writing you by Willie Dunklin; but the granting of furloughs being discontinued, he will not be able to go home before the expiration of his term of service. The reason, I understand, why no more furloughs will be granted is that an attack on this place is regarded as imminent by Major General Huger, and in consequence the presence of every available soldier belonging to the command is necessary to aid in its defense. If the danger passes away, you may possibly see Willie after Christmas; but as long as the Yankees are as active in our vicinity as they are now, every man will be required to remain in camp. We have now been in Virginia eight months, and all that time a largely superior force of the enemy has been only eight or nine miles from us, yet they have not dared thus far to hazard an attack on our lines.

We would certainly give them a fight if we could get them away from under the protection of the guns of their heavily armed vessels and Fortress Monroe. Besides, we have no means of crossing Elizabeth River to get at them; and even if we did, the enterprise would be hazardous in the extreme. Sometimes I go down to the beach and watch the movements of their vessels in Hampton Roads and the heavy masses of infantry drilling in divisions on the opposite shore. If we could only erect batteries at Willoughby's Point, we could give the rascals a hard time of it; but the armament of the fortress effectually precludes us from so doing, and we have to content ourselves with the reflection that they may some day be tempted to leave their ocean-bound stronghold and give us an even chance on the mainland. They have been quite busy for some days past in concentrating troops at Newport, on the opposite shore of the Elizabeth River, and some of those who profess to know say that it is designed by them to attack General Mcgruder at Yorktown, while others think that the movement is only a feint to attract out attention from other points, that troops could conveniently be landed for a forward march on Norfolk.

I think, however, a few days will suffice to demonstrate whether we are to have a battle this winter or not; and if we do, you may expect to hear of the Yankees getting the worst licking they have received during the whole war. We are now in our new quarters and are as comfortable as any soldiers can be. Our cabins are sixteen by eighteen feet, and only eight men occupy one, which gives us ample room for comfort. We have beds and mattresses, and it would do you good to see us collected around the fire at night and hear the long yarns the boys spin to each other. Our mess has bought a cheap article of cups and plates and has as cozy a little cupboard in one corner as you ever saw. We have hired a small negro at one dollar and a half per week; and, with him to assist, we manage to get our cooking done with but little trouble. Since we came down here I have changed my mess for special reasons. The mess I am now in is composed as follows: Morgan L. Bobbitt, chief cook; Frank L. Smith, general waiting boy; Archibald H. Arrington, caterer; Charley McAnerney and William B. Jones, wood getters; John P. Elsberry and Henry Myers, general assistants; and your humble servant, director in chief, or, in other

words, I do nothing—only when the spirit moves me, which is precious seldom, I assure you.

These boys are all my friends, and we have as merry a time as if we were surrounded by the loved ones at home and danger was as far away from us as could possibly be imagined. I am now contented, but the weather is too awfully cold for comfort. If it were not for guard and picket duty, I would not care for the cold; but when a fellow has the weather to take as it comes, it is decidedly uncomfortable, I can tell you. I had charge of the picket guard on Sunday night and Monday last and will have to go again to-morrow, which I think is "crowding the mourners" a little too much. It doesn't do any good to complain of these things; for when you are detailed you have to go or march to the guardhouse, whichever you please. The latter is no good place to be in now, as a fellow has no fire and, of course, freezes nearly every day during confinement. Notwithstanding the uninviting aspect of the institution, we have some fellows in the regiment who manage to break into it about once every ten days and have now become so accustomed to it that they feel unhappy when at liberty.

We now have a company of cavalry and one of flying artillery attached to this regiment. The latter has a park of eight rifled cannon; and if they ever get a chance at the enemy, you may be assured they will leave their mark in their ranks. The cavalry is of about as much use as a circus company, and all the benefit I can see that it will be to us is to procure information.

You may tell ma I have four pairs of woolen socks; but if she sees proper, she can send more by John Pierce. I have clothes enough, I think, to last me till I come home, provided the Yankees do not take them from me. Our company now has new uniforms, which cost twenty-eight dollars apiece; and as each man had his uniform to pay for, it made a sad hole in our commutation money. We now have four months' pay due us, but will not get it before January. * * *

My health now is as good as usual. We have only one sick man in our company, and he is recovering. The Buford boys are well, and the same may be said of Willie, Hub, and Paul. Direct, as heretofore, to Norfolk, in care of Captain Phelan.

Your brother,

THOMAS.

P. S.—You mentioned seeing the mother of young Caffey taken by the Yankees at Fairfax Courthouse in July last. The young man was in Norfolk a few weeks ago, having been exchanged, and went on to Manassas to rejoin his company. I tried to see him, but could not get off from camp in time. I understand from some of the boys who did see him that he was in good health and that he was comfortably clothed, by the kindness of some of the ladies of Washington City. There were thirty-six others with him; and all, I believe, are now at Manassas and ready to give the Yankees another chance at them.

I received a letter from Uncle Henderson yesterday, in which he says that he is engaged in raising a company for the purpose of tendering services to the Confederate States. If his own statement in regard to his health is correct, I think he has no business in the army, as he could not stand the fatigue incident to camp life. * * *

CAMP AT OAK GROVE, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, VA.,
February 23, 1862.

Dear William: I wrote you a letter from Mosley's Church about ten days ago informing you that we had left, or rather were about to leave, for some point in North Carolina; and a

day or two afterwards I wrote you a few lines from our present encampment notifying you that the regiment had proceeded only seventeen miles on the way when the order for us to march was countermanded. Well, since that time we have made no movement, and the regiment remains on the railroad a few miles west of Portsmouth, waiting to see what the intentions of the Yankees are in regard to Norfolk. We hear more rumors daily than any two men could record, and, upon making strict inquiry, they generally prove false. The latest rumor is to the effect that Winton, a small town at the junction of the Nottoway and Chowan, was shelled to-day by the Yankee gunboats, and the few troops we had there were forced to beat a precipitate retreat. I think the enemy are gradually advancing on the line of railroad connecting this place with the Southern cities; and they may possibly succeed, but we will give them a lively time before they accomplish the feat. I have no means of knowing the number the Yankee general has under his command, but it is supposed that twenty-five thousand men can be brought into the field by him. It would not be prudent for me to give the number under the order of General Huger; but one thing I may say: All hands are willing to encounter them at all events.

I will keep you posted as long as I am in the vicinity of a post office; and when I fail of writing at least once per week, you may know that I have not the means of doing so at my command.

I presume you have particulars now of the Fort Donelson affair. The first account we had was from Yankee sources via Fortress Monroe, but we are now fully convinced that the disaster was not so great as we at one time feared it was and that the Yankees drew upon their imaginations to a considerable extent to make out a clear case on their side. The taking of Donelson was a disaster and gives the enemy a good many advantages; but energy and prompt action on the part of our commanders will, I trust, soon repair all the damage we have sustained. A rumor prevails in camp to-night that General Price has defeated the enemy on the Arkansas frontier with considerable loss and, when last heard from, was marching into Missouri at the head of an army of enthusiastic soldiers who were panting to avenge the wrongs of that downtrodden State.

The weather is wretched in this section at this time. It has been raining almost incessantly for nearly a week past, but the boys are all cheerful and hopeful of the future. The camp we now occupy was formerly the quarters of the 2d Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, and I assure you we miss the comfortable houses and nice beds at our old camp. I expect we will have to rough it from this time out; but I, for one, am willing to submit to anything if our cause can thereby be the least promoted.

There is some talk in camp of our being removed to Suffolk in a day or two, but this has been spoken of so often of late that I will not believe it till we are on the eve of marching. * * *

Your brother,

THOMAS.

DREWRY'S BLUFF, FOUR MILES SOUTH OF RICHMOND,
May 27, 1862.

Dear Mary: * * * I expect you all are anxious to hear as often as possible from this part of the world, and every opportunity I have I will write to some member of the family.

Since I have been here the Yankees have advanced to a point seven miles from the city of Richmond, and I have no doubt that one of the greatest battles ever fought on this con-

tinental will come off in a very short time. On Saturday last a considerable fight came off some three miles from us on the opposite bank of the James River, in which, I am informed, we were defeated with a loss of six hundred men killed. I find it impossible to get particulars, as the papers have as little to say as possible; but I am afraid the affair is more serious than rumor has it. The Yankees, I am informed, are now at a place called Mechanicsville, which is only three and a half miles from Richmond, and I am afraid that if something is not done soon to give them a check or defeat they will soon occupy the capital of the Confederacy.

While I am now writing I can hear the sound of cannon some miles away to our left on the other side of the James River, and I have no doubt a battle is being fought by Generals McClellan and Johnston. As we are on the extreme right of the army, we will, I imagine, take no part in the fight unless the Yankees make a movement on Petersburg, which, I apprehend, they will not do if they fail in taking the city of Richmond. I hope and believe we will give them a defeat here that will dispose the minds of the people of the North to make peace and convince them of the utter impossibility of subjugating the South. The 4th and 6th Alabama Regiments are only three miles from us; but I have not yet seen John and Hugh Caffey, but I intend crossing the river to-morrow for that purpose. Some of the boys belonging to these regiments visited us yesterday, and from them I learned that our kinsfolk are all well. They are in the brigade of General Longstreet, and we are under General Mahone; and if these commanders ever lead their respective brigades into battle, you will hear a good account of them. I hear nothing from Beauregard, but I hope he is prepared to give the Yankees such a reception as they will not fancy much.

When Norfolk was evacuated I lost all my clothing and blankets; and as we had a heavy frost last night, I felt the loss very sensibly. I hope to be able to replace them soon.

I am in very good health now. I have been improving ever since I came to Virginia and am now about as stout as I ever was in my life. Hooper and the rest of the boys are all well. When you write, direct to Petersburg, Va., in care of Captain Phelan. Love to all. Will write again in a few days. What has become of William?

Your brother,

THOMAS.

NEAR RICHMOND, VA., May 31, 1862.

Dear Mary: I think a battle will be fought to-day. General Mahone's Brigade, composed of the 3d Alabama and the 12th, 6th, and 41st Virginia Regiments, has orders to march and open the attack on the enemy some four or five miles distant. We have an awful amount of sickness in camp in consequence of having to lie in the open air. Last night and yesterday evening it rained harder than I ever saw it, and all of us were completely drenched. The company to which I belong numbers ninety-eight privates, and forty-eight are all that are reported for duty this morning. Flux and diarrhea are doing their work among us, especially among new recruits. John Pierce we left about fourteen miles from our present position on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad. Hub is in the hospital here. * * *

Your brother,

THOMAS.

"And now we lift us to Thee from the dust
Of pestilence and pray that Thou wilt still
The raging of the waters till the calm
Of peace shall brood upon the troubled deep."

AT YORKTOWN IN 1862 AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

BY CAPT. J. T. HUNTER, OAKWOOD, TEX.

Hood's Texas Brigade reached Yorktown in April, 1862, and was placed on the extreme left of General Johnston's army. We were encamped about half a mile from the old town, which is on the bank of the York River. We did picket duty all along our front, and we sent out daily a detail of sharpshooters to an old mill pond on our right, which kept up a fusillade at the Yanks on the opposite side of the pond. However, little damage was done, unless our boys were better shots than the Yanks, for I don't remember that we had a single man hurt. I was called on occasionally by Colonel Marshall for extra jobs; in fact, the Colonel had gotten so much in the habit of calling on me that the men dubbed me the Colonel's pet and complained that "the Colonel will keep up this foolishness, sending the lieutenant every time he has an ugly job to be performed, until we will have to elect another lieutenant."

We remained at Yorktown, fronting General McClellan's large and splendidly equipped army, for about a month. I don't suppose there has ever been a more magnificently appointed army. Our men had an enjoyable time while there, having just passed through the rigors of a Virginia winter on the Potomac, and they were in fine health and very buoyant spirits. There had not been an opportunity to test in a general engagement the fighting qualities we felt sure we all possessed, and the men were eager for a battle. In a short time their desire was gratified. Colonel Marshall sent for me just before our retreat, and the men said: "Something is up; Colonel Marshall has sent for Lieutenant Hunter again." When I reported at headquarters, the Colonel confided to me the secret of the intended retreat that night toward Richmond, and the Texas Brigade had been honored by having the duty of protecting the rear. This was complimentary to us, as we had never been tested. Colonel Marshall said to me: "Take a detail of men and get down just as close as possible to the enemy's lines and keep a close watch to see if they make any move to pursue our columns." I took six or seven men and proceeded carefully until I secured a place sufficiently near the enemy and also near a road which they would use in case of pursuit and remained on guard during the night. Of course after twelve o'clock I expected every moment to be relieved, for I knew by this time the command had ample time to be in motion; but no order came.

Now, at Yorktown we had a considerable quantity of ammunition stored; and as it was not convenient to remove it, and we did not want it to fall into the hands of the enemy, it was so arranged that when the door to the room which contained it was opened a fuse would be ignited and explode the whole mass; and it was believed as certain that the Yanks would open all doors. Nearer the York River there was another road leading to the town, some distance from the one I was guarding, and some of the enemy had passed without my knowing it. As it was unmilitary for an officer to leave his post without orders, I remained until day began to dawn, but had gotten extremely anxious and was deliberating in my mind whether to take chances, when a terrific explosion took place half a mile behind me. Those who had passed up the river road had sprung the trap prepared for them and were between me and my command. I hesitated no longer, but told my men to "Come on; we will try to get out of here." Fortunately, we had a timbered country, except

for a short distance fronting the town. This we crossed without being discovered, and by keeping in the woods some two miles we passed the head of the Yankee column and soon came to one of our regiments in line. As we passed through the line Colonel Marshall discovered us and at once came to me, profuse in apologies and rejoicing at my safe arrival. He said that in the excitement incident to the retreat he had entirely forgotten me.

When we got to Williamsburg, just after passing through the fortifications, a staff officer came in great haste to General Hood with an order. General Hood turned in his saddle and said to us: "Quick time! March!" We marched all day until after dark, were then halted, and slept in fence corners in a lane. At break of day the order to "Fall in" was given, and we hurried on until about ten o'clock, when we were marched into a thick timber and told to lie down and rest, but to keep very quiet.

To explain as best I can the object of this move: At this point the James and Pamunkey Rivers are only seven miles apart, and General Johnston supposed that McClellan would try to cut off his retreat by hurrying transports up the Pamunkey River to Eltham's Landing, opposite to where we were then, and establish a line across between the rivers; and the event which followed proved the sagacity of General Johnston's judgment. Of course General Hood took every precaution; had scouts on the river and pickets between us and the river. The transports with General Franklin's corps arrived that night and disembarked. The next morning Hood's Brigade was formed and marched toward the river on two different roads, the 4th Texas and the 1st Texas on one road and the 5th and Hampton's South Carolina Legion on the other. The 18th Georgia followed the 1st Texas and was held in reserve to guard Captain Reily's battery of artillery. After the 4th had proceeded about one mile, we came to a high, open piece of land from which a steep declivity overlooked the river valley. From the base of this hill for about six hundred yards was a field, and the side of the hill was grown up in bushes; on this hill and not far from its margin stood a house at which one picket was stationed. General Hood and staff had just ridden past the house to the edge of the hill to look over the valley, when a square of some twenty or twenty-five Yankees rose up from among the bushes and fired on the party. None of the party was hit; but H. T. Sapp, of my company, some five hundred yards in the rear, was struck over his right eye by a partially spent ball. I was walking just behind him reading a pamphlet some one had dropped. He fell just at my feet, and, seeing the blood spurt from his forehead, I, of course, thought him killed. I picked him up, laid him outside the road, and ordered the men to load their guns (as we were still inside the pickets, no guns were loaded). It so happened that John Duran, of Company A, which was in front, had his gun loaded, against orders, and the sergeant in command of the Yankees, instead of running, as his men did, stood reloading his gun when Duran shot him.

Right here was some of the best shooting I ever saw. The Yanks, after running across the field, believing they were out of range of our guns, stopped in bunches in the fence corners; and when some twenty or twenty-five of Company A got their guns loaded, they fired on them and killed eight, and the distance was at least six hundred yards. We were armed with the Springfield rifle musket, a fine long-range gun.

General Hood ordered Company A forward as skirmishers and followed with the regiment. Soon after getting into the bottom, as the enemy's strength developed, he pushed forward more companies, taking them first from the right and then the left alternatively. Mine was the "color" company and occupied the center; hence it was the last to go into action. By this time a strong force had developed on our extreme left with the intent of turning our skirmish line and getting in our rear, and I was sent in to meet the force and stop this move and did meet and fight this regiment to a standstill. They re-enforced and kept encircling us until my men could not protect themselves behind trees, and I was forced to give ground, but fell back in order without any haste. We had retired but a short distance when we came on the 1st Texas lying down. I formed my men on the right of the 1st, but was anxious to see General Hood.

I was a young soldier then, and this was the first fight in which I had commanded the company (Captain Porter was acting as major that day), and I did not know that General Hood would think I had stayed and fought long enough. Very soon I saw him coming, walking down in the rear of the 1st. I went to meet him, but before speaking my fears were allayed, for I saw that those twinkling, expressive eyes were laughing. I told him I had been fighting in front, but they got so far around me I could not protect my men and had to fall back. He laughed and said: "Lieutenant, I was watching you. You made a good fight and held those people until I brought the 1st Texas and laid them down behind you." I told him I had formed on the right of the 1st, and he said: "That's right; here is where the fight is going to be. You just obey orders given the 1st."

Very soon the Yankees came, seeming to think there were none to confront them. When they got near enough, the order to fire was given. A full volley poured forth, and every man sprang forward in an impetuous charge with that terrifying Rebel yell, and those Yanks never stopped running until they were aboard their boats. Then they opened with their artillery, shooting entirely over us, seeming to think we were retreating. We were lying near the bank.

This ended the fighting, and General Hood had ambulances come in and take out our dead and wounded. Our casualties were comparatively very light. We had seventeen killed and twenty-four wounded, while the enemy reported eight hundred killed. They fought one full division of Franklin's Corps, while we fought only Hood's Brigade, composed of three Texas regiments, Hampton's South Carolina Legion, and the 18th Georgia Regiment, and it was not engaged. Our fight was made in skirmish formation, except the action of the 1st Texas at the close. General Hood saved all the spoils of the victory. General Johnston said: "This battle is the most important in results of any up to this time. If they had succeeded in their attempt, I could probably have saved my army, but most likely would have lost my transportation."

After taking care of the dead and wounded and all the spoils of the victory, General Hood assembled his command and quietly marched off; and after reaching the main road and waiting until the last of General Johnston's army passed, we again took our place to protect the rear. We marched all night and until afternoon of the next day, when, as McClellan abandoned the pursuit, our command was halted to give the men much-needed rest and something to eat, as we had had very little since leaving Yorktown.

Early in the afternoon, before going into camp and while in line of battle, not knowing what moment the enemy might

appear, our first recruits from Texas joined us, and the men of the company had lots of fun at their expense. Of course these recruits, having been changed from citizens to soldiers all in a moment, as it were, were nervous, and the men's gibes made them more so. Occasionally a gun was heard in our rear, when the boys would say: "Look out; they are coming; they will be on us in a minute." Another said: "Remember, men, there is no retreating. General Hood expects us to hold this position as long as there is a man left." So they talked to frighten the new men, and the poor fellows were frightened, and no wonder; any of us would have been under the same circumstances. These same men made just as good soldiers as the old ones after being drilled and disciplined.

The next morning Captain Porter came to me and said: "Hunter, if you will do all the company and regiment drilling, I will drill the recruits." I answered: "Captain, that suits me exactly." But soon after this I received an order to report at regimental headquarters, and Colonel Marshall told me that he had received an order to have me report to General Hood. When I did so, General Hood gave me a written order appointing me A. D. C. on his staff, with instructions to proceed to Richmond, procure a horse and accouterments, and report for duty, saying that by the time I was ready he would be encamped near the city. Now, you may be sure I was a proud young officer, and to be selected from such a galaxy of splendid officers as the brigade then contained was a compliment to justify my pride. I had "won my spurs" in the first general engagement, and I promised myself that General Hood should never regret the choice he had made. How well I kept that promise is for my surviving comrades and the official records of the war to say. I bought a fine bay horse, for which I paid \$325, good money, and procured the best accouterments I could find, though not such as I liked or had been used to, and on the third day I rode out to the command. When I rode through camp (and I flatter myself that I knew how to ride, as I had spent most of my life on horseback), I was cheered by the men; all seemed pleased by my promotion.

After remaining inactive except for guard and drill duty for some time, orders were issued allowing a certain number from each company to visit the city each day. These passes had to be signed by General Hood, and, to save him this trouble, I got to forging his name, in which I became so proficient that the General himself could not detect the fraud. His was the only name I ever could copy.

The night before the battle of Seven Pines there came a very hard rain. Lieutenant Blanton, Lieut. Dave Sublet, and I occupied the same tent, and they had been reciting the Episcopal litany and chanting and said they were going to make an Episcopalian of me. The rain was pouring, and about eleven o'clock General Hood called me and said: "Ride to the command and give orders that three days' rations be put in haversacks and the regiment be ready to march at daylight." Then these unchristian men, devoid of pity and without the love of God or fear of Hades in their souls, laughed at my having to get out in the pouring rain on a night as black as Erebus to find my way to the different regiments.

We marched at daylight and reached our destination early. General Johnston intended that the attack at Seven Pines should be made at sunup, but for some reason the general who was to have made the attack failed to obey orders; hence the attack was deferred until afternoon. General Johnston had learned that the enemy had sent one corps across the

Chickahominy the evening before; and as there was but one bridge and the heavy rain had put the stream at flood stage, he wanted to capture or destroy this corps before help could reach them. But the delay in making the attack gave McClellan time to cross his army, so we had to engage in a general battle; and though we inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, it was not enough to compensate for the loss of our brave men. When our command was ordered forward, we proceeded only a short distance before line of battle was formed, and we then moved forward in line of formation. As we were in bottom lands, the water was from ankle- to knee-deep. When we reached the Charles City Railroad, General Hood halted the command and said to me: "Lieutenant, find General Johnston, give him my compliments, and tell him I want orders at the railroad." I hurried off and fortunately had gone but a short distance when I saw the General and his staff coming. I delivered my message, and General Johnston, pointing his finger, said: "Give Hood my compliments and tell him there is where the battle rages, and I want the Texans in it." By this time we saw General Hood coming, and he delivered the order to him. We galloped back, and General Hood gave the order, "Forward!"

A few hundred yards to our left on the railroad the Yankees had a fort and a musket battery to protect themselves from an attack on their left, and just after we crossed the railroad they opened this battery on us. General Hood paid no attention to it, and we were soon out of range, and no one was hurt. This artillery was strongly supported by infantry, and General Law, moving on our left, struck the position and made a very gallant and determined attack, but was repulsed with considerable loss. When we were halted just in the rear of where the battle was raging, we were under fire, but not engaged.

At the risk of being considered egotistic I shall relate an uncommon incident that occurred to me just here. When our command halted, General Hood discovered that the 18th Georgia Regiment was missing, and he told me to ride and find the 18th and bring them up as soon as possible; they were on the left. I went as fast as I could ride through the water and timber and soon saw what I thought was the regiment. Hastening forward on the run, when I got to where I could see distinctly I found that I was only a short distance from a Yankee encampment. I thought, "If I turn back, I will be shot in the back"; so I determined to take chances and never pulled rein. There was a little ridge of high land on which they had two rows of little dog tents. I went on the ridge on one side, passed between the tents, and out the other through a motley crowd—camp followers, cooks, sick, and all sorts. I made no halt, never spoke, and none spoke to me. I went on toward the railroad, where General Law was fighting, and when I got to the right of way just across the railroad from me stood a regiment of Yankees with their backs toward me. They were so engaged in listening to the fight in their front that they never saw me at all. I thought, If I could find the 18th and attack this regiment in the rear, how quickly I could relieve General Law and capture these Yanks!

The 18th was in its place when I got back. Our brigade, although under fire and sustaining some losses, was never actively engaged. General Johnston was wounded in that battle, and Gen. R. E. Lee was then placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. After remaining two days in the Chickahominy swamps, we were moved back near the city, where we remained until the order sending us—that is, General Whiting's division—to reinforce General Jackson in

the valley. This order was publicly promulgated. Knowing that secret communication was constantly going on from our army to that of the enemy, General Lee desired that the enemy should have this information in order that as many troops as possible should be sent to reinforce Banks in the valley, and he especially wanted to get rid of General McDowell and thirty thousand troops then located at Fredericksburg. So our division was marched into the city with bands playing and all the glorious circumstances of war and took train for Gordonsville.

General Hood sent me ahead to Lynchburg to make arrangements for headquarters for his staff and hurry up for transportation to Charlottesville. As soon as the brigade arrived I was sent on to Charlottesville to make arrangements there, and I secured the campus of the college for the men, the president of the college entertaining General Hood and staff. We had to lay over one day. There were several ladies in the president's household; and as I had arrived in advance, I had gotten acquainted with them. As I was a native Texan, I think I was something of a curiosity; so they gave me an opportunity to talk to them a good deal. On our staff was Maj. Robert Burns, our brigade commissary. Bob was a character and was noted as a "gasser," spinning big yarns about his own performances and about Texans generally with the most serious and impressive countenance. He was old enough for his hair to be gray, but he told the ladies that he was a young man and his gray hair was caused by sitting up day and night waiting on the sick during a yellow fever epidemic in Houston, Tex. The day after the command arrived at Charlottesville, Bob, seeing that I was acquainted with the ladies, wanted me to introduce him. I told him I would not; that I would not stand for his gassing and the lies with which he would entertain those ladies. He then went into the parlor and introduced himself and gave them a history of his heroic deeds and those of the brigade in general.

Leaving Charlottesville, we proceeded to Gordonsville, formed a junction with Jackson's army, and next morning started back to Richmond, marching over dirt roads. This move was a ruse of General Lee's to deceive the Federal army (or authorities). They believed he was going to force Banks from the valley and probably go on to Washington; hence Banks was heavily reinforced, and by the time these reinforcements reached Banks General Lee's forces, including Jackson's, were whipping McClellan in front of Richmond.

At Frederick Hall we laid up two days for plans to be completed at Richmond. One of these days was Sunday, and Colonel Dabney, of General Jackson's staff, preached for us. The service was held in a tobacco factory, the preacher standing at a side door. I went in late and found a seat on a short bench near the minister, and General Jackson, coming in later, took a seat by me. This was my first opportunity to have a good look at the man, and I am free to acknowledge that I was more interested in him than in the preacher. To a casual observer General Jackson seemed a very ordinary man, but on closer inspection, particularly of his physiognomy, you were bound to note the very prominent development of his head. His eyes never changed from the face of the minister, and when a good point was made you could see the skin on his brow and head move in affirmation.

[Continued in March number.]

SERVICE WITH THE SHELBY GRAYS.

BY THE LATE N. D. BACHMAN, OF BRISTOL, TENN.

I was a little more than sixteen years old when, in March, 1861, a company of soldiers was organized at Bristol, and I was among the first enrolled. George M. Mathes, who had seen service in the army on the Western frontier, was elected captain of the company, which was called the Shelby Grays. Early in April, at the request of the company, I went to Knoxville and made arrangements for the Shelby Grays to become a part of a regiment that was to be organized at that place. I was proud to report that we would form a part of the first regiment organized in East Tennessee, which was known as the 3d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. John C. Vaughn. The Shelby Grays reported at once at Knoxville and in the assignment of a place in the regiment became Company K.

We took quarters at the Fair Grounds, and after drilling a short time we were moved to Lynchburg, Va., where we were sworn into service. We then went to Winchester, Va., from which point we made various movements—to Romney, toward Harper's Ferry, etc. During this time we were brigaded with the 1st Maryland Regiment and the 11th and 13th Virginia Regiments, the brigade being commanded by Gen. A. P. Hill, E. Kirby Smith's division.

Our brigade was withdrawn from the Harper's Ferry territory and made a forced march to Piedmont, where we boarded the railroad cars and reached the battle field in time to "save the day" in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. We then did service around Fairfax Station, Centerville, and other points until sometime in February, 1862, when the regiment was sent back to Tennessee. After remaining at Knoxville a short time, camping near the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, we were moved to Kingston and thence into Scott and Morgan Counties to look after bushwhackers,

who were organizing in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky. At a place called Brimstone, Company K had a severe fight early one morning with a strong force of these bushwhackers, in which several of our boys were killed or wounded. Returning to Kingston, we were shipped up the Clinch River on a small steamer to Clinton, and with that as a sort of base we moved back and forth, up and down the Cumberland Valley, guarding the passes in the Cumberland Mountains. Some bad feeling arising between the officers of Company K and Colonel Vaughn, an arrangement was approved by the War Department whereby our entire company was transferred to a regiment that was being organized by Col. Richard Fain, of Rogersville, and which was known as the 63d Tennessee Regiment. A new company made up from Colonel Vaughn's native county took our place in the 3d Tennessee Regiment.

Our company was E in the new regiment, the 63d Tennessee, the field officers of which were: Richard Fain, colonel; Abram Fulkerson, lieutenant colonel; John Alfred Aiken, major; U. L. York, adjutant; and Tom Johnson, sergeant major.

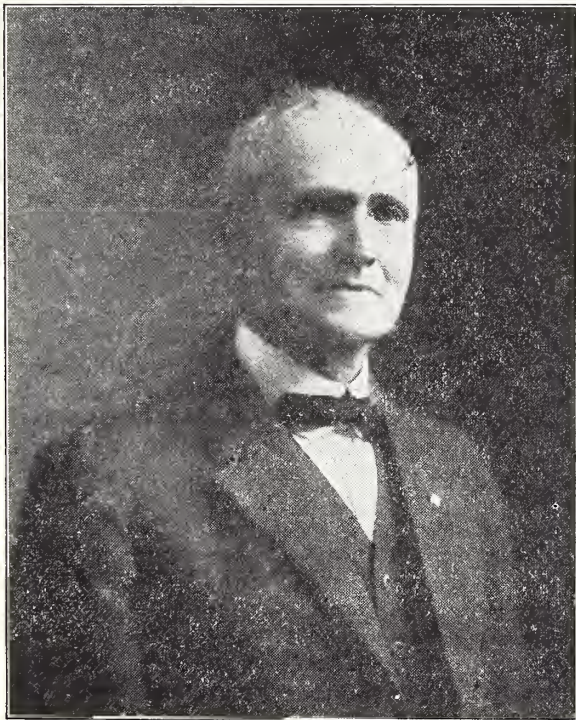
During the winter of 1862-63, while the 63d was stationed at Cumberland Gap, Tom Johnson was transferred to a cavalry company, and I was appointed sergeant major in his stead and as such served to the end of the war. While at Cumberland Gap we had an exciting and amusing trip into Harlan County, Ky., after bushwhackers.

During the summer of 1863, about the time of Carter's (Yankee) raid into East Tennessee, we left Cumberland Gap and were sent to Tullahoma by railroad to reinforce General Bragg's army, which immediately began a retreat, falling back to Chattanooga. Very soon thereafter Bragg withdrew from Chattanooga, and the Federal forces under Rosecrans occupied the place. Then followed the great battle of Chickamauga, September 19-21, 1863; and in this engagement, which ranks as one of the bloodiest of the war, Company E—in fact, the entire 63d Regiment—suffered heavily. The 63d was in the final onslaught on Snodgrass Hill on Sunday evening, September 21. Through this fearful slaughter and loss of life I escaped unhurt, thanks to a kind Providence, but was struck once with a grapeshot, which tore off the sole of my shoe.

On Monday morning, September 22, after burying our dead comrades, we moved toward Chattanooga and camped at the foot of Missionary Ridge, remaining there until sometime in November, when our brigade, commanded by Gen. Archibald Gracie, was sent to Knoxville to reinforce General Longstreet, who had Burnside's "cooped up" in Knoxville.

Our brigade supported the troops that made the assault on Fort Sanders; and after being exposed for a long time to a deadly fire, when it became apparent that our forces could not dislodge the Federals, we were withdrawn. Our brigade, being then under command of General Longstreet, withdrew from Knoxville and went up the valley near to Rogersville, from which point we returned to Bean's Station and engaged the enemy in a little fight—a big one for East Tennessee.

After this we were quartered for a while on Lick Creek and later went to Abingdon, Va., when on or about May 2 we took the train (a lot of stock cars) for Richmond. This was a cold, snowy day in May, 1864. On our arrival at Richmond we were hurried down the north side of James River, and after moving around a few days we returned and crossed to the south side of the river and engaged "Beast" Butler's forces at Walthall Junction, or Walthall Station.



NATHAN D. BACHMAN.

As I remember, this was on the line of railroad leading from Petersburg to Richmond. We then retired in the direction of Richmond, halting at Drewry's Bluff. The Federals followed us and intrenched themselves strongly in our front.

Early on the morning of May 16 General Beauregard attacked Butler's forces, drove them pell-mell from their fortifications, and chased them to their transports on the James River. This was a quick, decisive battle and, taking into consideration the length of time the engagement lasted, was perhaps the severest battle in which we were engaged during the entire war. Our percentage of loss was greater than in any other fight.

In the assault on the enemy's fortifications the 63d Tennessee struck a fort on the pike, the strongest and best-fortified point on the line. In this engagement I had the misfortune to lose one skirt of my coat and part of my pants. The coat was made of homemade jeans, lined with homemade linsey, and had been sent to me by my mother. I prized it above all my possessions; and, leaving out the question of the scare and shock I received from the piece of shell, I was far more distressed on account of being disrobed so unceremoniously than from the bruises I received on my thigh.

For a time after the battle of Drewry's Bluff we occupied that part of our line at a point near what was known as the Howlett House. Here we were constantly exposed to the fire from the Federal gunboats. Our line was very thin and weak, and skirmishing was kept up regularly. When General Grant began his movement on Petersburg, our brigade was hurried to that point to meet his advance. I think this was about the 15th of June, 1864. Reaching Petersburg weary and worn from loss of sleep and constant marching and skirmishing on Swift Creek, we endeavored to spread our small force over the northeast suburbs of the city and marched out until we met Grant's advance. For the first day and night our entire force was on the skirmish line endeavoring to hold the Federals in check until General Lee could move his forces from the north side of the James River. About four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th of June Col. Abram Fulkerson and I were lying in the shade of a small bush in the rear of our skirmish line, both sleeping soundly, when I was suddenly aroused by the "whack" of a Minie ball which had no difficulty in making its way into my thigh and which struck me as nearly as could be where I had been struck by the piece of shell a month before at Drewry's Bluff. This time the joke was on me, for my much-treasured clothing did not suffer in this incident, the ball passing through rents already made by the shell on May 16; but I thought I was ruined, and Colonel Fulkerson said I rolled and tumbled like a chicken with its head off. In due time I was conveyed to the rear, and on examination by our field surgeon it was found that the wound was not serious, that I had been struck by what we called a "spent ball," which penetrated the flesh only about three-fourths of an inch. In a few days I was ready for service again. I had always had a perfect horror of being captured and taken to prison, and this light affliction saved me from a greater calamity; for on the following morning about daybreak the majority of the 63d Tennessee were captured and taken to prison, and it is more than probable that I would have been with them had I not been wounded.

The 63d and Bushrod Johnson's brigade were now greatly reduced, and our experience in the ditches around Petersburg during the hot summer months was very trying indeed. We were exposed to the fire of sharpshooters and mortar

shells both day and night. Filth and vermine in the trenches could not be avoided, water was difficult to obtain, and rations very scant. Were you ever real hungry for three or four years at a time? Our hunger lasted for years.

After the capture on June 16, 1864, our regiment and brigade occupied a part of our line of defense northwest of the city of Petersburg, some distance west of the Crater. Our breastworks and those of the enemy were very close together, and we were constantly exposed to fire from sharpshooters and mortar shells. This, with the heat of a summer sun and close confinement in our filthy trenches, where we had to cook and sleep, made life rather uncomfortable, and we lost many good soldiers and gallant officers while located at that point on the line. Gen. Archibald Gracie, who led our old brigade into its charge on Snodgrass Hill in the battle of Chickamauga, immortalizing himself by his gallantry on that memorable occasion, was killed in the trenches at this point; as was also Colonel Fulton, of the 44th Tennessee Regiment, which now formed a part of our brigade.

Sometime in August, I think, the Federals again made a demonstration against the city of Richmond from the north side of the James River, and our brigade hurried back through Richmond and down to Signal Hill and Dutch Bend to reinforce the small force that was trying to protect the city of Richmond against the Federals, who came up the James River with transports and gunboats, landed troops, and advanced on the city. While guarding the river front in Dutch Bend and while in the low, swampy country along the north side of the James most all of our men, myself among them, contracted what we called "chills." Strange as it may seem, a fellow would get mighty cold in very hot weather with James River chills.

Sometime in September, 1864, the Federals succeeded in getting out from the river and captured a part of our line of defense, and on this particular occasion they took and occupied Fort Harrison, the strongest point of defense on our line. While this was going on I had some thrilling experiences and hairbreadth escapes; but the same kind and merciful Providence that had always kept me safe did not fail me then, and so I came through it all unhurt, but always weary and hungry. We soon retook our lost forts and lines of defense and drove the enemy back to the river.

We then went to work and built what we called "bombproofs" for protection against the heavy shells the Federals threw among us from their gunboats. The bombproofs were constructed of heavy timbers and covered with earth. We remained here (on the north side of the James) until late in the fall or early winter of 1864, when we were again removed to the right of General Lee's line on the south side of the James and, as I remember, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, a few miles south of Petersburg. In our new position we had some sharp engagements in our endeavors to prevent the Federals from extending their lines, until finally, about April 1, 1865, being so completely overwhelmed by Grant's constantly increasing army, while our own was gradually but constantly decreasing, General Lee undertook a retreat, evacuating both Petersburg and Richmond.

In the early part of March I, being very sick, had been sent to what we called the field hospital. I grew worse for several days and was not in condition at any time to be removed to a general hospital. The accommodations at our field hospital were meager indeed. Our shelter consisted of old dilapidated tents, with bunks made of pine poles covered

with pine tops, on which we lay. Thanks to Dr. J. S. McDonough, the surgeon of the 63d Tennessee Regiment, who was as gentle as a woman, as kind as a mother, and who had always been my personal friend, Billie Cross, of Company F, was sent with me to the hospital as a nurse, and, thanks to Billie Cross, for whom I ever afterwards had a warm and almost affectionate feeling, he did his duty as a nurse to my entire satisfaction; and when General Lee's army began to retire from Petersburg, I was so far recovered as to be able to sit up for a short while two or three times a day on the side of my pole bunk.

So when the news came that the army was giving up Petersburg and Richmond, I started Billie Cross in a hurry to our regimental headquarters with instructions to bring me "Old Bob," Colonel Fulkerson's old black horse. Dr. Jones, surgeon in charge of the field hospital, insisted that I was too weak to ride horseback; but that same old horror of being captured and going to prison led me to decide that I would go and do the best I could. And so Billie Cross, with the help of others of the hospital force, lifted me on and off the horse and kept this up as occasion demanded until we reached a place—a small place then, the name of which I had never heard before—which has since April 9, 1865, been admittedly the most historic place in the United States, for it was there on that memorable day that the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered to General Grant, who commanded the largest and best-equipped army ever marshaled on American soil.

After being convinced that General Lee had really surrendered, I said to the boys who were with me, "Well, it's all over now," and could not refrain from crying like a child. It would be hard for me to write anything that would adequately describe my feelings, for up to the very moment that this news came my faith in General Lee's being able to defeat Grant with all odds against him was firm and unshaken. Within an hour or less time, perhaps, the bluecoats were mixing among us, dividing rations with our starving boys and jollying us for being so hard to "hem in." As soon as parole papers could be prepared we began our homeward journey. L. L. Etter, second lieutenant of Company C, was in command of the 63d Tennessee at the time of surrender. Fortunately for me, Old Bob served me well in making my trip home; for during all the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox I had gained strength steadily, and when we left Appomattox I could mount with just a little assistance.

I reached Bristol in company with U. L. York, adjutant of our regiment, and we were kindly received and hospitably entertained by Mr. John Keys, who was then ticket agent at Bristol. During the days of my early boyhood Mr. Keys taught at the old Gammon schoolhouse, near my home, where I was a pupil. We procured a conveyance from Bristol to Blountville, and there Rev. J. P. Briscoe kindly loaned us his horse and buggy to make the remainder of the trip home.

And so ended my career as a soldier boy, covering a period of a little more than four years, and which I have always considered the most eventful part of my life. The life of a real soldier, either as an officer or in the ranks, is a severe test of endurance, obedience, and faithfulness; and I believe that the chief factor of strength and effectiveness in the Confederate soldier was his abiding and sincere conviction that his cause was just, and it was easy to see that those officers and soldiers who were unfaithful, disobedient, and insubordinate were plainly lacking in this conviction.

The life of a "dress parade" soldier is extremely demoralizing. The severest discipline cannot restrain an army of young men from vice and sin when there is "nothing doing" except the ordinary daily drill; but when forced marches for successive days and nights take the place of the camp drill and dress parade, when there is a real instead of an imaginary enemy just in front, when dead comrades are being hurriedly laid in narrow, shallow trenches, with perhaps a foot of earth for a covering, and others are moaning and crying out with pain from shattered limbs, the opportunity is at hand for the display of the qualities of endurance and faithfulness that make the real soldier.

Strange as it may seem, the good soldier was always jolly and mirthful, always ready with some seasonable joke that applied to a most deplorable condition, and these jolly fellows were continually guying and playing pranks on the "shirks" and such as were always complaining.

When we went to the Army of Northern Virginia in May, 1864, our regiment was brigaded with the other Tennessee regiments in Lee's army, which were the 7th, 17th 23d, and 44th, and the brigade was commanded by Gen. Bushrod Johnson. These four regiments and ours, the 63d, were so reduced in numbers that the War Department at Richmond had directed the consolidation of the five Tennessee regiments into one, and a full quota of officers had been selected and agreed on for the new regiment and each of the companies. In this arrangement for consolidation I had been given choice of having the office of adjutant of the new regiment with the rank of first lieutenant or as captain of one of the new companies. I had decided to take the former, because as adjutant I would be entitled to a horse (as long as I could furnish it myself). The difference in the monthly pay of the adjutant and all officers with the rank of first lieutenant and that of officers with the rank of captain was \$25 per month, but at that time a soldier could not get a good dinner for \$25; so a difference of \$25 in Confederate money was not of much importance to me. General Grant's movements about April 1 demanded so much attention from the War Department at Richmond and kept our little army so busy that these plans for consolidation and reorganization of all the Tennessee troops belonging to Lee's army were necessarily deferred and indefinitely postponed. And so the Tennessee regiments retained their original identity up to the date of surrender.

The parole given me at Appomattox I carried in my purse after coming home until it was worn into a frazzle and almost into dust. I am sorry that I did not put it carefully away for preservation.

I have carefully, and I might say eagerly, read a great deal concerning the conditions that existed prior to 1861 and the real causes of the War between the States; and now that the issues involved have been settled and were settled by force of arms, I am thoroughly satisfied that so long as we have in reality a republican form of government in the United States of America the principles and governmental doctrines for which Confederate soldiers fought will live. Confederate soldiers were not "rebels"; they fought and contended for rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, and the mere fact of our defeat should not be taken as evidence that our cause was not just. It was clearly a case in which "might triumphed over right."

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

D. H. HILL AT SHARPSBURG.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

That the strength of the South during the War between the States lay in large measure in the skill and resourcefulness of its foremost generals is a truth which hardly requires the simplest demonstration. Lee, Jackson, the two Johnstons, Beauregard, the two Hills, Stuart, Early, Forrest, Hoke, and Price present an array rarely surpassed in the records of warfare since it began gradually to acquire its modern form and character during the seventeenth century under the guidance of such masters of the field as Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, Fairfax, Turenne, Conde, Schomberg, and the prince of English strategists, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. It is difficult to suggest a parallel or even an adequate analogy, for the story of the South is unique at least in the sphere of military achievement, and its notable campaigns—above all, that of Lee in 1864—have been accorded a loftier rank as strategic master efforts than those which are accounted by discerning critics the most brilliant conceptions of the first Napoleon.

Not only was the life of the Confederacy prolonged for years by the consummate gift of adaptation and the phenomenal genius of which D. H. Hill affords a notable and impressive example, but these will recede like a fading vision of a vanishing order, not like the barge of King Arthur on the mere "into light," but into a steadily growing darkness, and at the last "will wither in the vast" or become the mythic heroes of the new order to which the old is yielding place. As the aggressive growth of the spirit of nationalism "slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent," there will be revealed in our Southern history "strange faces, other minds," undreamed-of ideals, novel inspirations, a new heaven and a new earth, in which shall abide the social and political righteousness that the coming age shall unfold for our guidance and our illumination. The vision of "national solidarity" is advancing with accelerating velocity toward its logical goal. Its proud waves cannot be stayed; its centripetal force cannot be held at bay. The Tennysonian prophecy, uttered more than threescore and ten years ago, is swiftly moving into the sphere of assured result; the poet has become the sage, and the glory of his art is almost excelled by the clearness and subtlety which marked his revelation:

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
And I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers,
And the world is more and more."

"Locksley Hall," the first version, was published in 1842; and in this year Hill, not at the time quite twenty-one, graduated from the United States Military Academy. We turn with a feeling akin to sadness from the contemplation of such a character. The student of history cannot fail to discern the signs of the times. The day is no longer behind the cloud, but is clearly foreshadowed, in which the heroic order of men, the special glory and the unique creation of our ancient Southern civilization, will have become as thoroughly obsolete and incapable of reproduction as some extinct type or irreducible form that has excited the wonder and aroused the despair of the biologist or the researcher in the realms of paleontology. We may as soon hope to see a new Dante or another Shakespeare as to look for the coming of another Washington, a second Lee, a new Jackson, or another soldier, man, and teacher wrought in the image and fashioned after

the likeness of D. H. Hill. These distinctive products and exemplars of an age that is dead, a social and political economy that has had its day and ceased to be, sprang to life by its inspiration and passed with its setting as one of the goodliest fellowships whereof the world holds record. Analogies, prototypes avail not for the aim of the historic artist or the portrayer of the inner life. "None but themselves can be their parallel." And from this rare company of elect spirits no more manly or heroic figure looks out upon us than that of D. H. Hill.

At Sharpsburg on Wednesday, September 17, 1862, was fought the most desperately contested battle of the War between the States on the part of the armies of the Confederacy, the engagement itself marking the bloodiest single day of the long-drawn strife. The division of D. H. Hill was by this time reduced to three thousand, constituting about one-tenth of the available force at the disposal of Lee. Hunger, sickness, forced marches, the havoc of the field, all had done their worst; but the chief who led this diminishing host was one of that transfigured band which the world cannot tame and upon whose spirit the fire has no power.

In this, pronounced by eminent military authority "the boldest and bloodiest battle ever fought upon the Western continent," Hill, with his five diminished brigades (Rhodes's, Garland's, Colquitt's, Ripley's, and Anderson's), and Jones's five batteries, numbering twenty-two guns, sustained not only a conspicuous but a most heroic part. Three horses were shot under him, one being literally decapitated. At a supreme moment he seized a musket and led in person the troops whom he had rallied. In his exploration of the ground, studying its nature from the viewpoint of the strategist and striving to fix definitely the position of the enemy, he rode with the utmost deliberation across a field of corn, then ripe unto the harvest, in full view of the opposing force. The cornfield covered the slopes of a hill, a rail fence on its summit running parallel with the contending lines of battle. Without crossing the fence he could not accomplish his purpose, and on horseback he was in full view of the enemy as well as in easy range of his fire. Accompanied by his adjutant, he crossed the fence and rode for a quarter of a mile along the line marked by its course. The fire of McClellan's skirmishers were concentrated upon him, and as he pursued his leisurely ride with inflexible coolness three couriers and staff officers, dispatched to him with messages or instructions, were shot or had their horses disabled before he was overtaken. At a later time, when referring to this incident, his adjutant asked him if he "never had the sensation of fear," to which he replied that he "realized the danger of being killed"; and when the suggestion was made that he might have gone on foot, thus escaping observation and diminishing the danger, or could have recrossed the fence, an impossibility if mounted, he answered that he would not ask his men to go where he would not go himself nor send them to a place he did not know thoroughly, both as to the character of the ground and the strength of the enemy; he had no fear of death if it came in the discharge of duty; his Heavenly Father could take care of him as well in battle as at home. When asked if he did not prefer life to death, he replied that when he thought of his wife and babies he would prefer to live, adding that God would care for them if he were taken from them. During this sanguinary September day every one of his staff was either wounded or suffered the loss of his horse.

The losses sustained by Hill's command during the first Maryland campaign, as estimated by official records, were in all 3,241, or about one-fourth of the casualties incurred by our army during its two weeks' varied experience on the northern side of the Potomac. The attacks of McClellan upon our vastly inferior force were finally repelled at every point. As he did not renew his assaults on September 18, upon the evening of that day Lee withdrew into Virginia by way of Shepherdstown, and both combatants for a season rested from the shock of battle.

There was no serious engagement until nearly three months later, when Burnside, who had superseded McClellan as commander of the Federal army early in November, met his inglorious fate on the hills of Fredericksburg on December 13. As the Federal forces had advanced into Virginia on a line to the east of the Blue Ridge, Lee as a strategic necessity placed his army between the enemy and the Confederate capital. About the 20th of November Hill's command, now increased to nine or ten thousand, moved from the valley and, crossing the mountains at New Market, began their march in the direction of Fredericksburg, reaching its vicinity about the 1st of December. A distance of nearly two hundred miles was traversed in ten days under conditions the most adverse, all the elemental forces—snow, sleet, rain—having combined apparently to retard his progress.

THE SHARPSBURG MEMORIAL.

[A granite marker has been placed on the Sharpsburg battle field by Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., in honor of Second Lieutenant Chamberlaine, the gallant officer whose quick thought and action gave effective aid in a desperate situation. Lieutenant Chamberlaine was born and reared in Norfolk, Va., but is now a resident of Washington and Second Lieutenant Commander of Camp No. 171. The following is the report of the committee appointed by the Camp to place the marker, the members of which were Gabriel Edmondson, John T. Callaghan, and D. C. Grayson.]

A neat and handsome granite marker is now in place near the outlet of Piper's Lane, on the Hagerstown Pike, bearing the following inscription:

"A. N. V.

"Near this spot an abandoned Confederate gun, manned by a second lieutenant of the 6th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, and two infantry volunteers from Anderson's Georgia Brigade, was placed in action September 17, 1862."

It will be recalled that in the battle of Sharpsburg there were three events of prime importance: (1) The reënforcement of Stonewall Jackson at a critical moment by McLaw's Division; (2) the repulse of Richardson's attempt to crush our center and roll it back on our left at the Dunker Church; (3) the arrival of A. P. Hill in time to restore our right wing by driving Burnside across the Antietam.

The struggle at the Piper farm was borne principally by Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, commanded successively by Colonel Cummings, Major Williams, and, finally, by Maj. Hilary A. Herbert. To the left of Piper's Lane, along the Hagerstown Pike, there was a battalion of Georgians which still maintained its organization and the broken remnants of Mahone's Brigade that had just been repulsed in a charge on Bloody Lane, and they had probably not over fifty muskets. The Georgians at Richardson's advance went over the stone

fence and deployed as skirmishers, giving the impression of a stronger force behind.

It was at this stage of the battle that Second Lieut. W. W. Chamberlaine, the "dandy" of the 6th Virginia Infantry, brushed the dust and dirt of Bloody Lane from his uniform, picked up a field gun from the junk pile of that battle field, "and served it most beautifully," as Gen. G. T. Anderson said in his report, which can be seen in the files of the War Department.

The important aid rendered by this improvised battery may be judged by the fact that at least two of our field officers mentioned it in their reports and claimed credit for its emplacement. Maybe properly so, from the fact that it was under their command. Richardson's men were repulsed three times in their ambitious attempt to make a half day's job of crushing Lee's army.

The fate of the Army of Northern Virginia was still hanging in the balance when the volleying and the thunder of A. P. Hill's guns, opened to the right and partially to the rear, roused to enthusiasm even the wounded and predicted another day's battle on the morrow.

With our lines fully restored, the morning of the 18th of September dawned on the Army of Northern Virginia drawn up in line of battle eager and anxious for a fight; but not a gun was fired, although the two armies were about in speaking distance.

The only foundation for the claim of a Federal victory at Antietam rests on the fact that General Lee recrossed the Potomac the second night after the battle. We claim that this was only a strategic move to place his army in closer contact with his base of supplies, one hundred and twenty miles to Staunton, Va., by wagon trains; while McClellan was only one-third of that distance from Frederick, Md., where he had a good steam railway at his command.

The battle of South Mountain, together with the major battle of Sharpsburg, made it necessary to replenish his ammunition supply. Again General Lee's order that private property must be respected prevented our hungry men from any trespassing on the farms of Maryland. That order was strictly obeyed, and General Lee acted wisely in retreating after delivering a stinging defeat to his opponent.

Now, when the facts are known that General Lee had but thirty-five thousand men on the field and was opposed by General McClellan with sixty thousand men and twenty-seven thousand held in reserve, the claim of Sharpsburg as a Confederate victory is emphasized to the limit. It will be remembered that this the bloodiest battle of the War between the States was a square, stand-up, man-to-man fight. There can be but one conclusion, and that is that the Southern army was superior and better generated than the Northern army.

Your committee is of the candid opinion that the men of the North and of the South were equals as to fighting ability; but the Southern armies were composed of typical Americans, while the Northern armies were so honeycombed with foreign immigrants who were attracted by the large bounties that they were an element of weakness instead of strength.

We will merely cite the battle of New Market, where Sigel's Corps was whipped by Virginia boys (the Lexington cadets), "who had not lost the taste of mother's milk." These young patriots were at their studies when the order came to report for duty in the field. Our comrade of Camp 171, Capt. B. A. Colonna, then a member of the faculty of the Lexington Military Institute, commanded one of the companies in that battle. Halleck telegraphed to Grant on May 17, 1864: "Sigel

is in full retreat on Strasburg. He will do nothing but run; never did anything else."

How does this compare with the claim that "the United States owes a debt of gratitude to Germany that she can never repay"? "How is that?" was asked. "Why," the German replied, "we put down the rebellion for you." This claim was made when the telegram of Dewey's victory at Manila was on the bulletin boards, and bitter comments were being made on the German admiral for his action in Manila Bay. Now, we know that the German soldiers are good fighters in defense of the Kaiser; but in America they proved a failure, because they gave only as much as they were paid for. We had some few Germans in our army who were gallant soldiers, but they were not fighting for a bounty.

One of this committee was badly wounded in the charge of Mahone's Brigade on Bloody Lane and was assisted by two comrades to a place of refuge behind the stone wall lining the Hagerstown Pike, where he witnessed for hours the incident narrated on the stone tablet, until the gallantry of A. P. Hill's Corps ended the pressure on our center and relieved W. W. Chamberlaine's improvised battery from further duty for the day.

It will not be overlooked that General Lee fought with the Army of Northern Virginia widely scattered on the day of battle. The forced marches of the evening and night of the 16th lined the road from Harper's Ferry to Shepherdstown with men stricken down with the extreme heat of an unusual September day, and he was unable to bring a larger force to the front.

In view of this fact, we most emphatically assert that Sharpsburg, or Antietam, was one of the most pronounced successes of the Army of Northern Virginia.

OLD FORT GROGHAN, TEXAS.

BY MRS. SAMUEL S. POSEY, AUSTIN, TEX.

Tucked away in the heart of Burnet County, Tex., nestling in its clasp of purple hills at the foot of Post Mountain, is an old log house, all that is left of old Fort Groghan, built immediately after the Mexican War, where some of the most famous actors in the swift-moving drama of American history were stationed. Here lived the South's most beloved hero, Gen. Robert E. Lee. The old fort is now the home of an old negro, Aunt Sophie Sampson, ninety-odd years old, who once nursed the General during a spell of sickness. Aunt Sophie is the only occupant.

It is doubtful if one in ten thousand persons in Texas knows that there is such a spot as Fort Groghan, and few, if any, in the whole South know of the existence of this historic relic of the days gone by. Yet the men whose names are written indelibly upon the pages of history played the leading rôles in the great war drama staged within the confines of the great State of Texas, when Burnet County and its surrounding area were a vast cedar brake that reached as far north as Brownwood and as far south as Austin; and Comanche warriors lurked behind every tree, and their signal fires burned from every hilltop.

Old Fort Groghan was the stage where those heroes moved through the scenes that had their setting in its vicinity, those heroes who later were such gallant figures in the great war that swayed

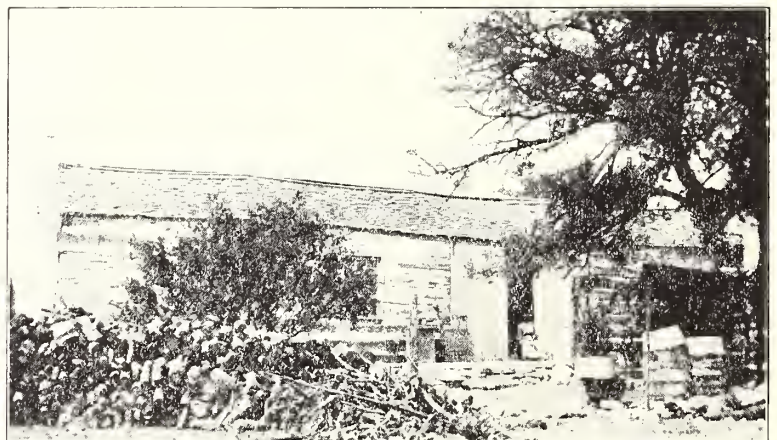
both North and South alike, when houses were divided against themselves, brother fought brother in mortal combat, and old-time friends unsheathed their swords under different flags, each fighting for what he thought was right.

Old Fort Groghan was the stage where those heroes moved through the scenes that had their setting in its vicinity, those heroes who later were such gallant figures in the great war that swayed both North and South alike, when houses were divided against themselves, brother fought brother in mortal combat, and old-time friends unsheathed their swords under different flags, each fighting for what he thought was right.

Upon the top of Post Mountain the largest and strongest tribe of Indians established a lookout station, and on one of their many raids they captured one of San Antonio's richest and most popular society belles. Francisco de Zavala, a Catholic priest, belonging to one of the most noted families Texas has ever had, who lived in Burnet County, decided to rescue this girl from the Comanches. The young priest had lived in Texas long enough to learn Indian cunning and at last found his opportunity to sneak within the stronghold of the savages and carry off the maiden. He hid with her in Sherrard's Cave, a miniature Mammoth Cave, near Fort Groghan; but the Indians found his hiding place and after a desperate fight recaptured the girl and her rescuer. In order to escape death, both captives became members of the tribe. Father De Zavala was afterwards made chief of the tribe. The story of this exploit attracted the attention of the United States government, and a detachment of soldiers was sent there, and it was then that Fort Groghan was established, with Gen. Robert E. Lee as commander.

And now, after fifty years have rolled by, all that Texas has left of those days when history was in the making is the old log house named for Captain Groghan, one of the bravest heroes of Mexican War fame. Here in this fort of logs were stationed at different times Gens. Robert E. Lee, Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Hood, Chalmers, Albert Sidney Johnston, James B. McClellan, and Adam Rankin Johnson, each man a familiar and honored figure on the pages of history. In the early days of the fort it boasted of several log houses, but all that is left is the hospital.

E. Kirby Smith commanded the fort after General Lee; then came Van Dorn, afterwards General Van Dorn, of Confederate fame; then came Lieutenant Chalmers, who as General Chalmers commanded the North Mississippi division of the Confederate army; then John B. Hood, whom every



THE HOSPITAL BUILDING IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF OLD FORT GROGHAN.

Southerner knows and loves as the gallant leader of Hood's matchless brigade, which covered itself with glory on every battle field.

Among the names of these illustrious commanders is that of one who rode to fame at the head of the Federal army, James B. McClellan; and though he later cast his lot with the enemy and wore the blue uniform, we cannot help respect his gallant record as an officer of the Union army.

Old settlers tell of a time when General Lee sat his horse on top of Post Mountain overlooking the country, and as his eyes took in the beauties of the scene he remarked: "This is truly a spot where history and romance will go hand in hand." And, strange to say, his prophetic words have come true.

After each of these men had taken his place in the great armies at the beginning of the War between the States, Adam Rankin Johnson was placed in charge of Fort Groghan. But he remained only a short time before he hurried away to Kentucky to cast his lot with Nathan Bedford Forrest. During those four awful years, when the South's red battle flag with its St. Andrew's Cross of stars waved at the head of those ever-diminishing but ever-advancing columns in their tattered uniforms of gray, Adam Rankin Johnson rode at the head of the Partisan Rangers and made one of the most brilliant records of any of the South's heroes. His Rangers were raised, armed, and equipped behind the Confederate lines while the Federals sought in every way to effect his capture, and his escapes were many and thrilling. General Johnson's capture of Newburg, Ind., with a "stovepipe battery" and twenty men was one of the most remarkable feats of daring recorded in history and won for him the *nom de guerre* of "Stovepipe Johnson." In the battle of Grubbs's Crossroads this gallant leader was shot through the eyes, but the indomitable will which made him famous as a soldier has helped him win an enviable place in civil life, where he ranks as a leading business man, known far and wide as the builder of "Marble Falls, the Blind Man's Town."

Not far from General Johnson's home in Burnet is a spot known as "Dead Man's Well," where the Union men hanged Southern sympathizers to a tree that droops over this bottomless pit, afterwards cutting the rope and letting their bodies fall within. Years later their skeletons were found on the ledges where they had lodged, their hands still tied behind them. During those years of terror in Burnet, which was mostly Union, the men who were known to be on the South's side would disappear as if the earth had swallowed them, and the people would whisper with a shudder, "Dead Man's Well."

There is still a tree on the top of Post Mountain which bears the dim lettering of a name, and that name is none other than Robert E. Lee. Aunt Sophie Sampson, relic of slavery, who lives in the old fort, once nursed General Lee through an illness, and when asked if she remembers the South's intrepid leader she replies, grinning broadly: "Does I 'member Marse Robert? Lord, honey, does you think I could fergit that great, good man? Why, this is de house he lived in befo' de war." And though the roof has fallen in, letting in the sunshine and the rain, this old black mammy is proud of the fact that she lives in that hallowed spot once honored by the South's loved hero.

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.—I would sooner be honestly and politically damned than hypocritically immortalized.—*David Crockett*.

FLAG OF THE 16TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

[From the Natchez (Miss.) *Courier*, Saturday, July 19, 1862.]

We have frequently made allusion to the extraordinary march and service of the 16th Mississippi Regiment, a portion of which is the Adams Light Guard Battalion. In their march and battles in the valley of the Shenandoah their unprecedented quick return to the eastern portion of Virginia in time to act a conspicuous part in the great contest that defeated General McClellan's grand army, their untiring devotion and endurance in the cause of a common country, they have been marked as among the best and bravest of our noble volunteers.

It was a source of pride and gratification with us yesterday morning to hear from Maj. Samuel E. Baker, of the 16th Mississippi Regiment, who has taken part with his patriotic fellow citizens of the Adams Light Guard Battalion in all the stirring incidents of the late battles on the Shenandoah and before Richmond. He passed the fiery ordeal unscathed; and now, in the absence of the higher officers, he is acting colonel of the regiment, a trust which we believe he is fully competent to fill to its utmost requirements.

Although only intended as familiar jottings of the camp, we cannot refrain from using some extracts from his late letter to friends in Natchez, descriptive of the participation the 16th Mississippi Regiment had in the gigantic struggle with McClellan's Federal forces.

The letter from Major Baker is headed:

"ON CHARLES CITY ROAD, EIGHTEEN MILES FROM RICHMOND,
July 6, 1862.

"We were in the fight on Friday evening, 27th, and also on Tuesday. The former was fought along the line from Gaines's Mill, on the right, to Coal Harbor, on the left. The latter was fought at Frazier's farm. We had hard fighting to do, the enemy being in fine position and strongly posted, protected by woods and breastworks. On Friday evening we were under fire till about half an hour before sunset, when the order was given to make a charge along the line from right to left. The place where we had to charge was one difficult of access and pregnant with danger. We had first to descend a ravine which ran into another ravine, which swept around the base of another high hill. In front of the hill there was a ditch about two feet wide, filled with water and mud waist-deep. In the ravines the enemy had cut down all the trees with the branches facing us, so that our progress was slow and difficult. On the hill the enemy had posted three regiments—the first lying down on the brow of the hill, the second a little farther back, kneeling, and the third still to the rear, standing up.

"Our line was formed, the North Carolina Regiment on our left. The Alabama and Georgia Regiments of our brigade were separated from us early in the evening. General Trimble led the charge. At the word 'Forward!' all stepped off promptly. After going a short distance we passed a regiment lying on the ground just on the skirt of the woods from which we were emerging. We now came to an open field. Over this we had to cross before we could reach the ravine or hill on which the enemy were posted, and here the balls flew thick and fast. But steadily we advanced to the ravine and were now at it. On its brow lay a regiment. We were halted by its colonel and asked: 'Where are you going?' General Trimble answered: 'We are going to charge the enemy and drive them off.' The colonel replied: 'You cannot do it. Four attempts have been made by different regiments, and

each has failed.' The General answered: 'We can and will drive them off. Forward, boys, and give them the bayonet!'

"With one loud cheer we descended the ravine, falling and scrambling over the cut timber, each one anxious to be first. We now come to the ravine in which was a ditch. Into it we plunge under a most murderous fire of musketry. We cross it and commence the ascent of the hill and are met by a volley from the enemy; but now we charge up the hill furiously. Arrived at the top, the regiments lying on the brow fire upon us, and so close are they that the fire from their guns almost scorches and blinds us. Now for the first time we fire. One general volley rolls along our whole line, and with a cheer the men rush forward and charge. It is more than the enemy can stand. They waver, give back, and then flee, hotly pursued, through the woods to their artillery. Here they are met by the Texas Brigade, which has broken their right, and they are driven back upon us. The slaughter here was great. Many escaped by running down a ravine between our forces leading into the swamp. Many were taken prisoners. It is now dark, and still the pursuit continues. The recall is sounded, our lines formed, and we lay down victors, sleeping on the field. But our victory is mixed with sorrow. Many noble have fallen. Capt. James Brown, who, by my request, was acting lieutenant colonel, was killed early in the engagement, gallantly leading the left wing of the regiment. E. Steele Irvine acted most bravely. The color sergeant was shot down as we neared the top of the hill. Irvine snatched the colors from the ground and, waving them proudly aloft, rushed to the front. The flag was pierced with eleven bullets.

"In this charge we captured three batteries, over two thousand stands of arms, large supplies of company stores, and about five hundred prisoners. Next day we continued our advance, the enemy flying before us.

"It would be impossible to say how much the enemy has lost in the last week. We have captured camp after camp and found them filled with destroyed property of every kind. The amount of ammunition destroyed is immense, also that of wagons. They tried to burn most of them, but in many cases failed.

"The fight on Tuesday evening was terrific, and we gained nothing. The enemy held their position when the fight ended. It was continued until ten o'clock at night. We suffered terribly. We captured three batteries, but were unable to hold them. My regiment was under a fire of shells, but did not fire a gun. During the hottest of the fight we were double-quicked from the extreme left to right under a terrible fire of round shot and shell. Here we acted as a support and kept the enemy in check. It was a trying position, for three batteries were playing upon us, and our artillery had been completely disabled. Next morning, before daylight, the enemy moved off. A heavy rain fell during the morning, and we were unable to follow. The next day we started in pursuit and are now up with them. They have taken refuge under their gunboats."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

VOLUME XV., PAGE 3.

Butler's Way in New Orleans.—The following orders issued by the above warrior and statesman will give an idea of what the few citizens left in the "Crescent City" were up against: "It having come to the knowledge of the commanding general that Friday next is proposed to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, in obedience to some supposed

proclamation of one Jefferson Davis, in the several churches in this city, it is ordered that no such service be had. Churches and religious houses are to be kept open as in the time of profound peace, but no religious exercises are to be had upon the supposed authority above mentioned." "Mrs. Phillips, having been once imprisoned for her traitorous proclivities and released by the government, and having been found training her children to spit upon officers of the United States, for which she was forgiven, is now found on the balcony of her house during the passage of the funeral procession of Lieutenant De Kay laughing and mocking at his remains. It is, therefore, ordered that she is not to be treated and regarded as a common woman of whom no officer or soldier is bound to take notice, but as an uncommonly bad and dangerous woman, stirring up strife and inciting to riot, and that she be confined at Ship Island until further orders." "Fidel Keller has been found exhibiting a human skeleton in his window labeled 'Chickahominy' in large letters, meaning and intending that the bones should be taken to be the bones of a Union soldier slain in that battle in order to bring the authority of the United States in contempt. It is, therefore, ordered that he be confined at Ship Island for two years at hard work and that he be allowed to communicate with no other person on the island except Mrs. Phillips. Upon reading this order the said Keller begged that so much of it as associated him with 'that woman' might be recalled." "John W. Andrews exhibited a cross, the emblem of the suffering of our blessed Saviour, fashioned, as he said, from the bones of a Yankee soldier. It is, therefore, ordered that he be confined at hard labor on the fortifications at Ship Island for two years." Like the proverbial dog, Butler's "bark was worse than his bite," and none of these people were kept at Ship Island very long.

VOLUME XVI., PART I., 1862.

Home Guards.—Maj. R. M. Gano, C. S. A., in July wrote Gen. J. H. Morgan: "The Home Guards had assembled at Harrodsburg to drive us back, but before we came in sight they fled precipitately to the Kentucky cliffs to reinforce Joshua Bell, who was collecting all the home guards at the bridge on the Danville Road, and the aforesaid militia general (Bell) was exhorting his assemblage to deeds of heroism and valor when a party of sixty-five home guards came from Lancaster to reinforce them. They came shouting and waving their hats. Bell's pickets fled and reported Morgan coming with his forces at full gallop. Their heroic leader then announced that they could not possibly make a stand there, and every man must take care of himself, and they all fled in the direction of Lexington, some on horseback and some on foot. One, Mike Chrisman, made several miles on foot and fainted by the wayside." The Major added as a footnote, "The wicked flee where no man pursueth," which perfectly covered the case.

Bragg's Appeal to Kentuckians.—"The signal triumphs of our arms in Virginia had hardly been announced before we are called upon to rejoice and give thanks to God for a victory so brilliantly and completely achieved in our own campaign by the troops under Kirby Smith at Richmond, Ky., on August 30. Comrades, our campaign opens most auspiciously and promises complete success. Your general is happy and proud to witness the tone and conduct of his army. Contented and cheerful under privations and strictly regardful of the rights of citizens, you have obtained a victory over yourselves which insures success against the foe. The

enemy is in full retreat, with consternation and demoralization devastating his ranks. To secure the full fruits of this condition, we must press on vigorously and unceasingly. You will be called on to make greater sacrifice still, but your generals will share them. Alabamians, your State is redeemed; Tennesseans, the restoration of your capital is almost accomplished; Kentuckians, the first great blow has been struck for your freedom. The manacles will soon fall from your limbs, when we know you will arise and strike for your freedom. Soldiers from the Gulf, South Carolina, Georgia, and Arkansas, we share the happiness of our more fortunate brothers and will press on with them, rejoicing in the hope that a brighter future is in store for the fruitful fields, happy homes, and fair daughters of our own sunny South." Like the rest of the Kentucky campaigns, this just missed success.

VOLUME XVI., PART II.

Some Whipping.—General Thomas, U. S. A., wrote Buell on August 31: "Thursday Forrest was whipped near Woodbury; Friday he attacked a stockade eight miles from here and was whipped again. Started yesterday for Bragg's camp; was met by McCook's advance and again whipped. He then returned toward Woodbury, but was pursued and attacked at the crossing of the Manchester road and again badly whipped and dispersed." Well, well, Well! Who would have thought it? But he sure came back.

Names Inscribed on Captured Guns.—General Bragg instructed General Maney to have the names of four of the bravest Tennessee men who were killed in the battle of Perryville inscribed upon guns captured from the enemy in that fight, to which General Maney answered: "The instructions of the general as to the inscription of names on the pieces will be appreciated by my entire command; but I feel it proper to mention that at Perryville, in addition to the four Tennessee regiments, the 41st Georgia was also part of my brigade and with like valor and devotion participated on the severe conflict; and as Col. Charles McDaniel, the commander of that regiment, lost his life in this engagement, I respectfully request that his name be one of those inscribed." There is no record that his request was granted.

Trying to Get Paroled.—General Bragg issued the following order on September 26: "The general commanding is mortified to believe that some soldiers of his command are straggling from the ranks with the design to be captured in order that they may be paroled and return home. Any soldier thus taken will be tried as a deserter as well as for disobeying orders against straggling. No paroled prisoners will, under any circumstances, be permitted to go home, but will be kept with the army until exchanged." That settled it; no other order was necessary.

The Best People in the United States.—A gentleman from Maysville, Ky., wrote General Wright, U. S. A., on September 29: "I do not believe there is a regiment of Rebels between Covington and Paris. There is some Rebel cavalry down the valley ruining and disgracing the country. Six hundred under Basil Duke attacked and burned Augusta, a beautiful little town with a loyal and cultivated population. They killed nine and carried off forty or fifty of the best people in the United States; they shot some of them after they surrendered with their own guns. They fired the houses with shavings in one hand and matches in the other and burned up five of our wounded. It is a poor consol-

ation to state that thirty of these bandits were killed and a number wounded." I don't believe Basil Duke did it, and I certainly don't believe what he said about those fifty people.

Some Running.—On July 18 General Morgan, U. S. A., reported: "On Tuesday noon General Spears attacked five hundred Rebel cavalry near Clinton, Tenn. A citizen reported that at 2 P.M. of that day he met about three hundred of the enemy flying toward Knoxville in the wildest disorder; some were on horses without coats or arms; others were bareheaded and no arms. It was a complete panic, and they had gone at full run for the distance of nine miles and were still flying." I wonder what became of the other two hundred.

SERIES III., VOLUME I.

Arms for Georgia.—On July 5, 1861, W. L. Dayton wrote Secretary Seward, U. S. A., from Paris, France: "I understand that the Hon. Thomas Butler King has ordered for the State of Georgia fifty thousand rifles with saber bayonets of the latest model." But as he added that these arms had not been paid for, so far as I know they are in France yet.

Arms for the Southern States.—On November 6, 1860, J. B. Floyd, Confederate States Secretary of War, wrote: "The proposition for the purchase of five thousand muskets at \$2.50 each by the State of Virginia is accepted." On the 24th he wrote G. B. Lamar, of Georgia, "I have directed ten thousand muskets to be delivered on your order," and on December 15 he directed that five thousand be delivered to the Governor of Louisiana. It is, therefore, surprising that he abandoned Fort Donelson and left some other man to surrender that place to Grant.

Liquid Fire.—On October 29, 1861, G. Huff wrote General McClellan from Philadelphia: "I have discovered that missiles may be conveyed among the Rebels in a shell, and by the explosion that follows liquid streams of fire will be spread most fearfully in all directions." But McClellan turned it down by saying, and much to his credit: "Such means of destruction are hardly within the category of those recognized in civilized warfare."

Negro Soldiers, U. S. A.—On April 23, 1861, Jacob Dodson offered his services and those of three hundred other men of color to the United States government for the defense of Washington City; but as the Secretary of War wrote him on the 29th, "I have to say that this department has no intention at present to call into service any colored soldiers," I judge that Jacob had to be content as a civilian.

Against the South's Using Negro Troops.—On August 27, 1861, Z. Chandler wrote the United States Secretary of War: "The moment it is proved that blacks are used in the Southern army to fight us I propose to recruit a few regiments of sables in Canada to meet that enemy." Which goes to prove that we would have been considered barbarians by the Yankees if we had started out with negro troops, but later it was all right for them.

Union Call for Troops.—On April 15, 1861, President Lincoln made a call on twenty-four States for their proportion of 75,000 troops to "suppress insurrection and to cause the laws to be obeyed"; and of these, the quota from Virginia was 2,340; North Carolina, 1,560; Tennessee, 1,560; Arkansas, 780. But on this call, at any rate, he got none.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"It is not weary struggling up the path
To dim and distant mountain heights;
Ah! no; 'tis sudden freedom and the sound
Of song exultant and of sinless mirth."

HON. DREW FERGUSON.

Hon. Drew Ferguson, who died at Homer, La., October 13, 1917, came of a fine old family from Chester District, S. C. He was reared at Monticello, Ark., from which place he enlisted in the 26th Arkansas Regiment (Col. Charles H. Carlton), and faithfully and bravely served as one of the trusted "scouts" till the close of the awful struggle, when, with his brothers who had survived, he joined his parents, who had refugeeed with their slaves to Homer, La. After the overthrow of the carpetbag movement, he was elected Clerk of the District Court, which office he continued to fill consecutively for thirty-two years and then voluntarily retired. Afterwards he yielded to the voice of the citizens of Claiborne Parish and represented them in the State Legislature for four years. But he persistently refused to enter the race for the governorship, though well qualified to fill that office of high honor. Afterwards he became diseased and for some months sought restoration at Hot Springs. Returning, he went to Shreveport; and after undergoing a surgical operation, which failed to relieve him, he quietly passed away. While a young man he married a gifted lady, a Miss Otts, and some years after her death he was married to Miss Pattie Langford, of Vicksburg, Miss., who still survives and now mourns the death of her noble husband. About forty years ago Colonel Ferguson became a Christian and a valuable member of the Church at Homer. He was an efficient leader in Sunday school work, having a profound knowledge of the Bible. For three sessions he was President of the Louisiana Baptist State Convention. He was ever noted for his ability, also for the liberality with which he used his abundant means to help advance the cause of Christianity. He was a wise and safe counselor.

[J. U. H. Wharton, Strong, Ark.]

DR. J. A. MARSHALL.

Dr. Jacqueline Ambler Marshall, of Alexandria, Va., died very suddenly on the 27th day of November, 1917, at the age of seventy-four years. He was the youngest grandson of Chief Justice John Marshall, of Virginia, and was born at Markham, Va., April 5, 1844. At the age of seventeen years he entered the Confederate army as a private in the Stribling Battery. He became first sergeant of the battery and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He was shot through the left lung in the trenches before Petersburg. A good man and true has passed to his reward.

MAJ. ABNER W. WILKINS.

Maj. A. W. Wilkins was born in Knox County, Tenn., May 1, 1838, and died at his home, in Crawford, Ga., June 15, 1916, survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Major Wilkins was by nature and by practice a soldier. The military was dominant in his life. He responded to the first call to arms in 1861, and for the four long years of strife he was on duty. His superior officers trusted him; his comrades loved him. In his native Tennessee, where many of his boyhood friends and associates allied themselves with the armies of the Potomac, young Wilkins elected to fight for the South and virtually became an exile from home. But, true to principle, he never wavered. Brave, athletic, clear of sight, keen of hearing, and fleet of foot, he was General Hood's most efficient courier, carrying every message with accuracy and dispatch, fearing no danger, halting at no difficulty.

At the battle of Chickamauga, where shot and shell were flying thick and fast and General Hood was wounded nigh unto death, it was Courier Wilkins who took him from his horse and in his arms carried him from the field of carnage. Whether in the field or in camp, with the infantry or cavalry, as a private soldier or as an officer, he was alike brave and patriotic. When the end came he laid down his arms in good faith and in the same spirit laid his heart upon the altar of his country. His love and loyalty for the Confederacy never grew less; his enthusiasm never wavered. His last memorial day was a proud day for him; for it was then that the Oglethorpe Chapter, U. D. C., unveiled the beautiful Confederate monument. Major Wilkins was a commanding figure in his gray uniform, with the epaulettes and gold fringe indicating his rank.

He was a genial and wholesome companion, a faithful friend, a kind and considerate neighbor, an humble Christian, and in his domestic relations an affectionate and indulgent father and a tender and loving husband.

PHILIP EDWARD PORCHER.

Philip Edward Porcher, one of the last of the veterans of Christ Church Parish, S. C., died October 27, 1917. He was the son of Philip Porcher and Martha Dubose and was born in St. John's Parish, Berkeley, S. C., March 2, 1827. He graduated from South Carolina College in 1847. In 1851 he married Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Dr. John S. and Esther Simons Palmer, and enjoyed a happy and congenial married life of nearly sixty-six years. They are survived by fifty-nine descendants. A cotton planter by vocation, Mr. Porcher in 1859, for agricultural reasons, removed his family to his beautiful plantation, Oakland, near Mt. Pleasant, and here in cultured retirement he passed his days.

Before the War between the States he was commissioned as first lieutenant and later as captain of the St. Stephens Company, South Carolina Militia. When the war broke out, he served as fourth sergeant in the Coast Guard and as first sergeant orderly in the Santee Artillery, but on account of defective vision he was transferred to the Engineering Department, on Sullivan's Island. He built the line of earthworks still to be seen across Christ Church Parish, thrown up to protect Charleston from land attack. When Lee surrendered, he was with Barnwell Heyward's engineers at Millwood, near Columbia, and, with the help of a lame-backed horse, reached home May 11, 1865.

In his justice, integrity, soundness of judgment, and aloofness from the private concerns of others Mr. Porcher typified the finest traits of his Huguenot ancestry. Though broad in

his views, he was conservative in his habits and was never able fully to adjust himself to changed conditions after the war. He commanded, however, the highest respect of all who knew him and worthily bore to the end the "grand old name of gentleman."

THOMAS H. BALDY.

From resolutions on the death of Comrade Thomas H. Baldy, member of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., of Gatesville, Tex.:

"Comrade Thomas H. Baldy died at Bishop, Tex., October 22, 1917, and was buried in Ruth Cemetery, Gatesville, Coryell County. He was born March 17, 1838. He enlisted in the Confederate service in April, 1862, at Monticello, Ark., in Company C, 3d Arkansas Infantry, and served in Hood's Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in many hard-fought battles and was captured at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Comrade Baldy was a member of the Christian Church for fifty years, and duty was his highest motive, his guiding star.

"*Resolved*, That we shall ever cherish his memory and strive to emulate his many virtues and that we do not hesitate to hold up his character to the rising generation as a soldier brave and as a man honest and true.

"*Resolved*, That we tender to his bereaved family our condolence and sincere sympathy and commend them to the care of the all-wise and merciful Father, who knows best and will take care of his own."

[Committee: T. K. True, A. M. Henson, W. L. Saunders.]

DR. T. F. BERRY.

At the age of eighty-five years Dr. T. F. Berry, a veteran of seven wars, including the War between the States, died in Oklahoma City, Okla., on December 24, 1917. He was a native of Kentucky, but had lived in Oklahoma for about eight years, the last two in Oklahoma City. He was prominently connected with the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., and had been surgeon of the Oklahoma City Brigade during the past year.

While serving with Gen. John H. Morgan's famous command Dr. Berry was captured by the Union forces and confined at Rock Island, Ill. However, during the last year of the war he escaped and made his way back South, where he joined Forrest. Following the surrender at Appomattox, Dr. Berry, with hundreds of other Confederate soldiers, refused to surrender, but went to Mexico. He then went to South America and served in various armies, and he served with the American forces during the Boxer War in China. His book entitled "My Four Years with Morgan" has been widely circulated in Oklahoma and the South. Two children survive him, a son and daughter, the former thought to be serving with Pershing's forces in France.

ROBERT F. YENT.

Robert F. Yent passed away October 31, 1917. He was the son of Alexander Yent, who came from France to Leon County, Fla., when Robert was a boy. In 1861 he married Miss Mary Ellen Tucker and reared three sons and six daughters, also a number of orphan children. He was known far and near as the friend of orphans and any others in trouble. His house was a refuge for all who wished shelter and food. He was a good man and died in the hope of a Christian in the seventy-seventh year of his age, leaving two brothers, three sisters, children, and friends to mourn for him.

DR. A. G. DONOHO.

Dr. Alfred G. Donoho, Sr., the oldest physician in Trousdale County, died on November 22, 1917, at his home, in Hartsville, Tenn., after an illness of several weeks.

Dr. Donoho was born in Hartsville in 1838 and was, therefore, nearly eighty years old at the time of his death. He was a graduate of the University of Nashville, completing his course in 1860. His first practice was at Dixon Springs. He enlisted in April, 1861, in the Confederate army, serving in the 2d Tennessee under the command of Col. William B. Bate. He was wounded at Richmond, Ky., and at Athens, continuing to fight, however, until the war closed. His records as a surgeon and as a soldier were of the very highest order.

Returning to Trousdale County at the close of the War between the States, Dr. Donoho again hung out his shingle, and for more than half a century he had ministered to the sick, bringing by his very personality sunshine into the homes of the unfortunate. Dr. Donoho was a high type of the small town practitioner, and those in need of his skill were not deprived of his services by reason of poverty. It is estimated that he ministered to seventy-five per cent of the families in his county at one time or another.

Shortly after the war Dr. Donoho was married to Miss Mary DeBow, who survives him, with two children, Miss Lizzie Donoho and Dr. A. G. Donoho, Jr.

The funeral services were held from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he was a leading member. Services at the grave were in charge of the Masonic order, of which he was for a long time a member, assisted by the local Confederate veterans.

[From the *Southern Practitioner*.]

G. W. SCOTT.

G. W. Scott, a member of a prominent Southern family of Kentucky, where he was born seventy-four years ago, died suddenly at the home of his daughter, in Los Angeles, Cal., on November 30, 1917. He had been ill for several weeks following an automobile accident.

At the age of eighteen G. W. Scott enlisted for the Confederacy, serving under both Gens. A. S. and Joseph E. Johnston. He was in the battle of Shiloh and participated in all the stirring actions in the notable campaigns in the West. He was wounded in the hand and arm so severely that both were crippled throughout life.

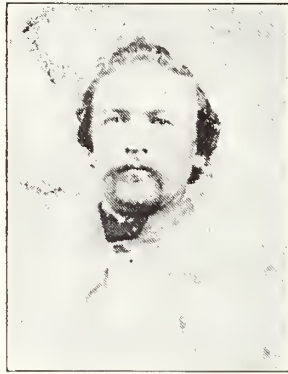
Mr. Scott was the highest type of citizen and had made many friends during his residence in the Far West. In a memorial tribute by its President, Mrs. Herbert Schick, who is also First Vice President of the California Division, the feeling of the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., has fitting expression, for he was dear to the heart of each member as a Confederate veteran.

"For we of the South remember,
And we of the South revere;
And as souls of the brave are garnered
We garner their glories here."

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ALABAMA.—Dr. T. C. Sexton, of Fremont, Nebr., sends a report of the death and burial there of John Rosengren, said to have been the last survivor of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, sunk just outside of Cherbourg Harbor on June 16, 1864, by the U. S. Steamer Kearsarge. Rosengren was an assistant gunner on the vessel and was rescued from the water and taken to London, where he was in a hospital for several weeks. He had lived in Fremont, Nebr., since 1872.

THOMPSON M. ARNOLD.

Thompson M. Arnold was born in Garrard County, Ky., November 11, 1838, and served in the Confederate army as a private soldier from 1862 to 1865. He was captured on the Ohio raid at Buffington, Ohio, at the time Morgan made his raid through that State and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and there imprisoned for eighteen months. He was a member of Company E, 3d Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, under General Morgan. As a soldier he proved himself brave and loyal to his cause, and to the day of his death he cherished his affections for that cause and for the comrades of those heroic days. Nothing pleased him more than to talk of war times.



T. M. ARNOLD.

He was married to Miss Margaret M. Anderson, daughter of the late Clayton Anderson, who survives him with seven children, three sons and four daughters, all residing in Kentucky except the youngest son, who is now in France. As a man he was upright and honorable, always standing for the good of his community. He calmly and peacefully fell asleep on October 14, 1917, after weeks of severe suffering. Truly a good man has gone. We shall miss his gentle presence and ever-responsive personality and that patience with shortcoming in others. Now that he has answered the call to a higher life, we express our love for him and our deepest respect for his memory and extend our tender sympathy to his loved ones, to whom he leaves a heritage of a stainless life.

DR. J. H. LANIER.

Dr. J. H. Lanier, for many years a leading spirit in Madison County, Tenn., a physician of rare skill and ability, died at his home, at Juno, near Jackson, Tenn., on December 31, 1917. He was born January 21, 1840.

Dr. Lanier was a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Nashville in 1866. He had also attended the medical school of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in 1860 and 1861, which he left to enlist in the 6th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. He was four years in the Confederate service, the last two years in a hospital for wounded soldiers at Atlanta, Ga.; was himself wounded in the battle of Franklin, November, 1864. In his death the medical profession has sustained a great loss, and his community has suffered by the removal of one of its progressive citizens. His death means more than words can express to his many friends, who knew him as an active, lovable, and earnest worker, a frank and generous friend, a brilliant physician, a far-sighted, influential, and fearless champion of all that stood for higher standards and greater accomplishments in the medical, religious, and business world. He possessed a positive character and a magnetic personality that made for him a host of friends, who knew and loved him for his many noble qualities of heart and mind. No physician was ever more faithful and conscientious to his patients, and none were so poor, if worthy, that his skill was denied them.

His beautiful, quiet, consistent life profoundly impressed all who knew him. He left the imprint of his personality

on the community where he had imparted his life's energies, and he will be greatly missed from all the activities of his community, his Church, and his Masonic lodge. A tribute of love most significant was manifested by his negro tenants, who were visibly affected as they came to pay their last full measure of devotion to him who had been their best friend.

CAPT. THOMAS GIBSON.

The death of Capt. Thomas Gibson at his home, in Nashville, Tenn., on November 23, 1917, removed one of the best-known and most-beloved Confederate veterans, a member of Cheatham Bivouac since near its organization, and a citizen most highly regarded. He was born September 20, 1836, near Nashville, the family removing to this city when he was four years old. There he attended school until he was sixteen years old, when he entered a large wholesale dry goods house, winning rapid promotions. At the age of twenty-one he formed a partnership in the wholesale hat house of Abbey, Gibson & Co., which was later changed to A. G. Adams & Co., and was in successful operation up to the time the Federals entered Nashville in 1862.

Thomas Gibson enlisted as a private soldier on the day that Fort Sumter was fired upon, becoming a member of Company B, Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Infantry, under Col. George Maney. While at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, he was appointed by Colonel Heiman as sergeant major of his 10th Tennessee (Irish) Infantry, afterwards commanded by Cols. Randall McGavock, Samuel Thompson, William Grace, and John O'Neal. Sometime later young Gibson was elected second lieutenant of Company B, was promoted to first lieutenant soon after, and was in command of the company during the bombardment of Fort Henry and the battle of Fort Donelson. Surrendered there with his company, he was taken to Camp Chase, then to Johnson's Island, where he was kept five months. After being exchanged at Vicksburg, the 10th Tennessee went to Clinton, Miss., for reorganization, and there he was elected captain of his company without opposition. After the hard campaign following he resigned his commission on account of impaired health. Reëntering the service, he was appointed aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. John Adams, commanding the 4th Military District, Department of East Louisiana and Mississippi, with whom he served until the battle of Franklin, where he was desperately wounded and General Adams was killed. Captain Gibson went South with the wounded and was in the hospital at Macon, Ga., at the close of the war.

Returning to Nashville, he reestablished his business, and the firm prospered from the start. On December 1, 1868, he was married to Miss Lucy A. McKissack, of Spring Hill, Tenn., and in 1871 he engaged in stock-raising on her handsome farm. He was the owner of Gibson's Tom Hal and John Dillard, two noted Tennessee horses. In 1884 he removed his family to Nashville and again engaged in business. Since 1896 he had been librarian of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway library.

Captain Gibson is survived by his wife and daughter and three grandsons. He was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery, at Columbia, Tenn.

PAT CLEBURNE CAMP AT MENA, ARK.

The following have been lost to the membership of Pat Cleburne Camp, Mena, Ark., during the past year: John T. Randolph, F. M. Holman, J. A. Norris, M. S. Bates, T. J. Hausard, L. M. Reynolds, E. T. Lambert, R. M. Anderson, F. E. McDaniel, C. P. Rahn, — Broom.

COL. FRANCIS LEE SMITH.

Col. Francis Lee Smith, of Alexandria, Va., passed from earth on the 25th of August, 1916, in the home which had sheltered his childhood and youth and which had been the center of his happiness for many years. He was born on October 6, 1845, and was the third son of Francis Lee and Sarah Gosnell Smith, of Alexandria, Va. When the irrepressible conflict of 1861 came, he went with the rest of his family into exile from home and was sent by his father, whose name he bore, to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., to be educated. He was then sixteen years old. Having always had a taste for military life, he entered into the training of the Institute with great ardor and testified his courage and capacity on various occasions.

On May 15, 1864, when the Cadet Corps was called into action and had its baptism of fire on the field of New Market, he was twice desperately wounded at the same moment, and his escape from death was deemed miraculous. He was shot in the chin, the ball entering his mouth, shattering his jawbone and coming out of his neck, in a wonderful way avoiding the carotid artery and the jugular vein. At the same moment he was shot in the shoulder, and his collar bone was broken. The Minie ball which buried itself in his young breast is now one of the valued relics of the Virginia Military Institute, his beloved *Alma Mater*. After having here received his diploma, at the close of the war he studied law in his father's office and attained much distinction in this profession. But nothing ever blunted his deep interest in military affairs. He was the first captain of the Alexandria Light Infantry, was commissioned by Governor Holliday, of Virginia, major of the 3d Regiment, 1st Brigade, Volunteer Infantry, and later was made lieutenant colonel of this same regiment. He had a natural taste for the strictness and discipline of military life; and if circumstances had not drawn him into the law, he would surely have been a soldier.

It is difficult to estimate the value of such a character as Colonel Smith's. He was loved and admired by his brother lawyers and had many honors from his fellow citizens of Alexandria. His ability as a lawyer is testified to by the position he held with the bench and the bar of his native State. He was for many years counsel for the Southern, the Washington Southern, and the Pennsylvania Railroads in this section of Virginia, and his practice was large and varied. But while his high abilities as a lawyer were constantly recognized, his noble character left a deep impression on all who knew him. He was a votary of truth and honor, and his courtly bearing and generous nature won for him friends from every walk in life.

The following extracts are from the resolutions of the Bar Association of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Virginia upon the death of the late Col. Francis L. Smith, which were read before a session of the corporation court of the city of Alexandria, Va., by the Hon. I. K. M. Norton, one of the

committee appointed by the Bar Association of the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit (Virginia), the other members of the committee being Gardner L. Boothe and Robinson Moncure:

MEMORIAL TO COL. FRANCIS L. SMITH.

"With the Civil War came his first serious call to duty. He was then a student at the Virginia Military Institute. When the students marched to war, he was of that glorious band of boys who tossed aside their books, shouldered their muskets, and with haversacks and canteens marched to join the army at New Market, Va., defending Virginia soil. Boys in age became instantly men, brave, dependable men. He was seriously wounded in the throat and suffered inconvenience therefrom at times all his life.

"Francis L. Smith was never a boy from that time. After the war he studied law with his father, one of the leading lawyers in Alexandria and one of the old school. Admitted to the bar, he came in contact with such men as Col. George W. Brent and S. Ferguson Beach, among the very able lawyers in the State.

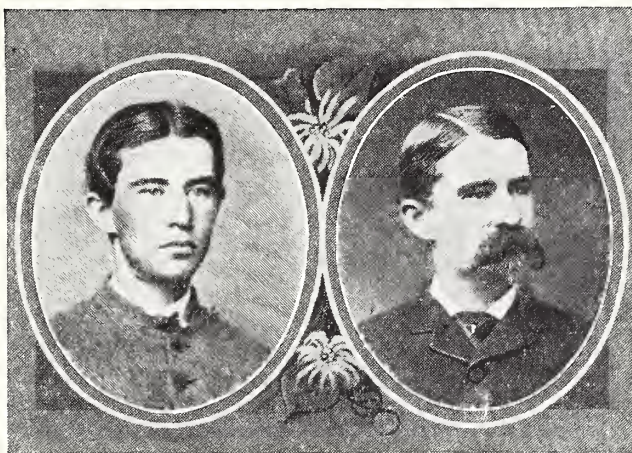
"Colonel Smith, as he afterwards became and as he was known by nearly all of the present Alexandria bar, started the practice of law as

he ended—careful, resourceful, thorough, patient, painstaking, and laborious. In attack or defense he was always prepared at every point. Nothing of strength on his own side and equally nothing of weakness on his adversary's ever escaped him. If there was a weak spot, no matter how obscure, he was almost sure to find it.

"He was a safe and wise counselor. He was an advocate of great force. He was at times an orator. Always there was about him a persuasiveness almost irresistible, an earnestness overwhelming. His legal papers were models of care and perfection. His courtesy and kindness to young lawyers seeking his advice were always warmly encouraging, and they invariably received his best consideration and thought and rarely left without some valuable aid or suggestion. He could not have been otherwise than successful in his chosen profession. Few cases of local prominence failed to find him on one side or the other.

"Colonel Smith was held in great esteem by all who knew him. He was the soul of honor. With what touched his honor there was no compromise, no dallying. With him what was right was right, and wrong was wrong. As he saw the right, that was his side; none other, ever.

"When he took an interest in militia, he was captain of the Alexandria Light Infantry and made it one of the first companies in the State, almost perfect. He afterwards became a colonel. He took an interest in politics and was a strong and forceful speaker and debater. He represented his district in the State Senate and was there a recognized leader. He represented his district in the last Constitutional Convention; and though oppressed and deeply grieved over the ill-



COL. FRANCIS LEE SMITH.

As the young cadet and in mature manhood.

ness of his mother during this period, he gave patient, studious attention to his duties, and his wise counsel was frequently sought.

"He always took great interest in his *Alma Mater*, being a member of the Board of Visitors for many years and up to his death. To this institution he bequeathed his large and valuable law library.

"His constancy and loyalty to his friends were remarkable, and his love and reverence for his parents, particularly his mother in her old age, were beautiful in the extreme.

"As a citizen he was for his own people, wholly theirs. Their interests were his interests, their claim beyond all other. As a lawyer he was in the front rank and a splendid example for those who follow. As a lawmaker he was able, conscientious, and thorough. As a son and brother there never lived one more dutiful and loving. In his private life he was a pure, upright, honorable Christian gentleman. Such a life as his was not in vain, and at the end he was patient and resigned."

These resolutions were followed by individual tributes, all beautiful and breathing the same reverence for truth and honor as exemplified in Colonel Smith's life. The resolutions were ordered by Judge Barley, presiding, to be spread upon the minutes of the court; and, upon motion, the court adjourned as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Col. Francis L. Smith.

As a matter of historical interest, the speech of Colonel Smith in behalf of the Virginia Military Institute before the Constitutional Convention held at Richmond, Va., January 25, 1902, is here inserted. It portrays feelingly his warm attachment and great admiration for the seat of learning which he loved.

If the spirits of "just men made perfect" can know what passes in this mortal life after they have left it, what must be the deep emotion stirred in the soul of the subject of this brief chronicle to know that upon the walls of the Stonewall Jackson Memorial, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., hangs a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

"Francis Lee Smith,
of Alexandria, Va.,
October 6, 1845—August 25, 1916.
Patriotic Citizen, Gallant Soldier,
Eminent Lawyer, Loyal Friend.
Graduate of the Virginia Military Institute.
As a Member of the Cadet Battalion,
Twice Severely Wounded in the Battle
of New Market, Va.
Member of the Institute Board
of Visitors from 1884-1916.
Served in the Virginia Senate
and in the
Constitutional Convention, 1901-02.

"From youth to age his was a life of labor devoted to duty, a noble example of courage, fidelity, and self-sacrifice"!

Colonel Smith was a member of various patriotic associations, such as the Society of Sons of the Revolution, Society of Sons of Colonial Wars, Society of Cincinnati, Order of Runnymede, also a member of Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M., a member of R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Alexandria, Va., and a member of the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia.

And so he was gathered unto his fathers, "having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the catholic

Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favor with his God, and in perfect charity with the world." M. V. S.

SPEECH OF COL. FRANCIS LEE SMITH BEFORE THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA.

[From a report of the proceedings in the Richmond *Dispatch*, Saturday, January 25, 1902.]

Mr. President: Before the vote is taken upon the question of making provision in this new Constitution for a permanent appropriation to the Virginia Military Institute, I rise to speak a few words in behalf of the measure and to show to this convention some of its claims upon the State of Virginia.

Sir, what is it that forms the bulwark of a people's liberties but its soldiery? What strengthens a country's place in the eyes of the world but its ability to protect its citizens at home and abroad, to resist invasion, and "to hold its own" by sea and land? It is its warlike prowess, its children of "the tented field," its sailor boys which give name and fame to any land.

And now to bring the matter home. What has made America "the land of the free" but that it has ever been "the home of the brave"?

As pioneers in the new world, contending with the grim obstacles of unexplored nature and the wilder savages who inhabited these coasts, our forefathers won their way by their invincible warrior spirit; later they achieved their separate independence by the triumphs of the sword, and now in our own day a matchless victory has been ours. That small band of Englishmen who landed at Jamestown in 1607, grown to be many millions, has leaped like Minerva from the brain of Jove with a mighty war shout and in complete armor and has become one of the great powers of the world. The United States in the Spanish-American War by its victories told and its possibilities untold has taken her stand far above and beyond nations which are centuries older and hoary in the struggle for international supremacy.

Sir, it is not the poets, the philosophers, the statesmen, the orators, nor those justly celebrated in the arts and sciences, who form a country's highest pride or who give that country its weight in the family of nations. Sir, it is the army and the navy of any country which make the groundwork of its greatness. And now in contemplating the amazing progress of our land, this giant child of the twentieth century, we must realize that its martial spirit, its soldierly abilities have made us what we are. And so at this moment it is well for us to dwell upon these facts and to let them have deep influence upon our vote to-day. The Virginia Military Institute is the "Ecole Polytechnique" of the South, and what that great nursery of soldiers has done for France has this military school done for the State and for the South.

This institution was founded in the year 1839 at Lexington, Va. From this date to 1864 there were 577 graduates, and out of this number there were 474 who took an active part in the War between the States. Of these, there were 21 generals, 67 colonels, 58 lieutenant colonels, 41 majors, 125 captains, 90 lieutenants, and 72 other officers.

The Virginia Military Institute was established under an act of the General Assembly of Virginia passed in March, 1839, and the first corps of cadets was mustered into the service of the State on the 11th day of November, 1839. Up to that time a company of soldiers had been maintained by the State, at an annual charge of \$6,000, to garrison the western arsenal at Lexington, in which were stored 30,000 muskets

and a large quantity of military material. In 1836 J. T. L. Preston, Esq., a citizen of Lexington, for thirty-seven years an honored professor upon the active list and afterwards emeritus professor in the Institute, conceived the idea of substituting for the company of soldiers who guarded the arsenal a company of cadets, who, in addition to the duties of an armed guard, should pursue a course of scientific and military studies. This happy conception was consummated by the act of March, 1839.

In May, 1839, the first Board of Visitors met in Lexington. Of this Board, Col. Claude Clozet, a graduate of the Polytechnic School of France, a soldier under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and subsequently a professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point, and at the time a citizen of Virginia, was President. The first act of the new Board was to recognize the eminent fitness of Gen. Francis H. Smith, a distinguished graduate of West Point and at that time professor of mathematics in Hampden-Sidney College, for the position of superintendent. Under wise guidance in the prosecution of its special ends the school grew rapidly in popular favor. The legislature increased the annuity from time to time and appropriated large amounts to provide new barracks and to equip the institution. In 1861 the school was full to its capacity. An extension of the barracks was in process of construction to meet the demands of those seeking admission, the privileges of the school having been extended to citizens of other States.

In April, 1861, at the call of the State, the Corps of Cadets, under the command of Major (afterwards Lieutenant General) Jackson, marched for Richmond. These cadets were employed in instructing and drilling the large number of volunteers assembled for organization and instruction in Camp Lee, near Richmond, but were soon disorganized and scattered by the advancement of cadets to military rank in the different grades of service. In 1862, upon the demand of the military authorities of the Confederate States for the reorganization of the Institute as a training school to supply skilled and educated officers for the armies, the Institute was reopened. During the war cadets were repeatedly called into active service in the Valley of Virginia and on the lines around Richmond. On the 15th of May, 1864, at New Market, the Corps of Cadets, organized as a battalion of infantry of four companies and as a platoon of artillery serving two three-inch rifle guns, lost over fifty killed and wounded out of an aggregate of two hundred and fifty.

On the 11th of June, 1864, the barracks, mess hall, officers' quarters, the library containing about ten thousand volumes, and all the apparatus and instruments of the various departments of the school were burned by order of Gen. David Hunter, commanding the United States army at that time operating in the Valley of Virginia. From providential causes the quarters of the superintendent escaped destruction and was the only building left standing upon the grounds. In October, 1865, after the close of the war, the Institute was reopened. The buildings and equipments of the school were rapidly restored, and the Institute entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity.

In the organization of this military institute one cadet from each senatorial district in Virginia (numbering thirty-nine) is educated at the expense of the State. Upon matriculating, each State cadet pledges himself after graduation to become a teacher in some school in the State and to continue his duties of instruction for two years. Thus it will be seen that every year a number of competent teachers are turned out

by the Institute to extend the benefits of their training and knowledge and to form, as it were, an "endless chain" of native-born efficient military instructors.

In addition to all of these advantages, many of the graduates of this institution are commissioned as officers in the regular army of the United States, increasing the representation and influence of the State of Virginia in one of the most important governmental agencies.

Perhaps at this point I may be pardoned for a personal reminiscence of the Virginia Military Institute. It was in the spring of 1864, when the red war cloud was sweeping over our devoted land. Being sorely pressed by the enemy, General Breckinridge felt obliged to call out the battalion of cadets to his assistance in the Valley of Virginia, and that company of patriotic lads eagerly responded to the summons.

Some little time since, by the courtesy of a friend, I saw the play of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Intently following the thread of the story, it reached the point where at the disastrous siege of Arras a company of Gascon cadets, to whom had been assigned the place of honor and post of danger, had fallen under the attack of their adversaries, save their commander, who, himself desperately wounded, with banner in one hand and sword in the other, just before he fell pointed to his dead and dying comrades, exclaiming with pride and emotion: "These, these are the cadets of Gascogne." The words touched a hidden chord and woke it into life. The brilliant scene faded from my view, and, oblivious to surroundings, the enchantress memory transported me to May 14, 1864, to a stone or brick church in the Valley of Virginia, between Harrisonburg and New Market, where, as a member of Company A, of the Battalion of Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, I had gone to sleep. The rattle of accouterments and moving feet awakened me, to find the battalion in progress of formation outside of the church. The hour was midnight.

There was iron discipline in that command. The line being formed and the battalion brought to "parade rest," it looked like a solid body instead of so many independent units. A veil of clouds was drawn across the arch of heaven, while the leaping flames of the camp fires cast fantastic shadows which chased each other into the gloom beyond; the moaning of the winds, the sobbing logs upon the fires, and the falling rain were the only heralds of the drama which was to be enacted so soon upon the theater of war. Capt. Frank Preston, professor, commanding B Company, was under these conditions invited to invoke the divine blessing upon the organization. There were some there destined to die before the morrow's sun should run its course, but they knew it not, nor did others. There were others there to languish upon beds of suffering and pain from wounds to be received before the twilight came, but they knew it not, nor did others. But all were ready to die a soldier's death and to fill a patriot's grave.

As the words of prayer fell from the soldier-Christian lips and ascended to heaven, thoughts of home and loved ones came thronging upon the youths. Faces of playmate brother and gentle sister, of the dignified father, whose great concern was the happiness and welfare of his offspring, of the devoted mother, upon whose bosom his head had been cradled in infancy and at whose knee he had first lisped the Lord's Prayer, came trooping before him one after the other. But the mother's face lingered longest and last. Ah, those mothers! Then saints upon earth, most of them now saints

in heaven. Hark! I seem to hear their voices chanting in the angelic choir.

It was a scene to which no human pen could do justice.

The scene changes, and with light, swinging step the corps advances to meet the enemy. In the distance can be seen a semicircle of camp fires, and the first thought is that the adventure is to be a night attack; but marching on, marching ever from midnight to dawn, those brightly burning fires seem always to recede. As day breaks the whole army can be seen stretched along the Valley turnpike; the sound of horses' feet can be heard approaching from the rear; a moment more, and a brilliant cavalcade is abreast the column. It takes no second glance to fall upon the chief, tall, striking in appearance, and with all of the grace, fire, and beauty of the Southerner. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanding the little army, is beside the cadets. They salute him with a rousing cheer. Upholding his gloved hand, he says: "Young gentlemen, I am glad to see you in such fine spirits this morning; but as we are near the enemy, I think it would be best to preserve silence." The lines of battle are formed. In a depression between two ranges of hills near New Market, in Shenandoah County, the cadet battalion is halted to strip for the fight. Haversacks and blankets are removed and placed in piles, and the young athlete stands forth for a trial of strength with mature manhood.

It is true that the Federal army numbered about ten thousand men, while with the Confederate colors there marched only about three thousand; but what bootied the disparity in forces? The smaller army was composed in the main of Virginians who stood upon their native soil, with their loved ones and the traditions of the commonwealth behind and their foes before them. In "place rest" the battalion remained and saw the first line of battle ascend the slope and engage the enemy. The battle is joined, and the "young guard" wonder when their time will come. The sound of a horse's hoof rapidly beating the ground smites the ear. The very speed at which the rider approaches conveys the tenor of his message in advance. Belts are drawn tighter, muscles harden, and jaws set fast. "Colonel Shipp, General Echols says advance your battalion," is what he said before he reached the side of the commandant of cadets.

The little speech made by Colonel Shipp is graven upon my memory: "Hush talking like a flock of magpies; listen to your officers and obey their orders." The battalion is brought to "attention," and the march to victory and to death is begun. Up the same slope over which the first line of battle had preceded them they stream and at its crest meet the storm of battle. Ever forward and onward they press, meeting soldiers, some of whom pass around the flanks of the cadet battalion, others lie down for them to pass over them, others still are dead, dying, and wounded; still the cadet battalion presses on. A gap in the first line is reached; it is passed; and still the battalion moves on. That was Virginia Day. The battalion of cadets, in advance of the rest of the army, in parade formation, with colors, general guides, and officers to the front, march with empty guns in the face of concentrated musketry and artillery fire. When within a short distance of the enemy, Cary Weston, of Norfolk, adjutant of the battalion, saluted Colonel Shipp with his sword, saying: "Colonel, we are in advance of the whole line." And then, above the roar of the infantry fire and scream of shot and shell, rose the clarion voice of Colonel Shipp, commanding: "Mark time, march!" In the Valley of Death in parade formation they executed the command, each young foot marking time

to the boom of hostile guns, the flag of the commonwealth proudly floating in the breeze before their eyes. They were maintaining the honor, the traditions, the pride of Virginia. The hurtling missiles of war were killing and wounding their comrades; but preserving their line, the survivors, ever dressing to the center, stepping over the dead and wounded, always presented a solid and compact front to the foe. Then it was that the youthful band experienced the keen delight of him who wrote:

"There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to tell who bleeds,
And Honor's eye on daring deeds."

The fire is withering. The command, "Halt! Lie down!" is given and obeyed. The rest of the army reaches the line occupied by the Cadet Battalion, the young lion is loosed, the battery whose grape and canister had wrought such destruction and havoc in the ranks of the cadets is captured, and with thrust of bayonet and butt of musket they avenge the death of those who had fallen under its murderous and destructive missiles. In quick succession the battalion engages two regiments of infantry, each comprising a force much greater than its own, and defeats them in detail. The victory is won, the enemy routed, and the Cadet Battalion had written a new page in the lustrous history of the commonwealth. That night a comforting dispatch went down the Valley to the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, who in Spotsylvania lay with his army locked in deadly struggle with the Army of the Potomac. His base of supplies was for the time safe.

Let us listen for one moment to a Federal officer who himself took part in the battle of New Market and hear what he thinks of the Virginia Military Institute cadets upon that bloody day.

BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

[From the *Staunton News*.]

A few days since the *News* published an article taken from the *Richmond Times*, "Why I Went to the V. M. I.," which was the statement of a young cadet who was in Richmond with the corps of cadets at the recent unveiling of the Confederate soldiers' monument on May 30. The young cadet referred to is a son of a gallant Federal soldier who served in a Pennsylvania regiment and, fronting the Cadet Battalion in the battle of New Market, witnessed their charge which resulted in the capture of a Federal battery and made the corps of cadets and the V. M. I. famous in the events of the recent War between the States.

General Lincoln was made prisoner in that fight and taken to Harrisonburg, and while there a prisoner he had conversations with Major Johnson, post quartermaster, Colonel Smith, of the 62d Virginia Regiment, Col. A. S. Gray, Dr. G. K. Gilmer, and others.

The following is an extract from a letter written by General Lincoln dated Worcester, Mass., March 10, 1888, to the late Rev. James H. Smith, son of the lamented Gen. Francis H. Smith, for half a century Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute. General Lincoln's letter corroborates the statement of the Federal soldier who was under his command and who said, after witnessing that gallant charge, that if ever he had a son he would educate him at the Virginia Military Institute. He has now two sons at the V. M. I.

General Lincoln, colonel of the late 34th Massachusetts In-

fantry and brevet brigadier general United States Volunteers, writes, after referring to his temporary sojourn in Harrisonburg:

"Naturally enough, incidents of the battle, the conduct of the troops, and, though to less extent, that of some of the officers on each side, were spoken of. I well recollect even now our own position, the field of battle, and the appearance of each army. We were upon the right of the infantry line; to our right, upon ground slightly elevated, was a six-gun battery. The 62d Virginia, which formed the extreme left of the attacking force, advanced directly against us. To the right of the 62d were the cadets. The line of advance was a little diagonal to that of our formation, and as it was continued the 62d passed beyond, and the cadets came directly to our front. Our fire, both that of artillery and infantry, was rapid and continuous, and when the battery opened with canister it was destructive. As the advance was continued it was apparent that the cadets were in advance of the general line of the attacking force.

"Here their forward movement ceased, and for a moment it seemed as if their advance was checked. But what seemed a check was in reality a halt, during which time 'those boys' marked time, dressed their ranks, and when again aligned on the left came forward in most admirable form. The whole thing was done with as much precision and steadiness as if on parade, and this while all the time subjected to a destructive fire. No one who saw it will ever forget it. No

command but one most admirably drilled and disciplined could have done it; and if other troops on that field could, it is safe to say no other body did do that thing. In after times around our camp fire the gallant conduct of those little fellows (for such they seemed to be) was spoken of among ourselves and always in terms of the highest commendation. With no desire to disparage the conduct of other organizations in that army, I should be doing injustice to myself, the brave men of my own command, and the young men who composed that battalion if I failed to render to them unqualified praise, and I most heartily join you in your purpose to exalt the gallantry of the cadet battalion as high as truth can uplift it."

WILLIAM S. LINCOLN."

Mr. President, England in song and story perpetuates the charge of her "six hundred" at Balaklava; Spain cherishes the memory of the Roncesvalles Pass, where all her harnessed chivalry perished; the story of the bloody river Raisin is not forgotten in Kentucky, for there she plumed her warrior sires; and the annals of France treasure the fame of countless deeds of valor. If I had my wish, sir, this should be a Hall of Fame devoted to the preservation of the memory of great deeds performed by the sons of the Old Dominion. Springing arches would be here and on them painted Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Mechanicsville, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, Slaughter's Mountain, Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania, Kernstown, Cross Keys, Port Republic, New Market, and other engagements in which Virginians participated. And on the pillars supporting these arches there should be recorded the names of Lee, Jackson, Johnstons, A. P. Hill, Stuart, Early, William E. Jones, Wise, William Smith, Kemper, Pickett, Rhodes, Wharton, McCausland, Terry, Garnett, Winder, Walker, Hunton, Wickham, Corse, Mosby, and the other leading spirits who shed luster upon the name of Virginia, and, above all, this inscription: "Read these names, lest you forget."

My story is told.

I do not feel that it is asking a favor at your hands to desire you to vote to embody a provision in the Constitution for the preservation and perpetuation of the Virginia Military Institute, but rather that it affords you an opportunity to be of service to the State. Leave it to me, sir, and I will so entwine it in the very vitals of the organic law that it will last, as I hope the commonwealth will,

"Until the sun grows cold

And the stars grow old

And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

How It Was.—But talkin' the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kep' hollerin' hands off, but kep' helpin' the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down and throwd mud on him and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about hunting up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so called. Blame my jacket if it ain't enuf to make your head swim!—*Bill Arp to Artemus Ward.*



VIRGINIA MOURNING OVER HER DEAD.

Monument at Lexington, Va., commemorating the bravery of the V. M. I. cadets at New Market.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
..... *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Endowed Bed in a Hospital in France.—It gives me great satisfaction to announce to you that the hospital bed to be endowed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the American Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, France, has been established for 1918 and that the inscription for the brass plate to go over the bed, "The United Daughters of the Confederacy—A Tribute of Honor and Devotion to Jefferson Davis," attached to the check of your Association for \$600, was mailed to Mrs. Robert Bacon, chairman of the managers for this work in America, on January 8, 1918. Mrs. Bacon wrote your President General that she could have the plate engraved and sent by hand to France on January 10, so we made every effort to get the matter off to her by January 8. This is the beginning of a series of endowed beds, I hope, in this first and most tried American military hospital. It is near Paris, and so will care for many of our wounded. Already, Mrs. Bacon writes, one American father, in gratitude for the care his wounded son received in this hospital, has sent the hospital his check for ten thousand dollars; while another has endowed one of the \$600 beds in recognition of the gentle treatment his wounded boy received there. It is the hope of your President General that the Jefferson Davis bed may be the first of ten beds endowed each by a State U. D. C. Division, and then the U. D. C. could claim an entire ward in this hospital. Already Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina, Virginia, Missouri, and Ohio have reported to your President General a fund under way in their Divisions to endow such beds. Doubtless other States will follow, and by Easter Day let us hope that we may have our ward established. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., Chairman of the U. D. C. War Relief Committee, can furnish all the detailed information necessary for the establishment of these beds and will gladly give advice as to how best to carry out this U. D. C. plan for war relief. State Presidents are urged to appoint their State directors for war relief at once, if they have not already done so, and send the names to Mrs. Rountree and the President General simultaneously.

Children's Chapters.—By a standing rule of our Association the Third Vice President General, Miss Jennie Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va., has general supervision over uniting the Children of the Confederacy Chapters, with the idea of bringing them closer to the U. D. C. The Chattanooga convention showed its interest in the Children's work by authorizing the appointment of two special committees to report at the Louisville convention on this subject—one on "a uniform badge for the Children of the Confederacy"; the other on "a constitution for the Children's Chapters which could be

adopted generally by all Children's Chapters." These ideas will go far toward unifying the work of the Children, and Divisions which have shown a marked interest in the Children's work will be represented on both of these committees. Attention to the Children's work is especially advised during the month of March.

Dues.—Chapters are reminded that general U. D. C. dues are to be paid on or before March 1. This is one of the fundamental wheels in our machine to make it efficient. Please attend to it. Remember that your Treasurer General was instructed at Chattanooga to discharge from the general U. D. C. treasury the entire balance due on the Arlington monument and the Red Cross window on January 1, 1918, if all pledges made toward these U. D. C. undertakings were not redeemed by that date. Let no delinquent pledges or dues to your Treasurer General this year.

The U. D. C. Committee on Peace.—Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, of Jackson, Miss., Chairman, mailed to Mrs. Odenheimer on November 10, 1917, the essay which the committee had selected as the best from those submitted in the contest inaugurated by it before America's declaration of war in April, 1917. The subject is "International Conciliation," by Ernest Gill, of Muskogee, Okla. Mrs. Rowland has resigned from this committee, but this report of the essay is made here to recognize Mr. Gill's effort under U. D. C. rules. The essay has been filed with the 1918 committee.

The President General recognizes with pleasure the earnest efforts of so many U. D. C. Chapters at Christmas time to provide for the happiness and needs of our young soldiers in camps and cantonments. She urges your continued efforts along these lines and reminds you of our Confederate days of observance in the opening year.

Editor U. D. C. Department Confederate Veteran.—It gives me great pleasure to announce that Mrs. Monroe McClurg, of Greenwood, Miss., has accepted the position as Editor of the U. D. C. Department in the VETERAN. All officers, chairmen of committees, State Presidents, Chapter Presidents, and individuals who wish material published in this department are requested to send their manuscripts direct to Mrs. McClurg, who will arrange for their publication and position in these columns and be responsible to the general organization for the same.

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

Though ancient winter shiver at the door,
There is a promise folded out of sight
In every bud upon the bending brier
Of that sweet time, most dear to my desire,
When summer and my friend shall come once more.
—Danske Dandridge.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH, MARTINSVILLE, VA.

At the annual convention of the Virginia Division, held in Roanoke on the 14th of November, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy.
First Vice President, Miss Nannie Kensett.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles Sumpter.
Third Vice President, Mrs. W. D. Cardwell.
Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Charles Dew.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Emmet Wall.
Treasurer, Mrs. C. B. Tate.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Winifred Goodwin.
Registrar, Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell.
Historian, Mrs. H. A. Alexander.
Custodian, Mrs. N. H. Hairston.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. A. Alexander.
Custodian of Badges, Mrs. J. M. Garnett.
Correspondent for VETERAN, Mrs. Cabell Smith.

Mrs. Flournoy, the newly elected President, is from Bayview, on the eastern shore of the State. She is a native of Charlotte County, the home of John Randolph and Patrick Henry. Three ancestors were in the House of Burgesses, her forefathers fought in the war for American independence, and five uncles served in the Confederate ranks. She is a woman of interesting and forceful personality.

Besides electing officers, the Virginia Division transacted much important business at the annual convention. A new scholarship, to be called the Matthew F. Maury Scholarship, will be maintained in the Fredericksburg Normal School. This makes four full scholarships, one at each State normal school, fully supported by the Division, while numerous local scholarships testify remarkable interest in educational work.

The relief work accomplished is unprecedented and seems to suffer no decrease, even though Red Cross work occupies all hearts and hands. A bed for tuberculosis patients will be supported at the Catawber Sanatar Sanatorium, which will be used for soldiers contracting the disease in camp. Money has been given for the brass plates for the bed which the U. D. C. asked each State to maintain at the American military hospital in France, and the bed itself, to cost \$600, will be supported by the Division in memory of Robert E. Lee.

Virginia was represented by twenty-three delegates at the general convention in Chattanooga. She nominated through her distinguished Honorary President, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, the new Historian General, who is a member of the Richmond Chapter. This gives Virginia three members on the Executive Committee.

Miss Nellie Preston, ex-President of the Virginia Division, has accepted a place on the Central Committee for War Relief. Although obliged to spend the next six months in Florida, her zeal in U. D. C. work will be in no wise abated.

The floor of the general convention hall was flooded with handsome pamphlets from Stonewall Jackson College, at Abingdon, Va., proposing to make its large central building a memorial to Jackson's men. Two of the prizes offered through the U. D. C. were won by Virginia. That for the best Confederate reminiscences was won by the Lunenburg Chapter, and the Andrews medal, offered by the Historian, Matthew Page Andrews, in memory of his mother, was won by the Mildred Lee Chapter, at Martinsville.

The annual Christmas dinner was served by the Richmond

Chapter to the veterans in the Soldiers' Home. This custom has become an institution, one of the most delightful in the Division. The veterans look forward from year to year to this sumptuous banquet and have grown to recognize and love the gracious women who prepare and serve it. Arrangements have been perfected for a naval ball to be given by this Chapter on January 5 in the First Regiment Armory, the proceeds of which will endow a cot in a naval base hospital in memory of Matthew Fontaine Maury. Mrs. A. J. Montague is the newly elected President of the large and thriving Lee Chapter of Richmond.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter at Accomac and the Henry A. Wise at Cape Charles are among the most active Chapters in Virginia in war work and all other good causes. The Mildred Lee Chapter at Martinsville has completed the roster of Henry County Confederate soldiers and filed them in the Confederate Museum—a stupendous task.

In her annual message the President of the Division asks that items of interest from the Chapters be sent to Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville, Va.; and in my earnest effort to serve you may I add that I sincerely hope you will not forget this.

It is inspiring to others to know that the same spirit pervades throughout the organization, although the methods of expression may vary.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. PAUL L. JOACHIM, CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESS.

The annual convention of the District of Columbia Division was held at the Confederate Memorial Home, in Washington (1322 Vermont Avenue), on Wednesday, December 5.

The following officers were elected for the year 1918:

President, Mrs. James E. Mulcare (re-elected).
First Vice President, Mrs. Marcus Wright.
Second Vice President, Mrs. A. H. Mitchell.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank Morrison.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George A. Mitchell.
Treasurer, Mrs. Charles F. Karr.
Registrar, Mrs. Paul L. Joachim.
Historian, Mrs. M. G. Bonham.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Gustavus Werber.
Auditor, Mrs. Horace W. Whitaker.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow.
Custodian, Miss Gladys Pugh.
Chaplain, Mrs. Owen Dorsey.

The Chapters all reported a splendid year's work, and the convention was most successful. Many guests were present. Mrs. Odenheimer, former President General, gave an interesting account of the convention in Chattanooga, which was very gratifying for us to hear, as none of the elected delegates from the district attended the convention.

Early in the spring the district division organized an auxiliary of the Red Cross. The secretary reported at the convention quantities of garments and dozens of knitted articles made. Some of our members are active workers in the motor corps service.

In the annual report of the President of the District Division she urged the members to subscribe to the VETERAN and expressed her desire to have all the Daughters read it each month. It is her intention to bring this matter before each Chapter individually, hoping to obtain many subscribers for the coming year.

THE TEXAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. EDITH E. T. LESSING, WACO.

On October 23-25 the Texas Division, U. D. C., met in Longview, Mrs. Eleanor O. Spencer, President, presiding. Interesting reports of work accomplished throughout the State were brought in, the harvest of a busy and successful year and a tribute to the able guidance of the President. The keynote of the convention was patriotism, past and present. President Wilson was warmly indorsed and work for the Red Cross and Liberty Loan bonds planned. Chapters have already responded generously to the call. Among them the Mary West Chapter, of Waco, has given two hundred dollars for liberty bonds; and at Chapter meetings the Daughters sit with busy hands, and articles of olive drab are taking form for the comfort of our soldiers. Many Daughters of the younger generation have taken training as Red Cross nurses, with the wish and hope to be sent to France for service.

Still the historical work of the U. D. C. goes on. The honor days dedicated to the memory of our Confederate heroes are observed with fitting ceremony, and the children are taught to understand the cause for which their fathers fought. But beyond aiding an old Confederate veteran to reach the home at Austin or caring for some aged widow of the sixties, all the money and energy of our organization is concentrated in helping as far as we can the soldiers fighting our battle in the world war for freedom.

The officers elected for the coming year are:

President, Mrs. Oscar Barthold, Weatherford.

First Vice President, Mrs. M. D. Tilson, Texarkana.

Second Vice President, Mrs. J. O. Seastrunk, Tyler.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Charles Bryan, El Paso.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Longview.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Matthias Menger, Navasota.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. C. Shropshire, Weatherford.

Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Bounds, Marlin.

Registrar, Mrs. Milton Morris, Austin.

Historian, Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Houston.

Custodian, Mrs. Forrest Farley, Austin.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. S. M. Fields, Dallas.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. M. E. Bryan, Houston.

THE ARKANSAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGNES HALLIBURTON, LITTLE ROCK.

With its sorrows and cares, its trials, its joys and pleasures, the record of another year has closed. In the annals of the U. D. C. 1917 will be conspicuous as the year in which three great memorials were completed: Arlington, Shiloh, and the memorial window to the women of the sixties. True it is that the building of the Arlington monument was completed sometime ago, but the indebtedness was not all paid. To-day (January 1) ushers in a new year, which I hope will bring to all prosperity and happiness and peace that will be a blessing to the whole world.

The splendid indorsement of all war activities so strongly emphasized at the Chattanooga convention seems to have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the Daughters of Arkansas. The Division will support a bed in the American hospital in France which will be a memorial to Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, the "Stonewall of the West," and we hope our boys in France will have a leader like Cleburne.

The appeal for the French orphans touches every heart, and we are proud of the work of Memorial Chapter for these little ones. A check for \$600 has been sent to the chairman by the Chapter President. Other Chapters have responded to this appeal and will care for one or more of these fatherless children.

The Confederate Council will take charge of the registration of the soldiers who are descendants of Confederate veterans, and in the years to come this will be valuable information. The Christmas entertainment at the Confederate Home was a treat to the dear old veterans and to all who had the pleasure of attending. The committee in charge had a splendid program. The remarks by Lieutenant Coquet, of the French army, and Lieutenant Isaac, of the English army, were especially enjoyed by the veterans.

THE WASHINGTON DIVISION.

BY MISS JULIA W. FLETCHER, TACOMA.

Lest you, dear sisters in the Southland, forget our little band of Daughters in this Northwest country, we are sending you a reminder through the VETERAN. Our disappointment was great that we did not secure the Albert Sidney Johnston bust for our corner in the State Historical Building. To come within a cent and a half was truly tantalizing. The winning division, New York, had 80.9 cents per member, and Washington Division had 79.6 cents per member. Really the Little Sister Division might have received honorable mention.

The ninth annual State Convention of the Washington Division was held in Tacoma in October, Dixie Chapter being hostess. In the absence of Mrs. Machin, President, of Spokane, Mrs. Greenwell, of Seattle, presided. The rooms were made beautiful with blooming roses, the Stars and Bars, and draperies of red and white. On the walls were the pictures of our heroes of 1861-65, reminding us that it is the precious privilege of the Daughters to tell the story of the struggle as they only can tell it. The address of welcome to Tacoma was made by Mr. George Petrie Fishburne, a native of Charlottesville, Va., and at present of the Federal court. We also had with us Dr. G. W. Woodbridge, an honorary member of Dixie Chapter, who gave the opening prayer. All of the Chapter reports showed that we are faithful to our trust of keeping alive the high ideals of the South and making the truth of history the keynote of our work.

We are all doing our bit for the war, buying liberty bonds, aiding in the Soldiers' Library Fund, doing Red Cross work, and knitting for the boys who will soon be going overseas. Having Camp Lewis, with its forty thousand men, so near to Tacoma makes us realize the seriousness of it all. The members of Dixie Chapter gave a most successful party on the 8th of December to the soldier boys from the cantonment. We especially asked for boys of Southern parentage, and they came, a hundred or more, looking so manly in their uniforms of brown. We had an informal program of music and reading and a general singing of old Southern melodies, which the boys particularly enjoyed—and, of course, dancing, for what else were the pretty girls there for? With the new army we are not forgetting our dear old veterans, but planned a huge cake with the U. C. V. letters for their Christmas meeting. The membership of the George E. Pickett Camp is growing less as the years go by, and there are only a few who gather now. So we must cheer them all we can.

In closing I wish to say how much we love the VETERAN and enjoy its pages. Long may it live and stand for truth and justice!

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key Word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The chief thought in these brief outlines is to present the leading characteristics of the man which great events served to bring out—the unselfishness of Albert Sidney Johnston, the loyalty of Joseph E. Johnston, the brotherhood of Stuart. Chapters can make choice of the character to be studied if there is not opportunity to study all presented in each month.

In a recent book of travels in the South a well-known writer states that until he went to Virginia to visit he had never heard the name of Commodore Maury, nor had Northern schoolboys to whom he had since mentioned the great scientist. If Maury is unknown, it must be our fault.

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1918.

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

("If Albert Sidney Johnston be not a general, then I have none to send you.")

Born February 2, 1803, at Washington, Ky.; killed at Shiloh Sunday, April 6, 1862; buried in the State cemetery, Austin, Tex.

1. Describe his life in Texas and the esteem in which he was held by the Texans.

2. The judgment and courage exhibited in the Utah campaign.

3. Tell of his skill in handling large bodies of men in action.

4. Show with what dignity he conducted himself under unjust criticism.

5. Delineate his character in its truthfulness, simplicity, and unselfishness, even in the very hour of his death.

Poem to read: "Memorial Inscriptions," by John Dimitry.

Authorities: "Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, William Preston Johnston; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

GEN. JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

("Old Joe Johnston, the game cock.")

Born February 3, 1807, in Prince Edward County, Va.; died March 21, 1891; buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

1. Tell of his bravery in the field and his facility for being wounded.

2. His great power of leadership and ability to make soldiers out of raw recruits.

3. Show the devotion which he inspired in his followers.

4. Describe the retreat to Atlanta, "a perfect model of a successful retreat," and how he maintained the morale of his army.

5. Show his high sense of honor in that, though he was so frequently relieved of his command when victory was within his grasp, he was always loyal to the Confederate government.

Poem: "Joe Johnston," by John R. Thompson, in Simms's "War Poetry."

Authorities: "Johnston's Narrative," 1874; "General Johnston," by Robert M. Hughes, 1893; "Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston, 1907.

GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

("Jeb Stuart.")

"Of all our knights, he was the flower."

Born February 6, 1833, in Patrick County, Va.; wounded at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864; died in Richmond May 12, 1864; buried in Hollywood.

1. Describe the ride around McClellan's army and Stuart's success as a cavalry leader.

2. Tell of the confidence Lee and Jackson had in him.

3. Contrast his light-heartedness and gayety on the march with his resolution and fierceness when in action.

4. What was the secret of his great power over his men?

5. Tell of the purity of his personal life and why women and children always loved him. "The lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning."

Poem: "The Broken Mug," by John Esten Cooke, in Simms's "War Poetry."

Authorities: "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClellan, 1885; "Wearing of the Gray," by John Esten Cooke; "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," by Gen. Bennett H. Young.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1918.

SIDNEY LANIER.

("The Sir Galahad among American poets.")

Born February 3, 1842, at Macon, Ga.; died September 7, 1881, at Lynn, N. C.; buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

1. Study his life as musician, soldier, poet.

2. When was he captured during the War between the States? and where was he imprisoned?

3. What noble traits of character did he possess?

4. Tell in what high esteem English critics have held him as a poet.

5. Show through what great tribulations he still always "followed the gleam."

Poems to learn: "Song of the Chattahoochee," "Ballad of Trees and the Master."

Authorities: "Life of Sidney Lanier," by Edwin Mims, 1905; "Sidney Lanier, Poet," by William Hayes Ward, in *Century Magazine*, April, 1884.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Born February 11, 1820, in Danville, Ky.; died on a plantation in Alabama June 7, 1867, and buried in Columbus, Ga.; in 1874 his body was brought back to Frankfort, Ky., and buried with military honors.

1. What great poem did he write to commemorate the valor of other soldiers which has kept his name alive?

2. Where is this poem so frequently found cast in iron and cut on stone?

3. Tell of his service for the Confederacy and how he was with Albert Sidney Johnston when he fell at Shiloh.

4. Tell of his lovable personal characteristics.

Poem to learn: "The Bivouac of the Dead."

Authorities: "The Southern Bivouac," January, 1887, article by Daniel E. O'Sullivan; "Library of Southern Literature," Volume IX., article by Robert Burns Wilson.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

Mrs. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
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MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
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Mrs. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



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ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

THE C. S. M. A. IN 1918.

And so it is, dear Memorial women, we have lived through many years—"silver threads shine among the gold"—yet we can truthfully repeat the lines, "There is life in the old land yet." Our country calls and finds us ready to respond. Today we are called upon to practice economy, to avoid waste, to conserve food. Did we not learn and put into practice these very same lessons during our four years of war? Did we not deny ourselves even the necessities of life that our men in the fields and hospitals might be properly nourished and clothed? Where can we find a stronger claim for patriotism than in the following lines from the pen of our beloved President Jefferson Davis?

To
The women of the Confederacy,
Whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers
Soothed the last hours of those
Who died far from the objects of their tenderest love;
Whose domestic labors
Contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the
Field;
Whose zealous faith in our cause
Shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war;
Whose fortitude
Sustained them under all the privations to which they were
Subjected;
Whose annual tribute
Expresses their enduring grief, love, and reverence
For our sacred dead;
and
Whose patriotism
Will teach their children
To emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires.

Yes, the Memorial women, the women of the Confederacy, know what war is; they know how to suffer and serve; and now that our country has become involved in this great war, our President, Woodrow Wilson, will find us ready to support him until victory crowns our efforts and assures to all peoples justice, liberty, and humanity.

We are called upon not only for service, but to assist in financing this great problem. The war stamps are a form of investment that will appeal to us all. We will begin with the children by teaching them thrift, by impressing upon them the necessity for sacrifice. It is not only a financial but an educational movement, and all, young and old, will be benefited by it in the formation of those fine character traits that go to make good women and strong men.

Resolve in this new year to lend to your government every dollar, every cent that you can spare from the actual necessities of life. Do not let your dollar be a slacker, which it will be if it is not helping your government. A man who does not serve his country is a slacker—nay, a traitor—and

the same may be said of your dollar if it is not turned into the fund for the equipment of your soldiers and for the manufacture of guns and munitions.

Your President General greets you at the beginning of the new year, and her message is: Remember the years of 1861-65. You showed patriotism during those years; go now and do likewise. Let us all unite in a fervent prayer that America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," will be the instrument through which the God of right and justice will establish a victorious and everlasting peace.

My dear coworkers, it gives me pleasure to transmit to you through the columns of our official organ letters from the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 1, 1917.

"My Dear Mrs. Behan: I want to try to express my appreciation for your coöperation in the liberty loan drive which has just closed, the women of America having indeed done the highest patriotic service not only in their subscription to the bonds, but in the splendid manner in which they have carried the war loan.

"Assuring you of our sincere thanks and appreciation, I am
"Yours very truly,
ELEANOR W. McADOO,
Chairman Woman's Liberty Loan Committee."

"The Woman's Liberty Loan Committee extends congratulations to the women of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association for their patriotic achievement in the purchase and sale of liberty bonds of the second issue of 1917. We extend our thanks and appreciation for your coöperation in the work of this committee. The women of America are its second line of defense. They will serve till the victory of lasting peace is won.

Mrs. W. G. McADOO,
Chairman."

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 7, 1917.

"My Dear Mrs. Behan: I am anxious that the members of your organization should receive a word of thanks from our committee. If it meets with your approval, will you send the inclosed to your official publication? and will you not, as a member of the Advisory Council of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, send a report on the work done through your membership?

"Thanking you for your attention to this matter, I am
"Yours most sincerely,
ANTIONETTE FUNK,
Vice Chairman Woman's Liberty Loan Committee."

Faithfully yours,
Mrs. W. J. BEHAN,
President General C. S. M. A.

BANISHMENT FROM MISSOURI IN 1864.

[Continued from page 63.]

them, they compelled him to run while their horses galloped after him. His daughter attempted to follow, but they told her to go back, or they would shoot her. Thinking it might be better for her father, she obeyed. After a few hours the family went up the road to where they last saw his gray head disappearing over the hill and just beyond that point found the lifeless body of the good old man hanging by a rope thrown over one of the lower limbs of a tree. Mr. Ferrell was a quiet, harmless neighbor, an elder in the Church, and was never known to have injured any one.

HISTORIC EXPOSURES COMMENDED.

BY WILL T. HALE, DONELSON, TENN.

I desire to express my delight over Dr. Shepherd's timely and masterful article, "Historic Ironies—Sherman and German," in the *VETERAN* for January, 1918. I have been wanting and wishing for a bit of reminder of the kind. No one could have done justice to the subject quite so handsomely, I verily believe. Back yonder, soon after German outrages began and the Northern people seemed horrified, I said through the *Nashville Banner* that if the Huns persevered they "would soon become as bad as the Yankees who made war on the South"; but I didn't, as the saying is, "give chapter and verse," as Dr. Shepherd has done.

These reminders are just, no matter if we are all united in fighting this war against the Huns. If for nothing else, they should be given because certain writers have taken this occasion to further slander the South and continue the effort to pervert history by speaking of the Germans and the Southern cause in the same breath. They commenced it; let them be basted until they cry, "Enough!"

Though, to tell the truth, I am beginning to pity the position of those who uphold the despoilers of this section in the sixties. Now, there's Roosevelt. Really, I don't know when I have pitied any one so much. He does not hesitate to denounce such measures as the Huns are guilty of; but in contrasting civilized methods of warfare with theirs he does not point with pride to the Federals, but to Admiral Semmes and General Lee. Did ever a section put itself in such a historic predicament as the North? We sneer at the psychology of the Germans, who cannot understand why they have made enemies of all decent nations; but what brand of psychology is that which is horrified with German atrocities and proud of those of Sherman and Sheridan and their ilk, including thieving and murderous John Brown?

I also desire to express my appreciation of Dr. McNeilly.



Let him "ease his mind" as frequently as he desires. I don't believe I ever noticed so much humor in so few words, such an elaborate description of the Down-Easters in such condensed space, as in his recent observation: "It would almost seem as if Peleg and Mehitabel as soon as they joined fortunes began to keep a diary of all that came their way." I must admit that it is more in a little than the paragraph which I once wrote for the *Nashville Daily News*: "A New England widower advertises for a wife having a peg leg. The stipulation is doubtless another instance of Puritan thrift looking out for a cheap hominy pestle."

And the *VETERAN* improves with age.

WITH THE "BOY COMPANY."

The article by Thomas Peters in the *VETERAN* for December brought him some letters of appreciation for having written of that gallant band of boys. Asking some little correction, James R. Johnston writes from Fort Worth, Tex.: "Your splendid history of the boy company of Richmond was closely scrutinized by me because I had a baby brother, less than fourteen years old, in the firing line under Captain Anerney. He was a schoolboy; his name was W. E. Johnston, not W. J. Johnston. His father was a first cousin to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He had a brother killed in the battle of Fredericksburg and a brother in John H. Morgan's Kentucky cavalry."

W. A. Boykin, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "I am sorry that my name does not appear in your article on 'The Boy Company of Richmond.' I am proud to say that I was a member of Company G and the youngest of the company, only fourteen years old. I served until the end of the war, first for a short time under Capt. Frank Wise and then under Capt. Edward S. Gay; and notwithstanding his extreme youth, being only sixteen years old, Ned Gay was as brave as a lion, and his men, or boys, would have followed him blindfolded. Very little has been said of these gallant boys, and I was delighted to read your nice article. Company G, in my humble opinion, was the equal, so far as courage is concerned, of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute in the battle of New Market. Like the cadets, they did not know the meaning of the word 'fear.'"

WHEN "UNCLE NORF" PLAYS "DIXIE."

BY MRS. M. FEALY HILL.

(Affectionately dedicated to one of our Confederate veterans, Mr. Norf Spears, of Mississippi, who has for years lived near Charleston, Ark.)

We see the marshaling hosts in gray—
See many sights of that early day
And hear again the South's "Hurrah"
When "Uncle Norf" plays "Dixie."

Yet there's in it no warlike strain,
Only the thought that peace doth reign
Throughout this grand old domain
When "Uncle Norf" plays "Dixie."

It teaches us there's much to win,
It teaches us the world's akin,
And our souls awake with his violin
When "Uncle Norf" plays "Dixie."

[Since this was written "Uncle Norf" has joined his comrades "over the river."]

WHO ROBBED GENERAL CLEBURNE?

Having heard that a member of the 88th Illinois Infantry captured a watch from some one at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., for which he had refused \$500, Rev. James S. Hatch, of Plano, Ill., has asked the VETERAN to make some inquiry about it. He says:

"In his book on 'Cleburne and His Command' Capt. Irving A. Buck, A. A. G. on Cleburne's staff, makes it quite plain where Cleburne was killed in the battle of Franklin. The General had two horses killed under him, but was afoot and in front of his division when the fatal shot struck him. His body was found at daylight on December 1 about forty yards from the Union works and about midway between the pike and the cotton gin. He had on a new gray uniform, was flat on his back as if asleep, his military cap partly over his eyes, and a bullet through his heart the only wound. He was in his sock feet, his boots, watch, sword, belt, and other valuables gone. His body had been robbed during the night.

"John McQuade, of Vicksburg, found the body and called to the Rev. Thomas Markham, the well-known Presbyterian minister of New Orleans, who was chaplain of Featherstone's Brigade. The clergyman had an ambulance and was gathering up the wounded, the body of General Adams being inside at the time. General Cleburne was lifted in and placed by the side of General Adams and taken to the McGavock House. Cleburne was first interred at Rose Hill, near Franklin; later he, Granbury, and Strahl were buried at Ashwood, and finally Cleburne's body was removed to Helena, Ark. This should settle the question of when and where he was killed, but there is still an unsettled question. Who robbed the body? Who got his boots, sword, sword belt, and watch? Was it one of his own men or a brave, bold, venturesome Yankee? Who will answer?

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."

Finley P. Curtis, Jr., of Butler, Tenn., asks correction of a statement in his article, "Chancellorsville," published in the VETERAN for July, 1917, which was called to his attention by Randolph Barton, of Baltimore, Md. He says: "My father wrote in his diary for January 24, 1863: 'We (the 1st North Carolina Regiment) were transferred (from D. H. Hill's division, Ripley's Brigade) to Jackson's old division, Taliaferro's Brigade. General Warren was commander.' There is no account of a further change before Chancellorsville. I have often heard him speak of Jackson's old division and the old Stonewall Division. The famous old Stonewall Brigade is a natural confusion with the old Stonewall Division, an unconscious *lapsus linguæ*. Comrade Barton says there were no Carolinians in his, the Stonewall Brigade, and I see the truth of his statement. Murder will always out, eh, comrades? Well, the pen has its fool's errands!"

[This correction was sent in July, 1917, and should have had attention then.—EDITOR.]

Two million dollars in good old Confederate money wanted to pay off the Confederate veterans at Tulsa, Okla., during the Reunion next June. They need this donation badly, as some of them are contemplating active service for Uncle Sam in France. Do not delay. Send to J. M. Williams, Paymaster General U. C. V., 587 Linden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

SEEKS HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS.—Cyrus Seiler, who lives at 615 Marion Street, Elkhart, Ind., writes of his narrow escape from capture in the sixties: "I was a Federal soldier in the War between the States, serving in Company A, 104th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. While we were in front of Atlanta, on August 25, 1864, my tent mate, William H. Bender, and I decided to go after some elderberries, which grew in great abundance between the two picket lines. As it was a hot day, we went in our shirt sleeves and without our guns. Soon we had all the berries we wanted and started on our return trip on a byroad through the woods, which was thickly covered with underbrush. When within about sixty rods of our picket line we were halted by two Confederates, who jumped out from behind trees, each having dead aim on his man. Instantly noting the Confederate uniforms and their peculiarly pointed wool hats, I didn't wait for any further introduction, but jumped off to the left and ran through the underbrush at a rate I could never equal afterwards. My partner was captured and hurried off to Atlanta. When he was released at the close of the war, I had the pleasure of meeting him in Massillon, Ohio, from which city we had started for the South in September, 1862. He told me that there were six Confederates where we were halted and that they had laid a trap for us, and we walked right into it. To show how badly I was scared when I got to camp, I had all my elderberries and never once thought of them until I got there. Looking into the muzzle of a gun when the fellow who has his finger on the trigger is looking for game isn't a very agreeable experience. Now, what I have been wanting to know all these years is, who those six Confederates were, what regiment they belonged to, and where they lived. If any of them are still living, I should like to get their names and addresses. I may make a trip to Florida again soon; and if I knew that any of these comrades are living, I would go out of my way considerably to find them, or they might sometime pay me a visit at my home, in Elkhart, Ind. I will see that they are well cared for and have a good time with our post boys while here."

IN APPRECIATION.—Mrs. M. E. Pinkston, of Gate City, Va., writes: "A number of veterans have responded to my inquiry in the VETERAN, and through them I have received the desired information. In the kindness and goodness of their noble, generous hearts they sought to give such information as they could. Now through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I wish to extend to them my warmest thanks. While no pension was sought or needed, I thank them for their kind efforts to extend a helping hand, and may some needy Confederate widow yet be blessed and benefited by the readiness of this 'band of brothers' to help and to serve! My object in writing the VETERAN was to obtain through the general records a missing link in the soldier life of a dear departed friend. May God in his infinite goodness and mercy prolong the lives of the noble old veterans and grant that the example of glorious patriotism which moved them to deeds of valor in the sixties may prove an inspiration to our soldiers of to-day!"

INDEX FOR VOLUME XXV.

The Index for the twenty-fifth volume of the VETERAN is now ready for delivery and will be mailed upon request. Send two-cent stamp for postage, etc.

TURN CASH INTO GUN FIRE.

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

We fought and won the Spanish War with 150,000 soldiers and a \$200,000,000 bond issue. In men under arms we now have ten times that number. We issued ten times that amount of bonds in the first liberty loan. We are proposing to spend and loan to the Allies in the first fiscal year of the war \$19,000,000,000. From now until the end of this fiscal year the Treasury anticipates needing \$300,000,000 a week—that is, the Treasury has got to fight financially a Spanish War every four days. That indicates a money measure of the size of this work, but that is not the real measure. We have just seen that one might have plenty of money, but an empty coal bin. In just the same way the government can have plenty of money, but an unequipped army. This army cannot be equipped as modern warfare demands if the man power of the country is at the same time called upon to produce all of our ordinary comforts and luxuries. It is as plain as two and two that all of us must make personal sacrifices, must give up comforts and luxuries, even necessary expenditures that can be postponed, if there are to be labor and material enough to equip the army in time for it to fight while it will do some good to have it fight.

In war the only effort that is of any value is that which is ultimately translated into gun fire on the field of battle. The gun fire that will win this war cannot be delivered until all America recognizes individual responsibility, until the whole people join in the effort by giving up things that they can do without, so that the labor that would have been employed in making those things can do work that will ultimately result in gun fire. The government has offered the opportunity to translate at once every one's personal patriotism into the sort of help that will win the war. Forego buying something that is unnecessary; loan the money you would have used to the government by buying \$5 war savings certificates. You will thus have released labor, you will have given credit to the government, you will have acquired the best security in the world, a United States government bond.

NOT ENTIRELY "KILT."—W. H. Peters, of Watseka, Ill., tells about it: "I was severely wounded at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862, and the colonel who saw me when I was shot reported me killed. We had emerged from the cedar thicket and were making a rush through a field toward the pike where the Confederates were lined up in our front. When about halfway across the field, I was struck by a ball passing through my right wrist joint, cutting the artery. I was a lieutenant then and had my sword in my hand waving it above my head. My arm dropped to my side, still clenching the sword. With my left hand I removed my sword, placing it under my left arm, using my left hand to raise my right arm, which pained me severely. I drew it in front of my body and bent over to stop the flow of blood. In this act my colonel saw me as he was rushing by and supposed that I had been shot through the abdomen. Of course I was left behind. I became so weak from the loss of blood that I lay down. After the battle was over, Capt. W. H. Wade asked the colonel: 'What's become of Lieutenant Peters?' The colonel in his German brogue answered: 'Ah! poor Peters vas kilt; shot right through the belly.' I was again wounded very severely at Buzzard Roost in the Atlanta campaign in May, 1864. I still survive to read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I had a brother in the Confederate army, 3d

Louisiana Cavalry, all through the war, but neither knew where the other was."

A CALL TO COMRADES.

To My Comrades of the 31st Mississippi Regiment: Go to Tulsa next Reunion if you are physically able. If you are short on funds, write me, and transportation and expense money will be forthcoming. If you are not a subscriber to the VETERAN, let me know, and it will be mailed you for 1918 if you want it. Every Confederate and his children and grandchildren should take this journal. It is our paper. I want all members of Featherstone's Brigade to write me.

L. A. FITZPATRICK,

Company C, 31st Mississippi, Featherstone's Brigade, Helena, Ark., Box 333.

Mr. F. H. Steel, 756 South Boyle Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., wants to hear from some comrade who was on the Confederate States steamer Gaines in the fight in Mobile Bay when Admiral Farragut passed Fort Morgan with his fleet in August, 1864. Mr. Steel was with the fleet composed of the ram Tennessee, the Selma, the Morgan, and the Gaines. He also wants to hear from some one who was sent with an exposition from Mobile composed of navy men from different ships in the first of the year 1865. They had with them three launches, and their object was to capture a Yankee gunboat on the Mississippi River close to the mouth of Buffalo Bayou; but the exposition had to turn back.

MANUFACTURE OF FIREARMS FOR THE CONFEDERACY.—A correspondent has asked that the VETERAN publish something on the manufacture of firearms in the Confederate States. This phase of Confederate history has never been properly written up, it being difficult to secure any contributions on the subject. It would be an interesting subject at the present, and those who have any information on that line are asked to let our readers have the benefit of it.

H. C. Hoggard, of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I am inclosing five dollars for Mrs. ——— and Mrs. ———, both widows of veterans, whom I have been subscribing for, and three dollars for myself, which will carry me to 1922, I think. I may not live that long, but it can continue to come the time out, even if I am not here; then I hope my children will continue to subscribe for it. I enjoy reading it more and more as time goes on. I want it as long as I live. I wish you even a more prosperous year than ever, and may the good Lord bless your every effort!"

Hon. Pat Henry writes from Brandon, Miss.: "I note with pride the very interesting January number. The orders of Hancock are resonant of his grand character and read well beside the miserable little orders of Sheridan, Sherman, Hunter, *et id omne genus*. It is important that our veterans should help keep up the publication with their reminiscences."

C. M. Davis, Eatonton, Ga.: "It's a very great pleasure for me to renew my subscription. May the VETERAN live long after we old vets have gone to our homes!"

J. H. Pendleton, Ryan, Okla.: "I have not missed a copy of the VETERAN in twenty-four years."

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

(Worn by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, and given after the surrender to his nephew, Rev. John K. White, author of these lines.)

In the garret it is resting,
In the bottom of a trunk,
And for years it has been hidden,
In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes,
For it brought back recollection
Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
Soft a voice within it spoke;
It at first seemed misty, dreamy,
But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
Am I resting quiet now?
And the way in which I came here,
Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master
When he found no use for you."
"And why, I'd have you tell me,
Could I nothing further do?"

Did I not through toilsome marches
Ever stay close by his side?
Did I not the scorching sunshine
And the biting blast abide?

Did I ever shrink from bullets?
Did I ever seem to fear
When the bayonets clashed around me
Or with bombshells bursting near?

Was I not a faithful servant?
Did I not my duty well?
Why, then, am I thus discarded?
I entreat you now to tell."

"'Tis because the war is over.
Yes, the fighting all is done;
For the Northern armies conquered,
And the country now is one."

"Well, but where are Lee and Jackson,
With their armies strong and brave?"
"They have fought their final battle;
They are sleeping in the grave."

"But not all, not all, most surely.
Are there not a number left
Who are not with courage parted
And are not of honor 'reft?"

Cannot these with Southern valor
Sweep the land from sea to sea,
And from ev'ry hated foeman
Thus the Southern nation free?"

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"But the South is not a nation,
And the war is long since o'er;
And I tell you peace is reigning
O'er the land from shore to shore."

"Did my master e'er surrender?
Sure he died upon the field;

For I know that he would never
For a moment deign to yield."

"But he did indeed surrender,
And he preaches now the Word;
He's an active, earnest worker
In the vineyard of his Lord."

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A. ATLAS LEVE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Gaines Cave, Tempe, Ariz.: "Have just received the January copy; it is splendid. I couldn't do without the VETERAN."

L. M. Graham, Connor, Fla.: "I expect to take it as long as I live. I am always hungry for it when it comes and never want to lay it down until I go through it."

Mrs. Ellen Corbett, Route 3, Jacksonville, Ark., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from any who remembers her husband, John Stephen Neal, a soldier from Mississippi.

R. U. Brown, of Lytle, Tex., would like to hear from some of his comrades in the Confederate service. He belonged to Company E, 7th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest.

Information is wanted as to the kind of firearms made at Tallassee, Ala., in 1862-65 and the name of the proprietor or ordnance officer in charge; also who made the Confederate States brass frame Colt's revolvers. Address E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. F. G. Buchanan, of Idabel, Okla., wants to communicate with some one who knew her husband, E. J. (James) Buchanan, in the Confederate army. He enlisted from Trenton, Gibson County, Tenn., and was under Capt. C. H. Blake. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

Mrs. Mary H. Rayner, 500 West Orman Avenue, Pueblo, Colo., is trying to secure some information of the service of Thomas Cook, who is in need of assistance. He belonged to the 9th Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, under Fitzhugh Lee. She also wants to know what kind of burial is given the Confederate veterans who die in the Homes.

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The Veteran still has a small stock of the Confederate Military History, which is now furnished at \$15 net for the cloth edition, \$25 for the half morocco, and a few sets of President Davis's Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, cloth-bound, at \$7.50 net. These books cannot be furnished at such prices much longer.

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VOL. XXVI.

MARCH, 1918

NO. 3



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

(See page 102.)

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Mrs. Nannie Kesterson, of East Radford, Va., wants to hear from any surviving member of Company K, 52d Virginia Infantry.

Mr. John P. Williams, Brentwood, Tenn.: "I am very fond of the VETERAN and read it with a great deal of pleasure each month."

W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., wants a copy of the "History of the Missouri Brigades, C. S. A.," by Col. R. S. Bevier. Any one having a copy for sale or knowing where a copy can be procured will kindly write to him as to price, etc.

HER TRIBUTE.—At a family reunion every one laughed heartily at one of grandpa's jokes. Little Ruth laughed too, although she hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about. When the fun was over, she remarked breathlessly: "O dear, grandpa, I guess that's the cutest thing you ever said!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, of Antioch, Tenn., is trying to get some information in regard to George W. Davis, who first belonged to the 20th Tennessee Regiment under Captain Rice and Lieut. Thomas Ryman, Butler's Regiment, and served with this regiment until after the battle of Shiloh. He was taken sick and obtained a furlough, after which he joined Wheeler's Cavalry, with which he served until the surrender. This information is wanted in order to secure a pension for his widow.

ECONOMY OF THE SIXTIES.—Let the persons who think wheatless and meatless days are a hardship listen to the venerable men and women whose memories take them back to the Civil War. Roasted barley, parched corn, chicory roots, and even dandelion roots, dried and roasted, were used as coffee substitutes. White or granulated sugars were a rarity and on the table only for company. Brown sugar and old-fashioned black molasses, bread and honey, and even bread and ham fat were considered pretty good enough for all but the old people. In those days nearly every family in town kept a cow. Those who didn't as a rule went without milk. The papers of that day emphasized the fact that coffee and tea were more nutritious when used without milk.—*Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.*

Confederate Veteran.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1918.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

A BENEDICTION.

The Lord bless us and keep us a country reunited and indivisible! The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us as individuals and as a people! The Lord lift up his countenance upon us and give us victory, wisdom to help the weak to freedom, and then peace—peace like the river's gentle flow, peace like the morning's silent glow, progressive peace!

[By the Rt. Rev. Robert A. Gibson, D.D., private, Rock-bridge Battery, A. N. V., at the unveiling of the Virginia Monument at Gettysburg, June, 1917.]

THE ASSET OF THE NATION.

Not only is the South a solid asset of the nation when men are needed to protect and defend the country, but the real contribution in the output of material necessary for the army and the navy is brought forth by the *Manufacturers' Record*. It says:

"In the discussion which is going on the country seems to have lost sight of the real contribution which the South is making to national safety and national prosperity.

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"It is the South which is producing ninety-eight per cent of the sulphur of the United States and without which the sulphuric acid industry under existing conditions and the manufacture of explosives would utterly fail us during the continuance of the war.

"It is the South which is giving to the country all of its naval stores, more than one-half of its lumber output, a very large proportion of its coal production, and practically all of the coal that is shipped abroad.

"It is the South which is furnishing the coal for the navy, as well as for ships of commerce.

"It is the South which is producing over one-half of the petroleum output of the United States.

"It is the South which is producing the entire bauxite output, the foundation of the aluminum industry of the country.

"It is the South which is producing almost the entire output of pyrites in the United States outside of California.

"It is the South which is furnishing practically all of the manganese mined in this country and all of the phosphate rock.

"These are but a few things of the many for which the nation of necessity looks to the South. If the supply of these raw materials produced by the South were cut off, the rest of the country would find itself absolutely incapable of maintaining its industrial interests or of making war, for there are no other regions of the country producing the materials which enter into war-making comparable with what the South is doing in that respect."

AMERICA.

America! America! The world's aflame to-day,
And thou art called to do thy part and walk the bloody way;
So gird thy loins and draw thy sword, march gloriously and
brave,
For where thy starry banner floats no man can be a slave.

America! America! Thou hast been grandly blest
On thee is laid a sacred charge to be and do thy best;
So let thy every act and deed be singly for the right,
And then no foeman can withstand thy legions in the fight.

America! America! Thy blows should fall like rain
Until the fires of strife have ceased and then assuage the pain,
Bind up the wounds, and purge the hearts of hatred and of
strife,
And lift the nations that have warred unto a better life.

America! America! Thy treasures are untold;
The greatest of thy treasures, still, is not thy hoards of gold,
But goodly, gracious, kindly deeds that help mankind to see
That peace and charity and love are emblems of the free.

—Rollin J. Wells.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SOLDIERS OF NO BATTLES.

[The following lines by Anne Bachman Hyde refer to the deaths of young soldiers at Fort Oglethorpe and were suggested by the death of Howard K. Uhler, of Erie, Pa., aged seventeen.]

Not in the trenches' galling fire,
Not in Flanders' mud and mire
The summons came,
No medal theirs for service done,
No battle fought nor victory won
In sheets of flame.

But in the winter's ice and snow,
By Chickamauga's sullen flow,
The call came clear.
Fevered lips and body worn,
Racked by pain so bravely borne,
Answered "Here!"

Hark! the strains of victors' psalms.
See! above them victors' palms.
Soldiers, pause!
No greater love hath man than they
Who gladly gave their lives away
For freedom's cause.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The article in the February VETERAN on "Why the Confederacy Failed" was not intended to create the impression that failure came only because of the numerous exemptions, but to show that as one of the reasons why the armies of the Confederacy could not continue their early successes. The exemptions allowed by the government and others insisted upon by some of the States made it impossible to properly recruit the fast-thinning ranks. It has been said that the Confederacy "robbed the cradle and the grave" in this desperate effort, yet there was much complaint over the exemption of so many capable of bearing arms. For instance, Gen. D. H. Hill was very bitter in his denunciation of those who took refuge behind the exemption laws, saying: "Our cities, towns, and villages are full of able-bodied young skulkers, wearing the semblance of men, who have dodged from the battle field under the provisions of the exemption bill. The scorn of the fair sex and the contempt of all honorable men have not been able to drive these cowardly miscreants into the ranks as long as they can fatten upon the miseries of the country and shelter their worthless carcasses from Yankee bullets, for they are insensible to shame."

There were other causes of failure just as potent, any one of which could have caused the downfall of the Confederacy, and the combination was crushing. B. F. Brown, of Augusta, Ga., who served in Company L, 1st Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, A. N. V., from 1861 to Appomattox, contributes the following:

"The article 'Why the Confederacy Failed' suggests to me

to say that the most satisfactory explanation, to my mind, of the failure of the Southern Confederacy is given in the first paragraph of General Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox on the 10th of April, 1865, which is as follows: 'After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.'

"President Lincoln and General Grant believed that with the destruction of the Army of Northern Virginia the Confederacy would fall, and that is what actually happened. General Grant set out to annihilate General Lee's army, and he did it; but it took eleven months of ceaseless fighting and marching—from the Wilderness to Appomattox—and overwhelming numbers and resources to do it. The paroles of the soldiers surrendered by General Lee required no obligation that they would not take up arms again, from which it would seem that General Grant believed their fighting days were over. I shall quote here the magnificent tribute of William Swinton to the Army of Northern Virginia in his 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac': 'Nor can there fail to arise the image of that other army that was the adversary of the Army of the Potomac—and which who can ever forget that once looked upon it?—that array of "tattered uniforms and bright muskets," that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it, which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation.'

TO HONOR COMMODORE MAURY.

While no memorial as yet has been erected to honor Matthew Fontaine Maury, more than one movement has been made in that direction. The first originated with Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, Tenn., who brought the matter before the Tennessee State Convention, U. D. C., in 1911 and also before the State Legislature, but without securing an appropriation for it. This project has not been abandoned, and Tennessee will yet pay due tribute to her adopted son. A small bronze tablet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, which institution was built at his suggestion, and a large Tennessee marble tablet on the public school building at Franklin, placed at the suggestion of Miss Gentry through the Old Glory Chapter, D. A. R., are the only memorials known to have been placed in honor of this great man.

A letter from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, President of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., tells of its organization in 1915 for the purpose of honoring the memory of Commodore Maury, and its first work was the effort to have his name placed in the Temple of Fame, New York; but this effort was started too late to get his name among those added in 1915. The next additions will be made in 1920, when it is hoped that his name will be the selection of the committee as the most deserving among the scientists.

This organization has now under way the effort to erect a bronze statue of Commodore Maury in the city of Richmond, to which every citizen of this country should esteem it a privilege to contribute in appreciation of the inestimable benefits which his achievements conferred upon mankind. A sketch of Commodore Maury by his son, Richard L. Maury, in pamphlet form is sold at twenty-five cents, the proceeds going to the monument fund. Send for a copy of this pamphlet and help to honor one who is worthy of all honor.

TWO ARMIES—A COMPARISON.

BY B. W. GREEN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A veteran of the War between the States on the Confederate side would offer a comparison of the great wars of 1861 and 1914, not in a critical spirit, but rather as a parallel, showing what was done by the people of the South during their family fuss and what is being done by the United States in our great world war.

The ports of the South were blockaded so effectively that nothing passed without taking chances with the Federal gunboats. To-day our ports are open to the commerce of the world. The suffering and inconvenience incident to a strict blockade cannot be fully appreciated or realized except through experience. Our merchants had nothing to sell, and there was no market from which they could replenish their stocks. Their shelves were empty; "store goods" of any and all kinds were not to be had for love or money. Homespun cloth, home-tanned leather, and homemade hats and shoes were fashionable. Blankets were made from carpets taken from the floors and cut into proper size. For coffee and tea we substituted parched corn, nuts, acorns, seeds, and burnt bread and corn meal. This wasn't pleasant, but it was the best we could do. Medicine was contraband and could not be had. Bark, roots, and herbs were used. There was no complaint. The South was an agricultural section, cotton the principal product. Europe was her market, and the blockade killed that industry. The South grew but little or no wheat, yet she had no "wheatless days." Having no wheat, we used corn. The South depended upon the North to a large extent for meat—pork, bacon, and beef. This was cut off by the Northern armies. Yet who ever heard of a "meatless day" during that war? Of course we were very often short of meat, but no fuss was made about it.

The railroad facilities of the South were extremely limited and insufficient for transportation of her armies and supplies, but the government did not seize the railroads and did not attempt to operate them. We had no railroad dictator. The coal supply was very limited and far below the demand; but we had no fuel director, no food director, no railroad director, no meatless days, no wheatless days. Much of the territory of the South was occupied by the Northern army, upon which we depended for all kinds of supplies for our army. We had very few manufactories for cotton and wool; therefore our armies were poorly and insufficiently clothed. Yet who can say that they were not efficient soldiers?

Did the South manage her affairs more efficiently than is now being done? She did not have time to prepare her men for the field by cantonments, drill, and education. As soon as they were sworn in and drilled a little they were put in the front line to meet the enemy. There was in name a uniform of Confederate gray, but her armies were not uniform. More than seventy-five per cent of the clothing the soldiers wore was sent them from home by their own families; hence the army was not in uniform. I do not now remember ever having seen a gray overcoat in our army worn by officer or man (there may have been a few), but I do remember quite a number of blue coats which were taken from dead Yankees. The clothing of our soldiers was of cotton fabric and one thin blanket to the man. Shoes were sometimes issued, but usually we got them from home or from dead Yankees. I spent two hours walking over the battle field of Chickamauga to get a pair of shoes from a dead Yankee, but they were in such demand that I found none.

Please note how splendidly our army of to-day is clothed, housed, and fed. And this is well. The nations of the Southern soldier were a quarter of a pound of poor beef and a little corn meal. On the march he carried all he had on his back, including his kitchen utensils, which consisted usually of a frying pan. One wagon was allowed to a regiment. Of course that went to the colonel's headquarters. The men had no wagon.

If you will pardon personal reference, I did not have an overcoat during the war. More than half of the time I had no coat at all. In 1864-65 I was not in a house or tent of any kind for twelve months, and my protection from snow and ice and rain was a little cotton blanket. If there was complaint, it was very limited. We knew that the government could do no better; therefore we accepted service willingly and joyfully. Do the men of our armies to-day appreciate the effort made by the government to make them comfortable? I hope they do. Senator Chamberlain does not seem to appreciate it very much.

Can it be that we of to-day are less patriotic and self-sacrificing than the people of 1861, or is it because we do not realize that we are at war? Is it not well for us to consider the terms offered by Germany to poor prostrate Russia? We are thankful that there was left enough spirit in Russia to reject the terms. Can we expect Germany to be more liberal with America if our armies are defeated? What will she offer us in the event France and England are beaten? Let us consider that Germany is offering her best terms to Russia to break the alliance of nations and to eliminate a large military force, so that she may turn with her full strength upon France. If under the circumstances she has made such a demand upon Russia, what demand would she make once France and England are beaten?

It is high time the people of the United States should awake from their lethargy, put aside money-making, and accept sacrifice without complaint. We should put down with a strong hand all of those who live in this country and receive its protection and full liberty while they attempt to strike with assassin daggers in the dark.

Treason, if found, even in the United States Senate, should be punished promptly, even more quickly than if perpetrated by a private citizen who has no influence or following. Aliens should be made to serve the general government, leave the country, or go to jail.

GENERAL CLEBURNE NOT ROBBED.

Responding to the inquiry on page 92 of the February VETERAN as to who robbed General Cleburne's body after he was killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Mrs. George Cowan, of Franklin, daughter of Col. John McGavock, to whose home the body of General Cleburne was taken the morning after the battle, states that Dr. Markham left the sword and cap with her mother, by whom they were carefully preserved, and some years ago they were placed with other Confederate relics in the History Building of Centennial Park, at Nashville. There was a hole through the front of the cap, as though he might have been shot in the forehead, but the record is that the only wound was through the heart. Mrs. Cowan does not remember the watch; but as it was Dr. Markham's habit to return such things to the families of those killed, he may have held the watch for that purpose. It was said that General Cleburne removed his boots before going into the battle and made a barefooted private put them on, and this incident was the inspiration for the poem, "He'll Not Need Them Again."

A DELICATE ENGINEERING FEAT.

HOW THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON STATUE WAS PLACED
ON ITS PEDESTAL.[From the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, October 15, 1911.]

In 1849 Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor, who had been studying abroad from the time he was a youth of twenty-two, came to this country on a visit to his home and friends. His talent had made him famous in Europe, and he was recognized as destined to become one of the greatest sculptors of any age in the world. He died at the early age of forty-four, but his achievements fully justified the expectations of those who had set so high a standard for him to reach.

During his stay in this country he read in the newspapers that Virginia had appropriated a sum of money to erect a monument to Washington in Richmond and invited designs. He went to Boston and at once set to work and in a very short time submitted his model, which was accepted, and he was commissioned to execute the work. How long he worked on it does not appear, but it was not finished until about seven years later.

It was cast at Munich, and when it was finished and set up it was viewed by crowned heads and lovers of art from all parts of Europe, and it was pronounced one of the greatest statues that ever had been produced.

In 1857 it was boxed and ready for shipment to this country. Thomas Hicks, N. A., in his eulogy of Crawford, read before the Century Club in the city of New York on January 26, 1858, said: "In such esteem was the 'Washington' held by the workmen in the foundry and so entirely had the artist won their regard that when it left Munich they would not allow the ordinary laborers to touch the cases in which it was packed nor put it upon the conveyance, but did it all themselves; while the roads and bridges, by order of the king, were made free for it to pass over. The same good fortune attended it on this side of the Atlantic, for when it reached Richmond the enthusiastic citizens drew it up to its destined place in the Capitol Square."

It now devolved upon the Governor to select some one who could be trusted to raise and place the huge and heavy statue upon the lofty pedestal where it now rests. No one was anxious for the job, which carried with it so much responsibility; for in those days mechanical devices were very crude, and engineers had to go into the woods and select trees and construct derricks for such work, and they had to calculate to a nicety the strain they would stand, as a miscalculation would result in the wreck of this superb work of art.

Capt. Charles Dimmock was selected to do the work; and while he did not relish the assignment, his desire to oblige the Governor and his pride in the State induced him to undertake it rather than have it said that no one in Virginia was able to do the work. How he did it is told in two letters written by himself. The first letter was written after the first day's work was done, the second after the successful completion of the work, and by a strange coincidence on the same date that Mr. Hicks delivered his eulogy Captain Dimmock wrote, "The work is the most magnificent in the world, and Crawford is immortalized, poor fellow," expressing briefly and feelingly his admiration for the artist and regret that he was dead. He had passed away in London only two or three months previously. Following are the letters:

"RICHMOND, VA., January 16, 1858.

"My Dear ———: I have gotten through my main trouble by having raised the enormous spars, a job which required the purchase of fifty-five tons upon the two sets of blocks and falls.

"The spars are eighty-two feet long, twenty-four inches across the large ends and twenty inches across the small, weighing fifteen tons, being green and just taken from the water. You will understand the mechanical difficulty I had to contend with by the rough diagram here inclosed. I have the largest derrick I could find in Richmond (thirty-five feet high) to help; but when I had reached its height the angle of purchase was so small that it required a strain of fifty-five tons to take it from that point, and just at the crisis six cogs in the main hoisting machine broke out, and all hung in awful and dangerous suspense. Judge of my feelings when I tell you I had twelve men at the machine with the spars forty feet exactly over them. I commanded them not to leave their hold, or I would shoot them. I managed in fifteen minutes to start again, when the two posts to which the tugs XX were fastened and upon which all depended yielded, which we braced just in time to prevent a downfall. All this time I was surrounded by at least two thousand people. Then the heel ropes stretched so much that the heels overshot the holes in the shoe and had to be set back by jackscrews.

"Finally, after seven hours from the time we commenced, the spars stood erect, and then it was dark. Now I have to raise the statue, weighing eighteen tons (twenty-one feet high, twenty feet long, and eight feet wide), but this will be easy to what I have done.

"I am waiting for some iron work to brace the pedestal, when I shall, God willing, complete my operation. This is a rough letter.

"Yours,

C. DIMMOCK."

"RICHMOND, VA., January 26, 1858.

"Dear ———: I have been completely successful in elevating the eighteen-ton statue, and now it stands firm and for centuries on its pedestal.

"This I did surrounded by 2,000 or 3,000 witnesses, including the Governor and, I believe, all the legislature. It was the heaviest and most delicate mechanical operation ever done in Virginia; nor have I broken a rope yarn, injured a human being, or touched the metal of the statue. I wish you could have seen the whole operation.

"All things being ready, I gave the word to 'heave up,' and without a word from one of my men up it rose slowly, perfectly perpendicular and grandly, and in two hours it was 'high enough.' The guys were then eased off, and when the weight was exactly over its center I lowered away and settled it exactly on its bed.

"The work is the most magnificent in the world, and Crawford is immortalized, poor fellow. I have now to take down the spears, clean up, and move Henry and Jefferson from the steps of the Capitol to the monument, and I have done.

"The school bill hangs in the Senate, and I fear it will be too late to pass. The weather is springlike, the birds singing and buds shooting forth.

"Truly yours,

C. DIMMOCK."

AN ASSOCIATION OF FAMOUS MEMBERSHIP.

[Memorial address delivered by Maj. W. A. Gordon before Camp 171, U. C. V., of the city of Washington, on October 16, 1917.]

In the long years that have passed since this Camp, or Association, was formed—for this is one of the oldest Confederate organizations in the country—its membership has been of an extraordinary character. In most Confederate organizations the membership has been composed of those living in the same community where they were reared, joined the army, fought together, and after the war lived as neighbors. But in this Camp the conditions have been very different. The District of Columbia was not within the boundaries of the Confederacy, though very many of its young men crossed the Potomac and gallantly fought for the Southern cause. After the war these men returned, and later many Confederates from all parts of the country made this their home. Consequently in this Camp there have been men from every Southern State who rendered service as soldiers, sailors, or civil officers of the Confederacy. Many other Camps or associations have been composed of men belonging to special branches of the service, cavalry, artillery, or infantry; but with us every branch of the service has been represented and every grade of rank from lieutenant general to private. Located, as this Camp is, at the capital of the nation, many men historically distinguished have been connected with it. Most of the men who were in middle age when they joined and very many who were mere boys when they became members have passed away.

How can I, who have from the first been a member of the Camp, speak of the men I have known and associated with as comrades? I will here say that I have always considered it a great privilege to have been a Confederate soldier and rendered service in a humble way; and though I have had a happy life, fruitful of many happy memories, I look back to the days in the army as the happiest of my life and consider the association with the men of the Confederate army my greatest honor. One of the most delightful things in connection with this Camp has been association with types of the highest Southern manhood, to have listened to and talked with men whose purity of life and exalted courage equaled that of the peerless Chevalier Bayard, and to have made friendships close and dear in life and ceasing only with death.

Would not any man be pleased and proud to have known and familiarly associated with such men as John B. Gordon, Matthew C. Butler, Fitz Lee, Joseph Wheeler, William H. F. (Rooney) Lee, Charles E. Hooker, Raleigh C. Colston, John W. Daniel, Thomas H. Carter, Harry Heth, Eppa Hunton, Lindsay Lomax, John Goode, Hugh S. Thompson, William H. Payne, and others I might mention, whose names as soldiers are written high on the roll of fame? Though those named are better known beyond the Camp than its other members, all have been as gallant, loyal, and lovable men as were ever gathered together. To have mingled with them in friendly association has been to many of us a blessing compensating in many ways for the trials and tribulations through which we have passed. We can remember these men as amongst those to whom we were closely bound by sympathy and love. My love goes out to every man who was a Confederate soldier, and especially strong to those with whom I have been associated in this Camp. The love between man and man is an emotion which mere words can inadequately describe.

There were others with whom most of us were more

closely associated than with those mentioned. Robert W. Hunter, whose loving personality drew closely to him every one with whom he was brought in contact; R. Byrd Lewis, the kindly, courteous Tidewater Virginia gentleman; Franklin H. Mackey, deeply interested in everything concerning the Confederacy and every one connected with it; J. McDowell Carrington, gallant artilleryman and silver-tongued orator; Holmes Conrad, of noble, striking personal presence, cultivated intellect, and brilliant of speech; and the modest, unassuming Robert E. Lee, youngest son of our loved leader—all men of whom this Camp may be proud and of whom we can think with pleasure.

There were others I personally held dear in life. William Page Couper, the ever-true and faithful friend; George H. Ingraham, valued officer, loved by all who knew him; Albert Rhett Stuart, devoted and eloquent minister of the gospel; Edward T. Fristoe, soldier and scholar, my college professor before the war; Linden Kent, the gifted lawyer; Hugh Waddell, best type of North Carolina gentleman; William Pope Young, genial in manner and warm of heart—all loved whilst living and now held in loving memory.

Then there were my boyhood school day companions: Walter Scott Chew, James M. Caperton, Charles Wheatley, Henry W. Brewer, Arthur B. Cropley, Charles S. Hill, and Samuel A. Robinson, who left their homes in this district and, joining their fortunes to the Confederacy, rendered loyal and valiant service. I might make personal mention of others, but these come to mind as having been closely associated. I feel that every comrade here to-night can call up one or more friends with whom he has been associated in this Camp with like loving memories.

Fortunately, our records contain memorials of many of our departed comrades, and it is a subject of regret that the services and virtues of all who have passed away are not so recorded. The Confederate soldier, however, needs no memorial. His daring, endurance, sacrifices, and devotion to country are matters of history known to the world and for all time will be the proud heritage of his descendants and the people of the South. Yet every Confederate soldier is worthy of a separate, personal, lasting memorial for future reference of family and friends. Of course there were those in our army whose deeds were made matters of history, but the personal services of the men who composed the army are rarely made matters of record. Every man who did his duty, was loyal in service, and loved the Confederate cause, whatever his rank in the army or station in life, is as much entitled to admiration and praise and as much a sharer in the noble deeds enacted as the highest in position.

I cannot let this occasion pass without paying a tribute to those women who worked in connection with our Camp—mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of veterans. Without ceasing they ministered to the wants of needy Confederates, their widows and orphans, supplying wants, nursing the sick, closing the eyes of the dying, giving proper sepulcher to the dead. They have passed to their reward, but the memories of their loving deeds rise as grateful incense to high heaven.

We who are gathered together here have much to be thankful for. We have reached a ripe old age and enjoy the esteem of the community. We can come here and be in touch with those who have borne the hardships of army life and the burdens of after days. We can enjoy the thought that in all things, through good and evil report, we have been true, unwavering, loyal Confederates. We are fortunate in belonging to a Camp presided over by so capable, acceptable,

and esteemed a man as our present Commander and composed of men such as are here to-night. Here all are equal companions, each man enjoying the respect and confidence of every other. Here we should be, and I firmly believe we are, willing to assist in bearing to the best of our ability each other's burdens.

At this time, when our sons and grandsons have gone and are going forth to battle for human liberty, we should be as devoted Americans as we were Confederates and as loyal to the United States as we were to the Confederacy. We should send forth our young men to battle with our blessings, inspiring them to show the same devotion and courage as their fathers showed in the sixties.

None of us have long to stay, and during the short time left we should love one another, not as men casually brought together, but as men closely united by the ties and memories of a glorious past. May the days to come bring only happiness to each and every one of you! is my sincere prayer.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

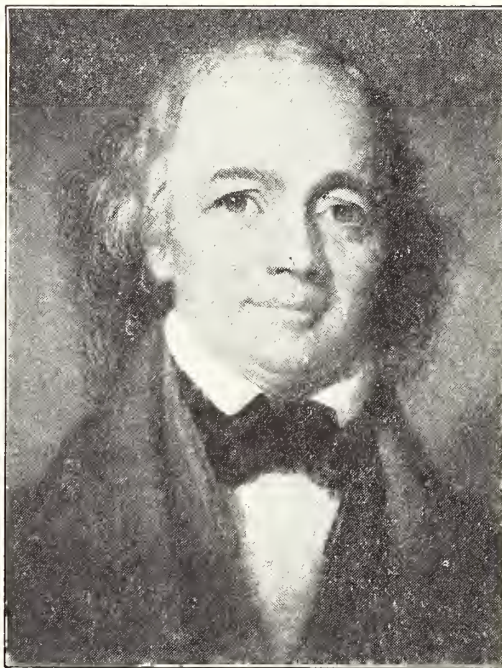
Some years ago it was said that Georgia might claim the most modest author in the world in Joel Chandler Harris, our "Uncle Remus" of folklore fame. This is not surprising when we consider the modesty with which the whole subject of native talent has been treated by our chroniclers as well as by authors themselves. To be Southern was to be unexploited and unknown unless discovered by some English man of letters and honored abroad, as Poe and Lanier were discovered and honored and at an earlier date a citizen of Augusta, Richard Henry Wilde. In an old *Georgia Gazeteer*, under the head of "Literature," there is reference to this illustrious Augustan, which in our day of advertised authorship seems antiquated indeed. For the modesty of a past age take the following: "The right to the authorship of 'My Life Is Like a Summer Rose' has occasioned much discussion. It was ascribed to an Irish bard of great celebrity in bygone days, to a Greek poet who flourished before the Christian era; yet so modest was the real author that he asserted no claims. An English gentleman of distinction was so much pleased with the poem as to translate it into Greek. When he witnessed the attempts to deprive Georgia of the honor of producing such a poet, he made known the author. He resides near Augusta."

The "modest" author, Richard Henry Wilde, was thus written of by his contemporaries. His name is not mentioned in this *Gazeteer* except as a member of Congress from Georgia in 1833-35. And such modesty has wrapped in oblivion names that should be among standard works of American literature.

The celebrated Irish bard referred to was Tom Moore, the Greek poet Alcaeus, and the "English gentleman of distinction" who translated the lyric of Wilde was Lord Byron.

And thus was saved to posterity a remnant of fame, resting on a few lines of classic beauty, from the pen of a writer who held a title to a higher place as a man of letters than any of his compatriots and was, furthermore, an orator of surpassing gifts and a statesman of note in a day when there were American statesmen worthy the name.

It was the Irish Rebellion of 1798 that exiled the Wilde family from their native land and brought our poet to the genial clime of the South. Richard Wilde, the father, being counted among the rebels, the family fortune and home were confiscated. After being in Baltimore some years, the young lad, with a widowed and penniless mother, came to Augusta to live. Here they opened a small shop. The boy studied and helped keep shop. His mother had taught him to read, and he had learned Latin grammar from a private tutor in Baltimore. In this shop worked and battled a delicate boy, eager-eyed, with ambition and love of knowledge burning in mind and soul. Soon he was studying law in secret and practicing as a member of a dramatic club to overcome a slight impediment in speech. After a year and a half of wrestling with law books, he decided to go to a distant court to be examined for admission to the bar, that his mother might not be disappointed if he failed to pass the examination. He went to Green County and came under the jurisdiction of Judge Peter Early, afterwards Governor of the State, who examined the self-taught aspirant to the legal profession. The examination was rigorously conducted, lasting three days. Young Wilde stood the fire, and his answers won admiration from the committee. Though under twenty-one years of age, he was admitted to the bar without a dissenting voice.



RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

In a few years Richard Henry Wilde was attorney-general of the State, and in 1815, when barely of legal age, he was elected to represent Georgia in the Fourteenth Congress. No public school system, no college curriculum had trammelled the ardent energies of his mind. Just a mother's teaching and a little private tutoring in Latin grammar, and he entered the realm of letters. No doubt there was much browsing among old books at the Augusta library as well as patient, diligent storing of knowledge by candlelight in the little shop on Broad Street. If such a "shrine" had been in London or Boston, it would to this day be pointed out to tourists as our poet's shop. Alas for the "modesty" that entails obliteration of literary landmarks!

We cannot here record the Congressional career of Richard Henry Wilde. He had honorable place in our legislative body, standing and battling for the best in government of that day, being a member of the Eighteenth, Twenty-Second, and Twenty-Third Congresses. Long and arduous public service caused his health to fail, and in June, 1835, he went to Europe to recruit, remaining five years. After his return to Georgia, Mr. Wilde once more appeared before the public in a speech at the Whig convention at Milledgeville.

This farewell address to Georgians is said to have been one of tender recollection, surpassing eloquence, and impassioned beauty of diction. Our Augustan decided to make his home henceforth in New Orleans and removed to that city about 1842. There he lived and practiced law, meeting as peers the giants of the Louisiana bar. There he died in 1847.

In Europe Richard Henry Wilde is better known to-day than he is in Georgia. During his sojourn abroad he spent two years traveling in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. For three years he made his home in Florence, birthplace of the world poet Dante. It was the "gentleman residing near Augusta" who discovered and restored the original and only authentic portrait of Dante, made research into the life of the great Florentine, and engaged in the preparation of a biography which was left unpublished. While in Italy the romantic in literature lured the scholarly taste of Richard Henry Wilde, and Tasso became a subject of study and research. The result of his enthusiastic labor was published in a volume entitled "History of the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso." This work is highly prized in Italy and has been translated into two dialects. Call for it at any public library in the United States, and most likely your request will be met with a bewildered stare of blank ignorance, a stare which would become transfixed should you call for the "Epic" by Richard Henry Wilde.

Yet this "Epic" was the ornate corner stone on which rested poetic works worthy of renown. Its subject is the life and adventures of Pánfilo de Narvaez, of Madrid, who, early in the sixteenth century, with a large expedition in search of gold, landed on the coast of Florida. After disastrous wanderings, with famished troops he reached the present site of St. Mark's, whence he embarked for Cuba in rude and hastily constructed boats, which were soon swallowed up by the waves. Juan Ortez, a youth of Seville, came some years later to these shores with a party in search of Narvaez. He was taken prisoner by savages, held in slavery, treated with much barbarity, and saved from cruel death only by the entreaties of a beautiful Indian princess—after the manner of Pocahontas. Finally, after twelve years of suffering, Ortez was rescued by one of the soldiers under De Soto, who spared him on hearing the words in Spanish: "I am a Christian! I am a Christian! Slay me not!"

This romantic history, on which Wilde founded his "Epic," is delightfully recounted in a recent volume published by Macmillan entitled "De Soto in the Land of Florida," by Grace King.

Juan Ortez, a captive in exile, sings a ballad of plaintive sentiment, opening with the line,

"My life is like the summer rose."

And these are the only lines of our Georgia poet's "Epic" which were saved from oblivion by the grace of Lord Byron. One exquisite lyric worthy of Alcæus is sole literary remains handed down to his countrymen from a writer of international repute once "residing near Augusta." Old Southern planters, whose library of fiction was certain to contain the novels of Sir Walter Scott and two more by John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore—namely, "Horseshoe Robinson" and "Swallow Barn," given, as they were, to antiquated manners and tastes—might have mentioned as a favorite poem "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose."

Such gentlemen of the old school would have stoutly maintained that Kennedy and Wilde wrote "literature." But alas for the survival of classical taste for the works of

heaven-born genius! A later generation knows not where should rest the laurel crown.

In New Orleans, the city of his adoption, the name and genius of Wilde have happily been handed down. The late gifted Virginia Wilde, author and artist, is held in loving memory and her name cherished as carnival designer. It was her wonderful skill that imparted for years grace and beauty to Mardi Gras creations. She was the granddaughter of our poet and was born in Augusta.

It was a Louisianian who wrote not long since in recalling the tradition of Richard Henry Wilde: "He was almost as many-sided in his artistic abilities as was Michelangelo, being at the same time poet, orator, statesman, and artist."

On Elysian Greene Street, Augusta, stands a modest shaft as a simple memorial to a lyric poet, bearing the name "Richard Henry Wilde" and the first four lines of the song of Juan Ortez entitled "A Captive's Lament":

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me."

HISTORY TO BE WRITTEN FROM THE RECORDS THAT WE MAKE.—When time has measured off a thousand years, the world cannot forget the sufferings and sacrifices of the brave men who so freely gave their fortunes and shed their blood to preserve the most brilliant civilization that ever flourished in any land or any age. Historians will some day sit down on our battle fields and write true history, history which will read like the wildest dreams of fancy that were ever woven into fact, and poets will linger among our graves and sing sweeter songs than were ever sung before. For each moment is a volume within itself of wild and thrilling adventure, and every tombstone or tablet tells a story touching as the soldier's last tear on the bosom of his manhood's bride, tender as his last farewell.—*Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee.*

Henry Clay was rendered seriously ill (1852) in efforts for peace and union. At the time noted Abolitionists were denouncing the Constitution and praying for the dissolution of the Union.

FIFTY QUESTIONS ON SOUTHERN HISTORY.

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

1. Where does Shakespeare refer to the colonization of Virginia at Jamestown in May, 1607? Quote the passage, specifying act and scene.
2. What was the first book copyrighted by the Confederate government?
3. Name two important changes in the provisions of the Constitution of the Confederate States as compared with that of the United States.
4. What was the relationship between Mrs. George Washington and Mrs. Robert E. Lee.
5. Who was the father of Robert E. Lee? What do you know of his life and record as a soldier?
6. Where is the burial place of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston? of Admiral Franklin Buchanan? of Sidney Lanier? of Henry Timrod?
7. George Washington was born February 11, 1732. Why do we observe the 22d of this month as his birthday?
8. The greatest master of romance ever produced by New England was socially ostracized in his native town for failing to take an active part in the war against the South. To whom does this refer?
9. What is the total number of battles and skirmishes fought during the War between the States?
10. Do you know anything of the history of the lost dispatch and its relation to the battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro, as well as Sharpsburg, or Antietam?
11. Who was it that bestowed the name "Stonewall" upon Gen. T. J. Jackson? When and under what circumstances? Who is sometimes described as the "Stonewall of the West"? What eminent Confederate general was the brother-in-law of Jackson?
12. The author of "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying" was in the Union army and was killed in one of the most desperate battles of the war. Name the man and the battle.
13. Who nominated George Washington for commander in chief of the colonial army in June, 1775?
14. Who is often referred to as the "Rock of Chickamauga," he having saved the army of Rosecrans almost from annihilation in that engagement in September, 1863?
15. In which of his poems does Lord Tennyson allude to the Trent affair and the seizure of the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, November 8, 1861?
16. What popular novelist commanded the Union army in the battle of Monocacy, July 9, 1864?
17. What celebrated English author and soldier described Lee as "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, soldiers who ever spoke the English tongue"?
18. Why was the Alabama spoken of as "No. 290" when she left her harbor and began her famous career in July, 1862? Where was she built, by whom, and under whose supervision?
19. In the debates that were consequent upon the adjustment of the Alabama claims John Bright applied to the Confederate cruiser a classic passage from one of the earlier poems of John Milton. Please quote the passage in question.
20. Semmes, Buchanan, and Maffitt were the foremost naval heroes of the Confederacy. Which of them played an active part in the Perry expedition to Japan, 1852-54?
21. What English scholar (an Oxonian) dedicated his translation of the "Iliad" of Homer to General Lee, accompanied by a poem marked by rare classical culture, grace,

and discerning appreciation of heroic ideals as illustrated in the character of our Confederate chief?

22. Two of the principal agents engaged in bringing Mrs. Surratt to the scaffold died by their own hands. Who were these two?
23. President Davis died where and when? In what city and cemetery was he buried? What celebrated English poet died almost at the same time with Mr. Davis?
24. What distinguished Confederate general was the author of a treatise on algebra, a commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount, and a study of the crucifixion of Christ, each displaying ripe and critical acquirement in its special field?
25. What two or three Confederate generals were in a large measure responsible for our reverse at Gettysburg? In what respect did each of them err in judgment?
26. What other Southern poet was Sidney Lanier's fellow prisoner at Point Lookout?
27. Do you know the special incident occurring in 1869 which was the inspiration of Randall's "At Arlington"? Who was his "Pelham"? When and where was he killed?
28. One of the most notable war poems was written by a Georgia physician who died in 1874. To whom do I refer, and what is the poem?
29. One of the most skillful and successful of the Federal generals was a Virginian who adhered to the cause of the Union. Do you recognize the original of this description?
30. The most brilliant and famous of the Union naval commanders was born in a Southern State? Who was he?
31. In one of the principal battles of the War of 1812, fought in the far South, a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington was killed. Who was he?
32. Who was the nobleman who entertained Mr. Davis during his sojourn in England?
33. What was the date of the death of each of these naval heroes: Admiral Franklin Buchanan, Admiral Raphael Semmes, Capt. J. N. Maffitt?
34. Who was Secretary of the Navy at the time the Merrimac, afterwards transformed into the Confederate Virginia, was constructed?
35. What do you know of the history of the Florida and her seizure in a neutral port in utter disregard of international law?
36. Why was there so marked a contrast between the action of the United States government in the case of the Trent and in that of the Florida?
37. What is the oldest college in the South? When was it founded?
38. During his last years George Washington sustained what official relation to this institution?
39. At what exact date did Lee assume command of our army in Virginia?
40. Whom did he succeed? Where does his predecessor next appear in the field?
41. What distinguished Confederate general was the son of a Revolutionary soldier who had served under Light-Horse Harry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee.
42. From whom did Fort Fisher, North Carolina, notable for its defense in January, 1865, receive its name?
43. What is the date of the death of each of these generals: Lee, Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, A. P. Hill, D. H. Hill, "Jeb" Stuart, Forrest, Beauregard, Early, Longstreet?
44. One of the Victorian Lord Chancellors, born in New England and son of a famous historical painter, was an earnest sympathizer with the cause of the South. Another

of them was instrumental in obtaining from the British government recognition as belligerents for the Confederate States. Name these two.

45. The Confederate agent who supervised the building of the Alabama was the uncle of Theodore Roosevelt. Explain the relationship.

46. According to the most accurate estimates, what was the total strength of the Union armies from first to last, 1861-65?

47. What is the date of the burning of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman?

48. Do you know where John Marshall, Francis Scott Key, Roger B. Taney, and John C. Calhoun are buried?

49. What is the meaning of "Ethnogenesis," and by whom was it written?

50. Can you institute a comparison between "Carolina" and "My Maryland"?

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[Correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his family in Alabama.]

NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 3, 1862.

Dear Mary: I promised to give more details of the late battle near this place as early as possible and will now proceed to do so, and on Yankee paper at that!

On the 28th inst, an order was sent to General Mahone to move his brigade from Drewry's Bluff to Richmond, which he proceeded to do the same night. We reached this city the next morning and went into camp about four miles below the city. On Sunday morning we received orders to move and proceeded to a point five miles from our camp and ten minutes after our arrival were led into action.

Language fails to express the horrors of a battle, and I, for one, am satisfied never to see another. I think all will agree that the fight was one of the most desperate of the war, and the list of killed and wounded of the various corps engaged will amply attest the fact. Colonel Lomax was killed early in the action, shot through the heart, as was Captain Mayo, of Tuskegee. The Metropolitan Guards lost the following killed: William H. Murphy, Mike Peacock, Frank Paine, and William D. Farley, a brother of John Farley, of Benton. We also had seventeen wounded, and among them was Captain Phelan; but his wound, though severe, is not serious. The Beauregards lost only one man killed, young Cante, a son of Jim Cante, who lived near Benton, and three slightly wounded. Hugh and John Caffey, of the 6th Regiment, and also Elisha Baker, escaped without injury; but as for John Hardwick, I can learn nothing of him.

It has been raining every day for nearly a week past; and as we have no tents, we are frequently drenched to the skin.

A battle is now being fought on our left; but as it is so far off, we will have nothing to do with it, I suppose. Hoop and the rest of the boys are all well. I have not time to write more. Direct your answer to Richmond. I have not been very well for some days. I will write again soon if alive. Love to all at home. What has become of William? I have heard nothing from any of you since I left Alabama.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., WILLIAMSBURG ROAD,
August 4, 1862.

Dear Mary: I have been quite unwell for the past two weeks, but am better now and hope soon to regain my health. I have never been real well since I was sick in Montgomery

last March, but I have undergone so much exposure the past three months it is not at all strange that I do not improve much. Nearly every man in camp is sick, but I attribute nearly every case to unnecessary exposure. It is impossible to make the men take care of themselves, and as an inevitable consequence many of them are sick all the time, and occasionally a fellow "plays out."

Matters are very quiet up this way now. The Yankees are yet under cover of their gunboats at Berkley, about thirty miles below Richmond, and I presume they will remain in that locality till the 300,000 men Lincoln has called for join them. The licking we gave them last month will, no doubt, make them a little cautious how they "make tracks" around this burg for some time to come. If they are not satisfied, all they have to do is to make another advance, and we will endeavor to give them a warmer reception than we did in June last.

Since the late battles I miss the faces of many with whom I once was on terms of intimacy. Some of them "sleep their dreamless sleep" on the battle fields, and others are so badly injured that their services to the cause will be forever lost. Of all the gallant dead, we miss the gallant Lomax most; and if this regiment were to exist twenty years, we would "never look on his like again." It is true we have a good and brave colonel now, but we will never be able to supply the place of our martyred hero. Of the officers commanding regiments in this brigade, all did their duty like brave and patriotic Southerners. Colonel Pegues, of the 5th, was killed in the battle of Gaines's Mill; Colonel O'Neal, of the 26th, was badly wounded at Malvern Hill; and the list of inferior officers is truly appalling.

Colonel Gordon, of the 6th Regiment (who acted as our brigadier around Richmond, General Rodes not having recovered from a wound received at Seven Pines), is as brave a man as I ever knew. At Malvern Hill he received no less than seven balls through his clothing, and yet, singular to relate, he escaped without injury. He attends faithfully to his military duties all the week and preaches to the boys on Sunday. He is decidedly what we call "a trump"; and if he lives through this war, his name will be found inscribed high up on the roll of fame.

I would not give General Mahone for all the officers in the Confederate States, and nothing could please me better than to be again under his command. We have got rid of old "Bethel Hill," and the division is now under command of General Ripley. Hill commands now in the vicinity of Drewry's Bluff, and William has the honor of serving under him.

I don't think we will have any fighting in front of Richmond again this year. By the time the Yankees get reinforcements enough to make another advance the season will be too far gone for them to do much. We will have to winter here, I expect; and I see no alternative but for many of us to freeze, as we have no clothing suitable for winter, and God only knows how we are to get it. I did hope the war would end in time for all of us to be home by Christmas, but I see no prospect of such a consummation now; and I suppose I will have to content myself to remain in the army eighteen months longer, or till the war closes.

Hooper is detached temporarily by the brigade quartermaster, and I hope the position will be given him permanently. He is not able to do duty, or at least not as much as might be required of him, and I hope he will be able to secure an easy position in the service. If he had the same

course to go over, I don't think he would be caught leaving home again. He and Jule both want to see home awfully, but I laugh at them sometimes and tell them they ought to be made to remain in the army for ten years. John Hardwick has been discharged from the army. He will, I expect, be a cripple the rest of his life. He was shot between the instep and toe, the ball coming out at the heel and inflicting a very painful wound. He was very much neglected, and at the time he left here the amputation of his foot was seriously contemplated. Hugh Caffey's old skull is about well, I believe. It was too hard to be broken by a Yankee bullet, but he may have worse luck next time. Tim and Willie Dunklin are both well, I am informed by Hooper. They are stationed about one mile from our camp, but I have never seen them yet.

I received a letter from William a few days ago. He is at Drewry's Bluff in the brigade of General Wright and the division of General Armstrong. He is very anxious to get into an Alabama brigade, but my advice to him is to content himself where he is.

It is about as much as a fellow can do here now to keep body and soul together. Cabbages are selling at \$1 per head; onions, fifteen cents each; apples, \$1 per dozen; tomatoes, \$1 per dozen; squashes, fifteen cents each; meal, ten cents per pound; molasses, \$7.50 per gallon; sugar, \$1 per pound; eggs, \$1.25 per dozen. When it is taken into consideration that the government only furnished the troops with flour and bacon, the above may be called starvation prices, and we poor fellows are almost debarred entirely from vegetable diet. Of course we cannot be healthy with such diet as we get, and the wonder to me is that more do not die than have. Orders have been given by General Ripley to furnish the troops with fresh beef three times a week, and if this is done it will be of great benefit to all of us. While we have money we manage to get along tolerably well; but the small pittance allowed by the government is not inexhaustible, and it is often the case that we don't have a red cent.

I expect the people down your way do not live on the "fat of the land," but still you have houses to live in and vegetables in plenty. We have neither, and when you feel like complaining remember how many of the country's defenders are lying out in the woods with hard crackers and fat meat to sustain life, and I know you will "dry up," or you ought at least to do so.

I hope we will soon get another chance at the Yankees, give them another whaling, and end the war. "The good time" we have heard of so often as coming will then be more highly appreciated than in ordinary times, and of course all would be duly thankful. How are the love marks the Yankees gave John and Willie getting? The former has been promoted to first corporal and the latter to third sergeant.

GORDONSVILLE, November 28, 1862.

Dear Mary: The corps of General Jackson is now within sixty miles of the city of Richmond, but I have no idea what our destination will be when we again move. To-day one week ago we left camp at Middleton, near Winchester, and reached Gordonsville in five days, having made ninety-five miles in that time. For rapidity that march has no parallel in the history of this war, nor do I suppose that any troops ever suffered more in the same length of time.

The weather was so cold when we crossed the mountains that the ground was frozen under us where we lay; and as for rations, they were furnished in such meager quantities that we were really suffering with hunger nearly the whole time. This morning is the first time in five days that I have had my appetite perfectly "squinched"; but as we are now near Richmond, I hope the commissaries will be able to furnish all the government allows its soldiers. Upon the whole, I stood the trip finely and find that a walk of twenty or thirty miles a day is a very small affair in the experience of a "bould sojer boy." Hoop and John, when we arrived here last Tuesday, were a little footsore, but both are all right now and ready for another tramp.

It is the impression among the men that Jackson's "Foot Cavalry" is on the way to Fredericksburg for the purpose of reënforcing General Lee. Burnside's, the Yankee general, it is now pretty well ascertained, will make his contemplated advance on Richmond by way of the above-named city and the Potomac and Alexandria Railroad; and I think it is the intention of Lee to fight him as far from our capital as possible. Jackson's Corps consists of the divisions of Gens. A. P. Hill, Jubal A. Early, James Ewell, Daniel H. Hill, and David E. Jones, consisting in the aggregate of 65,000 men; and these, added to General Longstreet's corps, will be sufficient, in my opinion, to whip any Yankee force on this side of the Potomac.

The Valley of the Shenandoah we left in such a condition that the enemy will have no desire to occupy it for a long time to come. Some of the finest railroads I ever saw are as completely destroyed as anything possibly could be by the hands of man, and the country is left with only provisions enough to sustain life till a new crop can be made. Most of the niggers have been stolen long ago by the Yanks, and what stock they failed to find we brought off with us. The Valley, one of the finest portions of Virginia, is now almost a desert, and twenty years of uninterrupted peace would not restore it to the prosperity it enjoyed before the beginning of this war.

It may be that the campaign for the winter is ended. I hope so at least; but as the Republican party is aware that if the South is ever subjugated it must be this winter or spring, its leaders will probably force Burnside to enter into a winter campaign. If he does, we will be kept busy all the time and suffer as no men ever did before.

FREDERICKSBURG, December 12, 1862.

Dear Ma: The clothing you sent me came to hand this morning, and I assure you that nothing could have been more acceptable to me. My only fear is that I will be unable to carry what I have, but I will try to do so at all events.

The overcoat is either not meant for me or I am too little for it, I don't know which; but I am pleased with it, and it will prove a good protection to me this cold weather. I found a few chestnuts in one of the pockets which I thought Carrie was thoughtful enough to send "Uncle Tom." * * * I don't know how long we will remain in our present location. A tremendous artillery fight has been going on for the past six hours, but the Yanks, after firing more than one thousand shots, have hurt no one. I am under the impression that the enemy intends falling back, and this artillery duel is intended to cover the design. Hooper also received a bundle to-day. * * * The shoes you sent fit me well.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF SECESSION.

BY CORNELIUS H. FAUNTLEROY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

[Second paper in series to be published by the Gray Book Committee, S. C. V. Continued from February number.]

The case of *ex parte* Sergeant (8 "Hall's Law Journal," 206), reported also under the head of Olmsted's case ("Brightley's Rep.," 9), occurred in April, 1809. In that a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued upon the petition of Mrs. Sergeant, directed to the United States marshal and returnable before the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. The return showed that Mrs. Sergeant was held in custody by virtue of a writ of attachment issued from the District Court of the United States. Chief Justice Tilghman said: "If I order Mrs. Sergeant to be discharged, it must be because the court of the United States has proceeded on a case in which it had no jurisdiction. If it had jurisdiction, I have no right to inquire into its judgment or interfere with its process. But the counsel of Olmsted have brought forward a preliminary question whether I have a right to discharge the prisoner even if I should be clearly of opinion that the (Federal) District Court had no jurisdiction. I am aware of the magnitude of this question and have given it the consideration it deserves. My opinion is, with great deference to those who may entertain different sentiments, that in the case supposed I should have a right, and it would be my duty, to discharge the prisoner. This right flows from the nature of our Federal Constitution, which leaves to the several States absolute supremacy in all cases in which it is not yielded to the United States. This sufficiently appears from the general scope and spirit of the instrument. The United States have no power, legislative or judicial, except what is derived from the Constitution. When these powers are clearly exceeded, the independence of the States and the peace of the Union demand that the State courts should in cases brought properly before them give redress. There is no law which forbids it; their oath of office exacts it; and if they do not, what course is to be taken? We must be reduced to the miserable extremity of opposing force to force and arraying citizen against citizen, for it is vain to expect that the States will submit to manifest and flagrant usurpation of power by the United States if (which God forbid) they should ever attempt them. If Congress should pass a bill of attainder or lay a tax or duty on articles exported from any State (from both which powers they are expressly excluded), such laws would be null and void, and all persons who acted under them would be subject to actions in State courts. If a court of the United States should enter judgment against a State which refused to appear in an action brought against it by a citizen of another State or of a foreign State, such judgment would be void, and all persons who acted under it would be trespassers."

Chief Justice Tilghman, who rendered this opinion, was not only considered one of the ablest judges who ever sat on the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, but also one of the ablest lawyers in all the United States.

On April 21, 1855, the Attorney-General of the United States presented to the Supreme Court of the United States a petition for a writ of error to be directed to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin to bring its judgment rendered in the case of *Ableman vs. Booth* before the former court to correct the error rendered therein by the latter court. The Supreme Court of the United States issued the writ, and the Attorney-Gen-

eral of the United States on the 1st of February, 1856, filed affidavits showing that the writ of error had been duly served on the clerk of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin at his office on the 30th of May, 1855, and that the citation was served on the defendant in error on the 28th of June in the same year. He also filed the affidavit of the district attorney of the United States for the District of Wisconsin, setting forth that when he served the writ of error upon the clerk, as above mentioned, he was informed by the clerk and by one of the justices of the State Supreme Court, which court released Booth, "that the court had directed the clerk to make no return to the writ of error and to enter no order upon the journals or records of the court concerning the same."

Dr. Bledsoe says in his work: "When Mr. Lincoln was asked, as President of the United States, 'Why not let the South go?' his simple, direct, and honest answer revealed one secret of the wise policy of the Washington cabinet. 'Let the South go?' said he. 'Where, then, shall we get our revenue?'"

Daniel Webster said in his famous speech in 1851: "It has been said in the States of New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio over and over again that the law shall not be executed. That was the language of the conventions in Worcester, Mass., in Syracuse, N. Y., and elsewhere. And for this they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. Now, gentlemen, these proceedings—I say it upon my professional reputation—are distinctly treasonable. Resolutions passed in Ohio, certain resolutions in New York, and in conventions held in Boston are distinctly treasonable. And the act of taking away Shadrick from the public authorities in Boston and sending him off was an act of clear treason."

Mr. Webster again in one of his speeches said: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, the South would be no longer bound to keep the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides."

In fourteen of the Northern States laws were enacted and active steps taken to prevent being carried into execution the laws which were passed by the Congress of the United States in order to carry into execution the provisions of the Federal Constitution relating to the restoration of fugitive slaves. This clearly shows that the majority of the people in these fourteen Northern States regarded the Constitution of the United States as a "scrap of paper."

In order to try to refute the plain fact that secession of any State, but not of an individual citizen, was a constitutional right, Mr. Justice Story wrote and taught that the Federal Constitution was not a compact between the States of the Union. So did Webster in his debates in the Senate between the years 1830 and 1840. Yet in his speech in 1851 he expressly states that the Constitution was a compact. He and Mr. Justice Story say that the Constitution speaks the language of authority to the States, saying you shall do this or you shall not do that, and eschews the verbal forms of a compact. Yet the Articles of Confederation of the United States also used the phrase, "No man shall." Many of the writers, lawyers, and statesmen of the Northern States have made the fantastic argument that the thirteen united colonies were, even prior to the Revolution and immediately afterwards, a consolidated people and never separate, independent sovereignties.

Chief Justice Marshall, in his celebrated decision in the

case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, rendered in the year 1824, says: "As preliminary to the very able discussions of the Constitution which we have heard from the bar and as having some influence on its construction, reference has been made to the political situation of these States anterior to its formation. It has been said that they were sovereign, were completely independent, and were connected with each other only by a league. This is true."

In his decision rendered in the year 1819 in the case of *McCulloch vs. State of Maryland et al.* Chief Justice Marshall says: "No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the American people into one common mass."

There have been some so-called statesmen who since the War between the States have in silly fashion and in direct violation of the elementary rules of grammar both said and written "the United States is" instead of "the United States are" and "the United States has" instead of "the United States have." The absurdity of such a statement by the pseudo-statesmen is shown particularly by the definition of treason in the American Constitution—viz.: "Treason against United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." Every President of the United States and every Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, from the foundation of the Federal government down to the year 1900, has always said "The United States are," etc., and "the United States have," etc.

The proper legal and technical name of the government of the United States is the Federal government. The word "Federal" comes from the Latin word *foedus*. Every dictionary gives as the meaning of the Latin word *foedus* the words "league, treaty, compact." All these facts show conclusively that the States of the Union are sovereign, political entities from a constitutional point of view.

Both Webster and Justice Story admitted that if the Constitution as framed by the convention in 1787 was a compact, then any State a party to the compact could withdraw if it thought the partners in the compact had violated its terms.

That the Constitution was a compact was distinctly stated in the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Ableman vs. Booth*, decided in the year 1858 (21 Howard Rep., 506), and a compact between the States, in the opinion of the same court rendered as late as December, 1860, in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. Dennison, Governor of Ohio (24 Howard Rep., 66).

Gouverneur Morris, a member from Pennsylvania of the Federal Constitutional Convention and an ardent advocate of a strong centralized government instead of a Federal government, said: "The Constitution is a compact, not between individuals, but between political societies, the people not of America, but of the United States, each enjoying sovereign power and, of course, equal rights."

In that convention he said he came there to form a compact for the good of America. He was ready to do so with all the States. He hoped and believed that all would enter into such a compact. If they would not, he would be ready to join with any States that would. But as the compact was to be voluntary, it was vain for the Eastern States to insist on what the Southern States would never agree to.

Elbridge Gerry, one of the representatives of Massachusetts in that constitutional convention, said: "If nine out of thir-

teen (States) can dissolve the compact, six out of nine will be just as able to dissolve the new one hereafter."

In that convention the States, and the States alone, were represented. Every article of the Constitution was decided upon and put in that famous written instrument by the vote of the States, each State having only one vote, the little State of Delaware, for example, having an equal vote with each of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Thus on the question for a single executive it was agreed to by the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia voting "aye" and aggregating only seven votes, and New York, Delaware, and Maryland voting "no" and aggregating only three votes.

The Articles of Confederation adopted during the Revolution said *inter alia*: "In determining questions in the United States in Congress assembled each State shall have one vote."

Abraham Lincoln said: "As the Abbeville district cannot secede from South Carolina, so South Carolina cannot secede from the United States." In other words, the government of the United States was a consolidated power and a political entity, and the States were only counties.

Article VII. of the Federal Constitution says: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same."

The State of Rhode Island refused to send any delegates to the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1787, and consequently she had no representation therein.

The Constitution having been adopted by eleven of the thirteen States, and General Washington having been unanimously elected the President, he was inaugurated on April 30, 1789, and at once the Federal government went into operation. The State of North Carolina did not adopt the Constitution until November, 1789, and the State of Rhode Island did not adopt it until as late as May, 1790. If the views of Webster, Story, and Lincoln were correct, then the government of the United States immediately upon its opening should have sent an army into Rhode Island and North Carolina and forcibly annexed them to the Federal government.

The State of Texas knocked on the door of the Congress of the United States and asked to be admitted as a sister State of the Union. In 1845 Congress made practically a treaty with the State of Texas by which it was admitted into the Union. That the admission of Texas into the Union is based entirely upon a compact with the United States then forming the Federal Union is shown conclusively by the act of Congress according to which Texas can at any time by a majority vote alone of those of its citizens entitled by its laws to vote divide its State into four separate States, and to give the same legal effect such action of the State of Texas would need no approval vote of the Congress of the United States. Yet, as far as all other States of the Union are concerned, for the purposes of subdivision they are governed by Section 3, Article IV., of the Federal Constitution, which says: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States without the consent of the legislatures of the States concerned as well as of Congress."

Furthermore, in all the States from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, with the exception of a certain number of old Spanish and French governments' grants, the title to

every inch of land is based upon the patent issued by the United States as the original owner thereof through its land office at Washington City. In the State of Texas, however, the title to all the land therein, the title to which did not emanate from the grants of the ancient Spanish or Mexican governments, is based upon a patent issued by the government of Texas through its land office at Austin, Tex.

Dr. Hermann Eduard von Holst, the well-known German writer, whose mind was stiffly bent toward a strong centralized government, who for twenty years was a professor in the Universities of Strasburg and Freiburg and from the year 1892 to 1900 professor of history in the University of Chicago, says in his work entitled "The Constitutional History of the United States," Volume I., page 272: "Ultra-Federalists and ultra-Republicans met on a principle of constitutional law, the logical result of which was the dependence of the existence of the Union upon the free will of every single State."

The Articles of Confederation of the United States of America which were repudiated by the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1787 to frame a new Federal Constitution contained *inter alia* the following enactment: "And we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents * * * that the Union shall be perpetual."

In spite of the fact that the purpose of the convention of 1787 was to frame and establish a stronger Union than the preceding one, the new Federal Constitution which they framed contains no statement whatever that the Union shall be perpetual.

In closing this article I think it not amiss to set forth the attitude of the Southern States in all foreign wars in which the United States have been engaged.

We won our independence through the marvelous wisdom and mental, moral, and physical courage of General Washington. He carried the whole Revolution on his shoulders.

At Yorktown, Va., on October 19, 1781, our flag was established as the emblem of our perfect independence.

The War of 1812 was brought on by the energetic and patriotic efforts of John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay. That war was bitterly opposed and the government of the United States stubbornly obstructed by the majority of the men in New England.

Col. Henry A. Proctor, commander in chief of the British army, when it was camped at one time during that war near the border of Vermont, wrote home to the British government that his army was being well supplied with beef cattle, which were being driven out of Vermont by its citizens into Canada and sold by them to the British army.

The majority of the men who volunteered in that war came from the Southern States. The glorious naval battles of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain were fought and won, it is true, by the famous and heroic Commodores Perry and MacDonough. But the disgraceful surrender of Detroit and its American garrison by General Hull was atoned by the brilliant victory at the Thames, Canada, won by Gen. William Henry Harrison, a Virginian, the majority of whose army engaged in that battle was composed of Kentuckians under the leadership of Brigadier General Shelby, Governor of Kentucky, at that time sixty-four years of age, and one of the American leaders in the famous Revolutionary victory at King's Mountain in the year 1780.

The battle of New Orleans, fought on January 8, 1815, was won by that military genius, Gen. Andrew Jackson, who, with the exception of eight hundred regulars and a few small can-

non given him by the Federal government, upon his own personal credit and by his own efforts raised an army of thirty-five hundred Tennesseans, composed entirely of untrained militiamen, afterwards joined by a thousand Kentucky militiamen and a few Louisiana militiamen. In half an hour he defeated ten thousand splendidly equipped British veterans commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. With these British veterans Sir Arthur Wellesley had beaten and driven out of Portugal and Spain the veteran armies of the great Napoleon. In this battle the British lost twenty-seven hundred men, who were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and most of their cannon captured, while General Jackson lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded. This battle was the most brilliant victory ever gained under our star-spangled banner or by any people in the Western Hemisphere and the most overwhelming defeat ever sustained by the British nation in all its history.

In the Mexican War of 1846-47, by which the present States of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico were annexed to the United States, though then practically wildernesses, the overwhelming majority of the American soldiers, who were nearly all volunteers, came from the Southern States. The commanders who led them were Gens. Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, both natives of Virginia.

Col. George Armistead, a native of Virginia, uncle of Brig. Gen. Lewis Armistead (who led one of the brigades of Pickett's Division in the battle of Gettysburg into the lines of the Federal army and was there killed), as commander of the American forces at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, repulsed the British fleet in its attempt in September, 1814, to capture that place. And Francis Scott Key, the brilliant United States District Attorney of the District of Columbia, while standing as a prisoner upon the deck of one of the British battleships then engaged in that battle, wrote our glorious anthem, the "Star-Spangled Banner," while he saw it floating victoriously over the ramparts of Fort McHenry.

More battles, great and small, were fought during the American Revolution within the limits of the State of South Carolina than in any other of the United States. More patriotic civilians were killed and more homes and property of those citizens destroyed in South Carolina during that war by the British and Tories than in any other American State.

In the righteous Spanish-American War of 1898, by which Cuba was freed from the insufferable tyranny of hundreds of years under Spanish rule, the people of the Southern States practically unanimously supported President McKinley and the United States government. As a result of that war Dr. Walter Reed, a native of Virginia, who graduated in medicine at the age of seventeen at the University of Virginia, and who was then a surgeon in the United States army, at the direction of the Federal government discovered the origin of and cure for that horrible plague and scourge yellow fever, which had desolated the islands of the West Indies, Central and South America, and the Southern States of North America for hundreds of years. Dr. Welch, Dean of the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University, in delivering a eulogy on Dr. Reed after his death, said that his discovery of the cause and cure of yellow fever was the greatest medical discovery ever made since Dr. Edward Jenner's discovery of the vaccination cure for smallpox.

In the present world war, the greatest of all history, our wise and well-poised commander in chief is President Wilson, a native of the town of Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, and an alumnus of the University of Vir-

ginia, founded by the apostle of liberty, Thomas Jefferson; and he is being supported enthusiastically by practically all the people of the Southern States in his noble efforts to establish democracy against autocracy and justice and freedom against the unspeakable despotism, heathenism, and barbarism of the German Kaiser and his military junker party.

This impressive lesson of American history shows conclusively that should any foreign nation make war on the United States, that nation would surely meet with a solid and irresistible antagonism on the part of the Southern States in defense of American independence and honor.

AT YORKTOWN IN 1862 AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

BY CAPT. J. T. HUNTER, OAKWOOD, TEX.

General Whiting commanded the division in Longstreet's Corps to which the Texas Brigade belonged, and as a staff officer I frequently fell in with him on the march. After leaving Frederick Hall in the afternoon, I was riding ahead of the division with General Whiting, when he stopped and said: "Lieutenant, look at that." In our front, making a complete arch over our road, was a beautiful rainbow, and he said: "That is a bow of promise. You know we are going down to have a big battle, and we are going to whip h—l out of those Yankees." And his prophecy was verified.

Another conversation I call to mind, I think on the same evening, was with General Hood. We were riding ahead of the brigade and talking of the anticipated battle, when he said: "Lieutenant, have you any presentment of being hurt in this battle?" I said: "No, General. I have just made up my mind to do my duty as I understand it without reference to results, as far as I am individually concerned." He said: "You are just right; that is the way every soldier ought to go into battle." General Hood complimented me with the post of honor on his staff, which is understood to be the place of most danger. I was with the advance guard and skirmishers on the advance and the rear guard on the retreats.

After we began to reach some of McClellan's outposts and pickets, I was ahead with twenty men. I was riding in front when I came to a long lane and saw at some distance what I took to be a squad of Yankee cavalry coming. Thinking I would arrange to capture them, I galloped back, divided my men, and placed them in ambush so the Yankees would pass the first ten and be stopped by the second, and they could neither advance nor retreat. I then rode back and asked General Hood to halt the column until I made this capture, then went down the lane to have the Yankees pursue me, so I could lead them into my trap. You can imagine my disappointment and will be inclined to laugh, as General Hood did, when I say that the cavalry turned out to be two four-mule wagons, with the drivers riding. The Yankees had impressed the wagons the day before to haul corn to their camp.

Later we came to another picket post on a dry creek with deep, precipitate banks. The Yankees had burned the bridge. They threw a few shells at us, which caused much merriment in rank by bursting in a field near by where there were a number of negroes at work, who, dropping their hoes, went for the house at top speed, yelling at every jump. Our Pioneer Corps was sent forward to put in a bridge, and General Hood asked me to ride down and hurry the work as fast as possible. The gulch was about twenty feet wide and eight feet deep. The axmen were felling trees to put sills across, and I saw that if we waited for a bridge we had as

well camp for the night. We were in a lane, and I ordered the two nearest captains to have their men stack arms and fill the gulch with rails, and in thirty or forty minutes I had it filled solid. I galloped back and reported to General Jackson that the way was open and ready for artillery to cross. General Jackson said: "Lieutenant, it isn't possible that you have bridged that place so soon?" I answered: "Yes, General; you will find it perfectly safe." And he thanked me for my promptness.

The next day the Texas Brigade was still leading, and I was at the front with twenty or twenty-five men, having my men deployed on each side of the road to prevent an ambush. We came to an old field pretty thickly grown up in young pines, and soon after we entered it the enemy opened fire on us from the timber beyond. We continued to advance, and very soon we had a lively little fight going on. As I was riding a big bay horse, the men expressed anxiety for me to dismount. I told them they were not going to hit me; they were shooting too high, the bullets hitting the trees over my head. I had my men make a rapid move upon my right, and the Yankees, thinking we were going to flank them, broke and ran. I rode back to report the road open and found General Jackson and another officer sitting on a log near the road. When I reported, he said: "Lieutenant, can you carry an order for me?" I replied: "I can try." He then told me that he did not want to send a written order and said General Stuart's command was moving on a road running parallel with this one, indicating the direction. I thought, "Now I have the best opportunity to be captured I have ever had," for I supposed that the direction given would lead me into the enemy's lines. I soon struck an old road leading in the right direction and took it on the run, determined, should I come upon the enemy, to take chances of outrunning them. When I had gone some half a mile, I saw a squad of cavalry coming, but could not tell whether they were blue or gray. I never pulled rein, but determined that if they were Yankees to wheel and race for freedom. However, when near enough to tell I saw that they were our people, and from his plume and various pictures I had seen I felt sure that the man in front was General Stuart. I saluted and said: "General Stuart, I suppose?" He said: "Yes." I said: "Lieutenant Hunter, of General Hood's staff, with a message to you from General Jackson." He asked: "Can you tell me where I can find General Jackson?" I said: "I left him only a few minutes ago and can lead you to him." He replied: "Then we will ride together." This was the first and only time I ever had any converse with the gallant cavalry leader.

On the 25th of June, 1862, Gen. A. P. Hill succeeded in crossing his forces on the Mechanicsville Bridge. On the 25th the fighting was very heavy and continuous. General Hill continued to force the enemy back. On the night of the 25th McClellan withdrew from Hill's front and took a very strong position at Gaines's Mill. In the Seven Days' Battles Longstreet's Corps was commanded by General Jackson and was on the right of General Jackson's troops. On the night of the 26th we bivouacked only a few miles from where General Hill's battle had been raging all evening. Early on the morning of the 27th we were in motion, and about noon line of battle was formed. Through underbrush, swamps, quagmires, etc., about 5 P.M. we arrived at a public road which led to Richmond. We were now just in the rear of the fighting line and exposed to the missiles from bursting shells. When we halted, the 18th Georgia had become detached, and

General Hood told me to find it and bring it up. I went down the road in haste, and after passing a little field I came to where one of our batteries was in action, and two or three Yankee batteries were playing on it. In the rear of our guns, in a little ravine, I saw a regiment lying down, and, thinking that it might be the 18th, I rode to see. I don't think I got into a much hotter place during the war, and how the fragments of exploding shells missed me and my horse seemed a mystery.

Soon after my return to General Hood General Whiting rode up and told General Hood that there was a very strong position in our front that three brigades of seasoned troops had attacked and all but scattered to pieces. "It devolves on you to attack next. Don't you think you had better bivouac and attack early in the morning?" General Hood replied: "No, General; I think I have a regiment that will carry that position, and I can do it now better than wait for it to be strengthened and reinforced." General Whiting then said: "Make disposition of your troops and attack as soon as convenient." General Hood said to me: "Lieutenant, take the 5th Texas and take position just in the rear of where that engagement is going on, and as soon as there is an opening press forward." He called another aid and directed him to move the 1st Texas to my right. He then gave the order, "Forward!" and moved off with the 4th Texas and 18th Georgia.

The regiment that was engaged in my front gave back as soon as we pressed behind them, and the 5th pressed the fight and drove the enemy back. General Hood, with the 4th, having broken McClellan's lines, which was the key to his position, a regiment was cut off between the 4th and 5th and surrendered to the 5th. The 4th captured fourteen fine cannon, and the Yankee army was whipped and routed. But the cost to my regiment was very great. Many officers and brave men gave their lives for the victory. Colonel Marshall, Major Warwick, and Captains Huchison, Byon, and Porter were killed, and several lieutenants and many others were permanently disabled. Company H (my company) sustained the greatest loss. They went in fifty-two strong and lost thirty-three. One of my lieutenants was badly wounded and died a few days after; the other was permanently disabled.

Just before the 4th Texas reached the cannon there was an attempt by a squadron of Yankee cavalry to protect their guns. This squadron was commanded by Major Whiting, a cousin of our general, and he was badly wounded. General Whiting went to see him next morning and told him that if while a prisoner he should need any financial aid to supply his necessities to call on him, and he would supply him, but further he would have nothing to do with him. One of the companies of the squadron was commanded by Captain Chambliss, of the 2d United States Cavalry, General Hood's old regiment, and he and Captain Chambliss were warm friends and discussed the pending war before hostilities commenced. Chambliss's sympathies were with the South, but he said he was a soldier by profession and thought there were better prospects for promotion in the Union; so he and Hood separated to meet on the bloody field of Gaines's Mill, Hood a brigadier general and promoted to major general for his gallantry and success on this field; while Chambliss was only a captain. Chambliss and four or five of his men and their horses were all shot down in a space of only a few yards square, Chambliss having three wounds. Whilst lying on the field, surrounded by dead men and horses, he heard General Hood's

voice (and surely no one who ever heard that voice could forget it); and the first soldier who came along (a singular coincidence) was Sergeant McNary, who had served in Chambliss's company in the 2d Cavalry and had been seeking revenge for real or fancied bad treatment while under Chambliss's orders, having said that if he ever had an opportunity he would kill Chambliss. Here the opportunity presented itself, but instead of doing the man an injury he hastened to carry a message to General Hood informing him of Captain Chambliss's condition. General Hood told McNary to take three men and carry Chambliss to the temporary hospital and see that he had medical attention and to tell him that he would come as soon as his duties permitted. General Hood told me that his meeting with Chambliss was very affecting. Chambliss was sent to Richmond and given special attention, and he recovered, but never entered the service any more.

Early the following morning I was out visiting our picket posts, and while at the vidette near the Chickahominy swamp I saw five Yankees in the timber near the edge of the field that we were in. I told my men not to shoot, that the Yankees were lost and would surrender. They would walk a short distance toward us, then stop and consult, seeming in doubt as to whether we were Yankees or Rebels. They knew that their people had occupied the place the evening before. After they came out some distance in the field, I rode to meet them. I was wearing a gray jacket without any insignia of rank, and I thought they might object to surrendering their swords except to an officer of equal rank, as was the regulation in the old army. When I approached and demanded the surrender of their swords, the colonel said: "To whom do I have the honor of surrendering my sword?" I replied: "A staff officer of the commanding general." He drew, reversed, and handed me his sword, and the captain followed his example. One of them was colonel of a Michigan regiment and the other captain in a New York regiment; the three privates had thrown away their guns. When I took their swords, I said: "Any other arms, gentlemen?" The captain said: "I have something. I don't know that you would consider it an arm." And he took from the breast pocket of his coat the prettiest little nickel-plated seven-shooting pistol I ever saw. I looked at it and laughed, saying: "That is the first I have seen; we have no arms in our army like it." They had occupied the position the 4th Texas captured the evening before, and the colonel was still mad and using all sorts of profane language about the cowardice of his men in giving up a position that was impregnable for brave men. After listening to him awhile, I said: "Colonel, haven't you been in the service long enough to know that your men and ours can't occupy a breastwork at the same time? When our men begin coming in, yours must evacuate." "But," said he, "if my men had stayed and fought, yours could not have come in." The colonel was a big, portly, middle-aged man, weighing about two hundred and twenty-five, and was made clear through. The captain was a handsome, pleasant young fellow, dressed in broad cloth, and hadn't much to say. His sword and belt were fine. I threw mine away and kept his, using it until I surrendered at Appomattox. What I did with it then I have never been able to remember. I was so thoroughly disgusted at the termination of "the play" that I suppose I must have thrown it on a stack of guns and thought no more of it, and I have often regretted since that I did not retain it.

Early the same morning we were moving rapidly in pursuit, and whenever any part of McClellan's forces was over-

taken the battle continued with the same result. Our forces were driving them before us.

On the seventh day at Malvern Hill the fighting was desperate and without victory for us. They held our forces back and that night escaped in their gunboats, and this ended the Seven Days' Battles near Richmond. A few days later we were in camp again near the city.

Early in July, 1862, Captain Porter died in Richmond from a wound received at Gaines's Mill. I then went to General Hood and told him that I felt it my duty, as well as inclination, to resign my position on his staff and take command of my company. He said: "I am very sorry to lose your services, but I think you feel right about it; and I will issue the order of your promotion, and you can take command of your company." I commanded my company, or acted as one of the field officers of the regiment, from that time until the surrender at Appomattox. For the last eighteen months of the war I served as lieutenant colonel or colonel. I commanded the regiment both days at Chickamauga.

Our next move after the Seven Days' Battles was to Manassas. An incident on this march, I think, gives an idea of the hospitality of Virginia women to Confederate soldiers. One evening we were marching to a certain spring branch to camp, Hood's Brigade in advance, as it so frequently was, and the 4th Texas leading. As we approached the branch the first we knew was that our advance guard of twenty men, two from each company, became hotly engaged with the enemy, who had possession of the spring and were in far superior numbers to our guard. Very soon we were called on for help and sent one company, which raised the Rebel yell, made a determined charge, drove the Yankees back, and got possession of the spring. About seventy-five yards up the slant of the hill stood a log cabin. A path led from the spring to the back door, which was closed, and we had no idea that the house was occupied; balls had struck the walls and roof. When the Yankees fled, four or five of the boys ran up and around the house to the front door to take a parting shot at the fleeing Yankees. The front door stood partly open, and in front of a little fire on the hearth sat an old lady knitting (doubtless knitting a sock for some of "Lee's Miserables"). She was so very deaf that she had not heard the fight going on around her; but the shock of four or five guns near her door startled her, and she looked around and saw those dirty, ragged soldiers with smoking guns in their hands. Instead of being frightened, she said in a fine, quavering voice: "Come in, boys." And so it was; "latchstrings" were ever on the outside of Virginia homes for Confederate soldiers.

On the next evening as we approached Thoroughfare Gap we met a horseman who purported to be from General Jackson with instructions for Longstreet to take a left-hand road and go nine or ten miles higher up to cross the mountain; but Hood could not understand why such orders were given, when Thoroughfare Gap was so much nearer and more direct to General Jackson, as was evident from the sound of his cannon. Upon being questioned carefully, he gave prompt and satisfactory answers and doubtless would have deceived General Hood had not one of our men, curious to know what was being said, come nearer and happened to see, where the man's jacket gaped between two buttons, the blue beneath. He was found to have had on a full Yankee uniform and owned that his object was to change our route so that we could not reinforce General Jackson in time. General Hood just

said to some of the men: "Take him; you know what to do with him."

We expected a desperate fight to get through the Gap, for it was the part of good generalship to prevent us from forming a junction with General Jackson, and we were greatly surprised at the feeble resistance; they had about one brigade only. We passed through and bivouacked for the night, moving early the next morning, and by ten o'clock we were in line with General Jackson's troops; but it was in the afternoon before any advance was made, although the artillery had been busy all day, and we had had some losses. About four in the afternoon the signal was given for a general advance of our lines. Immediately in my front was a narrow field about three hundred yards across to the timber, and the enemy's first line occupied this timber. They did not wait to receive a full volley, but fell back to the second line. When we reached the timber I was some five paces in front of my company and saw, about thirty yards in my front, about half a company of the enemy standing in double ranks and making no demonstration to shoot at us. I ordered my men not to fire, as I thought they would surrender. We were still approaching them. The 1st Texas was thirty or forty yards to my left, and the officer commanding the nearest company allowed his men to make an oblique fire at these Yankees, and they, instead of firing at the 1st, fired directly in front into my company. My men then fired, and all the Yankees that were not killed ran. One big Yankee came running directly toward me and when within ten feet stopped short, threw up his gun, and fired at me. He was so close that the blaze came to my face and the ball passed close to my ear. He then fell at my feet and said: "I surrender; don't kill me." My first impulse was to run my sword through him, and I was in the act of doing so when I thought: "He is down and begging." I could not stop my men, some of whom shot him. The volley into my company by this squad killed two and wounded two. We continued our advance and drove the enemy before us until it got so dark that we could not distinguish enemies from friends, when we halted and rearranged our lines.

The 1st Texas was the directing regiment, and Colonel Work, commanding, was ordered to keep his left on the main road; but the Colonel, not wanting to divide his regiment, rested his left on a branch lined with bushes and small trees which diverged gradually from the road, so when he stopped he was some distance from the road. He ordered a flank movement to regain his position and had not gone far after crossing the branch until he encountered a Yankee, who, after some words passed, knocked Work off his horse with the breech of his gun. I followed the 1st, and we had not gone far after wading the branch when Colonel Work saw a regiment standing close by and, thinking it one of Longstreet's, asked in that very effeminate voice of his: "What regiment is that?" A big-mouthed Irishman replied: "25th New York, sir." So we found that we were right among them. Work said, "About face!" and we marched across the branch again. Colonel Work then formed his regiment parallel with the branch to protect our flank, which left me the next company to the branch.

As soon as all got quiet we lay down, but it was only a few minutes before I heard Major Town inquiring for me. I said: "Here, Major; what is it?" He came to me and said: "I am officer of the day and have charge of the guard and vidette at the front. I am very tired and want you to take my place to-night." I said: "Certainly, Major; come

and show me where you have located your men." But I could not help wondering why he should be more tired than I.

As we were so close to the enemy, the guard was stationed not far from our line and the vidette some fifty yards distant in the bend of the branch. Finding him standing in the open near the bushes on the branch, I went down near the water and sat down. It was very dark. I could hear the Yankees talking and soon learned from their orders that they were placing a battery and arranging their lines, and very soon the soldiers began coming down to fill their canteens, talking about the hard fighting they had been doing, their heavy losses, and the big battle they expected next day. When I walked back to where my guard was, I heard a voice that I knew to be that of Major Sellers, General Hood's adjutant general, and some of the men were telling him that the Yankees were retreating. As I approached he was starting off, but I said: "Hold on, Major. Don't carry that kind of message to General Hood. It is not time." He responded: "Are you sure?" So I said: "Get off your horse and come with me; I'll convince you very soon." But he responded: "If you know, there is no use for me to go." I then said: "Tell General Hood that they are now placing their batteries and arranging their lines, and we will have to fight them here in the morning."

About an hour later a courier came with orders to move the brigade back to the position from which we started in the evening, but to leave me there with fifteen men. I have always thought that this was the most wakeful night I spent during the war. I knew I had Yankees on three sides of me, for none of the troops had broken the lines in their front but the Texas Brigade. I changed my guards pretty often, so there would be no going to sleep on post, and stayed up all night myself. Next morning, as some of the Yankees began to start fires across the branch, I moved off. Before we were off the battle field, it was getting light. A number of our command were hunting for dead and wounded friends, and they told me that after I had passed a squad of Yankee cavalry came on the field, evidently to capture me and party, but our men fired into them and ran them back. General Hood paid me a compliment by placing this duty on me, but he paid me a much greater one by what he said to General Robertson, commanding the Texas Brigade. When the brigade moved into its position before the fight commenced, General Hood said to General Robertson: "General, you need not put out any guard to-night. Let the men sleep and rest; they have a hard day's work to-morrow. All is safe; Captain Hunter is at the front."

In the battle next day, the 29th of August, 1862, in capturing the battery I heard them placing the night before, it so happened that my company was immediately in front of the four cannon, and the last discharge of canister shot swept through it, killing five and wounding a number of others. One lieutenant was killed, another lost a leg, and I received a wound that prevented me from doing further service until the spring of 1863.

After returning to my command, I did very little more service with my company. Field officers being absent and not dropped from the rolls, their places had to be filled by senior captains, and I served as field officer the rest of the time. I commanded the regiment both days at Chickamauga, at Knoxville, the Wilderness, ten days at Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and a number of minor engagements. Among them

we captured Ben Butler's breastworks at Bermuda Hundred. I was acting as lieutenant colonel when we surrendered at Appomattox.

HOW GENERAL SEDGWICK WAS KILLED.

[From article by Berry Benson, of North Augusta, S. C., in the *Edgefield Chronicle*.]

On the morning of the 9th of May, 1864, near Spotsylvania, Va., three days after the battle of the Wilderness and three days before the battle of the Bloody Angle, Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick, commanding the 6th Corps of Grant's army, was killed by a single shot from a Confederate sharpshooter over half a mile distant. History thus records, but history does not record who fired the fatal shot, nor is it generally known; but we of the battalion of sharpshooters of McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, of which I was first sergeant, knew.

The arms of the Confederate infantry were of two kinds, the Enfield rifle, the regulation British army rifle, imported from England by running the blockade, and the Springfield rifle, the regulation United States army rifle, captured by us in battle. These two guns, both muzzle-loading, were of the same caliber, and the cartridges of one fitted the other. There was some difference in the make-up of the cartridges, and we of the sharpshooters preferred the English cartridge.

Along with the Enfields from England came also a small supply of Whitworth rifles, a long, heavy gun of small bore, made for sharpshooting at long range. This gun carried a small telescope on the top of the barrel through which to sight; the hind sight (within the telescope) was a cross of two fine metal threads. In the distribution of these Whitworth rifles to Lee's army two fell to our brigade. One, a walnut stock, was given to Ben Powell and one, an oak stock, to a young fellow of Edgefield District, S. C., named Cheatham. Both these men were excellent shots, and they now became independent sharpshooters, to go where they pleased and carry on war at their own sweet will.

I do not remember that I ever fired either of these rifles; but my younger brother, Blackwood, a corporal in the sharpshooters with me, sometimes fired Powell's. Once in the trenches at Petersburg Powell let him shoot it. The enemy's camp was over a mile distant. My brother raised the gun at its highest elevation and fired at random. It was too far and enemy objects were too obscure to note any effect; but some little time afterwards we got hold of a New York paper (the pickets traded tobacco and coffee with one another and swapped papers), and in this paper was news from the camps that on that day two men were killed at a well by a shot that came from an unknown place, no report being heard.

As to the other gun (Cheatham's), there is a story. When we were about to surrender at Appomattox, I went to my brigadier, General McGowan, and told him that I had been in prison once, and I was not going again; that I would escape through the enemy's lines if I could and march to Johnston's army in North Carolina. He asked me to wait till we were sure it would be surrender. I did, and then my brother and I crept through the enemy's lines (at times on our hands and knees in the running ditches, hidden by the blackberry vines) and marched with our guns to Johnston's army, where we joined the 7th South Carolina. But before leaving Appomattox to begin this adventure my brother asked Cheatham to let him take his Whitworth and for him to surrender my brother's Enfield in its place. Cheatham con-

sented, with the proviso that if my brother got safely home with the gun he would let him have it back. To this my brother agreed, and he finally got home with the gun.

Powell had a liking to be with us, the main body of sharpshooters, a good deal, and sometimes I took him with me on a scout. He was with me the night I went into the enemy's camp and stole the colonel's mare, but I did not let him go into the camp with me; I made him wait for me outside.

Not infrequently Powell would have a duel with a Yankee sharpshooter, Powell usually getting the best of it. But one morning he came to us with a bullet hole through his hat. A Yankee sharpshooter had done it.

"Well, Ben," we asked, "did you get him?"

"No, I didn't," said Ben very frankly. "He kept picking closer and closer to me; and when he put the bullet through my hat, I quit."

On the 9th of May Ben came in about noon and said: "Sergeant, I got a big Yankee officer this morning."

"How do you know it was an officer?" I asked.

"O, I could tell by the way they behaved. They were all mounted. It was something over half a mile, and I could see them well through the telescope. I could tell by the way they acted which was the head man, so I raised my sights and took the chance, and, sir, he tumbled right off his horse. The others dismounted and carried him away. I could see it all well through the glass."

"O, Ben," I said, "you shot some cavalryman, and you think it was an officer."

"No, sir, he was an officer, and a big one too. I could tell."

That night the enemy's pickets called over to ours: "Johnny, one of your sharpshooters killed General Sedgwick to-day." So we knew that Ben did what he said.

Not long ago I was working quietly at a set of books, checking up the accounts, when the telephone rang. I answered, and a voice said: "This is Frank Barrett, at the Cotton Exchange. There is a man here inquiring for you and very anxious to see you."

"All right," I said, "send him around."

Presently there came in a man with a pleasant, smiling face and long, white silky hair that fell to his shoulders. "Do you know me?" he asked.

Taking a good look at him, I said: "Your face is somewhat familiar; but I don't exactly place you."

"I'm Ben Powell."

"O Ben!" and up I jumped, and we wrung each other's hands and nearly cried. And that night under my roof we "swapped lies" until nearly midnight. Ben now wants to go to France with me.

[To this statement O. F. Cheatham, now of Albany, Ga., adds his testimony that there is no doubt of General Sedgwick's having been killed with one of these Whitworth rifles. He also mentions having let young Blackwood Benson take his rifle on condition that he would return it if he got home with it; and it was returned to him about a year after the war, but was afterwards destroyed in a fire which burned his store.]

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.—And there's Joe, my bully Joel! Wouldn't I walk ten miles of a rainy night to see them hazel eyes and feel the grip of his soldier hand? Didn't my rooster always clap his wings and crow whenever he passed our quarters? "Instinct told him that he was the true prince," and it would make anybody brave to be nigh him.—*Bill Arp*.

AT THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

As we were standing in line at Franklin awaiting the order to charge the enemy's works, looking westward we saw just over those grim fortifications the crescent of the new moon hanging in the clear evening sky. Some one in the line said: "I wonder how many of us will see that moon at its full?"

At Franklin on a battle day
And on the battle's fiery marge
Confederates stood in stern array
Awaiting order for the charge.
The foe that charge awaiting stood
Behind their forts, a silent host.
A nation's life that day of blood
Was hazard to be won or lost.

Above that field at eve the moon,
A gleaming crescent in the west,
Presaged the darkness coming soon
As gently sank the sun to rest.
Ah! who shall see that crescent grow
To orbèd splendor of her face?
And who upon that field laid low
In death shall find a resting place?

Not theirs to question or reply,
Not theirs to doubt or hesitate;
When duty calls to win or die,
Theirs only to accept their fate.
But when the rosy morning came,
In death they lay beneath the sun;
With trumpet voice eternal fame
Proclaimed their duty grandly done.

Henceforth where'er that silvery sphere
Shall mark the changing months of time,
The sacrifice they offered here
Through coming years shall shine sublime.

FRANKLIN—INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In proportion to the forces engaged in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., on the 30th of November, 1864, I believe that the Confederate losses in killed and wounded were the heaviest of any battle of the war of 1861-65. At Franklin General Schofield, the Federal commander, had 23,734 infantry and artillery behind strong earthworks. The Confederate attacking force consisted of two corps, commanded by General Cheatham and General Stewart, with a division of Gen. S. D. Lee's corps, a total of 16,000 at the most. Our artillery had not come up, and the cavalry of neither army (Confederate, 5,000; Federal, 5,500) took part in the battle. Our losses in killed and wounded were thirty per cent, of which 1,500 were killed. These terrible losses were inflicted in a battle lasting about four hours, from 4 to 8 P.M.

Of course I am not competent to criticize or explain the strategy or the tactics of the armies on that fateful day. I was a chaplain, who went with my men into the action, and can tell only of what I saw, and here I only propose to give such incidents as came under my own observation.

On the morning of the 30th I realized that our army had lost its opportunity to capture or utterly defeat the Federal army after having practically reached the rear of that army. It was at Spring Hill, thirteen miles south of Franklin. All along the road were evidences of the hasty retreat of the Federals past our lines. I saw General Forrest sitting alone on his horse, and I went near him. He seemed to be deeply moved, his face expressive of sorrow, anger, and disgust. Directly General Walthall rode up and saluted him, and then he gave expression to his feelings. These were his very words: "O General, if I had had just one of your brigades, just one, to fling across this road, I could have taken the whole — shebang." As he spoke with quivering voice, with blazing eyes, with livid countenance, his stalwart form shaking with passion, he appeared the very incarnation of the spirit of battle.

Very soon we were pressing after the enemy. It was a beautiful day, as soft and balmy as spring, and marching was easy. Early in the afternoon we reached a point overlooking the town of Franklin and the Federal army in their fortifications. Dispositions were at once made to attack. Stewart's Corps was sent to the right and occupied a line east of the enemy's works, extending from the Lewisburg Pike and the Harpeth River to a point near the Columbia Pike. Cheatham's Corps extended across the Columbia road westward on a line south of the town. Stewart's Corps consisted of three divisions, Loring's, Walthall's, and French's. I was with Quarles's Brigade, the center of Walthall's Division, and so the center of the corps. We were drawn up in the beautiful blue-grass pasture lot of Col. John McGavock, which sloped gently to a little spring branch, and beyond the branch the ground rose to a heavily wooded tract.

While we were waiting for the order to charge, a little episode occurred of which I was probably the only witness. I had established our emergency infirmary in a ravine running down from the woods lot to the little stream. It was some distance in front of our line. I was standing near General Walthall, who had sent all of his staff away and seemed impatient of the delay. As he sat on his horse, ready to lead the charge, General Loring rode up quite excitedly and addressed him very roughly. It seems that there was some confusion in placing the two divisions, and the lines overlapped, for which General Loring charged that General Walthall was responsible. For a couple of minutes there was a sharp colloquy between the two generals, when General Walthall said: "General Loring, this is no time for a personal quarrel. When the battle is over, you will know where to find me." General Loring galloped back to his command, and very soon we were in that deadly charge where mere personal quarrels were forgotten amid the awful carnage that almost annihilated some of our regiments.

Just after this incident a shell from one of the enemy's batteries burst in front of our brigade, wounding two or three men. While the assistant surgeon was with them I was arranging his instruments and bandages in our infirmary, when half a dozen horsemen, from some general's escort, rode into the ravine, completely filling up the space. I ordered them out, but I wore no mark of rank and was about the raggedest man in the regiment, and they laughed me to scorn. When I begged them to get out, they guyed me for trying to keep a safe place for myself. There was a large fallen tree lying across the head of the ravine, and while they were laughing at me a shell struck that tree and scattered the splinters in

every direction. The horsemen scattered too and didn't stand on the order of their going.

Our skirmishers soon cleared the woods in front of us, and our line rushed forward in the charge. With the litter bearers I was following them, when suddenly one of General Loring's brigades came rushing back in confusion. They had attacked at a point where an osage orange hedge had been cut down, and its thorny branches formed an impenetrable abatis. They had been repulsed with heavy loss. As they streamed back General Loring was riding among them trying to rally them. He was commanding, exhorting, entreating, denouncing. He called on us who were going forward to help him, which we tried to do, but to no purpose, for the bullets were flying thick over and among them. Then I saw a picture that was burned into my memory. General Loring, when all his efforts had failed, turned his horse to face the enemy. He was in full uniform that glittered with golden adornments. His sword belt around him and the broad band across his shoulder and breast were gleaming in gold; his spurs were gilt; his sword and scabbard were polished to the utmost brightness; over his hat drooped a great dark plume of ostrich feathers. From spur to plume he seemed a star of chivalry, ready to dash forward in the lists of the tournament. For more than a minute he sat perfectly motionless, with his sword in his only hand lifted high above his head and glittering in the light of the sinking sun. As the bullets hissed about him as thick as hail, he seemed to court or defy death. His face wore a look of grief and of scorn as he looked on the mass of fugitives, and he cried out in anguish: "Great God! Do I command cowards?" General Loring knew there was no coward among them. They had attempted the impossible and had failed. Then he galloped after them and, out of range of the enemy, reformed them.

Following the track of our brigade, we had not more than crossed the railroad and come into the open field, where we were exposed to the unhindered fire of the enemy, when our men began to fall so fast that I had to stop and look after them, sending them back to the surgeons. There were two points in the Federal works upon which our attack was concentrated. One was a ginhouse that stood east of the Columbia road; the other was a locust thicket near the Carter home, west of the same road. Around these two points our dead and wounded lay thickest. As our men charged up to the ginhouse, the slaughter was dreadful. A Federal brigade stationed there was armed with repeating rifles. Our men told me that as they rushed on the storm of bullets was so heavy that they involuntarily pulled their hats over their faces, as if to shield them from a storm of hail. Quite a number of our men went over the works and were made prisoners, and many of these prisoners were wounded.

It was after dark when our forces were withdrawn from the attack. I went back to the field hospital, about a mile from the Federal lines, where the surgeons were caring for the more seriously wounded, and I saw no more of the field. I was told that my brother was killed near the ginhouse. The rest of the night I was helping the surgeons until it should be light enough for me to get the body of my brother. It was then that I got a view of the terrible results of the battle in the slaughter of our men.

When I crossed the railroad on my way to the trenches, for a little distance I could have trodden on a dead man at every step; then I had to pick my way carefully to avoid stepping on dead men. The dead were piled up in the

trenches almost to the top of the earthworks. I remember seeing a horse dead across the works. I was told that it was the horse of Gen. John Adams, of Loring's Division. Both he and his horse were killed as he leaped over the fortification. General Cleburne was killed near the ginhouse, and I found my brother's body close by where the General lay. I was told by several who had been over the field that there were fifteen hundred dead, besides the wounded; and I could well believe it, judging by the losses in my own regiment and brigade. The regiment went into action with one hundred and eight muskets and twenty officers. We had twenty-six killed and a large number wounded, several of them mortally. As nearly as I could make it out, we lost ninety-two muskets and eighteen officers, and only seventeen reported for duty the following morning. A second lieutenant was the highest officer left in the regiment, and a captain was in command of the brigade. In several other divisions I am confident the losses were as great. To sum up the losses of field officers, the killed were: One major general, five brigadier generals, six colonels, two lieutenant colonels, and three majors. The wounded were: One major general, one brigadier general, fifteen colonels, nine lieutenant colonels, and five majors.

The men seemed to realize that our charge on the enemy's works would be attended with heavy slaughter, and several of them came to me bringing watches, jewelry, letters, and photographs, asking me to take charge of them and send them to their families if they were killed. I had to decline, as I was going with them and would be exposed to the same danger. It was vividly recalled to me the next morning, for I believe every one who made this request of me was killed.

In this world tragedy and comedy move along closely parallel paths. And it may not be amiss to relate a comic incident that occurred after the battle of which I was victim and beneficiary, especially as it sets forth the generous devotion of the women of Franklin, angels of mercy to our wounded. After I had put my wounded in temporary quarters in various outhouses on Colonel McGavock's place, I started out to get for them such comforts in clothing and delicacies as I could find. To understand my story, it will be necessary to describe my garb. Beginning at the top, I wore a hat of brown jeans quilted, that on occasion could hold a quart of rain water. I had on a checked shirt that would not button at the throat. My jacket of cotton goods had a big round hole six inches wide made by a shell exploding over it as it lay on the ground. I had thrown it off so as to help a wounded comrade, and a fragment of the shell with a spark set it afire. My trousers hung from my knees to my ankles in ribbons. As we came into Tennessee there was some quite cold weather for a few days, and as we stood around our bivouac fires the wind often whipped the blaze about our legs and scorched our trousers into these ornamental fringes. My feet were incased in a pair of almost footless socks and a pair of shoes in which sole and body were held together by strings. I certainly presented a disreputable enough appearance.

I soon found a house where a dozen ladies had gathered. They were busy rolling bandages and putting up packages of food. They were under the direction of an old lady of commanding manner, with a voice positive and strong. She wore a pair of specks, with glasses that looked like the headlights of a locomotive. I walked in, never thinking of my garb, but only of my boys. With my best bow I said to her:

"Madam, I am looking for supplies for my wounded. I would be obliged for clothing, wines, cordials, things that a wounded man could eat." She said: "Yes, you look like you needed these things yourself." I said: "Madam, I don't want them for myself. I have a great many wounded, and it is for them that I am seeking supplies." She said: "O yes, but how am I to know that the wounded will ever get the supplies if we give them to you?" I then said: "Madam, I am the chaplain of Quarles's Brigade, which suffered so greatly in the battle. I can assure you that the boys will get whatever you give me." Again she said: "Yes, but how am I to know that you are a chaplain? Some of the boys that look like you are claiming to be major generals." The ladies were tittering. I was confused and was just going to beat a retreat when I put my hand to my breast to make my bow more impressive, and I felt my commission, signed by the Secretary of War and with the great seal of the Confederacy. I at once drew it out and handed it to her, saying: "Madam, I am sorry that you should think I would deceive you in such a matter. Before I go will you look at my commission as chaplain?" That big red seal dazzled her like a sunburst, and her manner changed. She literally loaded me with all I had asked for. She followed me to the door, and in a whisper that could be heard a block away she said: "Preacher, I do hope you'll excuse me; for if I had been looking for a preacher, you are the last man I would have picked out." I thought so too.

After I had made our boys as comfortable as I could, I bade them a sad good-by, for I knew that some of them I would never see again; then I hastened on to Nashville and there rejoined my regiment, which had gathered thirty-five men, all of whom, except six, were killed, wounded, or captured in the first day's fight at Nashville, December 15. I had followed the regiment from a thousand down to six.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

SERIES III., VOLUME II.

Against the South's Using Negro Troops.—On July 11, 1862, Governor Yates, of Illinois, wrote President Lincoln: "The Rebels flaunt the black flag in the face of the government; they arm negroes in their behalf. The crisis demands greater efforts and sterner measures." Wasn't it awful, even if we had done it?

First Officer for Negro Troops.—On May 8, 1862, General Hunter, U. S. A., wrote: "I have concluded to enlist two negro regiments to be officered by our white soldiers. For the first company I have appointed Captain Trowbridge." So Charles T. Trowbridge, I judge, was the guilty party.

True Patriotism.—On July 16, 1862, Secretary Stanton, U. S. A., wrote: "The department having received from William H. Aspinwall, Esq., of New York, his check for \$25,290.60 as his share of profit on a contract for arms purchased by him and sold to the United States, it is ordered that thanks be tendered Mr. Aspinwall for his proof as a citizen who prefers public welfare to private gain." And he certainly was a rarity of any time.

Substitutes.—On November 22, 1862, L. Thomas, adjutant general U. S. A., wrote Mr. Stanton: "The taking of substitutes has become a real evil and must be stopped. A system of brokerage has sprung up, and all sorts of disreputable

men are brought from the large cities for sale. After receiving their money they desert, and thus but few men are added to our armies." And they would not have done much service if they had gone to the front.

Lincoln on the Salvation of the Union.—On August 22, 1862, President Lincoln wrote Horace Greeley: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." And the latter is what he did, whether it had any effect on saving the Union or not.

SERIES III., VOLUME III.

Bounty.—On September 14, 1863, J. B. Fry, United States provost marshal general, authorized the Governor of Indiana to pay a bounty of \$402 to veteran volunteers. So we well see why the war cost so much.

Negro Officers.—On September 11, 1863, L. Thomas, United States adjutant general, wrote General Banks: "General Ullman desires to raise a regiment of colored troops to be officered in part by men of African descent. As he asks for negro officers after my express disapprobation, I request that he may not be authorized to organize any troops whatever." No, sir, they didn't want any niggers for officers.

Hunter the Hun.—On August 31, 1863, the above humanitarian wrote Secretary Stanton: "Let me take all the men you can spare, land at Brunswick, Ga., march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to New Orleans, arming all the negroes and burning the houses and property of every slaveowner. A passage of this kind would create such a commotion among the negroes that they themselves could be left to do the rest of the work." Commotion's right, and I dare say Sambo would have done exactly what that Prussian said.

SERIES III., VOLUME IV.

Bounty Brokers.—On March 25, 1864, General Dix, U. S. A., said: "The towns of New York have made provision for a bounty of \$300 for persons enlisting in the army, \$100 to be paid the recruit and the balance to the broker who presents the man." But on May 2 a crimp was put in this business by an order which specified that the entire bounty should be placed in the hands of the recruit, to be done with as he saw fit.

Negro Officer.—On February 6, 1864, A. Ten Eyck, paymaster U. S. A., wrote Secretary Stanton: "Samuel Harrison, chaplain of the 54th Massachusetts (colored troops), asks pay at the usual rate, which, he being of African descent, I declined. The chaplain will not take anything else." As I can find nothing further of this affair, I judge that the reverend got his all right.

Lincoln's Offer of Peace.—On July 18, 1864, the following proclamation was issued from the White House: "Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace and the abandonment of slavery and which comes by and with authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States will be received and considered and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial points." Not so bad if we could have depended upon his "liberal terms."

Substitute Brokers.—On August 10, 1864, Governor Brough, of Ohio, wrote Secretary Stanton: "The collector of Cincinnati is issuing licenses to men as brokers to deal in substitutes and recruits." They made a regular business of it, and no doubt the collector got his share of the spoils.

SERIES III., VOLUME V.

Deaths in United States Army during the War.—According to figures, the Union lost 359,528 men by death from wounds or disease during the entire war, of which number 221,494 were accounted for by sickness alone. In these times the condition is very much reversed.

Negro Troops in United States Army.—Statistics show that 186,017 negroes were enlisted in the United States service during the war and that 123,156 were the largest number in service at any one time. Kentucky, furnishing 23,000 of these black birds, led the pace, Texas bringing up the rear with 47. Those recruited from States in rebellion were credited to loyal States, and thus a good many of these loyalists, especially Massachusetts, filled out their quotas.

Modesty of Governor Sprague.—On May 13, 1861, the above gentleman wrote Secretary Cameron, U. S. A.: "The people of Rhode Island would not permit my wholly severing my connection with them, and they would be averse to my holding a commission of less rank than the one I now hold. Were it otherwise, I would as freely shoulder a musket as hold a sword. I think the cause might be strengthened and our enemies somewhat depressed by my appointment as a major general." To give the Governor his dues, however, I can say that he asked for no remuneration to go with the job.

Confederates at Corinth.—Colonel Sweeny, of the 52d Illinois, in his report of the battle of Corinth in October, 1862, says: "My line had hardly been placed when the enemy burst from the woods in front in magnificent style in column by divisions and moved swiftly across the open field until within point-blank range, when they deployed into line and opened a tremendous fire, moving steadily to the front all the time. * * * It was a terribly beautiful sight to see them advance despite a perfect storm of grape and canister, shell and rifle ball. Still on they marched and fired, though their ranks were perceptibly thinned at every step." But, not being supported at the crucial moment, they had to go back.

Red-Hot Rifles.—Colonel Sweeny also reported that at Corinth "the fire was so hot and well sustained by the men and the gun barrels were so heated that they could scarcely be held, and the charges actually exploded while being loaded." Another Yankee colonel reported that the thermometer showed 108 in the shade during the battle, and altogether it was the hottest October day that Mississippi ever saw.

Not Forgetting Providence.—Col. John S. Griffith, Texas Cavalry Brigade, says of the skirmish at Oakland, Miss., in December, 1862: "I would not forget my other officers and men, but to mention the names of some where all did so well would be an injustice, when each in the face of terrible volleys of musketry, canister, and grape from the artillery charged to the cannon's mouth and sent back in dismay the invaders of our soil, beaten and fleeing as chaff before the wind; nor would I forget Providence, to whom all the praise is due." Chaff before the wind is right, but Jackson would have mentioned Providence first.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"'Taps' has sounded. Come away;
Lights are out till break of day.
Angels, keep thy vigils round
And wake the soul at reveille sound
In God's eternal camping ground."

ANDREW M. SEA.

Amongst the survivors of the Confederate soldiers death of late is stalking with reckless footsteps. With increasing years the death rate makes rapid advances.

On the 5th of December, 1917, in the line of duty, while proceeding in the street cars to Pewee Valley to assume temporary charge of the Kentucky Confederate Home to oblige its Board of Trustees, Capt. Andrew M. Sea was suddenly stricken and died before the help of a physician could be obtained. He fell while responding to the call of duty and on the firing line. This is doubtless the way this valiant soldier would have preferred to go.

Captain Sea was born in Anderson County, Ky., and through his veins flowed the blood of distinguished families, the Seas and the McBrayers, Whites and Blackwells. Carefully reared, of distinguished ancestry, just graduating from a great college, life was opening before him with many attractions and charms. His grandfather, Leonard Sea, had been with General Wayne and was one of his most trusted lieutenants; other ancestors fought in the Revolution. Soldier visions and dreams were a part of his make-up; and when the gauge of battle was thrown down by the North to the South, Captain Sea with the in-born courage of a hero said: "I will give my life, if need be, to the cause of Southern independence." He sought artillery service. He rode with Forrest and Wheeler, and the artillery of these generals was always in the front.

During the four years in the Army of Tennessee he fought in many battles and always with splendid courage. He met every demand of even the exacting Forrest; and those who



CAPT. A. M. SEA.

fought with Forrest know that he not only got what he requested, but the best that was in the men. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Chickamauga, Resaca, Peach Tree Creek, Columbia, and in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta in front of Sherman. For a time he was assistant ordnance officer of Wheeler's Corps. He destroyed the Broad River bridge at Columbia, S. C., after Wheeler had withdrawn his troops and thus forced Sherman to go eight miles up the river to the ford. For the last nineteen months of the war he commanded Wiggins's Battery, and when this was finally surrendered it was probably the last battery under arms east of the Mississippi River.

In his sphere no man did more than Captain Sea for the Southland. He always fought without fear and never hesitated in the face of any danger. When the trying end came, he, with his battery, was designated to accompany Jefferson Davis and members of his cabinet in their attempt to escape from the pursuit of those who had crushed Lee and Johnston, and he left Mr. Davis only when he was bidden.

At the end of hostilities he returned to Kentucky and began a long, active, and honorable business career. He was prominent as an officer in the Presbyterian Church. He was a public officer honored and trusted by all who knew him. His loyalty to the cause of the history and principles of the South was without break. He gloried in what the men and women of the South did to win liberty, and he never regretted the four years of danger and sacrifice that he gave to the Confederacy.

Captain Sea was prominent in the work and mission of the United Confederate Veteran Association. For more than twenty years he served the Association in various offices, more than a third of which was as Commander of the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., of Louisville, one of the great Camps of the Association.

For thirteen years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky Confederate Home. He was during all this period Secretary of the institution, and his cotrustees are of one voice in declaring that no one ever did better service to any such institution. His tenderness toward the inmates and his unceasing solicitude for their welfare will long remain a beautiful and cherished memory.

Shortly after the war Captain Sea married one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and talented of Kentucky's daughters, Miss Sophie Irvine Fox, of Danville, Ky., and they lived as models of conjugal devotion until the great enemy tore him away from his home and his friends.

No Confederate in Kentucky more thoroughly commanded the respect and regard of his comrades, and they all unite in expression of sorrow that Captain Sea has been called to the home prepared for those who through faith have won the crown of eternal life and joy.

BENJAMIN O. ISBELL.

Benjamin O. Isbell, aged eighty-two years, a Confederate soldier, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. George B. Smith, at Batesville, Ark., on January 19, 1918. He was an Indianian, and on the outbreak of the War between the States he came South and joined the Confederate army in Colonel Cook's 1st Texas Heavy Artillery, but was later transferred to the 15th Texas Battery, Field Artillery, with which he served until the end in May, 1865.

His citizenship here was without ostentation, but he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of his Confederate comrades, who greatly appreciated his service in the Confederate army and his citizenship in the South.

ULYSSES ROBERT BROOKS.

Ulysses R. Brooks, son of James Carroll Brooks and Sarah Crawford Robert Brooks, was born in Barnwell County, S. C., October 27, 1846. He was in his boyhood, his education not finished, when the call to arms came in the war of the North against the South. At sixteen years of age he entered the service of the Confederate States as a member of Company B, 6th South Carolina Regiment, Butler's Cavalry. He acted as courier for General Butler, serving throughout the war and having many narrow escapes. He was twice wounded in battle. His brother, Whitfield Butler Brooks, was killed in the battle of Trevilians Station. At the close of the war young Brooks completed his education, studied law, and applied himself to law and literature. He was the author of "Butler and His Cavalry" and "Stories of the Confederacy," volumes highly appreciated and especially so by Confederate veterans. His book "The Bench and Bar of South Carolina" has taken deservedly high rank in the literature of this State.

General Brooks was a systematic worker, never idle, often overworking his physical strength. He was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court of South Carolina on December 6, 1894, which position he held with great efficiency for twenty-three years, to the end of his honored life.

He was a loyal Southerner, true and tried. He spoke often in public, worked and wrote much for the South for truth, and only truth, for Southern history. The Confederacy was indeed a cause sacred to him. It could not be otherwise, for he was a man brave of heart, like adamant in his convictions, which he cherished to the end of life. He was held in high esteem universally for his many virtues. His Confederate comrades promoted him to the command of the First Brigade of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., with the rank of Brigadier General.

Preparedness was the rule of his life in all things, and he was ready for the great change. His spirit was translated on Sunday morning, December 16, 1917, and he was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform, as he had requested. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, three daughters, and several grandchildren.

C. W. POWERS.

Comrade C. W. Powers died at the home of his son, C. W. Powers, Jr., on the 10th of June, 1917. He was born on the 3d of April, 1839. In 1861 he espoused the cause of the Southland and went out with the first company ever made up in the county, which became Company C, of the 37th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, and participated in all the hard-fought battles around Richmond. After the war he returned home and pursued his occupation as a brick mason until a few days before his death. Some fifty years ago he made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist Church and lived a consistent member until his death. As a soldier he was brave and stood to his post. He was patriotic in public spirit and was as true to his friends as the needle to the pole. In all stations of life he measured up to the full requirements. At one time he was Commander of McElhaney Camp, No. 835. Comrade Powers was ever ready to defend the Southland with that fidelity and courage which was characteristic of him during his whole life. His wife died several years ago, leaving several children. He was laid to rest in the family burial ground near his home, the services being conducted by the Masons and Confederate soldiers. May the sods of the valley rest lightly over his grave!

[His commander, J. W. Bausell.]

GEORGE W. LE VIN.

George W. Le Vin, Past Commander and Adjutant of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., died suddenly at his resident, in Chicago, November 1, 1917. At the first firing of the guns at Fort Sumter he went into the Confederate States army, a mere boy of fifteen, and was in the artillery service of the Confederacy when the last gun was fired in North Carolina. After the war he made his residence in Chicago and was instrumental in organizing and obtaining a charter for Camp No. 8, U. C. V., located in that city. There is an imposing Confederate monument in Chicago built in the center of a plot of ground containing six thousand graves of Confederate soldiers who died while imprisoned in Camp Douglas, in that city. This monument has bronze tablets around the base containing 4,275 names, with the regiments to which they belonged. It required a vast amount of labor to obtain these names, most of which was performed by Adjutant Le Vin. In this work he was greatly assisted by Hon. James R. Mann, a member of Congress from Chicago, who secured an appropriation from Congress for the tablets.

The members of Camp No. 8 deeply regret the death of this energetic comrade, who never tired when there was work to be done which would bring credit to the Camp or to the cause for which the South had fought.

[W. C. Vaughn, Commander Camp No. 8, U. C. V.]

DR. JOSEPH LEMUEL MEWBORN.

Joseph Lemuel Mewborn was born in Madison County, Ala., March 3, 1838, and died at his home, in Memphis, Tenn., December 15, 1917, after an illness of a few days.

He was reared on his father's farm, near Macon, Tenn., and was completing his education at La Grange Synodical College when the War between the States broke out. On May 28, 1861, he was mustered into the 13th Tennessee Infantry and was later elected lieutenant in Company B. He actively engaged in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga; was captured while on detached service November 25, 1863, imprisoned in Irving Block at Memphis for three weeks, then sent to Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie, where he remained until the close of the war. During his eighteen months' imprisonment he began the study of dentistry. For pastime he took up engraving, making his own implements; he practiced diligently and soon became the prison engraver, earning from \$1.50 to \$5 a day.

After the close of the war he completed his studies at the New York College of Dentistry, graduating with first honors. Dr. Mewborn was actively engaged in the practice of dentistry for fifty-two years, forty-seven of which were spent in Memphis. He was prominent in his profession, being one of the organizers of the Southern Dental Association, Tennessee State Dental Association, and Memphis Dental Society, serving as president of each. He had an important part in securing legislation in Tennessee governing the practice of dentistry and was a member of the State Board of Dental Examiners twelve years.

Dr. Mewborn was held in the highest esteem by the members of his profession, who recently tendered him a banquet "in token of their appreciation of his loyalty, devotion, and unparalleled usefulness to his profession."

On November 20, 1866, he married Mary Matthews, of Macon, Tenn., who survives him. Eight children were born to them, all of whom are living.

W. T. BARNES.

W. T. Barnes, whose death occurred at his home, in Marianna, Ark., was born on July 5, 1839, at Elizabeth, a small village on White River in Jackson County, Ark., his parents being among the pioneer citizens of that county. The county seat was afterwards removed to Jacksonport, a busy river town on White River at the mouth of Black River, then the head of navigation. It was at Jacksonport that our company was organized by N. C. Pickett, a prominent lawyer and a veteran of the Mexican War, who was elected captain. This company, numbering one hundred and fifty men, was called the Jackson Guards and was assigned to the 1st Arkansas Infantry (Fagan's) as Company B. We went to Memphis, Tenn., by boat and then, with the rest of our regiment, to Richmond, Va., later taking part in the first battle of Manassas under General Holmes. After twelve months in Virginia the regiment was transferred to the Western Army, serving at Shiloh under Gen. A. S. Johnston; it was then under General Govan in Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, through Kentucky, in the battles of Perryville, Munfordville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Chickamauga; under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and to the end at Bentonville.

W. T. Barnes was one of those who joined us at Jacksonport at our organization, and he was a brave, true soldier to the end, always ready for duty under all conditions. He was detailed in 1863 to the division band at General Cleburne's headquarters. After the war he was a telegraph operator in St. Louis, and his loyalty to the manager in time of labor troubles placed him in high esteem, and he was pensioned by the company when too old to work. He was for twenty-five years a resident of Marianna, Ark., and his death is a loss to that community. He was married on February 13, 1870, to Miss Johanna F. Mollencot, in St. Louis, and she survives him, with a daughter, their only son having met death by accident some years ago.

TEMPLETON J. SUBLETT.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Templeton J. Sublett lived at Summit, Miss., where he enlisted in the Summit Rifles, which became a part of the 3d Mississippi Battalion, afterwards the 33d Mississippi Regiment, under which designation it was engaged in the battle of Perryville, Ky. It transpiring afterwards that there was already a Mississippi regiment numbered "33d," this command became the 45th Mississippi Regiment, of Brig. Gen. M. P. Lowrey's brigade, Gen. Pat Cleburne's division.



W. T. BARNES.

Mr. Sublett's family returned to their former home, in Bowling Green, Ky., where he joined them and where he suddenly died a short while ago in the eighty-third year of his age.

A true man, a faithful soldier! The writer first knew him well on Bragg's Kentucky campaign in 1862. From that time until the end of the war we were closely associated, his fine, efficient service being under my immediate command. While I, with his loved ones and old friends, mourn the loss of a good man, I am thankful to be able to testify to his fine soldierly qualities. "Temple" Sublett could always be relied upon. Peace to his ashes! His immortal spirit has gone to join his old comrades, brave old Gen. M. P. Lowrey and gallant Gen. Pat Cleburne, both of whom personally knew Sublett and appreciated his genuine worth.

[P. W. Shearer, Greenwood, Miss.]

MORRIS HANSEN WELLS.

On December 22, 1917, Morris Hansen Wells, after two years of suffering, fell peacefully to sleep, to wake no more on earth. His was an eventful life of nearly seventy-two years. He was born at Spartanburg, S. C., March 3, 1846, and soon afterwards his parents moved to Greene County, Tenn. He enlisted in Company H, 31st Tennessee Cavalry, at the age of seventeen, being the youngest of five brothers to take up arms in defense of their beloved Southland. He fought in the battles of Piedmont, Strasburg, Winchester, Martinsburg, and in the campaign up and down the Shenandoah Valley. He was severely wounded at Marion, Va., but upon recovery rejoined his command and served to the close of the war, when his company was disbanded near Charlotte, N. C., after Johnston's surrender.

Comrade Wells was married to Miss Clamanda Orr, of Lee County, Va., on September 16, 1870, and his wife, four sons, and two daughters are left to mourn the loss of this kind and affectionate husband and father. He lived all his life a faithful and consistent member of the Southern Methodist Church. He showed the same devotion to duty upon returning to civil life that he had given during the war. He was the soul of honor, and in business affairs all that was required of him from those who knew him was his word. He was proud of having been a Confederate soldier, and to the last he loved the cause for which he fought, and he always liked to talk of those troubled days. He was a man of high ideals, strong character, and loved and honored by all who knew him. In his home he was ever happiest when doing something for some member of his family. Now that he has answered the call to a higher life, he still lives in our hearts, and his memory will ever be an inspiration to higher and nobler things.

DEATHS IN HEALY-CLAYBROOKE CAMP, U. C. V.

Dr. Benjamin B. Dutton, Commander of the Healy-Claybrooke Camp, U. C. V., of Saluda, Va., reports the death of the following members during the past year: R. D. Hilliard, Fleet's Battery; John Hardy, Kirkpatrick's Battery; E. S. Vaughan, Norfolk Blues; B. F. Hart, 55th Infantry; Zadoe Clayville, 55th Infantry; Elisia Clayville, 55th Infantry; Warren Carter, 55th Infantry; R. T. Humphreys, 55th Infantry; R. T. Yarrington, 55th Infantry; G. W. New, flag bearer 55th Infantry; M. W. Tinsley, 24th Cavalry; James Mayo, 24th Infantry; Ephraim Young, C. S. N. Comrade Young was one of the crew on the Virginia in her famous fight with the Monitor in Hampton Roads.

THOMAS H. BERRY.

Thomas H. Berry was born in Pontotoc County, Miss., March 20, 1837, and in his early manhood went with his parents to Arkansas, settling in Woodruff County. When the first call for volunteers to defend the homes and rights of the South was made in 1861, he offered his services, joining Company G, 8th Arkansas, under the captaincy of Dr. Gray, of DeView. The company was early ordered east of the Mississippi, where it saw hard fighting during the entire four years' conflict, being for some time under the command of General Bragg and then that of General Johnston.

He served throughout the conflict as a private and was honorably discharged when Johnston's army was paroled after its surrender. He went home to find everything destroyed by Federal soldiers; but with the same patriotic nerve that had characterized his military service he began life again and for thirty years was one of the leading citizens of Woodruff County, after which he removed to Van Buren County and was one of her best citizens until "taps" sounded for him on January 1, 1918, in the eighty-first year of his age.

A brave and patriotic soldier, a true and loyal citizen, a pure and humble Christian, a tender and loving parent, he has answered the last roll call and is only awaiting the judgment day to receive the plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[Will A. Berry.]

ALCEE WILLIAM STEWART.

Alcee William Stewart was born at New Orleans, La., December 3, 1841, and died at St. Louis, Mo., May 2, 1917.

He resigned a first lieutenancy in the Louisiana Militia and enlisted as a private in the Confederate army; was elected second lieutenant (junior) of Captain Lipscomb's company, which became Company E, of the 20th Louisiana. He served on the gunboat Livingston at Island No. 10.

On October 8, 1862, he was severely wounded at Perryville while in command of the company; on the retreat of the Confederate army was made a prisoner and exchanged at Vicksburg; was promoted to first lieutenant April 29, 1863, to date from February 28, 1863.

In July, 1863, he was placed in command of Company A, 13th and 20th Louisiana, the senior captain being absent on account of illness; commanded the company at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and in other battles.

On December 9 he was ordered to report to Col. Leon von Zinken, 20th Louisiana, commanding the post at Marietta, Ga., and assigned by him to duty as provost marshal; served in that capacity until the evacuation in 1864.

In July, 1864, he was ordered to Thomaston, Ga., to act as commandant; served there until November, 1864; ordered to Americus, Ga., to serve as adjutant of the post; relieved from duty March 6, 1865, and rejoined the Louisiana (Gibson's) Brigade near Meridian.

In April, 1865, he was placed in command of a company of the 25th Louisiana Regiment under Col. F. C. Zacharie.



A. W. STEWART.

He was paroled in May, 1865.

He was married May 15, 1866, to Miss Floyd Elizabeth Greene, daughter of Judge James W. Greene, of Thomaston, Ga., who departed this life April 16, 1892.

In 1873 he moved to St. Louis, Mo., and engaged in the naval stores and Southern order business, retiring from active business in 1902.

DR. SAMUEL E. LEWIS.

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, United States commissioner for marking Confederate graves in the North, died in Washington, D. C., on November 17, 1917, at the age of seventy-nine years. Funeral services were held from the Confederate Memorial Home in Washington, with interment in the Confederate section at Arlington.

Dr. Lewis was acting as hospital steward in 1863 while attending lectures at the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond, and was made assistant surgeon C. S. A. in 1864, receiving his commission from the Confederate Senate in December, 1864. He was on duty at the Chimborazo Hospital and surrendered at Richmond on April 3, 1865.

The patriotic undertaking to locate and care for the graves of Southern soldiers who died while prisoners of war in the North was brought about by the efforts of Dr. Lewis, and he had devoted himself to this work since 1898, when he investigated the condition of graves of Confederate soldiers buried at Arlington and other places about Washington. Finding them unmarked and neglected, he, in conjunction with a committee from his Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, brought the matter before President McKinley. In 1900 an appropriation was made by Congress, and in 1901 an order was given for the reburial and proper marking of those graves, which were made in a separate plat in Arlington Cemetery, now known as the "Confederate Section," and where the magnificent Confederate memorial designed by Sir Moses Ezekiel was placed. This work opened the way to extend the same attention to the graves of the more than thirty thousand soldiers and sailors who died in the North as prisoners of war, and his energies were given to this from 1902 to his death, a work which has no parallel in history.

Dr. Lewis was a fellow of the American Medical Association and was First Vice President and later President of the Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy. He had interested himself greatly in the effort to have erected a monument to the memory of Dr. Samuel P. Moore, surgeon general of the Confederate army. His loss is deeply felt by his associates, one of whom wrote of him: "Modest, gentle, genial, courteous, and kindly, it was with feelings of deepest regret that we learned of his death. His devotion to the Confederate cause was earnest and sincere."

J. A. COLEMAN.

J. A. Coleman was born and reared in Pickens County, Ala. He enlisted in Company C, 5th Alabama Regiment, in 1862 and served in the Virginia Army until the close. He was twice wounded and captured both times, the last being at Chancellorsville. He remained in prison until July, 1865, when he came home with a wound in his side and had to go to Mobile, Ala., to have an operation performed, which left him in a very bad condition for nine years. He was born April 16, 1844, and died at Aberdeen, Miss., December 29, 1917. He was a member of Camp Samuel J. Gholson, U. C. V.

[D. A. Beeks, Aberdeen, Miss.]

RANSOM J. WELCH.

Ransom J. Welch, born February 2, 1841, was the tenth child in a family of twelve, and his life was spent near where he was reared. He died at Seminary, Miss., on December 29, 1917.

Enlisting at Williamsburg, Miss., on May 12, 1862, he served in Capt. A. J. Leggett's company (G), 7th Mississippi Battalion of Volunteer Infantry. After being discharged he reënlisted in the same company and battalion, then attached to Sears's Brigade, French's Division, Polk's Corps. His command was ordered to the defense of Mobile, thence to Polard, Selma, Rome, and Resaca, taking part in every skirmish of the brigade, including Resaca, Adairsville, New Hope Church, Itasca River, Lost Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, siege of Atlanta forty-eight days, and Lovejoy. He was also with General Hood on his advance into Tennessee, in the fighting at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, marching back over snow and ice barefoot to Tupelo, Miss. From there the command went to Mobile for thirty days, crossed over to Blakely, and upon that surrender he was sent a prisoner to Ship Island. From there he was sent to New Orleans, then to Vicksburg, whence he was ordered to Meridian, Miss., for parole. He reached home on the 12th of May, 1865.

Comrade Welch was a good soldier, and as a Ku-Klux he helped to fight the battles of Reconstruction. He was a member of the U. C. V. and a long-time subscriber to the VETERAN. A consecrated Christian, a good citizen, he was loved by all who knew him. He was married on December 29, 1869, to Miss Frances Rodgers, who survives him with their five children.

DR. S. H. CALDWELL.

The death of Dr. Samuel H. Caldwell at his home, in Paris, Tenn., on November 14, 1917, removed one of the most public-spirited men of that community. He was nearing the eighty-first milestone, and his life had been an active one until a few years ago, when advancing years checked his participation in affairs. Almost his entire life had been spent in Paris and Henry County, where he was born and reared, and he was known in all movements for the betterment of conditions, as well as the building up of his community.

Most appropriately it was said of him: "He was a gentleman of the old school, very pronounced in his views, had the courage of his convictions, formed many close personal friends, commanded the respect of those who knew him, and had a large acquaintance and was greatly beloved by a wide and varied circle." It was not alone among his own generation that Dr. Caldwell was so appreciated, for he had made many close personal friends of a younger generation, and by all he is sadly missed.

Confederate veterans were the honorary pallbearers at his funeral, and many other comrades gathered to pay their last respects to this loyal soldier of the South.

J. E. B. STUART CAMP OF TERRELL, TEX.

Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant of J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Terrell, Tex., reports the following deaths in that membership during 1917:

John Arnold, private 3d Battery, Arkansas Field Artillery.
M. G. Bobbitt, private Company D, 28th Texas Infantry.
W. S. Caldwell, sergeant Company B, 63d Alabama Infantry.
James W. Hardin, private Company A, 6th Texas Cavalry.
W. L. Monroe, private 3d Texas Cavalry.
T. S. Nicholson, Company F, 23d Mississippi Infantry.

J. B. Porter, sergeant Company C, 16th Missouri Infantry.
J. H. Ranhoff, private Company B, 35th Alabama Infantry.
J. O. Russell, private Company F, 11th Mississippi Infantry.
F. M. Story, private Company B, 4th Missouri Cavalry.
J. P. Venable, private Company I, 1st Georgia Infantry.

MAJ. EUGENE WYTHE BAYLOR.

Maj. Eugene Wythe Baylor, member of an old and prominent Virginia family, Confederate veteran, and composer of note, died suddenly at Winchester, Va., on January 8. He was one of the oldest residents of Winchester, being in his eighty-fifth year. His ancestors were leading military spirits of the Revolutionary War, and connections of the family were prominent in other wars of our country since colonial times. His granduncle, Judge R. E. Baylor, was the founder of Baylor University, Texas. His own record as a soldier shows that he entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant of the 1st Regiment, Louisiana Artillery (regulars), C. S. A., and was then appointed adjutant and captain of the company. He commanded a barbette battery of six 42-pounders during the siege of Forts Jackson and St. Philip by Admiral Farragut's fleet. He was major and brigade quartermaster on Gen. J. K. Duncan's staff, Polk's Corps; on Bragg's campaign into Kentucky; served on General Bragg's staff in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and later was ordered to his regiment at Vicksburg, Miss.; was ordered back to staff duty as chief of transportation at West Point, Ga., during the movement of troops to Mississippi; and later served as major and brigade quartermaster on Gen. O. F. Strahl's staff, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; major and brigade quartermaster of Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He was paroled at Salisbury, N. C., on May 3, 1865.

Major Baylor was a member of the Army of Tennessee Association of New Orleans, a member of Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of Winchester, and a member of the Order of Washington. As a writer he had been a contributing editor to the *Washington Post* and other journals of the South, and was also a composer of merit.

Surviving Major Baylor are two sisters, Mrs. Frances Courtney Baylor Barnum, the well-known writer, and Mrs. Walker, widow of Gen. John G. Walker, both of Winchester.

B. R. LONG.

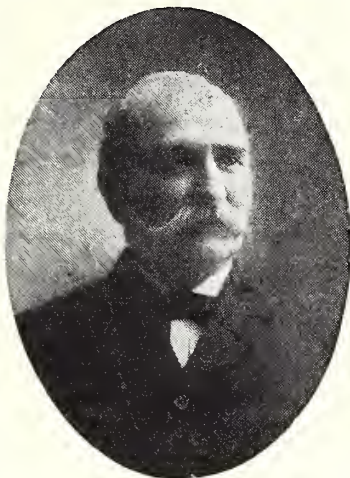
At the age of eighty-eight years B. R. Long, former commissioner of Grayson County, Tex., died at his home, in Sherman, on New Year's morning, after a long illness. He was one of the pioneers of his county and was one of the best-known and best-beloved citizens of Sherman. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son.

Comrade Long was a native of Marshall County, Tenn., where he was born on June 21, 1830. He lived for a number of years in Mississippi and served a term in the Mississippi State Legislature. He went to Texas some thirty-nine years ago and, with the exception of three years in Austin, made his home in Sherman all the while. He gave four years of his life to service in the Confederate army under Forrest and since early boyhood had been a stanch member of the Methodist Church. Wherever he was known he was regarded as a sincere Christian, faithful in the performance of his duties, loyal in his trusts, and ever ready to lend a hand to those less fortunate. He had long been prominent in county affairs, and his loss will be deeply felt.

HENRY M. WOODSON.

Death came suddenly to Henry Morton Woodson on the morning of November 22, 1917, at his home, in Memphis, Tenn. He was a pioneer resident of that city, having lived there for forty years.

Henry M. Woodson was born near Holly Springs, Miss., on April 6, 1844, and his early boyhood days were spent near Germantown, Tenn. He was a student at the Shelby Military High School when the war broke out in 1861; and in the spring of 1862, at the age of seventeen, he joined the Coldwater Rifles, a company organized by his uncle, Capt. A. T. Walton. While convalescing from fever at his



H. M. WOODSON.

home, in Germantown, in the summer of 1862 he was captured and confined in the old Irving Block Prison, in Memphis, and was not exchanged until December. Rejoining his regiment, he took part in the battle of Chickamauga and other famous engagements. In 1864 he was transferred to the 13th Tennessee Infantry, Army of Tennessee, and followed its fortunes to the end, which found him at Columbus, Ga. He took part in twenty-seven battles without receiving a wound.

For some years Mr. Woodson was interested in gathering data on the Woodson family and its connections from Dr. John Woodson, who was born in 1632 at Piersey's Hundred, a plantation on the James River in Virginia. This material was published in book form and is considered a very remarkable work of its kind.

Surviving Mr. Woodson are his wife, who was Miss Edith Rudd, and a daughter.

IN MEMORIAM: MRS. STERLING MURRAY.

Mrs. Anna Thornton Murray, wife of the late Judge Sterling Murray, an honored Confederate veteran, passed away at the Loudoun Hospital, at Leesburg, Va., on November 26, 1917.

Mrs. Murray was born in Washington, D. C., and was a daughter of Dr. Thomas Miller, a distinguished physician. She was the granddaughter of Gen. Walter James, of national fame, and Anna Lucinda Lee, his wife, the latter being a daughter of Charles Lee, Attorney-General of the United States under both Presidents Washington and Adams.

During the War between the States Mrs. Murray worked continuously among the Confederate prisoners confined in the old capitol in Washington and at Point Lookout and Fort Johnson, where she earned the loving sobriquet, "angel of mercy," and the memory of her deeds of kindness lives in many a Confederate heart to-day.

Her funeral took place from St. James Episcopal Church, and her body, wrapped in the Confederate flag amid a profusion of flowers and escorted by veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, was tenderly laid to rest in Union Cemetery, at Leesburg, Va.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At a called meeting of Loudoun Chapter, U. D. C., resolutions of deepest regret and loving appreciation were submitted to the memory of our beloved President, Anna Thornton Murray, who entered into rest, calmly and unafraid, November 26, 1917.

Our pen never traced sadder lines than these, the record of the end of a life so near and so dear and so full of sweet associations.

We here twine the rosebuds of affection with the ivy and the cypress and place this last tribute upon the grave of her whom memory loves to cherish.

Mrs. Murray was an accomplished woman of bright mind and exceptional culture and refinement, whose life was filled and adorned with all the rare gems of Christian graces and virtues that go to make up and round out one of the most womanly, beautiful, and attractive characters we have ever known. Her self-imposed mission was apparently to do all the good she could in the world. To this end no sacrifice of strength, time, or means was too great for her to make in her sweet, quiet, unpretentious way. So delicate and unobtrusive, indeed, was the way that in many instances the poor and needy recipients of her charities were not even embarrassed by knowing whose right hand had, without the knowledge of the left, been extended in succor and help. How faithfully and well she performed every Christian duty was attested by the unanimous expression of love and respect and sorrow over her departure to the great beyond.

The keynote of Mrs. Murray's last years on earth was the Southern Confederacy. Her every thought centered in the Confederate soldier. She was Loudoun Chapter's honored President, and her memory will lovingly linger forever. Recently she had been no less active in the welfare and comfort of the young soldiers entering the first stage of manhood in defense of home and freedom and humanity.



MRS. STERLING MURRAY.

Mrs. Murray right royally sustained the character and spirit of her illustrious ancestry; and her love for Robert E. Lee, her kinsman, was second only to her reverence for Gen. Robert E. Lee, the leader of the Confederate army. Her many virtues, her uniform courtesy, her refined gentleness, her loyal patriotism and her broad charity for all humanity distinguished her as well worthy of our loving memory and as a fit example for our emulation. She was faithful to every trust.

"And when her beauteous spirit went
From its realm of loving and giving,
She left a stainless monument
In lives that were blessed by her living."

Requiescat in pace!

MRS. JOHN L. GILL, *Secretary.*

They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer who, losing, have forgotten; they are most poor who, losing, wish they might forget.—*Selected.*

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
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MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The *Coöperative Work* of our organization during the month of January was marked by two most gratifying settlements from the Treasurer General's office.

The *Arlington Monument* was freed from all debt on January 17 when Mrs. Leith, our Treasurer General, sent a check for \$1,325.25 to Mr. Julius Workum, executor of the estate of Sir Moses Ezekiel. With this indebtedness discharged, your President General was instructed by the Chattanooga Convention to disband "the directors and committees of the Arlington Monument Association with thanks for their efficient services and the matter be closed." A special vote of thanks was instructed for Mr. Wallace Streater, the efficient and faithful Treasurer of the Arlington Monument Fund. Your President General took pleasure in writing Maj. Wallace Streater, now in France, of this action. Those of us who have worked with Mr. and Mrs. Streater in U. D. C. work for the past ten years admire and appreciate their whole-heartedness in our work, and it gives me great satisfaction to record this appreciation here. And so we face our new work with this great monument paid for entirely and our work completed there.

The *Red Cross Memorial Window* was freed from debt on January 14 when your Treasurer General received an acknowledgment of \$490.18 in final payment for the memorial window in the Red Cross Building from Miss Mabel Boardman. Miss Boardman further wrote: "It is to me a great pleasure to have our fine Southern women associated in this memorial by these beautiful windows." When the war is over and things become normal in the Red Cross Building, the "Memorial Book" will be compiled and placed in position in the building. Again we may feel free for our efforts for war relief, as another debt is thus removed from our list of assumed obligations.

War Relief Work is ever uppermost in our minds, and all our energy is being employed to make it efficient and to have its results recorded. State Presidents are requested to have all war relief work reported to their State War Relief Director, who in turn is obligated to make her report to the Central Committee, with Mrs. Rountree, of Alabama, Chairman. Only through a strict adherence to this plan can we hope to keep an accurate record of U. D. C. war relief work for the year. Divisions and Chapters are earnestly advised—I dislike to say instructed—to inquire of their State Director before they dissipate their energy on any war relief work which may be only a fad of the hour. We cannot do everything, and in these perilous times we must select the essential needs and bend all of our energy to relieve them. This will be best accomplished through conference and under ad-

vice of your War Relief Director, who is having the benefit of constant advice from the Central Committee, a group of experienced women who are just now devoting their best efforts to selecting and developing plans which will best serve our country in war relief and unite our Association in patriotic service.

The *Jefferson Davis Memorial Bed* at the American Military Hospital No. 1 in France opened a ward to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On February 5 the South Carolina Division mailed its check for \$600 to Mrs. Rountree to endow a bed in this ward in honor of Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, C. S. A., and my hope is high that on Easter Day the United Daughters of the Confederacy Ward at Neuilly Hospital may be completed.

Mrs. Bacon wrote of the Jefferson Davis endowment: "The brass plate that bears the name of your loyal United Daughters of the Confederacy with that of your great Southern hero will be most gratefully received abroad. It will make the heart of some boy doubly glad when he reads your fine inscription, and such devotion as your tribute shows will be an inspiration to him." I know I do not need to appeal to the U. D. C. for this coöperative work. I shall only need to recall your generous responses as they are reported to me.

War Nurses.—An effort is being made to collect information about women who nursed in Southern hospitals, C. S. A., or who nursed Confederate soldiers who chanced to be in such need near them; their present addresses are desired, also the addresses of daughters of such women or young girls who aided their mothers or friends in this work. This information is desired from every State in the South with the idea of according recognition to these women for war service. Capt. Sallie Tompkins is known to the world, but the desire is to reach "those equally or less illustrious" and to have their names and records, even if they have passed to the great beyond. Any such information will be gladly received and put in proper shape by Miss S. H. Cabaniss, 223 South Cherry Street, Richmond, Va., who has done so much in these post-bellum days in promoting interest in district nursing in Southern cities and rural communities. Your President General sees in Miss Cabaniss's plan a great inspiration and asset in our Confederate organization's work.

Education.—March is the month to consider the educational work of the U. D. C. This committee, under Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., issues its annual circular this month. Division Presidents and chairmen of education should undertake its instructions on the receipt of the circular, not only in the applications for scholarships, but also in the effort for raising the fifty-thousand-dollar endowment fund for education that the Chattanooga Convention pledged the U. D. C. for as its future coöperative work for the upbuilding of our

order, our section, and our nation as a whole. The vice chairman of this committee, Miss Moses, of South Carolina, issued the committee's appeal for this fund January 1, 1918, and it behooves Chapters and Divisions to take the matter under serious consideration in March.

Let us recall our resolutions made at Chattanooga: To care for the veterans and needy Confederate women left in our midst, to put forth our best efforts for war relief for the young manhood of our nation in arms, and not to forget the "defenses of the future" in providing for the education of the children of these very men whose comfort and safety in the cantonments, the trenches, on the sea, and in the air are our present-day deepest concern. To hearten these men let them know that we will care for their aged and infirm parents at home and provide for the equipment of their children, who must take part in the battles of the future.

Daughters of the Confederacy, you have quitted yourselves as befits your inheritance in the past. I am quite sure that you are equal to the demands of the present.

Necrology.—It is with great sorrow that I make the following announcements:

Mrs. Anne B. Hyde, Historian General U. D. C., reported to me, under date of January 30, 1918, the death of Mrs. Grace Newbill, Ex-Historian General, U. D. C.

Mrs. Camp, President of the Kentucky Division, reports the tragic death, in a railroad accident on December 20, 1917, of Mrs. N. W. Muir, Bardstown, Ky., a member of the U. D. C. Committee on the Monument to Jefferson Davis at his birthplace in Kentucky.

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,
President General U. D. C.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY LOUISE AYER VANDIVER, ANDERSON, S. C.

The South Carolina Division held its annual meeting in Florence the first week in December. It was with great pride that the convention welcomed in her new capacity of President General its greatly esteemed daughter, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim. With Miss Poppenheim at hand to counsel and instruct, the Division knows that it can make no errors.

The burden of all Chapter reports was war relief, and even while they listened to convention proceedings the fingers of the delegates were busy with knitting needles; the wool fashioned into garments was not in bright Christmas colors, but sober khaki and gray, which cried aloud: "Soldiers and sailors, the women of your country are working, thinking, and praying for you."

Much interest was shown in the proposed hospital beds to be maintained by the Daughters of the Confederacy in France. South Carolina's will be the Wade Hampton bed.

But while the chief interest of this body, as of all American organizations now, was in work for the army, the objects for which the U. D. C. was organized were by no means forgotten nor overlooked. Large sums were given during the past year and were pledged for the coming year toward U. D. C. scholarships, and great interest was manifested in the \$50,000 scholarship fund proposed by the new President General as the special work of the U. D. C., now that its monuments are all paid for.

Mrs. John Cart, of Orangeburg, was elected State President at this convention, and, knowing the fine work done by Mrs. Cart as Vice President from the Edisto District, the Division is looking forward to great things.

Mrs. Lawton, of Charleston, State Historian, made a most satisfactory report of her year's work, four hundred and fifty papers having been filed in the Division, the largest number yet attained.

On Historical Evening, presided over by Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Robert Wright, of Newberry, a former State President, gave a most interesting account of the work accomplished by the South Carolina Division since its organization, in 1894. Miss Poppenheim's address was also a feature of that occasion.

Miss Lillie Cooper, of Denmark, State Recorder of Crosses, brought with her to this convention a most interesting relic of the War between the States, a book which had belonged to her father. Now that war is again upon us and our hearts chill with fear when we read of the inhuman cruelty of the Germans toward their prisoners, the treatment of the prisoners of the War between the States takes on fresh interest. We have heard much of the alleged cruelties of the South toward its captives; and repeatedly have we pointed out that the hard living and semistarvation of our prisoners resulted not from wanton cruelty, but were the conditions experienced at the time by all the people of the South. We have not always been believed, therefore the little book owned by Miss Cooper is especially interesting. On the outside it is just an ordinary little pasteboard-covered notebook, but the moment it is opened it is recognized to be a wonderful relic. To begin with, on the first page is a most exquisite specimen of pen-drawing. There is a wreath of leaves and grapes most artistically executed, and within it in letters as beautiful as the drawing appear the words: "Autographs of Federal Officers, Prisoners of War, Charleston, S. C. Presented to C. C. Cooper, First Lieutenant, Barnwell District, 8th Battalion, S. C. Reserve Forces." The book contains about six hundred autographs and the accompanying certificate, also most beautifully written (the penmanship most decidedly excels the grammatical construction): "To all whom this may concern: We, the undersigned, certify on honor that Capt. C. C. Cooper, of South Carolina, while in charge of us and other Federal officers, prisoners of war at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., and Charlotte, N. C., while he done his duty as an officer, did everything in his power to alleviate our sufferings by giving us and many others money (to buy the necessities of life) to the extent of his means. To reciprocate said favors we desire any Federal officer or officers to treat him with due consideration as a gentleman and a Mason, should he ever fall into their hands. Henry J. McDonald, Capt. 11th Conn. Vols.; Wm. Locke, Lieut. 18th Conn. Vols." It is an interesting testimonial to the treatment of Northern prisoners by Southern officers.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, was hostess to the State convention in October, royally entertaining more than one hundred delegates. Splendid work was reported by all Chapters.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Kansas City won the beautiful flag offered by the State President to the Chapter reporting the greatest increase in membership during the year, seventy-six new names having been added to its roster.

Along the line of progress the Division took several steps, the most important being the creation of an educational fund

to be known as the "Student Loan Fund" and the vote to purchase one thousand dollars' worth of liberty bonds. Five new Chapters were reported.

The R. E. Lee Chapter of Blackwater, though small and the membership scattered, is doing most excellent work, chief of which is the scholarship it is maintaining in the Kemper Military School.

The Dixie Chapter of Slater entertained the veterans of the county on two happy occasions during the past few months and has responded generously to the various appeals for money. Judge R. W. Hickman presented the Chapter with a Confederate battle flag, requesting that it be displayed at all regular meetings.

THE ILLINOIS DIVISION.

BY MISS IDA F. POWELL, CHICAGO.

In this hour of our country's peril, when military prestige and military success mean so much for the world's future peace and happiness, we thought it appropriate to celebrate our military hero's (Gen. Robert E. Lee) birthday with a patriotic rally, not only to show in an unmistakable manner our own devotion to our country, our loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, but to make all present understand the high ideals of truth, honor, and patriotism for which our organization stands. Likewise we wished to extend the right hand of good fellowship to our brave Allies, who have fought so valiantly for democracy, liberty, and law. To this purpose we invited the consuls of Great Britain, Belgium, France, and Italy to participate in our program, and their brief talks were followed by the national anthem of the country they represented. The address of the evening, and a masterly one it was, on General Lee was delivered by Judge Frank Johnston, Jr., a nephew of our own great Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston. His speech was followed by the singing of "Dixie" with the words "Old Glory." Many of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., were with us, and Colonel Vaughn, its Commander, spoke a few words in behalf of the veterans. Of course our program was opened with the "Star-Spangled Banner" and closed with "America." We had a large crowd (having invited representatives of many of the leading patriotic societies here), and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the evening.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a valuable publication, and the U. D. C. pages, of course, are the first that every true Daughter turns to.

THE PROGRAM.

"Star-Spangled Banner," Mrs. Dyer and audience.

Piano solo, Mr. Shynman, of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Greeting, Miss Ida F. Powell, President Illinois Division.

Vocal solo, Mrs. Wallace Bruce Amsbury.

Address, Judge Frank Johnston, Jr.

"Old Glory" ("Dixie"), Mrs. Dyer.

Response, Dr. Cyrille Vermeren, Belgian Consul.

National song of Belgium, Mrs. Dyer.

Response, Mr. Lewis Bernays, British Vice Consul General.

National songs of Great Britain, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada, Mrs. Sumner.

Response, M. A. Barthelmy, French Consul.

"The Marseillaise," Mrs. Dyer.

Response, M. Gierlio Bologvesi, Italian Consul.

National song of Italy, Mrs. Dyer.

The Confederate Veterans, Colonel Vaughn, Commander Camp No. 8, U. C. V.

Violin solo, Miss Nolen.

Closing chorus, "America."

THE TEXAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. P. ZUMWALT, DALLAS.

In a patriotic letter sent out by Mrs. Oscar Barthold, President of the Texas Division, she says:

"The President General, Miss Poppenheim, appointed the following War Relief Committee: Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Clay, California; Mrs. Stone, Texas; Mrs. Preston, Virginia; Mrs. Beal, Arkansas; Mrs. Thrash, North Carolina; and Mrs. Woodbury, Kentucky. This committee decided that the first work is for each State Division to raise \$600 to endow a bed in a hospital in France. Surely this is a noble undertaking and carries its own appeal to your heart and mine, that of caring for the sick and wounded 'somewhere in France.'

"Your President, with the hearty approval of the Board of Directors, immediately placed the Texas Division among the States that have already pledged themselves to the work. Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Dallas, Tex., has accepted the appointment as director for the Texas Division war relief work to serve for the period of the war. Daughters of the Confederacy, through this act of your Board the Texas Division stands officially pledged to this great work, and such is my faith I doubt not that success will crown our united efforts during the coming year.

"It may interest you to know that your President General, Miss Poppenheim, has just returned from Washington, D. C., where she conferred with the War Department and Red Cross officials in regard to the placing of these beds, which will be dedicated as a memorial to Jefferson Davis, one and only President of the Confederacy. * * *

"It is the earnest desire of your President that each Chapter of the Division enroll as a U. D. C. unit at the headquarters of its Red Cross Chapter for definite days and time to assist in cutting and making surgical supplies, as this is the most needed and important work of the present. Members unable to attend may render valuable service by knitting and making hospital garments at home under the direction of the proper Red Cross committees. * * *

"Your President feels she cannot too strongly urge that, in as far as it is possible, each Daughter subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., and one of the Texas papers which so generously donate valuable space to our work, for more than ever before we need to keep in touch with each other and thereby broaden and deepen the interest of our membership in the great cause for which we are enlisted and for which we gladly work and pray."

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MATTIE B. SHRIBLEY, STATE EDITOR.

The Georgia State President, Mrs. H. M. Franklin, rendered a splendid report of the Division's work for the year at the Chattanooga Convention. The Registrar's report shows an increase in membership of six hundred, making the total membership of the State 11,840, with 121 Chapters.

Georgia leads in scholarships, owning 352, valued at \$51,-

218. To this could be added several owned by the Children of the Confederacy of Georgia.

In war relief work the Chapters have been most enthusiastic. Miss Alice Baxter, Chairman, reported 113 knitted sets and odd pieces for the navy, amounting to \$318.38; for the army, forty sets at \$144.45; for hospital equipments, \$1,941.06; miscellaneous contributions, such as comfort bags, French orphans, etc., \$414.64. In the purchase of liberty bonds the Chapters have invested \$6,050 and have been instrumental in selling \$81,220. The Division purchased a \$100 bond at the convention in Columbus October 31. Contributions to the Red Cross amount to \$414.64.

Mrs. Harriet Hawkins, of Stockbridge, Ga., has gotten out the knitting needles she used in the sixties and is as busy at the age of seventy-one plying them for the soldiers of the world-wide liberty war as she was when she knitted socks for the Confederate soldiers.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EUFAULA.

With the new year the Alabama Division began to work with new enthusiasm along the lines set forth at the general convention. While interested in all the work, that of war relief is claiming the special attention of the Division. Miss Poppenheim has appointed our own State President, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman of the War Relief Committee, an honor of which the Division is very proud. Mrs. Rountree has appointed Mrs. A. L. Dowdell as director of the war relief for Alabama, and under her direction plans have been made for carrying on the work in coöperation with the Red Cross Chapter in hospital endowment and in cantonment service.

Many Chapters have made scrapbooks for the soldiers and have done other work in the Red Cross Chapters. We should not be worthy of our Confederate mothers and fathers if we did not respond to the appeal for war work. The entire Alabama Division, and the Montgomery Chapter especially, was most interested in the recent visit to the "Cradle of the Confederacy" of the distinguished French visitors, Marquis and Marquise de Courtivran and Marquis and Madame Polignac. As the father of the Marquise de Courtivran was a gallant Confederate soldier, though a French nobleman, the French visitors were most interested in the Confederate memorials and historical spots in Montgomery. The Daughters of the local Chapters had the honor to help in the entertainment of the visitors.

The special interest of all Chapters recently was the celebration of General Lee's birthday on the 19th of January, which was unusually interesting on account of the war and the fact that his grandsons are now serving in the army of our united country.

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. D. BEALE, HISTORIAN.

The second convention of the New York Division was held at the Hotel Astor on November 12, 1917. A new constitution was adopted and will be published in the yearbook. The Division flower was changed from the carnation to the cotton blossom, through the suggestion of an old Confederate veteran who sent a prose poem by John Trotwood Moore on the cotton blossom, which was read by the Historian. The usual amount of work was reported by the three enthusiastic Chapters, but the absorbing work was that done through the

Red Cross for the awful war now raging. Each Chapter has been knitting, knitting, making surgical dressings, collecting money for ambulances, endowment beds, and other necessities, helping to sell liberty bonds, having charge of Red Cross membership booths, etc.

Mrs. Parker's reception on Saturday afternoon, January 12, at the Hotel Astor was given to the New York Division and her friends. It was enjoyed by the three New York Chapters and the Confederate veterans. Southern hospitality prevailed, and sweet music added to every one's pleasure. A card party given at the Astor on January 18 to replenish the Division treasury, Mrs. Sweetser and Mrs. Carpenter being in charge, was a great success. On January 7 the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter had a birthday meeting at the Hotel McAlpin, officers of the Division, officers of the Confederate Veteran Camp, and many prominent persons being present. Mrs. Sullivan read an interesting paper, and General Lowd, of the G. A. R., addressed the meeting. The James Henry Parker Chapter had a meeting at the home of Mrs. King on the 21st of January, at which the Division President, the First Vice President, Mrs. Cochran, the Historian, and Miss Wheeler and Mrs. Buck, two daughters of General Wheeler, were guests. Mrs. Richard Clarke gave an interesting account of the Chattanooga convention.

At the January meeting of the New York Chapter the matter of the greatest importance was the circular from the general U. D. C. stating that all work of the organization, save that of education, would be suspended during this terrible present war, so that all State Divisions could do war relief work through the Red Cross. The New York Division will endow a six-hundred-dollar bed for the American hospital in Neuilly, France, which will be named for Gen. Joseph Wheeler. The New York Chapter raised about \$325 at the January meeting and is still receiving donations. The two small Chapters will gladly do their part and give their *pro rata*. Mrs. J. D. Beale was made Director of the New York Division, and all money will be sent to her.

The three Chapters united with the Veterans on the 19th of January to celebrate General Lee's birthday. It was a wonderful occasion. Dr. Clairborne read General Lee's farewell address, and Dr. Simon Baruch read a paper on "Robert E. Lee, the Christian Soldier." Mrs. Sidney Lanier, widow of the poet, was a guest and received an ovation when presented by Commander Reiley. Sidney Lanier served the Confederacy for four long years. He was the South's greatest poet. Though he struggled with ill health and died young, he is now considered a great poet of the world. Mrs. Lanier's home is in Greenwich, Conn., with her son, Charles D. Lanier.

Naming the endowment bed for General Wheeler seems very appropriate, as he wore both the gray and the blue.

"Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
When the Sons of the North advance!

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
When the Sons of the South advance!

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as one
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be with us all
When the Sons of the Flag advance!"

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key Word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: The work begun and put upon such a high plane by your first Historian General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, has been again interrupted, and we are bereaved by the death of Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill.

The office and work are new to me, and I had depended upon her plans for many things with which she was familiar and which she had so kindly promised to arrange. I am endeavoring to secure the most correct data possible about our military leaders, for we certainly do not know them as well as we should, and the character of a man is more precious than fine gold.

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1918.

GEN. PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE, THE "STONEWALL OF THE WEST."

Born March 17, 1828, in Cork County, Ireland; killed in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864; buried in Helena, Ark.

1. Show how the unselfish traits characteristic of his later life were evinced in his volunteer service during the yellow fever epidemic in Helena, Ark., in 1855.

2. Volunteering as a private for patriotic reasons alone, by what rapid strides did he reach a high position in the Confederate army?

3. Show how he repulsed Sherman at Missionary Ridge.

4. Describe the battle of Franklin.

5. Tell of the simplicity of nature of this man of whom it was said: "Amid all the changes and turbulent scenes and temptations passed through, he never lost his sympathetic heart."

Poems to use: "Loyal," by Francis Orray Ticknor; "O No; He'll Not Need Them Again," in Wharton's "War Songs."

References: "Life of Cleburne," by Dr. Charles Edward Nash, of Little Rock, Ark.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Born March 22, 1817, in Warren County, N. C.; died at Galveston, Tex., September 27, 1876; buried in Mobile, Ala.

1. After being graduated from the United States Military Academy with honors, tell how he was rapidly promoted three times for "gallant and distinguished conduct" in the Mexican War.

2. Show his patriotism and zeal in the cause of the Confederacy and willingness to retire if his country's interests would be better served.

3. What command alone held its ground in the rout of the Federal army at Chickamauga?

4. What position of honor was given General Bragg by President Davis in 1864.

5. Though bitterly assailed and criticized, it was said of him that "he was a general whose courage, patriotism, and devotion to duty were never questioned."

References: "Confederate Military History"; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

Born March 28, 1818, in Charleston, S. C.; died April 11, 1902, in Columbia, S. C.; buried in Trinity Churchyard, Columbia.

1. Tell of the life of a gentleman planter of the Old South and his paternal care of his slaves, whose affection he held to the day of his death.

2. Opposed to secession, but casting his fortune with that of his native State as a private, what high rank did he reach in the Confederate army?

3. Describe the glorious career of the Hampton Legion and General Hampton's cavalry operations in Virginia.

4. After the war what signal service did he render South Carolina by ridding her of the carpetbag element?

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1918.

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

("Father Tabb.")

Born March 22, 1845, in Amelia County, Virginia; died November 19, 1909, at Ellicott City, Md.

1. The boy, who became a writer of beautiful verse, entered the service of the Confederacy at the age of sixteen years.

2. Where and when was he captured? and how long was he imprisoned?

3. The sound of Sidney Lanier's flute drew the boy, John Tabb, to him, but tell what mutual tastes held these friends together until separated by death.

4. Why have Father Tabb's little poems been called "can-eos"?

Poem to learn: "A Cradle Song."

Reference: Article by William Hand Browne in Volume XII., "Library of Southern Literature."

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

("Virginia Laureate.")

Born March 23, 1829, near Norfolk, Va.; died September 15, 1887; buried in Norfolk, Va., in Elmwood Cemetery.

1. Coming of a distinguished naval family, tell of his early life aboard ship.

2. Study his life as writer and contributor to literary magazines before the War between the States.

3. Like many gifted young writers in the South, he laid all he had upon her altar and reached the rank of captain in the Confederate army.

4. He was called the "Confederate soldiers' poet" because he loved to write of the purity of their motives. What great war ballads and odes did he write?

Poems to learn: "The Lee Memorial Ode"; "The Portsmouth Memorial Ode," especially the last verse.

References: "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves," by Janey Hope Marr; Hubner's "Representative Southern Poets."

OUR DUTY TO HISTORY.—General Lee was anxious that the truth of history pertaining to the South should be written, and in a letter to General Beauregard in December, 1865, he wrote: "Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity." The gathering of historical data is an arduous task; but in every State of the South there should be a committee having this work in hand, either as appointees of the State or of some patriotic organization.—*Selected.*

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/2 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery..... Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola..... Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta..... Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis..... Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh..... Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis..... Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

THE C. S. M. A. IN WAR WORK.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, January 11, 1918.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association, 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La.

My Dear Mrs. Behan: Before the next liberty loan drive is called, which will not be for some weeks to come, I am writing you, as a member of the Advisory Council of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, to repeat our thanks for your coöperation in the first two loans and to ask what method you used to interest your membership in the liberty bonds and what you would suggest as the best way to secure their coöperation in the third drive.

May we ask the favor of an early reply, as we are trying to perfect all our organization plans before the next loan is called?

Cordially yours,
ELIZABETH BASS,
Secretary Woman's Liberty Loan Committee.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 21, 1918.

Mrs. George Bass, Secretary Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Dear Mrs. Bass: Yours of January 11 was duly received and would have been answered earlier but for my illness.

In reply to the question, "Is circularizing of great importance and benefit, or do you think that better results can be secured through the intensive work of campaign committees?" my opinion is that a letter from Washington, from headquarters, will bear with it great weight, making the recipient feel that she is part of the nation, this circularizing to be followed by the intensive work of a local committee. I think it advisable to have this circular issued from the office of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, Washington, D. C., together with a letter from me, as President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and hercin please find copy of letter which I think advisable for you to inclose with your circular letter.

The ninetecnth annual convention of the Association will be held in Tulsa, Okla. The date has not yet been named. The members would be pleased to give a place on the program to a member of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee to explain the nature and scope of the liberty loan work. This Association does not have a State convention.

I am sending you under separate cover the minutes of the last convention, which gives the names and addresses of State Vice Presidents and general officers. Sometime ago I sent to the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee a partial roster

of the members of the sixty Associations that form the Confederation.

Thanking you for your appreciation of our efforts, I beg to assure you of the deep interest and hearty coöperation of the members of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Yours very cordially,

KATIE WALKER BEHAN,
President General C. S. M. A.

NEW ORLEANS, January 21, 1918.

My Dear State Vice President: Another liberty loan drive will be made in the near future. We must answer the call with all our hearts. You are hereby requested to issue a letter to all Memorial Associations in your State, signed jointly by you and me, calling upon the members to coöperate with the government in this very important matter. Remember it has been said that "the women are the second line of defense." Let us prove it by doing not only our bit, but our all, to win this war and gain a victory for peace and humanity.

Yours very fraternally,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General C. S. M. A.

THE CAUSE TRIUMPHANT.

BY MRS. C. G. BIERBOWER.

Is Dixie's cause triumphant, the "lost cause"? Why name it so?

To-day it calls the world to arms to o'erwhelm its last foe.

The soul of peoples free has felt autocracy's last thrall;

Its ruinous sway is tottering to inevitable fall.

As truth to earth crushed rises, so will prostrate justice rise,

Though crushed and bleeding for a space in agony she lies.

She is not dead nor vanquished, but takes up her task again

To make of earth a dwelling place fit for God's image—man.

The cause of Lee and Jackson, though 'twas trampled in the dust

By overwhelming odds, has risen, commanding world-wide trust;

'Tis now the cause of Pershing and our brave boys o'er the sea,

The cause upheld by Dixie's knights with Jackson and with Lee.

Yes, Dixie's cause triumphant is the South's "lost cause" no more;

Speak not of it as "lost," for it gleams out as ne'er before.

The brave hearts of the sixties gave their all for it, and we

Shall do no less for that same cause—a people's sovereignty.

THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN, N. C.

BY THOMAS PERRITT, FAISON, N. C.

Flushed with his captures of Fort Hatteras, August 29, 1861, and Roanoke Island, February 10, 1862, General Burnside went out gunning for bigger game, and on March 11, 1862, he embarked the brigades of Foster, Reno, and Parke, and accompanying artillery at Roanoke Island and reached Slocum's Creek where it enters into the Neuse River, some sixteen miles below Newbern, on the evening of the 12th. Early the next morning, after shelling the country around, General Burnside disembarked his command and ordered Foster's Brigade to advance up the Beaufort County road leading to Newbern and attack our front and left, Reno's Brigade to march up the railroad with orders to turn our right, and Parke's Brigade to follow along the county road at convenient distance as a support either to Foster or Reno, as there might be need.

General Burnside's advance appears to have met with no opposition, and at night his entire command bivouacked in easy striking distance of the Confederate lines.

During the day of the 13th the enemy kept up a brisk shelling from their gunboats, now in the Neuse and keeping abreast of their land forces, and by night he had gotten his three brigades in position for the attack early the next morning.

About five miles below Newbern, on the right bank of the Neuse River, the Confederates had constructed quite a strong fort, called Fort Thompson, and manned by thirteen siege guns of good size, supported by ten field pieces, with three navy 32-pounders on its river front.

From the river in a straight line to the railroad leading from Newbern to Morehead City was the main line of defense, consisting of strong breastworks about a mile and a quarter in length. Where the breastworks met the railroad there was a brick kiln, which proved very unfortunate for us in the battle. Instead of continuing the breastworks in a straight line across the railroad, the line was thrown back about one hundred and fifty yards to the bank of Bullen's Creek, leaving an open space, and thence a series of small breastworks. To guard this gap of one hundred and fifty yards the brick kiln had been loopholed, and two 24-pounder guns were being mounted when the battle opened and when fired into were left rather hurriedly, the task not being completed.

About 7:30 A.M. on March 14 the battle was opened in earnest by a shot from Latham's Battery, fired by Lieut. Woodbury Wheeler, and immediately the firing became general along the whole line. The fight was kept up until about twelve o'clock, when it was learned that the enemy in great force had turned our left by the railroad track at the woods and brickyard, had pillaged the camp of the 26th Regiment in the rear of a part of the breastworks, were firing in reverse on our left wing, and were several hundred yards up the railroad between us on the right and the Neuse River.

During the early part of the engagement General Foster made several attempts to carry our left wing of defense, but was easily repulsed. General Reno, it seems, on discovering the weak points of our defense, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Clark to charge with the 21st Massachusetts Regiment and take the brick kiln. This he did in splendid style, and as they passed into the open space at the brick kiln the scene became so dramatic that every gun along the line stopped firing for a few seconds, while the men looked on with awe-

struck wonder. After our center was broken, General Foster, seeing his forces inside of our lines, immediately ordered the brigade to charge, when the whole line of breastworks between the railroad and the river was successfully carried. Our right wing, however, kept up the fight for some time without knowing that the left had been carried by the enemy, and about the first intimation we had that it was time to get a move on us was whispered by Minie balls coming from our rear.

When the order to retreat was given, we were not slow to obey and scrambled out of the trenches and struck out through the woods looking for safer quarters, with Newbern as our objective point; but on coming in sight of the place we discovered that both the railroad and wagon bridges across Trent River were on fire, which made it necessary to turn south and strike Brice's Creek. On arriving there we found the creek too deep to ford and about seventy-five yards wide and no means of crossing except one small boat capable of carrying only three men. Several of the boys under excitement attempted to swim across, and a number of them were drowned. Colonel Vance, to inspire confidence, spurred his horse into the creek, but the animal refused to swim. The Colonel became unseated, and, being weighted down with his accouterments, he sank from view in the dark waters of the stream and was about to drown when assistance reached him that enabled him to reach the opposite side in safety.

After scouring the banks of the stream for some distance, there was discovered a flat that would carry eighteen at a load. With four hours of hard labor and the greatest anxiety, the last man was across just as the Yankee skirmishers appeared in our rear. Once across Brice's Creek, we took the road for Trenton, arriving there about noon the following day. We marched night and day, stopping at no time for rest and sleep more than four hours. We reached Kinston about noon on the 16th, having covered fifty miles in thirty-six hours.

A GOOD ONE ON DR. McNEILLY.

The following came to the VETERAN from a patron "of the other side" at Mulberry Grove, Ill., and is too good to keep, the Doctor thinks:

"Gentlemen: We wish you would say to the Rev. James H. McNeilly that if he is having those articles published in the VETERAN for the benefit of the old Yank readers of your magazine he might as well quit, for he has proved it all and more too. We old Yanks knew from the beginning of the Civil War that we were wrong; but we just believed that such hotheads as the Rev. McNeilly needed a good drubbing, and we just stuck to it until we gave them what they deserved, and it appears to me that the right thing for the old professor to do would be to quit."

But the old Johnnies don't think so.

J. E. B. STUART CAMP, U. C. V.

Out of a membership of 233, the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Terrell, Tex., now has 78 enrolled; 150 have been lost by death and five by transference and other causes. Vic Reinhardt has been Adjutant of this Camp for twenty-seven years. The following are the officers for 1918: Commander, C. C. Campbell; Lieutenant Commanders, E. T. Stewart, L. H. Mason, J. N. Young; Adjutant, Vic Reinhardt; Quartermaster, T. D. Greathouse; Commissary, William Parnell; Chaplain, J. F. Sherwood.

ONLY A PRIVATE!

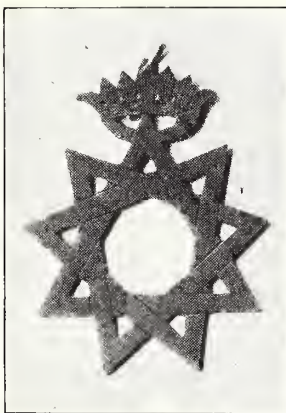
The following contribution from Mrs. E. H. Newman, of Dadeville, Ala., was taken from the *Banner and Times* of October 6, 1864:

"Only a private in the ranks! No Stars and Bars to deck his homespun jacket, no official pomp and glittering paraphernalia to please his youthful fancy, none of the gorgeous accessories which gild the 'stern profession' like jewels on a corpse, no badge of distinction save his ghastly flesh wound.

"The tenderly nurtured darling of Southern parents, cheerful in the midst of unparalleled hardships, content with meager rations which his negroes at home would scornfully reject, standing dreary watch in snow and sleet and rain, with memories of luxury and fireside joys tempting him from his gloomy, solitary post, springing to meet the column of his foes as though the nation's fate depended upon his individual valor, and asking only a grave on the soil he died defending! Only a private in the ranks! O this consecrated legion, stretching like a wall of flesh along the borders of our land, what measureless debt we owe! When independence is obtained and white-robed peace spreads her stainless hands in blessings over us, let history proclaim and let our people reverently remember that to the uncomplaining fortitude and sublime devotion of the private soldiers of the Confederacy, not less than the genius of our generals and the heroism of our subordinate officers, we are indebted for freedom."

WHO WORE THIS BADGE?

Rev. E. J. V. Huguinn, rector of St. Peter's Church, Beverly, Mass., sends a picture of a very unusual badge found upon the body of a young Confederate officer killed in the battle of Port Hudson, La., on the 27th of May, 1863, of which he writes: "The burying squad of Northern soldiers who were in charge of Sergt. A. D. Cram, of the 8th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, found a peculiar badge upon this young officer's body, which I have in my possession at the present time. Perhaps through the badge and its meaning and as a knowledge of the men of the Confederacy who fell at Port Hudson the name of the young officer may be traced and the badge restored to his family. I was visiting in South Lyndeboro, N. H., last October, when I met Sergeant Cram, now a member of the G. A. R. He showed me the badge and finally gave it to me for the purpose of trying to trace the owner, which he had made several efforts to do. We hope to be able to trace it through the veterans of the Confederacy, the Masonic order, or other bodies, to trace the ownership of the badge, which Sergeant Cram is anxious to return to the family of the young officer."



JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, as Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, reports the receipt of \$77.90 from January 15 to February 15, 1918.

OPPORTUNE HELP RENDERED THE GOVERNMENT.

Mrs. H. F. Lewis, President of the Bristol (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., writes: "The United Daughters of the Confederacy are following the example of the women of the sixties in rendering aid in every way possible; but I think the Bristol Chapter has the distinction of being the only one to take up this line of work, which was done in addition to the usual war relief work. When the call was made throughout the country for volunteer helpers in the clerical work of the exemption boards, the Bristol Chapter offered to undertake it without compensation other than the realization of rendering our country valuable service in a time of need. So well was the work done that the local exemption board of Sullivan County has the honor of being the first board to send in returns from the registration and will endeavor to keep up the record."

IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER.

"My father, John O. Heath, was born in Kentucky in the year 1818, now one hundred years ago," writes E. C. Heath, of Rockwell, Tex., "and removed to Texas in 1846. His service as a soldier constituted the greatest epoch of his life, and I should like to have mention of it in the *VETERAN*, as a few of his comrades are still living. He enlisted in the service of the South in 1862 and served to the end of the war as first lieutenant of Company K, Capt. C. L. Jones, of Chisum's Regiment. His main service was in Louisiana, and I have heard that he was in every battle fought by his command. Only a short time ago I heard one of his comrades say: 'He was the bravest man I ever saw on a battle field.' A great tribute to his dead comrade."

SURVIVORS OF THE ALABAMA.—In the short sketch of John Rosengren appearing in the *VETERAN* for February, page 79, reference is made to his being the last survivor of the Alabama. This is a mistake, as Edward M. (Eddie) Anderson still lives, and A. F. Marmelstein, of Savannah, Ga., is another survivor. J. F. Knox, Adjutant of the A. S. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex., writes that there is one survivor there in the person of "Michael Daly, a full-fledged son of Erin, who is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-six years."

PRETTY BAD.—At the end of three weeks of married life a Southern ducky returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention. "You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or worse." "Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the ducky, "but—but she's wuss'n I took her fer."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—In writing to continue her husband's subscription to the *VETERAN* Mrs. R. J. Rhodes, of Whiteville, Tenn., says: "I expect to continue it as long as I live. He loved it so much, and I enjoy reading it myself. Many things took place during that awful war not pleasant to think of. We suffered so much."

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
 { While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view. }
 2. { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing. Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
 Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;.... Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
 yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. ...

CHORUS.

Fare - well, Mother, you may nev - er Press me to your heart a - gain; But
 you may never, Mother,

oh, you'll not for - get me, Mother, (you will not forget me) If I'm numbered with the slain.

R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Mo.: "When I get the VETERAN, I take a night off and read it through. Every one, from office boy to my baby boy, knows that he must not lose or misplace the VETERAN."

Leon Applewhite writes from Charlotte, N. C.: "I am preparing to make a bit of history myself now in the navy that will make my grandsire, a Confederate veteran, proud of me. I am sorry I can't continue the VETERAN"

Mrs. S. H. Sprott, Jasper, Ala.: "I consider my back numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a library within itself of Confederate history, and I class it among my most valued possession of books."

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HIS EXEMPTIONS.—Extending all the way from Chairman Melvin C. Hazen's desk in the District Building to the door was a negro man and his family of six children, the youngest in a baby carriage. The mother brought up the rear. The man's name was Jones, and he wanted particularly to talk with Chairman Hazen, of Exemption Board No. 4. "What's the idea of the crowd?" inquired Mr. Hazen as he surveyed the outfit. "Ah claims 'exemption, sah, and Ah's brought mah 'exemption along with me," was the reply. "You may take your exemption out with you and close the door. I don't believe you will have much trouble in being adjudged exempt from military duty," Mr. Hazen hastily exclaimed, and the exemptions vanished. —*National Tribune.*

FOOD FOR OUR SOLDIERS ABROAD.—To maintain the American army of France one hundred pounds of gross tonnage a day must be landed at French ports for each man is a statement coming from the executive officer in the depot quartermaster's department at Chicago. The difficulties in maintaining a sufficient quantity of food "over there" can hardly be realized by the American people. According to this statement, the men in France are on a "garrison ration," the same as soldiers at cantonments in this country. This ration is five pounds to a man each day, the weight, however, including eating utensils and container. For 1,000,000 men 150,000,000 pounds of rations a month are required, amounting to 4,000 carloads. A list of the food required for 1,000,000 men for thirty days would include the following: Frozen beef, 23,000,000 pounds; flour, 37,000,000 pounds; bacon, 6,000,000 pounds; beef, 2,000,000 cans; corned beef, 1,000,000 cans; corned beef hash, 1,000,000 cans; butter, 973,000 pounds. With such a ration as this, the Confederate soldier would have thought himself in clover.

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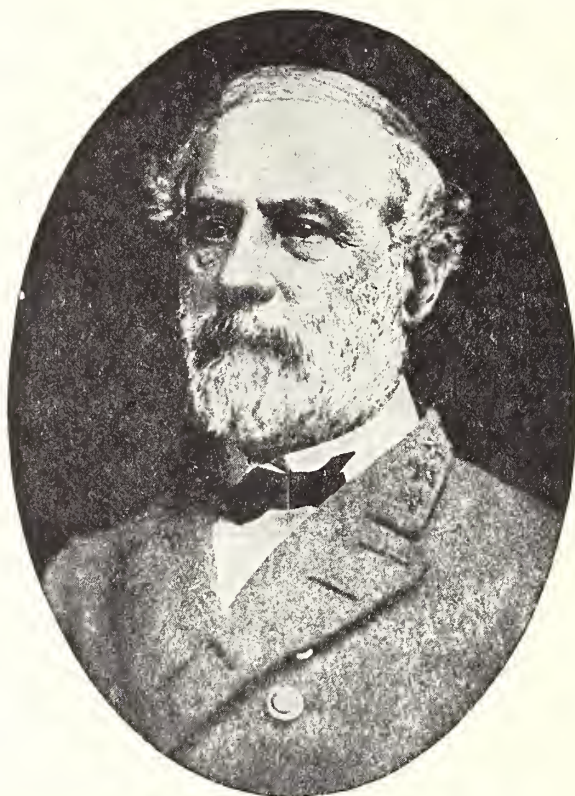
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Rarely has been seen a more pleasing likeness of the great Confederate commander than is shown in the photogravure here offered. His daughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, says it is the best full-face likeness of him. The picture is slightly larger than the print



here given and is in size especially suitable to frame for a library table or desk—a gift that would be appreciated by any one.

This photogravure originally sold at one dollar. It is now offered at 75 cents, prepaid. Order promptly, for the stock is very limited.

FINE ENGRAVING OF PRESIDENT DAVIS

Many inquiries have come for a large picture of the only President of the Confederacy for presentation to schools and for Camps and Chapter rooms. Nothing could be more suitable than the large half-tone engraving now offered by the VETERAN at one dollar, postpaid. This picture, in size some 13 by 15½ inches, shows Mr. Davis as he was just before taking on the responsibilities of his office, when in the fullness of his manly beauty, the face serene but strong. Order from

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

Apr 18
1918

VOL. XXVI.

APRIL, 1918

NO. 4



A SOLDIER OF TO-DAY—ALBERT CARLYLE MITCHELL
(See page 140)

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Mrs. W. C. Pierson, R. R. No. 1, Couthatta, La., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of William Dorson Chapman, who enlisted from Columbus, Ga. He was in prison for three months. She does not know his company or regiment. His widow is in needy circumstances.

Mrs. Arch Jordan, of Milan, Tenn., is anxious to obtain some information of the service of her husband, who was a brother of Dr. M. D. L. Jordan, and she thinks they were in the same regiment, 2d Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry, Bell's Brigade. He was captain of a company at the time he was paroled.

Miss Annie Jean Gast, of Pisgah Forest, N. C., would like to get in correspondence with some one who could give her information of the service of the three Chapman brothers or either of them. They came to this country from Ireland before the war. James Chapman was a Methodist minister, thought to have been a chaplain, and Samuel Chapman, colonel in the Louisiana troops, was a lawyer. Both lived in Shreveport and probably enlisted from there.

Mrs. William H. Clements, of Freeman, Va., is in need of a pension and would like to hear from some one who could give information of her husband's service. William H. Clements enlisted at Hickford, Brunswick County, Va., early in the war and was in the 12th, 6th, or 41st Regiment, General Mahone's brigade. He was at Mosely's Church, near Norfolk, in December, 1861, and at Oak Grove, near Portsmouth, in February, 1862; was at Petersburg at the explosion of the mine, July 30, 1864; surrendered at Appomattox.

About 1862 some fifteen hundred or two thousand Federal soldiers camped for three weeks in front of Dr. R. A. Grier's home, where the Jefferson and Shreveport (La.) road crossed the old Marshall and Point Caddo road in Harrison County, Tex. I think it was in the early fall. They destroyed all fences, using the rails for firewood, pasturing the crops, taking all fowls and eatable animals, not leaving even drinking water in the well for my mother and little brother. Will some one please tell me who was in command of these troops and what their business was? Address Mrs. F. C. Fox, 1257 Topeka Avenue, Topeka, Kans.

Confederate Veteran.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1918.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

CORN.

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL, CHICAGO.

Which is the greater of the two discoveries made by Columbus, America or corn?

When he saw the promised land, he blessed his God
And fell upon his knees and kissed the virgin sod.
By this discovery a new world was born;
By this discovery the world was given corn,
Which will in this world's bloody strife
Give to man the staff of life.

I am an old Southern planter, past eighty-five years of age, in perfect condition as to mind and health, have lived on corn bread all my life, and feel that I can speak intelligently on the much-mooted corn bread question.

During the war I commanded the 1st Arkansas Regiment, consisting of twelve hundred men, and during the four years we never saw a piece of bread that contained a grain of wheat flour. We lived entirely on plain corn bread, and my men were strong and kept in the best of health; and what I say of my regiment can be truthfully said of the entire Confederate army.

Now, why can't we fall back on the good, health-giving corn bread, prepared in its many appetizing ways, and ship our wheat to the Allies without feeling that we are making such a sacrifice?

I am surprised to find how little the people of the North know of the good health-giving eating there is in corn bread cooked in its many ways. During my entire life I can't remember ever sitting down to a meal without corn bread prepared in some appetizing way. Such a thing as indigestion was never heard of with those who lived on corn products.

I speak knowingly when I say that every bushel of wheat in the United States could be shipped to Europe, and we could live bountifully and enjoy better health on corn products, with which our country is fully supplied, enough to feed the world.

In the South we give the raising of corn only a secondary place as to soil and cultivation. If we would curtail cotton and tobacco crops one-half and give to corn the same

cultivation and fertilizing, we would more than double our production, not only furnishing a sufficiency of health-giving bread, but we could raise more horses, cattle, and hogs to supply our home consumption and keep our Allies fully supplied. All we have to do is to go at it and do it.

Going back a couple of hundred years, we find that this country was originally peopled by a strong, healthy race, the Indians, who subsisted entirely on corn. And before the War between the States my ancestors were large slave owners, and our negroes were fed entirely on corn products, and no stronger or healthier people ever lived than they.

HIGH COMMENDATION.

To the Confederate Veteran: Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia, desires hereby most cordially to recommend to every Confederate veteran, son of a Confederate veteran, daughter of a Confederate veteran, and to all who love the South, its traditions and history, to give cordial and earnest support to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for it is the recognized organ of the United Confederate Veteran Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Sons of the Confederacy, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

It has done and is still doing a most splendid work in support of the work of every Confederate organization in existence. It is full of historical information, about which no self-respecting Southern man or woman should be indifferent. It is our faithful organ, and a most intelligent organ it is, and deserves the patronage of all who love the truth.

The above was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Camp held on March 19, 1918. FRED BEALL, *Commander*;
LOVICK PIERCE, *Adjutant*.

Such commendation shows a live interest in the VETERAN'S welfare and is always helpful.

At its last meeting Camp No. 171 voted fifty dollars toward the bed that the U. D. C. of Washington will endow in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, to be named in honor of Gen. Harry Heth.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE GRAY MAN.

Gray man, O gray man, and good man, riding, riding
So daringly, so certainly the thunder roads of war,
When came and whence came to him his gift of guiding,
That soldier hearts to martial arts he captains like a star!

Shy heart and silent, we watched him once with smiling,
Each homely thing outshadowing, we thought, the man
aright,
Steadfast and rough-cast, without one grace beguiling—
O man of men! We had not then seen Stonewall Jackson
fight.

Nile hymns his heroes and Tiber's floods go telling
The Cæsar's deed where'er they speed by storied shores
of old;
His deeds three rivers, each like a Nile outwelling,
In choral tide horizon-wide around the world have rolled.

Thou too his valley, bright Shenandoah of story,
Thy singing name to Jackson's fame runs like a haunting
tune,
Till seers and sages forsake old fields of glory
To scan the plains where his campaigns win to their won-
drous noon.

Look ye! He's coming! That's he bareheaded, loping!
In haste to flee his soldiers' glee down shouting lines he
goes.
Yell, boys, and rout him! He knows what you are, but
hoping,
And this day done, your battle sun shall set on beaten foes.
—William Hervey Woods, Christiansburg, Va.

SONS OF THE SOUTH IN KHAKI.

In its frontispiece this month the VETERAN pays tribute to our soldiers of the present. The boys of the South are making good, as did their fathers before them; they are ranking with the best that have been called to fight the battles for world freedom. The picture given on the front page is that of a young Southern soldier, Albert Carlyle Mitchell, now at Camp Wheeler, near Macon, Ga., whose grandfather, Capt. Ab Grimes, of Missouri, was one of the most noted of the Confederate mail carriers. The VETERAN has published several articles on his adventures in getting his mail through the lines and escaping prison himself.

Young Mitchell, a talented musician, is a member of the 116th Field Artillery Band, formerly the 2d Alabama Infantry Band, plays the cornet, and leads the orchestra for Uncle Sam. He is the composer of both words and music of "The Dixie Division," which is said to be the one real hit of the patriotic music of the day. It has a catchy melody and rhythm that "you can't get away from," and some critics call it the new "Dixie," for "it is full of the South of to-day."

PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR.

"To the men who came to him with schemes of vengeance upon the enemy Mr. Davis was frequently accessible without the intermediation of Congressmen or powerful friends. He had such a weak credulity that every adventurer with an extraordinary and insane invention found it not difficult to obtain his ear. Men who professed to have found out some new form of liquid fire, patentees of extraordinary torpedoes that would destroy whole fleets, the Mississippi inventor of a flying machine to freight ordnance and to fire down upon the enemy at the height of a half mile were mingled in the President's anteroom with men who proposed immense financial schemes after the fashion of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers and geniuses of diplomacy who were anxious to spend their time in the grand Hotel de Louvre and to test its famous vintages, whereof each glass would cost about three pounds of cotton. There never was a lack of confidence men about Mr. Davis, and among them were those who proposed to dispatch the war by such means as we have described and who suggested even viler works of destruction."

This passage is from Pollard's "Life of Jefferson Davis," published in 1869 in Atlanta. It was discovered by Mr. Louis P. Ezekiel, of Cincinnati, who was a page for Gen. Robert E. Lee in Richmond during the Civil War and who dimly remembered the many schemes prophetic of modern warfare that were presented to Jefferson Davis for consideration. Liquid fire, torpedoes that would destroy whole fleets, flying machines, and "even viler methods of destruction" were in the minds of the men who came to Jefferson Davis's anteroom. They may not have been practical warriors, those adventurers of the past into the future, but they had vision. They saw the warfare that was to be, even if they could not harness it. Their imagination soared even to the heights or, shall we say, sunk to the depths of the scientific barbarities of the Hun of to-day.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*, March 19, 1918.

And with all this temptation to resort to the warfare of the barbarous Hun,

"No nation rose so white and fair
Nor fell so pure of crime."

THE GETTYSBURG ORATION.

In this number of the VETERAN appears the first part of the magnificent speech by Hon. Leigh Robinson, of Washington, at the dedication of the Lee Memorial at Gettysburg in June, 1917. As the oration could not be published in full, this part is given as setting forth most strongly the worthiness of the cause for which the South engaged in war, that being the leading point brought out when the action of the South is questioned. Mr. Robinson has not failed to show the righteousness of this cause.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$238.30 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview from February 15, 1918, to March 15, 1918. The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, U. D. C., of Frankfort, Ky., has contributed \$50 toward the building of this memorial.

Mrs. J. C. Foster, Houston, Tex.: "We cannot get along without it. We look forward to its coming with pleasure and read every page with the highest enthusiasm and delight."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Above all names that won their fame
 In war's dread front, on land or sea,
 We write the loved and deathless name
 Of peerless Robert Edward Lee.
 Descendant of a royal race,
 A chieftain loyal, brave, and wise;
 A man of gentle, courtly grace,
 The soul of kindness in his eyes.

The full-blown and consummate flower
 Of that old life of gracious ease,
 A life of dignity and power
 Prepared for war at need or peace.
 A life that thrilled to martial call
 When foemen threatened native land,
 That offered for defense its all
 Of health or wealth, or heart or hand.

Through years with patient zeal he wrought,
 'Mid doubt and gloom was hopeful still.
 He trusted God, his highest thought
 To do his Master's sovereign will.
 At last he reached the home on high,
 And upward-looking spirits see,
 The brightest star in all the sky—
 The name of Robert Edward Lee.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES.

Lee's life is 'shrined beyond the blue;
 His fame is in the skies.
 Save duty, he no master knew,
 And with this purpose, wise,
 Into a purer sphere he rose.
 He glorified defeat;
 His laurel from each conflict grows,
 Alight with battle's heat.

His greatness was revealed, in sooth,
 When cruel strife was o'er;
 His saintliness made age and youth
 In Southland him adore.
 His worth was honored in the world,
 This knight of Dixie's pride,
 Who, with his war time flags all furled,
 As college chieftain died.

Lee was more earnest than the rest.
 Rev'rentially upreared,
 By Providence most richly blest,
 He was by many feared,
 Though by all trusted. Justice seemed
 The keynote of his course,
 Duty the anvil, whence oft gleamed
 The flashes of his force.

WORTHY OF ALL RESPECT.

BY HON. PAT HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

In the closing hours of the Fifty-Fifth Congress, at about 2 A.M., while the House was waiting for conference reports to be adjusted, Colonel H——, of Iowa, who commanded the 2d Iowa Cavalry, which pursued the retreating columns of Gen. John B. Hood out of Tennessee, approached me, saying that he had been told I was in General Hood's army and in the retreat from Nashville in the latter part of December, 1864, and that he wanted to talk with me about it. I replied that I was with the infantry and would be glad to talk with him. He said he commanded a regiment of cavalry pressing the Confederate rear guard; that the weather was so very cold his men, though heavily clad, having good overcoats and blankets thrown over their legs, suffered so intensely that he had to stimulate them with "jiggers" during the day; that about Pulaski, Tenn., he ran into the Confederate rear guard and captured several, who were thinly clad, without overcoats, and many of them barefooted; that he examined one haversack which had only acorns in it.

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell me how your men stood that fearful march, always ready for a fight, poorly clad as they were, many barefooted, with ice on the ground, and no rations."

I told him we suffered, of course, but got along pretty well; that every man had a poncho, a rubber blanket with a hole in the center for the head. The Colonel seemed astonished and said: "Ponchos? Where the devil did you get ponchos?"

"Why," I said, "Colonel, you must remember that about that time your government was furnishing both armies. We captured the ponchos from your people."

"But," he said, "even with that, I can't understand how human nature bore up under the trials of that very bitter weather," repeating that our men had not sufficient clothing, shoes, nor rations.

I asked him if they didn't have guns. He said: "Yes, every devil of them, and they were shooting them too. My men had to knock some of them down before they would surrender."

"Well," I said, "Colonel, our men were fighting for their homes; yours were the invaders; that makes the difference."

He shook hands with me and, courteously thanking me, remarked: "From that day I had more respect for the Confederate soldier than ever before."

The Colonel was regarded as the bitterest Republican on the floor; but from this time it seemed that a feeling of comradeship sprang up between us, and I was afterwards indebted to him for many courtesies. I do not know that he is yet in the land of the living, as I trust he may be; but in those days Colonel Peter Hepburn was a power on the Republican side, strong in debate, bitter in sarcasm, but with it all a genial, courteous gentleman and a wise legislator.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—The prejudged condemnation of Henry Wirz has but one parallel in history. There are documents still in existence among the archives of England from the quaint hand of Thomas Cromwell, the infamous Chancellor. "Ye, Abbott Redyng, must be sent down to be tried and executed at Redyng," and, "You must send ye Abbott to Glaston to be tried and also to be executed there; evidens to be well sortyd and endytments well drawn."—*Lieut. James M. Page, U. S. V.*

LIEUT. GEN. RICHARD H. ANDERSON.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The "Life of Lieut. Gen. Richard Heron Anderson, of the Confederate States Army," by C. Irvine Walker, is a delayed but worthy tribute to one of South Carolina's noblest sons, a great soldier of the War between the States. It is written by a soldier who himself won distinction in that war and was honored by his comrades with the chief command of the United Confederate Veterans, now their honorary chief. The book is well gotten up in paper, print, and binding. It is written in clear, easy style, with no attempt at flowery expression. It is an admirable example of what a biography should be, setting forth distinctly the character and achievements of its hero without exaggeration or concealment. It gives us a good general view of the splendid work of the Army of Northern Virginia, in which General Anderson was so prominent an actor; yet it does not weary us with details of campaigns, only giving us enough to make clear the part the General took in those campaigns. And the result is to set before us a vivid picture of a true man, a splendid soldier, and a great leader.

One of the remarkable things about the war and which was one of the important factors in prolonging the resistance of the South against such tremendous odds was the large number of military leaders of very great ability. Napoleon was not supported by an abler body of lieutenants, and among them was none abler than "Fighting Dick" Anderson. There was something in the life of the Old South that gave interest in and fitness for military affairs. As Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, once put it: "The institutions of the South promoted the aptness for command and the spirit of generous hospitality." Not that our people loved war, but they felt the obligation to defend at any cost their heritage of liberty and civilization won in war by their fathers. It was this spirit that led such men as Lee, Jackson, the two Johnstons, Anderson, Stuart, Forrest, Wheeler, and their fellow officers to sacrifice all earthly advantages for the beleaguered South. It was the true spirit of chivalry. Among the great generals of modern Europe, Gustavus Adolphus, Sweeden's hero-king, would be their prototype; while of such Federal generals of great ability who devastated the South, Sherman, Sheridan, Hunter, the prototype would be that great Hohenzollern, Frederick the Great, cruel and unscrupulous in carrying out his purposes, whose example is followed by Germany in the great war of to-day.

Richard Heron Anderson was descended from patriot ancestry. His grandfather, Richard Anderson, was a captain in the Maryland line and was distinguished in many severe engagements, and his wife was a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scotland's liberties. General Anderson was born at Hill Crest, the ancestral home in the "High Hills of Santee," in South Carolina. It was a home of opulence, and the boy was very popular among his associates for those qualities of gentleness, modesty, strict integrity, and courage which made him the man he became. In his seventeenth year he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was graduated in 1842, along with a class that furnished some of the most distinguished generals of the Federal and Confederate armies. After some years of routine service, he won promotion for gallantry in the war with Mexico, and his native State presented to him a handsome sword in recognition of his services. He continued with the army in various places until 1861, when he

resigned his commission and offered his services to South Carolina in defense of her rights. He was at once commissioned as colonel and began an active service that closed only with the surrender at Appomattox. In this time, by virtue of his wonderful efficiency in handling his men, he rose from the rank of colonel to that of lieutenant general. He enjoyed the confidence of General Lee, who personally and by letter to him expressed appreciation of his services. General Lee's letter commending the division was read to them, but with characteristic modesty their commander suppressed the compliment to himself. Absolutely free from egotism or vanity, his great aim was to do his duty and let his work speak for itself. He was a stubborn fighter, so that he got the name among the soldiers of "Fighting Dick." On several occasions his courage and tenacity saved the day. On two occasions his promptness and splendid handling of his men saved the army from fatal disaster. In the battle of Chancellorsville with three small brigades he held three corps of General Hooker's army in check until General Lee came up with his army. Again, in May, 1864, by his promptness in an all-night march he reached Spotsylvania Courthouse in time to prevent General Grant's occupying that point and so cutting off the Confederate army from Richmond. It was so in every position; he could be counted on to do all that skill, energy, and courage could accomplish. Two characteristics of his military career were absolute obedience to orders of his superior and readiness to take advantage of unexpected opportunity which required quick decision.

After the war General Anderson went to his mother State and sought employment to make a living. Making no boast of his achievements, he took the position of a day laborer in the railroad yards. Soon the President of the road recognized him and gave him more fitting employment. Thenceforth he held positions of trust, though not of high pay, until his death, in 1879, at the age of fifty-eight years. In reading this book one is impressed with the likeness in character of General Anderson to his revered commander, General Lee. There was the same modesty and gentleness, the high-bred courtesy of the born gentleman, the courage that defied any danger for the sake of principle, the same bold aggressiveness in action, and also the same humble faith in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The third chapter of the book deals with the causes and influences which led the Northern section of the Union under Mr. Lincoln's rule to repudiate the Constitution and to overthrow the government originally founded by the fathers of the republic and substitute for it a centralized nation by a war of coercion. This chapter is a very able presentation of the causes which forced the South to take up arms and of the great principles for which General Anderson fought to the finish.

I have but one criticism. One of its statements does unintentional injustice to that great soldier Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. In the second chapter, page 20, speaking of General Sherman's ability as a strategist and comparing him with General Grant, he writes: "Compare the campaign of Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta with Grant's from the Rapidan to Petersburg. Both used flanking movements. Sherman's army only slightly outnumbered Johnston's, but Grant's was double Lee's. Sherman's losses to Atlanta were not heavy; Grant sacrificed 65,000 men, more than Lee's whole army." The returns of the Confederate forces at the beginning of the campaign from Dalton show 45,000 in round numbers,

[Continued on page 182.]

THE VIRGINIA MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

FROM ADDRESS BY HON. LEIGH ROBINSON, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,
AT THE DEDICATION OF VIRGINIA'S MEMORIAL AT
GETTYSBURG JUNE 8, 1917.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

At the centennial commemoration of the birth of Robert E. Lee, held in the city of Washington in January, 1907, among the speakers was Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, who in opening said: "I vividly recall the pang I felt when there was brought to my house the body of an idolized brother slain in battle with the Army of Northern Virginia. At that moment I would have executed sentence of death with my own hand on General Lee. And yet," the distinguished Justice added, "I am here to-night, and willingly here, to add my leaf to the immortal wreath which time is fashioning for the brow of Lee."

The tribute is a forceful one to the still invincibility of truth. Time, the *edax rerum* of the Roman bard, whose beak devours all to which flesh is heir, in effacing what obscures releases what is imperishable—the spirit which triumphs over time. In time is fashioned the immortal wreath, yet not by timeservers, not by the policies of potentates, not by the genius of servilities, but by a spirit of power transcending man's, which man is powerless to resist, year by year takes shape more clearly the invincible impress.

It is my cherished faith that what is true of Lee is true of the cause we served, which pierced with wounds for us is sacred, and crowned with thorns for us is holy. The glowing pieties which laid down lives, laid down fortunes, laid down all save sacred honor will grow as time grows, will last while time lasts. The story of our arms is safe. Military schools abroad impart to their pupils for their guidance the valiant passions of our comrades and their captains. Our adversaries are willing to concede the prowess which gives point to their own. There is no need to defend the unsailed, still less the unsailable.

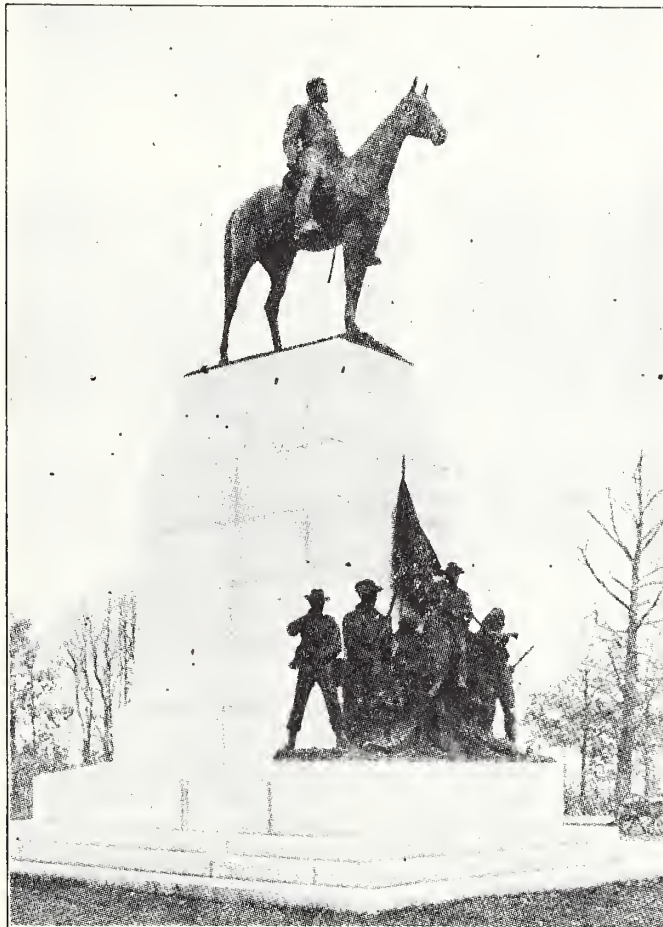
There is a voice which says: All this heroism was "ghastly error"; heroism for a cause which was intrinsically false—false to the rights of man. They who so speak think all too lightly of a cause hallowed by such sacrifice. In memorials like the present is felt the refutation of the charge. There are things too high, too deep, too appealing to the genuine grace of sympathy for memory to be other than a shrine. Better proof

could not be offered of the truth of a cause than the truth to it before our eyes to-day. There is in constancy to conviction a dignity it is instinctive to respect. Heroic fight for this is grandeur. That goes straight to the heart which springs profoundly from it.

To mingle with triumphal marches for shares in the triumph, to shout hosannas to success, and bow down to the idols it sets up is no novelty on earth. Evil does not cease to be evil because we follow a multitude to do it. Prostration before power is familiar; it is ancient; it is Oriental. It is prostration before the material. But when we assemble to commemorate catastrophe, to honor a valor rewarded only by its wounds, a sacrifice whose only witness is its cross, a phenomenon is witnessed, not to be explained by pride, vainglory, or hypocrisy. This is homage to the spirit. What, then, was that to which the South gave her unfeigned heart? What was and is the truth to which that heart indomitably clings? What the meaning of this constancy?

We lose sight of the deeper import of the War between the States when we shut our eyes to the fact that it was a strife between ideals facing in opposite directions. "They chose new gods," shouted Deborah; "then was there war in the gates." The attitude of the South in this divergence may be stated in the terms of one who in his day was a popular idol of the North. In his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," James G. Blaine wrote these words: "The Southern leaders occupied a commanding position. Those leaders constituted a remarkable body of men. Having before them

the example of Jefferson, of Madison, of George Mason in Virginia, and of Nathaniel Macon in North Carolina, they gave deep study to the science of government. They were admirably trained as debaters, and they became highly skilled in the management of parliamentary bodies. As a rule, they were highly educated, some of them graduates of Northern colleges, a still larger number taking their degrees at Transylvania, in Kentucky, at Chapel Hill, in North Carolina, and at Mr. Jefferson's peculiar but admirable institution in Virginia. Their secluded modes of life on the plantation gave them leisure for reading and reflection. They took pride in their libraries, pursued the law so far as it increased their equipment for a public career, and devoted themselves to political affairs with an absorbing ambition. Their domestic relations imparted manners that were haughty and sometimes offensive; they were quick to take affront, and



VIRGINIA TO HER SONS AT GETTYSBURG.

they not infrequently brought personal disputation into the discussion of public questions; but they were, almost without exception, men of high integrity, and they were especially and jealously careful of the public money. Too often ruinously lavish in their personal expenditures, they believed in an economical government; and throughout the long period of their domination they guarded the treasury with rigid and unceasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and against every form of corruption."

Civil liberty is the fruit of moral victory over selfish appetite. The antithesis of high and low is between those who sacrifice themselves for others and those who sacrifice others for themselves. When the spirit of unselfish duty and sacrifice therefor speaks with authority from the summit of the State, exists the commonwealth. The prolonged "domination" unfolded by this citation is that of prolonged fidelity to trust in the main at a pecuniary sacrifice. There is unfolded a glimpse of leaders who aimed to be sponsors of principles which would deserve, and by deserving win, sympathy and conviction, who aimed to prevail by persuasion, not by force, least of all by the force we name corruption. Not a few of these leaders might have said with Caius Gracchus: "We went into office with full hands and returned with empty ones." Their poverty was noble, for it was the poverty of principle. Self-dedication to common weal—the divine economy of *noblesse oblige*—is that which at the inmost core holds a human world together. Throughout a long "domination," Blaine being judge, the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Trust had not been violated. The great government is that which in the true sense of a fine word is a trust. Out of the struggle to establish justice, to thwart the innate selfishness, at cross purposes therewith, is achieved freedom. The domination described by Blaine is one of which it were safer for communities to have too much rather than too little. The strength of mutual service is the triumph of free government.

Blaine does not stand alone. On May 5, 1868, Hon. James G. Garfield said in the House: "In April, 1861, there began in this country an industrial revolution not yet completed. The year 1860 was one of remarkable prosperity in all branches. For seventy years no Federal taxgatherer had been among the laboring population of the United States. Our merchant marine, engaged in foreign trade, promised soon to rival the immense carrying trade of England." In November, 1877, the same member said: "I suppose it will be admitted on all hands that 1860 was a year of unusual business prosperity. It was a time when the bounties of Providence were scattered with a liberal hand on the face of our republic. It was a time when all classes of our community were well and profitably employed." Again on March 6, 1878: "The fact is, Mr. Chairman, the decade from 1850 to 1860 was one of peace and general prosperity."

The word of nature is "coöperation." As the royal Stoic affirmed, "We are made for coöperation." The matter for world decision is, shall it be coöperation in name merely, or in truth; honest or dishonest? Wealth of every kind, growth of every kind is a child of coöperation. Honest, noble coöperation creates the power that knows how to give stability to weakness, how to give itself for others, and by this glorious gift to build up and to bless; in this is root and essence of that we rightfully name greatness. Such coöperation reveals the supremacy of man's higher nature. In such noble presence of man's spirit man's government puts on a likeness of the divine. Then not without fitness may be

said: "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." Unselfish force is freedom, is truth and the truth of freedom. Slavery to self is that which denies the truth of freedom and all other truth.

It is because this moral domination over selfish aggression is the vital air of freedom that freedom is so rare, so difficult, so transitory, the ever-disappointed dream, the paradise lost as often as regained, reared out of ruin to be reared and ruined anew. Satan has been called the hero of the Miltonic "Paradise Lost." Of each subsequent lost paradise this brilliant angel has been the popular hero. From the beginning the snake of self has been the garden snake. The conflict of liberty may be spoken of as that between the false gods and the true or between the divine dignity of justice and the self-will of self-love. The upward road is not the easy road.

The strength of corrupt empire confides in the directness of the appeal to the corrupt affections; yet this empire again and again has had cause to be abashed by reiterated proof that the worship of material things ends in being the slave of lusts from which success has torn the bridle; finally, as in the sty of Circe, has followed reversion unto brute, fulfilling the sentence on the successful snake: "On thy belly thou shalt go." This is the pathos and parable of Babel, bound up with faith in the show of things, with material satisfactions, with selfish pride, with faith in power to climb to heaven on the top of brick and mortar—faith in a radiance cold as that of the icicle and which, like the icicle, melts in the ray which causes it to glitter. The confusions of self confounded the vainglory.

The force to countervail inherent animal selfishness is that hatred of injustice which also is inherent when the injustice is not our own. The instinct of justice, thus so often at variance with what seems expedient, faith interprets to be one with it, a heaven-taught expedience derived from the pang of heaven-sent experience. The fight of life is to be safeguarded from the selfishness of others and our own, the latter the more deadly of the two. The fatal idolatry, as it ever was, is still the deification of self.

If, then, it be said, The ideal republic would seem to exact an ideal citizenship for administration; and this is not by statutes, nor by constitutions to be created, yet the book which closed in 1861 was open long enough to illustrate at the parting of the ways a decent approximation to the excellence of high aims. Our citations give to us the glimpse of a power of justice which was a barrier to the injustices of power, a love of liberty without dissimulation, a dignity which had been sought and found in governing greatly a great people and not in plundering greatly a plundered people. The compact of union had been interpreted in terms of upright force at war with selfish force. The tradition of public justice had been translated into public life. This moral vigor, this clean administration, this face of flint against corruption, this marriage of right and duty is that on which free government depends. We are given the picture of Paladins who fought, as under a spiritual banner, for the faith to which their federal vows were plighted and against what was inimical to this, as against disloyalty, infidelity, essential treason. Until material force tore the ensigns of power from them, the sophistries to entice from honest government had not prevailed; moral force withstood selfish force. It is a solecism to speak of that community as free which can be correctly described as "corrupt and contented." The true "irrepressible conflict" is between the servants and

the spoilers of the State, between government as a trust and government as a spoil. In union there is strength—strength to exalt by unselfish, strength to degrade by selfish union.

A "domination" which upheld the banner of honor in public life might file strong claims to honor. A leadership and following attested and authenticated by such admissions might be thought to have deserved Roman triumph rather than Roman crucifixion. If the leaders and followers described by Blaine were devoid of "moral ideas," devoid of "higher law," at least they governed the country with a high honor, which their successors have not been impetuous to excel. The burden should rest on them whose prowess it has been to lay low in the dust this "domination"; to show as proceeding from their own something higher to replace it, some truer liberty, some finer justice, some nobler honesty. The "protection" demanded by these leaders and their followers was "protection against maladministration." In a measure had been bound the old serpent of self. If leadership fell from them, it was not because they had fattened classes by spoliation of masses.

The illustrious Hellenist, Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, is reported to have said to his students¹ that the War between the States was fought over a question of grammar to settle whether "the United States is" or "the United States are." He is reported to have given the correct grammar to be "the United States are." Our revered scholar is in this, as might be expected of him in any matter of scholarship, correct.²

No man can serve two masters. "We," said the South, "will cleave to the States, the original creative power." "We," said the North, "will cleave to the Union, the derivative power, the creature." Which is ultimate, creature or creator?

A French epigram with a dash of cynicism imparts the admonition: "Truth does not so much good in the world as its appearances do evil." To every height to which man climbs ascends from the abyss a whisper, so often the alluring whisper, "Cast thyself downward." The lure to betray the real for the apparent, the lasting for the transient, is subtler than all the beasts of the field. It is Satan's sophism. The archenemy is never so dangerous as when transformed by his own rhetoric into an angel of light. This is the arraignment of them who lost, a recreancy to the rights of man.

The right of man, whatever be intended by the phrase, did not, like the breadfruit tree of the tropics, spring into spontaneous activity. The one inalienable right of man is the right to justice. The duty of justice is correlative. It is justice, Plutarch assures us, "which makes the life of such as practice it the life of a god, as opposed to that injustice which turns it to that of beast." Right in ourselves without duty from ourselves is the sham scepter. The price of man's right for himself is the discharge of man's duty to others. Our duties to others, our duties to ourselves named our self-respect; it is not ours to relinquish. Rights without duties reign by the sword. The duties of the social organism are debts of obligation. We must discharge them or be defaulters. This debt of life is a debt of nature. The right does not exist to escape duty, trial, responsibility. The right to shirk is not one of the rights of man. As is the duty we have done, so is our strength, so is our duty.

Few things could be more sardonic than the crucifixion of Virginia by New England, with the approbation of Old England, for the sin of slavery.

Prior to the Revolution some twenty-three ordinances, in

the form of statutes, for the prohibition of the slave trade were passed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia, each in turn negated by Britain's monarch. On October 5, 1778, Virginia, in the exercise of her independent sovereignty, passed an act prohibiting the importation of any slave into the commonwealth; Virginia was the one sovereignty which in the eighteenth century enacted opposition to the slave trade. Twenty-nine years before England, twenty-nine years before the United States prohibited the slave trade, Virginia placed her abhorrence of it on the statute book. This law was in effect annulled by the demand of a solid New England in the convention of 1787 of the right to continue that trade for twenty years as condition precedent to union. The right was demanded to import slaves to Virginia against the will of Virginia. Nor was this all. The power of amendment incorporated into the Constitution, once more by the vote of solid New England, was inhibited from touching this right to import slaves for twenty years. It is true that for this twenty years' sleep of the law South Carolina and Georgia united with New England, but the former States could have accomplished nothing without the latter. George Mason and James Madison entered their ineffectual protest. "Twenty years," said Madison, "will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves." It should not surprise if thereafter the unsparing imprecation poured on the vendee in this matter should have been resented when proceeding from the vendor, so decisively *particeps criminis*; in fact, so preponderantly *particeps* as to have been conclusive cause. It was not slavery, it was the slave trade which John Wesley branded as "the sum of all villainies."

One decade after the last profits had been reaped by Old England and by New England from this compendious "villainy," on the application of Missouri for admission to the Union, the conscience of the North became active for the reprobation and prohibition of slavery therein. It was natural for the South to have thought and said: "You who sold us this property for love of gold do not strike us as exactly the apostles to curtail or contract the value of it for love of God, as no sign comes of your willingness to curtail or contract for the love of God the gold you were keen to receive for the sale." Upon the ear of the world's great Democrat and earliest emancipator the Missouri Compromise fell "like a fire bell in the night." Jefferson wrote: "It was under the false front of lessening the evils of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties." With a prophet's pen he wrote: "A geographical line coinciding with a marked principle, moral or political, will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper." To Lafayette he wrote: "It is not a moral question, but one merely of power, to raise a geographical principle for the election of a President." John Quincy Adams noted in his diary: "The discussion disclosed a secret. It revealed the basis for a new organization of parties."

By the will of Mr. Custis the slaves of his estate were to be emancipated five years after his death. The time having arrived in 1862, Lee, son-in-law and executor, caused to be spread upon the records of the Hustings Court in Richmond the necessary writing to effect the immediate emancipation of all the slaves at Arlington, Romancoke, and the White House. The few slaves which had come to him in his own right he had emancipated years before. Clearly Lee had not in view the retention of slaves by himself and had no personal interest in the retention or possession of them by others. We

have his own words for the grounds of his action: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in our endeavor." After hostilities had closed, he said: "I fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the people of the South their dearest rights."

At the time of the Revolution the right of a people to revoke abused power was thought to have been justified and fortified in the mother country by the revolution of 1688. It may be assumed that Lee had read and honored the forethought of one of his own blood in the natal day of Union. In October, 1787, Richard Henry Lee wrote to Edmund Randolph: "The representatives of the seven Northern States, as they have a majority, can by law create a most oppressive monopoly upon the five Southern States whose circumstances and productions are essentially different, although not a single man of these voters is representative of or amenable to the people of the Southern States. Can such a set of men be with the least semblance of truth called representatives of them they make laws for?" The presence of the minority under such conditions would not give consent of the governed, but only the futile fiction of consent.

The charm of exercising dominion over what is another's did not begin and did not end with property in slaves. From an early day the problem has excited the ardors of cupidity, how to capture the strength of the whole in the interest of a part. Such capture was intended and for the time accomplished by a bill which passed Congress in 1828 known to fame as the "Bill of Abominations." The Lee of Revolutionary fame, had he been living, would have seen therein, impending over the South, the presence of doctrines incompatible with the principles of our government. It was an enactment to employ the taxing power, to support private persons in their occupations, by augmenting the price of what they had to sell to the consumer who had to buy; an imposition upon the self-sustaining industries of the country to enable other industries not self-sustaining to prosper as otherwise they would not; a measure to foster inroads upon the harvests of agriculture to oil the wheels of manufacture, upon the harvests of the South for the manufactures of the North. It was not legislation to raise revenue for Federal exigence, but *pro tanto* to prohibit revenue by prohibition *pro tanto* of the imports which would yield it. Fifteen years prior to the War between the States it was officially computed that the self-sustaining industries of the country were taxed in this indirect way in the sum of \$80,000,000 annually, none of which went into the coffers of the government, but all into the pockets of the protected. That the citizen's private purse shall be taken for no other than a public purpose is the canon of free government. To the beneficiaries of exemption from the competitive strife to which the world of man (one might add the world of animal and nature) is ordained doubtless the same radiated as heavenly bounty. For them who were not exempted, but the more heavily subjected, *pari passu*, it would rise up as the licensed brigandage of power, the name of patriotism for the reality of booty.

A son of Virginia and of genius, John Randolph of Roanoke, thus expressed for himself and his commonwealth the enormity of the measure: "I will put it into the power of no man or set of men who ever lived to tax me without my consent. It is wholly immaterial whether this is done without my having any representative at all or, as was done in the case of the tariff law, by a phalanx, stern and inex-

orable, who, having the power, prescribe to me the law I shall obey. * * * The whole slaveholding country, the whole of it, from the Potomac to Mexico, was placed under the ban and anathema of a majority of two." Knowing, as few did, how to lay open in a sentence the leaven of the Pharisees, he branded this tariff of 1828 as the movement "to run the principle of patronage against that of patriotism." A reign of patronage for the profit of the patrons, of necessity, would shift Federal union from a moral to a material basis. It erects a machine of government to be oiled and burnished by abuse of government, wherein the incentive to victory would be the spoils to the victors. It would be power cemented by bribes. The champion of civil liberty (if happily he succeed) will always have cause to say with Demosthenes: "By resisting his bribes I conquered Philip."

In the year between 1850 and 1852 a statesman second to none of his own time, or indeed of any time, pointed out "how protection, the most insidious form of privilege, rendered honest government difficult and equal government impossible; how industrial selfishness, which did not scruple to beg favors from the lawmakers, would go on to demand these favors as a right, nor hesitate to keep them alive by corruption."³

The altruistic banner under which such fight is made is the homage of appearance to reality.

A space of thirty years was filled with the conflict of tendencies and counter-tendencies.

¹*Saturday Evening Post*, May 17, 1913.

²Section 3 of the Third Article of the Constitution provides: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies." On December 1, 1789, a letter of Washington to the Emperor of Morocco begins: "Great and Magnanimous Friend: Since the date of the last letter which the late Congress, by their President, addressed to your Imperial Majesty, the United States of America have thought proper to change their government." More lately Mr. Olney, in a proclamation of neutrality, referred to Spain as a power with which the United States are, and desire to remain, on terms of peace and amity. "The founder of our federate republic" is the title bestowed on Washington by Light-Horse Harry Lee in the funeral oration he was appointed by the two Houses of Congress to deliver.

³"The Life and Times of Cavour," by William Roscoe Thayer, page 130.

THE RED CROSS.

The cross means sacrifice. * * * So it began when first the cross

Loomed as the sign of conquest—victory over sin and death,

The grave and slavery. And then it means the highest loss

To pay for greatest gain; it meant He gave his breath

That all the race might live in liberty. * * * And now

The Red Cross flames, a sign of conquest over suffering

And pain, a token of relief, a badge of service. * * * How

Shall this great agency more perfectly effect its work to bring

Its service to the greatest need the world has ever known?

Just as that first red cross accomplished for the race

The infinite, unmeasured blessing through one thing alone,

So can this service be its best by exercise of grace,

Of sacrifice. * * * Until we "feel the giving" we

Must give to this great cause of helping liberty.

—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

[Third paper of the series prepared by the "Gray Book" Committee, S. C. V.]

Only a generation ago Raphael Semmes, commander of the Confederate warship Alabama, was widely advertised as a "pirate," and Robert E. Lee was stigmatized as a "traitor." Thousands of young Americans were taught so to regard these Southern leaders. Now, however, these terms are nearly obsolete; while many Northern historians, such as Charles Francis Adams, who fought on the Federal side in the War of Secession, and Gamaliel Bradford, who grew up after the war, have delighted in honoring Lee and other Southern leaders as Americans whose character and achievements are the ennobling heritage of a united nation.

It was more or less natural that Americans should have been led astray of the truth in the heat of sectional strife and partisan expression. Misconceptions have arisen out of every war. In fifty years, however, Americans have made greater progress in overcoming war prejudices than the people of other lands in twice or thrice that period. This is encouraging; yet the fact that the greater number of our textbooks, and consequently our schools, teach that "the cause for which the South fought was unworthy," that the Southern leaders "were laboring under some of the most curious hallucinations which a student of history meets in the whole course of his researches," and that "the South was the champion of the detested institution of slavery" still indicates a lamentable state of historical ignorance on the part of those who should know better. The characters of the Southern leaders are no longer aspersed, but their motives are besmirched or clouded and their cause unjustly condemned because it is still widely misunderstood.¹

Furthermore, since the beginning of the world war of 1914 the conduct of the Prussians, together with the character of their cause, has been compared with the character of the Confederate conduct of the War of Secession, together with the cause and character of Southern statesmen. Reputable magazines of wide circulation and writers of prominence have compared Confederate treatment of prisoners with Prussian outrages in Belgium and France. American newspapers also have printed literally thousands of such comparative references. Fortunately, nine-tenths of these comparisons have been made through ignorance of the facts and not through any malicious desire of the authors to defame the fair name of a single fellow American on the Confederate side or the cause which he represented.

Side by side with these accusations, in some cases generous praise is bestowed upon the former "Pirate" Semmes as having furnished a model for warfare on the high seas; and it is freely stated that his observance of all the requirements of international custom and of the dictates of humanity in civilized warfare held not only to the letter, but also to the full spirit of the law. It is not denied also that Lee, the Confederate chieftain and quondam "traitor," has offered the world the noblest example of orders of conduct for an army in the enemy's country that all history can show and that these orders were also carried out "even to the protection of a farmer's fence rails." The Boston *Transcript*, for example, took occasion in 1917 to publish these orders in full.

Nevertheless, in regard to the treatment of prisoners, the sweeping condemnation of James G. Blaine, delivered in an

outburst of war-inspired and partisan condemnation of the South, is still in a general way believed by Americans who have of late been echoing them, although in milder terms and in limitation of the number of those held to have been guilty. Mr. Blaine declared some ten years after the war: "Mr. Davis, President of the Confederate States, was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and willfully, of the gigantic murder and crime at Andersonville. And I here before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the low countries nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville."

Historians do not now accept this statement as true, solemnly made, as it was, by a man who a few years later barely missed election to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States. Furthermore, American historians, even if inclined to bias, do not now go into any detail in the matter of these charges. They refer the reader, however, to a mass of matter the major part of which is as false to-day as when James G. Blaine based upon it his colossal libel of Jefferson Davis and the military and civil authorities of the Southern Confederacy. As above stated, the so-called "general" historian has dropped this matter in detail, though Mr. Blaine exclaimed dramatically that it would remain as the "blackest page" recorded in the annals of all time. On the other hand, innumerable monographs have been written upon this subject, four-fifths of which are either false *per se* or else based on false evidence such as that which has misled so many Americans from the time of James G. Blaine and contemporary historians to editors of and writers in magazines and newspapers of the second decade in the twentieth century. With this notable exception, American history is rapidly freeing its narrative of misconception in all its phases. It is here that we now find the last great stronghold of sectional misconception.

If four-fifths of the monographs on prison life in the South are false *per se* or based on false evidence, it follows that one-fifth are true or approximately so. The writer has had the privilege of knowing personally a distinguished Union veteran who suffered privations and hardships at Libby Prison. Published in 1912, his story, as it affects his personal experiences, is doubtless true in every respect; yet this same good American helped to publish simultaneously another volume by one of his comrades that is a tissue of falsehood and slander from beginning to end. The voracious author seemed to take his mendacious comrade at his face value, and he advertised as worthy history a gross historical libel.²

Again, with reference to that portion of the truthful fifth part of the testimony in monographs or special articles which undertake to show the true conditions in the South, it should be said that a concerted attempt has apparently been made by individuals and groups to cry down, suppress, or defame the authors of these monographs. The average good American citizen who likes to believe that the people of one section "about average up to" the people of another is moved to amazement at the extreme violence of the attacks made upon men who on this one subject would say even the least in defense of their former opponents. "God knows we suffered there," said one of the ex-prisoners of Andersonville; "but we found out that the Confederate soldier had our fare and often less, and he was often as shoeless as we in time became. We were the worse off chiefly because of enforced

confinement, hope deferred, and longing for home and freedom." Men who have made such statements as these or who have defended their former captors and fellow countrymen from the charge of deliberate cruelty have been bitterly attacked in Grand Army Posts; not by men of similar liberal ideals, but by narrow-minded men who were otherwise good citizens and by bounty jumpers and deserters who made it their business to fan the flames of sectional passion so that the public would continue to support them in the way which has been exposed by Charles Francis Adams.

In some cases the thought of all this false testimony weighed like a heavy load upon the consciences of patriotic Union veterans who loved their whole country and honored their former Confederate foes as opponents worthy of their steel. One of these men who was thus moved to write what he held to be true had long looked forward to the honor of commanding his department of the Grand Army of the Republic. His published narrative defending the motives of his former captors cost him this honor, even though it contained no single word or phrase that reflected unfavorably upon the cause of the North. A historian who undertook to inquire about the veracity of the narrative was told by well-meaning men across the continent from the author that "the book was untrustworthy" and that the author was unreliable. A quiet and careful investigation was, however, made by him into the character and career of the "witness," and the favorable testimony of those in a position to know him best in all his relations led the historian to place the greatest confidence in his testimony.⁸

The charges preferred against the authorities of the Confederacy were for several years made the most important subject under consideration by the people and even the government of the United States. During that period the magnitude and violence of the accusations obscured much more weighty and serious problems and placed the South on the defensive; for it was not the better element in the North, but a radical and partisan minority, that had for the moment the ear of the country and the world. In one of the official reports of the Federal government Secretary Stanton used the following language: "The enormity of the crime committed by the Rebels toward our prisoners for the past several months is not known or realized by our people and can but fill with horror the civilized world when the facts are fully revealed. There appears to have been a deliberate system of savage and barbarous treatment and starvation." At the same time the United States Sanitary Commission declared: "The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the Rebel authorities, deliberately and persistently practiced for a long time past, to subject those of our soldiers who have been so unfortunate as to fall into their hands to a system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of those who have survived and been permitted to return to us to a condition, both physically and mentally, which no language we can use can adequately describe. * * * The conclusion is unavoidable, therefore, that these privations and sufferings have been designedly inflicted by the military and other authorities of the Rebel government and could not have been due to causes which such authorities could not control."

A widely circulated volume by a former prisoner at Andersonville, the largest of the Confederate prison camps, contains the following statement: "Inside of this inclosure thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-three Union soldiers perished. There is no spot on the face of the earth where

man's inhumanity to man was more fully demonstrated than in this terrible place, and the name of Andersonville will be a dark spot on American civilization for centuries to come. * * * To Jefferson Davis, his cabinet advisers, and to the demons whom they sent to these prisons to carry out their devilish plans and who appear to have been well adapted for that kind of work belongs the infamy of perpetrating one of the most horrible crimes known in the history of the world and one which will forever remain a blot and a stigma on that page of our country's history."

The official report of the committee in Congress on the conduct of the war contains the following statement: "The subsequent history of Andersonville has startled and shocked the world with a tale of horror, of woe, and of death before unheard and unknown to civilization. No pen can describe, no painter sketch, no imagination comprehend its fearful and unutterable iniquity. It would seem that the concentrated madness of earth and hell had found its final lodgment in the breasts of those who inaugurated the rebellion and controlled the policy of the Confederate government and that the prison at Andersonville had been selected for the most terrible human sacrifice which the world has ever seen. Into its narrow walls were crowded thirty-five thousand men, many of them the bravest and best, the most devoted and heroic of those grand armies which carried the flag of their country to final victory. For long and weary months here they suffered, maddened, were murdered and died. * * * These men, these heroes, born in the image of God, thus crouching and writhing in their terrible torture and calculating barbarity, stand forth in history as a monument of the surpassing horrors of Andersonville as it shall be seen and read in all future time, realizing in the studied torments of their prison house the ideal of Dante's inferno and Milton's hell."

Those historians who have at all investigated the matter regard such statements as partisan and untrue; but many historical writers who have not so investigated perpetuate in modified form these same falsehoods. When, for instance, so great a periodical as *Collier's Weekly* descends to such sectionalism, it does so in ignorance and not in malice. For this reason, perhaps, any such injustice as the following is the more to be deplored. In its issue of February 17, 1917, the leading editorial article is entitled "The Morals of Slavery," in which a résumé is given of Prussian outrages in Belgium under Von Bissing. The writer, who may have been an occasional contributor of national and international prominence, draws the following comparison, italics inserted: "The only prototype that the history of our own country affords for General Von Bissing is Captain Henry Wirz, commanding officer of Andersonville Prison. He *pleaded 'military and economic necessity' as an excuse for his acts* and in a general way *defended his cruelties* with the same arguments that have been advanced by the German government in defending the invasion of Belgium, the shooting of hostages, and the merciless exploitation of the labor and resources of the country. *He acted under orders*; he did only what conditions compelled him to do. *His defense was supremely logical to minds that had grown tolerant of the harshness of war.* But even at a time when leniency was exercised in the treatment of spies, blockade runners, privateersmen, and freebooters the Union government drew the line at Wirz's offenses. The severe logician was tried in 1865 by a military commission and promptly hanged. It is to his credit that he did not attempt to justify his cruelty to the prisoners by pleading his intention of improving their morals."

Collier's Weekly is perhaps the most popular of the publications that reprinted, with variations, an ancient error. The history of the historical statement of the prison charges runs from the early "conviction of direct complicity" on the part of all the civil and military authorities of the Confederacy to the indirect charge against them through Captain Wirz, a poor subordinate of Swiss birth, who was one of the commandants at the Andersonville Prison. Him his accusers hanged after the most unjust trial that this country has ever known. As late as 1917 the distinguished editor of *American State Trials* and the Vice President of the International Law Association was so far led astray by the "evidence" as to prepare a preface to the volume, which was separately printed and circulated, approving the charges brought against Wirz as properly substantiated.⁴

It is recognized by all who have carefully investigated the prison question that the civil and military committees and commissions appointed under strongly partisan auspices to look into the prison question rendered reports that are now known to be false. Shortly afterwards Southern officials, hampered as they were at that time, made replies to these accusations and published some of them. These replies of the Southern officials contend:

1. That, although it is not denied that there was terrible suffering and great mortality in Confederate prisons, this was due to circumstances beyond their control.

2. That if the death rate be adduced as "circumstantial evidence of barbarity," the rate was as high or even higher in the majority of prisons in the North, where there was an abundance of food and where shelter could easily be provided.⁵

3. That in the South the same quantity and quality of rations were given to prisoners and guards; but that variety in food could not be had or transported on the broken-down railway system of a non-manufacturing country, which system could not or did not provide sufficient clothes and food even for the Confederate soldiers in the field.⁶

4. That the Confederacy had arranged for the exchange of prisoners by a special cartel, which cartel was deliberately disregarded by the Federal authorities.⁷

5. That they offered to permit Federal surgeons to bring medical supplies to the prisoners, which offer was not accepted.

6. That, as the needs of the prisoners increased, they offered to buy (finally with cotton or with gold) supplies for the prisoners, which offer was ignored.

7. That medicines had been treated by the Federal government as contraband of war, so that the people of the South were often deprived of necessary remedies, not only for their sick and wounded, but the prisoners as well.

8. That prior to the period of the greatest mortality at Andersonville the Confederate authorities offered to release thousands of prisoners without requiring any equivalent in exchange if the Federal government would provide transportation for them. This offer was not accepted by the Federal government until too late to save the lives of thousands of those who died.

9. That the control of the prisons in the North was turned over by Secretary Stanton and the vindictive and partisan men (who were later responsible also for the crimes of Reconstruction) to the lowest element of an alien population and to negro guards of a criminal type, and that such men as President Lincoln, Seward, McClellan, and the best people of the North were intentionally kept in ignorance of conditions

in Northern prisons while officially furnished with stories as to "the deliberate cruelties" practiced in the South.⁸

¹Incredible as it may seem, these quotations are taken from three of the most widely used history textbooks in America at the present time. They have been written by men honored with high position in the teaching profession.

²This viciously false volume revives at this late day the following infamous slander on the officers in Forrest's command at Fort Pillow: "The Rebels began an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white nor black, soldier nor civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the work. Men, women, and even children were deliberately shot down, beaten, and hacked with sabers. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand and face their murderers while being shot; the sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the Rebels entering the hospital and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay unable to offer resistance. Numbers of our men were collected in lines or groups and deliberately shot. Some were shot in the river, some on the bank; and the bodies of the latter, many yet living, were kicked into the river. The huts and tents where the wounded had sought shelter were set on fire, both that night and the next morning, while the wounded were still in them, and those who tried to get out were shot. One man was fastened to the floor of a tent by nails through his clothing and then burned, and one was similarly nailed to the side of a building and then burned. These deeds were renewed the next morning, when any wounded who still lived were sought out and shot." For a complete refutation of these and similar partisan slanders against Forrest and his men, see Wyeth's "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest."

³The historian corresponded with this veteran's friends and acquaintances and interviewed others. One of them, a well-known and honored judge, wrote May 7, 1917: "Shortly after the publication of his book the Grand Army of the Republic met at —, and considerable feeling was expressed by —'s comrades there. Some disagreed with him radically, and the feeling against him was so intense that it prevented his election as department commander. He certainly would have been elected unanimously if it had not been for the publication of his book. At the time I was holding court in — instead of Judge —, the resident judge there, and remember talking with — after the election. He said he regretted that his comrades took the attitude they did, but, nevertheless, he had not stated anything but the truth in his book; and if it had cost him one of his life's ambitions, he could only regret the misguided attitude of his fellows, but he did not regret doing justice to a man to whom he thought grave injustice had been done." In the above quotation names of individuals are not given, for fear of causing bitter attacks by partisans on others. All names and correspondence are on file and may be published later.

⁴It must be remembered that this subordinate officer was convicted of *conspiring with* Confederate authorities in the crimes alleged to have been committed.

⁵The Confederate prisoners, including the three thousand officers, confined at Johnson's Island suffered tortures from both cold and hunger. Their rations were, by order of the Federal authorities, cut down to a daily portion of one-half a loaf of hard bread and a small piece of salt pork, which was served at noon. At Fort Delaware, in the summer of 1864, the rations were reduced to two crackers, together with an inch square of pickled meat and a cup of weak coffee. The only other meal of the day consisted of two crackers, with a cup of very weak bean soup. Occasionally a quarter of a loaf of light bread was substituted for the crackers. The crackers were often filled with worms, which many of the prisoners ate with a view to sustaining life. In the coldest weather two bushels of coal a day were allowed each "barracks" of 320 men. This supply of fuel lasted but a portion of the twenty-four hours. Hospital service was so bad at this prison that many of the men preferred to suffer and die among their friends in the "layers" of superimposed hard plank bunks. Each Confederate prisoner was allowed one blanket or an overcoat. Prisoners could not have both. They were deprived of money and allowed a limited amount of sutler's checks with which they could buy tobacco, etc., but no additional food. The dead, with their bodies stripped of clothing, were thrown into long ditches, so that years afterwards a committee authorized by Congress could not determine the dead nor put up tombstones. Official figures given out by Secretary Stanton show that 26,436 Confederates died in Northern prisons, and 22,576 Union prisoners died in

the South. Later figures, roughly estimated by the United States Pension Office, increased the Federal mortality at the South to 30,218. But, as Charles Francis Adams has shown, the records of the Pension Office are anything but reliable. (See "World's Work," 1911-1912.) Incidentally the record of deaths in Northern prisons was increased by several thousands. On the other hand, it is good to record that Confederate ex-prisoners themselves, out of their poverty, erected a memorial to Col. Richard Owen, commandant at Camp Morton, Indiana, in the first year of the war. As long as he was in charge this noble man did all he could to mitigate the hardships of prison life, and scores of Confederate prisoners confined there have borne pathetic testimony to the allowance of both overcoats and blankets (two)—an allowance that was cut in half, at least, when they were transferred to other prisons.

"The point as to *variety in food* is very important, for the lack of a wholesome variety caused certain diseases among the prisoners not suffered by the guards and Confederate soldiers fed on the same rations. The former, for example, could not in many cases eat the unbolted meal to which the Southerner was accustomed. This was particularly true of the great number of German and other prisoners of foreign birth, of whom there were many thousands in the Southern prisons. The first group of prisoners sent to Andersonville were several hundred foreigners. A large number of these foreigners and many native Americans from the Northern States could not at first eat this unbolted meal without experiencing more or less serious digestive trouble which left them in a dangerously weakened condition. Toward the close of the war a trainload of Federal prisoners northward bound halted by the side of another train returning Confederate prisoners to the South. The soldiers leaned from the windows of their coaches and bantered each other. The "Yanks" hurled at the "Rebs" some pieces of the despised "corn pones" which were to be exhibited as proof of the barbarity of Rebel fare. To their surprise, the half-starved "Rebel" prisoners seized these rejected "Rebel" rations, ate them ravenously, and yelled for more. In 1918, under the caption, "How Corn May Help Win the War," the United States Food Administration sent out an advertisement which reads: "When we use more corn, the Allies, our associates in the war, can use more wheat. . . . *They cannot use corn meal instead of wheat in their daily diet, as we do, because neither their cooks nor their appetites are adapted to it.*"

"The older partisan accounts, and present comparisons based upon these accounts, attempt to explain this by the statement that the Confederates refused exchange to negroes; but this point was brought up long after the cartel was systematically disregarded. There is an abundance of proof of this. The following extract from a letter from Gen. U. S. Grant to Gen. B. F. Butler, August 18, 1864, over a year after the terms of the cartel were violated, is indicative of the attitude of the highest Federal officer toward exchange: "It is hard," wrote Grant, "on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles."

"This Confederate defense against the charge of wholesale and deliberate cruelty to prisoners is amply sustained by the historical evidence at hand. The impartial historian, looking for all the salient faces, does find, however, as a kind of flaw in the frankness of the Confederate statement, admissions on the part of *reputable authorities* that there was evidence of executive failure in the commissary department. It may be said, however, that the same failure, in a more exaggerated form, was evident in the supply department of the Army of Northern Virginia. The immediate cause of the surrender of General Lee was the failure of support on the part of his food trains. *Although it is known that Abraham Lincoln was told of the alleged cruelties in Southern prisons and that he was urged to denounce them publicly, it is a fact that President Lincoln never did so commit himself. There is, on the contrary, evidence to show that he did not believe them. Being a keen judge of men, he well knew the character of both the accused and the accusers, the latter including both those who willfully misrepresented the matter and those who honestly believed the misrepresentations.*

[Continued in May number.]

Float out, O flag, from freedom's burnished lance;

Float out, O flag, in red and white and blue!

The Union's colors and the hues of France

Commingled on the view! —James Barron Hope.

REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE AT DALTON, GA.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

When the army went into winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., in December, 1863, General Bragg was relieved of the command of it, Lieut. Gen. William J. Hardee being placed in temporary command. He addressed himself to getting the scattered and disorganized commands reunited and a semblance of organization restored. Due to his ability and untiring efforts, the army did not present such an almost hopeless appearance when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived on the scene late in December, 1863, or early in January, 1864, to assume command. In a short time the evidences of his master mind were seen in the improved condition of things. The camps were arranged in the best possible manner for the comfort and sanitary welfare of the men; rations were looked after, both as to quality and quantity; clothing and shoes for the men were given special attention; the transport system (wagons, etc.) was given due attention, so that by the 1st of April a practically new machine had been evolved out of the broken one that came limping from Missionary Ridge a few months previously.

On a bright morning in April, 1864, the army moved out of its quarters for review by General Johnston, assembling on the plain west of Dalton at the foot of Taylor's Ridge and facing east. The artillery was parked on the right of the line, the infantry (Hardee's Corps first) following in line, with the cavalry on the left. The line, in two double columns, covered a front of more than a mile, as well as I could judge, and, with colors flying in the breeze and the officers in their best uniforms, not a few of them new, the panorama presented was a grand one.

All being in readiness, the grand event began. General Johnston, dressed in an elegant new uniform and mounted on a superb, thoroughbred, dapple bay mare, accompanied by his staff, handsomely uniformed and well mounted, appeared at the right of the line. With the flare of trumpets the band, on the right, began a lively air, and as the cavalcade started down the line General Hardee, with his staff, joined it, riding down the front of his corps, each division and brigade commander falling into line and riding down their respective fronts. This order was followed as each corps was reached, and the spectacle presented by this cavalcade was a most thrilling and inspiring one. The review occupied several hours, every moment of which was thrilling with interest.

It was the most magnificent sight I ever witnessed. There were about thirty-five thousand to forty thousand men in the review. General Johnston presented the most magnificent figure I ever saw as he bestrode his superb mount. He seemed a part of his mount, riding as easily as if seated in a comfortable chair. And the men thrilled with pride as they saluted their grand commander. His very presence inspired them with confidence, and that confidence was never wanting to the hour when he was removed from command of the army July 17, 1864. Not far from the scene of this review of the army stands the life-sized statue of General Johnston, the work of Miss Belle Kinney, of Tennessee, a fitting place for it.

While memory lasts I shall never forget the review of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton, Ga., in April, 1864.

FORREST'S EFFORT TO SAVE SELMA.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

After General Hood's disastrous and demoralizing retreat out of Tennessee in December, 1864, with his army worn to a frazzle, confusion and disorganization manifest everywhere, Forrest's Cavalry was the only part of the Confederate army participating in that momentous winter campaign that presented an organized front. It was during the last days of December that Hood's Infantry began to arrive at Tusculum, Ala., where they were immediately entrained for Tupelo, Miss., thence to North Carolina to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then confronting General Sherman and his countless hosts.

During January and February, 1865, General Forrest was at Verona, Miss., where he had established his headquarters early in January. Here he was occupied diligently in perfecting the reorganization and recruitment of his decimated command. One of his first measures was to group the troops of the several States into State divisional organizations. Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers, of Mississippi, was placed in command of the first division, embracing the different brigades of Mississippians; Brig. Gen. Abraham Buford, of Kentucky, was given the command of the second division, constituting the two brigades of Alabamians and, as General Forrest said, the gallant remains of the Kentucky Brigade—*i. e.*, 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky—Brig. Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennessee, was placed in command of the third division, comprising the two Tennessee brigades and Ross's Texas Brigade—*i. e.*, 3d, 6th, 9th, Willis's Battalion, and the 1st Texas Legion.

The ever-gallant Col. Robert McCulloch, with his intrepid 2d Missouri, was left without assignment, with instructions to report direct to General Forrest. This was a highly distinguished honor and deservedly merited, for Colonel McCulloch was one of his ablest and implicitly trusted officers.

In the meantime the Federal authorities had not been inactive. They had mobilized a corps of splendidly equipped cavalry at Gravelly Springs and Waterloo, Ala. Gen. John Buford had been detached from the cavalry arm of the Army of the Potomac to command this corps of veteran cavalry, but *en route* contracted pneumonia, from which he died at Nashville, Tenn., before assuming command. It was Gen. John Buford's Federal cavalry that first encountered the Confederate infantry at Gettysburg, Pa., composed of Archer's Brigade of Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps, and one of General Lee's famous brigades constituted of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee and 5th and 13th Alabama. Gen. John Buford was a first cousin of Gen. Abraham Buford, of Forrest's Cavalry, both being Kentuckians and West Pointers.

After the death of General Buford, Brig. Gen. James H. Wilson was detached also from the cavalry arm of the Army of the Potomac and brevetted major general for the occasion and placed in command of the Federal cavalry corps then mobilized at Gravelly Springs and Waterloo, Ala. General Wilson was a West Pointer and an officer of much experience, with a reputation for hard fighting. He had served on General Grant's personal staff and later commanded a brigade of cavalry under General Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia. General Grant in selecting and assigning General Wilson to this command gave him large discretionary power.

On assuming command about March 15, 1865, General Wilson immediately cut loose from his base on the Tennessee River with 13,000 cavalry and 2,000 infantry, which he later mounted, with three six-gun batteries, a small wagon train, and fifty wagons hauling his pontoon bridges, and took two lines of march southward with Selma, Ala., as his objective. The first fighting between Wilson's and Forrest's Cavalry (March 31) was at Montevallo, where the small remnant of the Kentucky Brigade, less than 500 men, under the gallant



From a painting owned by Col. V. Y. Cook.

FORREST IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Col. Edward Crossland, interposed itself across Wilson's path. The Kentuckians were later reinforced by portions of Roddy's Alabama Brigade; but the Federals were so overwhelmingly superior numerically that the Confederates were forced to retire, and for eight or ten miles Crossland's Kentuckians, dismounted and fighting by detail, relieving each other by regiments, were partially successful in retarding the Federal advance to enable General Forrest, who was endeavoring to gather such of his command as were within reach, to offer battle at the first opportune moment. The fighting extended late into the night.

Early on the morning of April 1 the Federals were promptly on the move; and General Wilson, now fully aware of the weakness of the Confederate forces in his front, having captured a courier with dispatches from General Forrest to Generals Chalmers and Jackson, who were widely separated from the scene of action, boldly pushed forward. The small units of Confederates opposing him of course retired; but there was some spirited skirmishing with the Federal advance by General Forrest, his escort, and portions of Crossland's Kentuckians, and for several miles rearward they boldly grappled with the victorious Federal advance. Later in the day General Forrest, with his staff, escort, and the detachment from the Kentucky Brigade of one hundred Kentuckians under Capt. Henry A. Tyler, of the 12th Kentucky, disputed with their strong adversary every foot of the ground.

By 4 P.M. the Confederates had been forced back to Bogler's Creek, at the conjunction of the Randolph and Maplesville dirt road, near Ebenezer Church. Here Roddy's Brigade was immediately formed across the highway supporting the artillery, which swept both roads from Randolph and Maplesville. On his left were Crossland and his Kentuckians, now less than 400 men, and on his right was Gen. Wirt Adams with the remains of the Mississippi State troops. They did not exceed all told 1,250 men, and to this force General Forrest added his escort and the detachment of Kentuckians, now totaling about 100 men, making General Forrest's entire force scarcely 1,500 men, with a six-gun battery. At this time General Wilson's first division, under General Long, came up and promptly and resolutely assailed Roddy's position with a battalion of the 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry with drawn sabers in the advance. The attack was handsomely and successfully done. Roddy gave way in disorder; but General Forrest, observing the disaster, came upon the scene with his staff, escort, and detachment of Kentuckians and succeeded in reestablishing Roddy's line.

At this juncture General Wilson's second division, under General Upton, approached rapidly by the Maplesville road and, in conjunction with Long's Division on the right, turned both flanks of General Forrest's line. So overwhelming were the Federal numbers engaged here that their double line of battle, four deep, overreached both flanks of the Confederate thin line of battle, and General Wilson still had another strong division, that of General McCook, but a few miles rearward and rapidly approaching.

At this point the four saber companies of the 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry with drawn sabers made another bold and handsome charge, which General Forrest with his escort and small detachment of Kentuckians gallantly met, but was swept back into the woods about a hundred yards by the over-

whelming stress of numbers, for his immediate followers now numbered less than one hundred men. Such was the momentum of the Federal charge that one of their horses, striking squarely against the wheel of an artillery wagon, broke every spoke and split the horse's breast wide open, throwing the trooper to the ground. A single Confederate artilleryman, who had remained at his gun, gathered a hand spike from the trail, dashed out the brains of the overthrown trooper, thence making his escape rearward.

It was now about five o'clock when General Forrest, his staff, and escort became engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with this detachment of the 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry, General Forrest's last personal encounter, so many of which had previously marked his brilliant career, and his escape from this one appears marvelous. Here he was attacked by at least half a dozen Federal troopers at the same time. Shooting one, the others dashed upon him with uplifted sabers, which he parried with his revolver, receiving several wounds on his head and arm. In the meantime the hammer of his pistol had been hacked away. His staff and escort and Kentuckians could not come to his assistance, for all at that moment were strenuously engaged in personal combats. Both sides of the narrow road were hedged by dense, impenetrable thickets, and the rearward was obstructed by a two-horse wagon which barred General's Forrest's escape in that direction, while the Federals filled the road frontward, frantically cutting at him with their sabers. General Forrest's horse, the always reliable King Philip, had been wounded; but it was not the habit of General Forrest to look upon any condition as hopeless. So, wheeling his horse toward the wagon, giving him the spur freely, and lifting him with the bit, the powerful King Philip rose into the air and surmounted the obstacle, completely clearing the wagon and going several feet beyond. Scarcely had General Forrest effected this feat when he was assailed by a Federal officer, Capt. James D. Taylor, of Company G, 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry, with drawn saber. General Forrest parried his thrust with his pistol, which was knocked from his hand; but, drawing his saber, he killed his brave and resolute adversary, who evidently had not expected the thrust of the saber by the left hand of General Forrest, who, being left-handed, always wielded his saber with that hand.

In the meantime his escort and small detachment of Kentuckians, fighting with their usual prowess, had checked the enemy at this point. The Federals had used the saber almost exclusively, while General Forrest and his immediate followers had used the pistol freely. The fighting was at close quarters, enabling them to aim with deadly results.

The next day, April 2, General Wilson captured the city of Selma, Ala., and with it all the vast army stores, arsenal, and ordnance depots of the Confederacy at that place.

In all this campaign, from Elyton to Selma, General Forrest was unable to bring Chalmer's and Jackson's Divisions into action confronting the Federal advance, the cause for which no one seems blamable; for at the beginning of the campaign General Forrest's three divisions were widely separated, being necessary by the impoverished condition of the Confederate commissariat, the troops being dispersed in order to procure the necessary subsistence for men and animals; and as General Wilson's drive was so rapid and his forces so overwhelmingly superior numerically, it was absolutely impossible for General Forrest to concentrate sufficiently to check the impulsive power of the Federal advance.

OLD SOUTHERN SONGS.

PAPER READ BY MRS. T. W. WILSON, OF NORTH CAROLINA, BEFORE
THE STATE CONVENTION, U. D. C.

There is an appreciation in our hearts for all things pertaining to the history and literature of "Dixie's Land," and the old songs have their little part in making the whole of that heritage of which we are so justly proud. That heaven-born harp which lies within each human breast thrills in response to the varied melodies of these songs, which have a charm that is mingled alike with joy and sorrow; for truly ours is a land of memories, a beloved land with beloved songs that breathe of patriotism and love and ideals. To the strains of our thrilling war songs the heartbeats quicken, and the unbidden tears will come.

Of these, it is "Dixie" that comes first in the hearts of the people. Both words and music are the result of the genius of Daniel Emmet, an Ohio man, who wrote it for a minstrel troupe then playing in New York in 1859. But "Dixie" had a new birth when in the fall of 1860 it was sung in New Orleans. The spirit of the times caught it up, and at once it became the national song of the South. The first time it was played by a band was on February 18, 1861, in Montgomery, Ala. This was a Southern band, and it headed the long procession which escorted President-elect Jefferson Davis to the Statehouse, where he took the oath of office and made an address. Some beautiful new versions of "Dixie" have been written, but attempts to change the old minstrel words for more appropriate ones have met alike with approval and protest.

"What! Change the words of 'Dixie,'
The good old song we sang
When leaden bullets marked the time
And silver bugles rang,
The lines that find an echo
In every Southern heart,
The strains that melt our very souls
Until the teardrops start?"

But it is the air of "Dixie" that has the strongest hold on the people. To its strains our Southern men and boys were called into soldier life. It was an inspiration throughout the four long years of warfare; and to-day no other music can bring from our veterans such a cheery, hearty, weird "Rebel yell." Not only that, but through the strains of "Dixie" world-wide homage is paid to Southern valor and chivalry. A Mississippi orator tells of an ovation given to "Dixie" in 1915 at the Grand Hotel in Paris. The band played a number of national airs, among them that of the great French Republic. The crowd enjoyed all; but it was not until the quick, glad tones of "Dixie" filled the air that every reserve light was flashed on, and there was a spontaneous, deafening, and prolonged applause. We are told that not long since, when our first ten thousand United States soldiers sailed out of the harbor for "somewhere in France," it was "Dixie" that broke the tenseness of the last moment and stirred the crowd to cheers. We are glad that they can take with them a song so truly American, one that carries with it not only a cheery message from the Anglo-Saxon South, but one that has helped to bridge the chasm of sectional feeling and make of the North and the South the great America of to-day.

Next comes the South's beloved anthem, "My Maryland." The author, James R. Randall, was a native of Baltimore, but when the war came on he was a professor of English in Louisiana. One night, after reading of the attack by

Massachusetts troops as they passed through his native city, he became too much excited to sleep, and in the middle of the night he arose and almost involuntarily dashed off the beautiful words of "Maryland, My Maryland." It was published in New Orleans, and, like the author of "Childe Harold," Randall suddenly found himself famous, and he will live through that one supreme effort as long as literature has a place in the world. The tune is the German "Tannebaum, O Tannebaum." Randall is the author of three other war songs. When Maryland was about to secede, he wrote "There's Life in the Old Land Yet." After that came "In Memoriam" and "At Arlington."

Like "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was first sung on the stage; and, like "Dixie" and "My Maryland," it was born rather than composed; and, like them, its fame spread from New Orleans. Harry McCarthy wrote this song after witnessing a demonstration in Jackson, Miss., when a bevy of Southern women marched down the Convention Hall bearing a banner having a single white star in a field of blue. He fitted his words to the air of "The Irish Jaunting Car" and in September, 1861, sang it in New Orleans, accompanied by his sister, who, in honor of the Texans present, carried the Bonnie Blue Flag. The house was filled with Southern soldiers on their way to the front, and at the singing of the song they went wild in their enthusiasm.

Besides these, there were many rollicking songs and touching ballads of which the war was an inspiration. Of the latter, "All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night" was a great favorite. Some of the other familiar ones are: "Tenting To-Night," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Just before the Battle, Mother," "Who'll Take Care of Mother Now?" "The Girl I Left behind Me," "When This Cruel War Is Over," and "The Homespun Dress." Not all are by Southern authors, but they were adaptable and became popular around the camp fires during the more pleasant hours of soldier life. Of "The Homespun Dress," we are told that when Sherman was marching through Northern Alabama a Confederate mail pouch was captured, and among other things was found a letter from a Southern girl to her lover in Lee's army. This letter contained the song entitled "The Southern Girl" or "The Homespun Dress." The letter also contained a sample from which this particular dress was made. The material used was a mixture of wool and cotton, the color gray, with a stripe of crimson and green, and it had been woven on the hand loom, which was then found in many Southern homes. Our mothers tell us with pride that this old song but echoes the sentiment that was then universal among Southern girls, and they smile and become reminiscent when they hear:

"This homespun dress is plain, I know;
My hat's palmetto too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We scorn to wear a dress of silk,
A bit of Northern lace;
We make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with much grace."

Stephen Collins Foster's folk song genius reached its height in the melodies of "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and "My Old Kentucky Home." The last mentioned is the twentieth of these old plantation songs, and in most cases they are doubly his, both words and music having come from his pen. Other familiar ones are: "Old Black Joe," "Old Uncle Ned," and "O Susanna, Don't You

Cry for Me." Foster was a native of Pittsburgh and never lived in the South, but his repeated pleasure trips away down South by steamboat must have helped a little in his wonderful understanding of the negro. Five years after the first appearance of "Old Folks at Home" four hundred thousand copies of it were sold. It has been translated into every European language, and even in Asia and Africa the natives thrill to its melodies sung in their native tongue. In the handsome granite and bronze statue which has been erected to his memory in his native city the sculptor has represented Foster sitting with pencil and paper ready to jot down some immortal melody, while below and beside him "Uncle Ned" strums happily on his banjo with fingers that do really look like "Cane in the Brake." "Uncle Ned," "The Louisiana Belle," and "O Susanna" are the first of his many songs in which he has endeared himself to the Southern people.

Then there are those old familiar home songs like "The Last Rose of Summer," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Silver Threads among the Gold," "Lorena," "Nellie Gray," "Ben Bolt," "Juanita," "Coming through the Rye," "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," and, of course, "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," and "America," most of which have been made a part of the South by association and inheritance.

It is interesting to know that the tender ballad, "Ben Bolt," is American; and the author, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, tells us that the heroine was a real character, as was the school-master "cruel and grum," and that the old mill and school-house were actual localities. Also Mr. Webster, of New York State, admits that his song, "Lorena," was written just after the hopes of himself and a real Lorena had been blighted. That there was really a Sweet Alice lying under the stone and a Lorena whose lover sighed for what might have been serves as a reminder that long, long years ago there was a real Annie Laurie over in that country where

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
And early fa's the dew,"

whose lover all in vain constantly reminded her of his love and of her "promise true."

Dr. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, believes the South to be a rich storehouse for variants of the pure English and Scotch ballads and has instituted a systematic search for these. He has already been rewarded by finding in the North Carolina mountains a variant of "Barbara Allen" which he believes to be nearer the true version than any yet found.

Coming back to patriotic songs, we find that our State song, "Carolina," has a place among the old songs, having been written by Judge William Gaston, of Newbern, in 1840, and that our American national song, like "Maryland," was written by a Southerner, a native of Baltimore. The air is that of an old English drinking song entitled "Anacreon in Heaven," which was brought to America in 1796, long enough to be Americanized.

Handsome monuments have been erected to the memory of Francis Scott Key, and everybody knows how, in 1814, he was detained on a British ship during the bombardment of Fort McHenry and how anxiously he watched the star-spangled banner throughout the day, until the darkness obscured it. And then great was his anxiety until dawn came and he beheld the beloved flag still floating from the fort. So great was his joy that, snatching an old letter from his pocket, he inscribed on it his feelings in the patriotic words of that song which is now played every evening when the garrison flags

of the United States are lowered, and wherever played all true Americans stand in recognition of our national anthem. As it goes on its message over the seas may it, together with "Dixie," help to cheer and inspire the soldiers of every nation who are so bravely fighting to "make the world safe for democracy"!

INAUGURATING THE PICKET EXCHANGE.

BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, WESSON, ARK.

In the September number of the *VETERAN* there appeared a very interesting article on the amicable relations which existed between the picket lines of the two armies during the latter years of the war. This was in marked contrast to the bitter feeling that prevailed earlier, both sides often making reprisals and seeming to take delight in stealing upon the poor sentinel as he walked his beat and shooting him down in cold blood. At the present day, in the painful contemplation of these unnecessary cruelties, we may draw some consolation from the fact that they furnished the occasion for one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems ever produced on the horrors of war, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night."

As I claim to be among the first to inaugurate this change in our system, perhaps it will be of interest to relate the circumstances under which it was done. The incident occurred immediately following the great battle of Fredericksburg, a brief sketch of which I shall here give.

The town of Fredericksburg is situated at the head of navigation on the Rappahannock River, on a narrow strip of land between the river and Marye's Hill, on which was the residence of a distinguished lawyer of that name. Below the town to the east the river lowlands widen out into a vast plain, extending for five miles to Hamilton's Crossing, on the R. and F. Railroad. This plain was skirted on the south by a wooded range of hills extending from the Marye residence to the crossing. Upon this range of hills General Lee's army stood at bay, Longstreet's Corps on the left in the town, and Jackson on the right, his line being about two miles at its widest from the river bank. The Federal army was at this time in command of General Burnside, who succeeded McClellan. He had spent over a month in making preparations for an advance, assembled a great army fully equipped and vastly superior in numbers to Lee's, and had placed in position on Stafford Heights at least fifty pieces of heavy artillery, commanding not only the town, but the entire plain below, under cover of these guns, with which the old town was shelled unmercifully. They crossed the river at two points, the main body under Hooker (at least 75,000) at the town site, while Franklin's Corps (about 30,000) crossed two miles below at the Bernard place, the residence of a wealthy planter.

It had not been a part of Lee's plan seriously to resist the crossing, but a small body of Confederate troops that occupied the town made so gallant a resistance as to delay the crossing several hours. There occurred one of the bloodiest struggles of the war. As many as five separate attacks were made. Great mobs of men were thrown upon Longstreet's line, each time to be beaten back with great slaughter. In the meantime Franklin's Corps had crossed the river without resistance with thirty pieces of field guns and, under the cover of those and the heavy guns in his rear, advanced across the plain and were permitted to enter the wood for a short distance, when Jackson's men, not waiting for them to reach the breastworks, attacked and drove them back across the field,

compelling them to take refuge behind the railroad embankment which traversed the plain about halfway.

That night the entire Federal army retired across the river, having lost fully ten thousand men and a considerable amount of war material. Our own loss was slight and would have been negligible but for a blunder of somebody on Jackson's line. A small regiment of about four hundred men had been isolated and placed in the line of the enemy's retreat and, being completely enveloped, was swept back with them and made prisoners.

On the morning after the battle at sunrise I received orders to report at General Hood's headquarters. On complying with the order I was placed in command of about seventy-five men detailed from my own regiment, the 3d Arkansas, and received my instructions from General Hood in person—to deploy my men as skirmishers and advance directly across the plain to the Bernard house, ascertain whether all of the enemy had crossed the river, and, if practicable, establish a picket line on the banks of the river. This seemed to be a somewhat ticklish job, as those heavy guns across the river, although two miles distant, could be plainly seen, and a heavy growth of timber covering several acres immediately around the Bernard place might conceal a large body of men. As we moved forward, the men marching at intervals of about fifty paces, we had gone about a third of the distance when a single shot was fired from the batteries in front, the 100-pound shell passing high above our heads and exploding beyond. As this shot was evidently not aimed directly at our line, but to warn us not to approach with too many men, we proceeded without halting and passed the house and the grove, three other shots being fired with the same purpose. Arriving within about fifty yards of the river bank, I called a halt.

It was plain that there was not a single enemy on our side, but they were evidently watching us from the heights above, not two hundred yards distant. I could see nothing of what was on the other side, as the bank on our side was about twenty feet high, while a narrow strip of ground about a hundred yards to the foot of the cliffs was only about four feet above the surface of the water. In going forward to reconnoiter, not wishing to make myself a target for the enemy's bullets, I took to my hands and knees and crawled most of the way. On reaching the edge of the bluff, I had a plain view of everything beyond and soon discovered a Yankee sentinel about eighty yards distant (the river being about seventy-five yards wide) trying to conceal himself behind a fringe of bushes on the river bank. After considering for a few moments what I should do, I called out: "Hello there, Mr. Yank." He responded at once: "Hello, yourself." "I want to know if it is peace or war." Promptly came the reply: "If you won't shoot, I won't." I then said: "I wish to make a bargain with you. I intend to place a line of pickets on this side of the river. If you will not fire upon them, we will agree to keep the peace." "All right," he answered, "and thank you." I then moved the men up and proceeded to place the pickets about two hundred yards apart on a half-mile front.

On my return to the starting point, I found a considerable group from both sides assembled, and they were having a gay time chaffing each other. As I came up a Yank called out: "How many men did you fellows have in them woods over there?" "Only a few thousand; we didn't need many." "I know better," said the Yank. "You had at least fifty thousand." "No doubt you thought so, you were in such a hurry to leave." "Anyhow," says the Yank, "we caught a lot of

your men and brought them back with us." "O," said the Confederate, "we let you have a few to keep your courage up." These were the men that only a few hours before were in deadly conflict.

The following will record the most remarkable and unique of all my experiences as a Confederate soldier. After completing my duties in establishing a picket line, I started out on an exploring expedition. One who has never witnessed it cannot imagine the débris of a large army retreating in haste during the night from a position occupied by them for nearly twenty-four hours. Scattered over an area of about fifty acres, there was something of almost everything that belongs to the equipment of an army. There were a few dead bodies left unburied, a few small arms, a quantity of ammunition, several pieces of artillery dismounted, many broken wagons, ambulances, and a great quantity of camp kettles, which were much wanted in our army; but the most conspicuous article scattered all over the place was the hardtack, which is the staple food of an army in an active campaign. A great many of the boxes were unbroken, others were half used, until the ground seemed to have been sown with bread, most of it trampled underfoot and spoiled.

The Bernard house, with its magnificent grove of oaks and chestnuts, was about one hundred yards from the river. All of the usual surroundings of a well-kept and prosperous plantation, including garden and fencing, were utterly demolished; but the house itself was intact, undamaged both inside and out. This was owing to the fact that General Franklin and his staff occupied the house up to the last minute. The owner of the place, being a hot Southerner, gave offense to some officer and was carried away a prisoner; nor was there a human soul in charge. It was a magnificent building, perhaps the most costly rural residence in the State. The walls were of solid stone, in colonial style and Grecian order of architecture, with lofty columns in front. During the battle one of these columns was struck by a cannon ball, slightly wounding General Franklin as he stood at its base. I was the first man to enter and explore this building after the enemy left and found everything seemingly just as the owner had left it. The furniture was of the finest quality and in keeping with the outward surroundings. The reserve picket guard had permission to spend the night in the building, with orders to disturb nothing. I selected as my own quarters, along with the corporal of the guard, the library, which I learned was Mr. Bernard's chief living room, as he was an old bachelor of literary tastes. It was a large room with a lofty ceiling, from which was suspended a beautiful chandelier. One of the walls was lined with books from floor to ceiling in mahogany cases. The other walls were decorated with costly paintings, one of which was a life-sized picture of Cleopatra in the act of applying the asp to her bosom. The carpet was of the finest Brussels. There were luxurious rocking-chairs and sofas, with marble top center table and, to crown all, a wide and beautifully tiled fireplace. As the weather was intensely cold and wood plentiful and convenient, we soon had a roaring fire. Drawing a sofa up to the hearth rug, I proceeded to luxuriate to my heart's content.

Let us contrast these surroundings with the ordinary camp life of a Confederate soldier. We will suppose it to be night-fall at the conclusion of a long and weary march, perhaps through snow and slush, torrents of rain, or wading through mud. But we proceed to bivouac with nothing to cover our heads but the canopy of heaven, no bed but the hard, cold ground; and yet the soldier was not altogether without his

comforts. It was my custom before lying down to gather a few dry leaves or pine tops and upon these spread my little bit of oilcloth and then my blanket folded around. I would then proceed to recline upon the improvised couch, not of eiderdown by any means, but at least affording some degree of comfort, to which a blazing fire in front contributed the most. When I was a boy at school I remember studying a little book on natural history in which there was the picture of a fowl, now extinct, called the dodo, the peculiarity of which bird was that when pursued by an enemy it would run and thrust its head in the first thicket, seeming to think that if its head was covered it would be safe from attack; and so if the Confederate could only place his feet close up to a big fire, it mattered little about the rest of his corporosity. He would soon fall into that profound slumber so beautifully described by the poet:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Returning to the Bernard house, strange to say, I slept but little that night. Though I had to visit the picket line at midnight, the true reason for my sleeplessness was the attraction of those books. I believe I spent most of the night in reading the titles without looking at the contents. At this period of my life I had a sort of passion for reading, and it was seldom amid the most active campaigns that I did not find something to read. The most popular author in the South during war times was Mrs. Augusta Evans, and I remember with what keen delight I read between marches and battle her "Macaria." It was printed on wall paper and without any covers. I managed to send this book over to Arkansas to the little woman who was to be my wife when this "cruel war was over" and whose spirit is now awaiting me in heaven.

We were relieved on the following morning, and as a sad sequel to this story I mention that not more than a month later this beautiful mansion on Marye's Hill was burned to the ground, nothing being left but the bare walls. Whether the contents of the building were removed first, I do not know; let us hope they were. But it grieves me to have to record that this wanton destruction of the property of a friend of the South was due either to the carelessness or the vandalism of our own men.

THE SIXTH GEORGIA CAVALRY.

BY J. W. MINNICH, PORT ALLEN, LA.

The VETERAN for December contains an article from the pen of W. G. Allen concerning the burning of Loudon Bridge, Tennessee, in which he says that in the last days of July, 1863, Scott's Brigade, "1st Louisiana Cavalry, 5th Tennessee (M. H. Ashby), Col. G. W. McKenzie, and the 6th Georgia, Col. Henry Hart," performed a series of services in Kentucky under Wheeler. Now, I wish to state positively that this is an error so far as the 6th Georgia is concerned. A bit of personal history, as well as company and regimental, will not be out of place here.

I was sworn into the cavalry service on the 18th of August, 1862, with ten or eleven others at the same time, by Gen. Humphrey Marshall (at his office in Abingdon, Va., he being in command of the district of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee at the time) as members of Capt. William H. Rowan's company of Kentucky Rangers. This was, as were many others, an independent company, subject to no particular commander, so far as I ever learned. We went where we listed or could and did what we could and to the best

of our ability in a strictly legitimate manner. During the time I served in the Rangers, apart from looting an abandoned shoe store belonging to a Union partisan in Louisa C. H., Ky., the command committed no offense against persons or private property. The above offense may be cited against us; but many of us, fully one-half, were barefoot, or what amounted to about the same. I myself was wholly barefoot, my feet badly swollen from heat and tramping over the mountains ninety miles from Tazewell County, Va., by way of McDowell C. H. to the Wyandotte and Big Sandy at Louisa Courthouse. I had not yet secured a mount, so with more than half the others we had to foot it, being given a "turn" when we became lame or tired out. Our shoes did not wear well that summer, and mine had given up the ghost at McDowell; hence we considered abandoned shoes and boots as legitimate spoils of war, though Captain "Bill" told us to pay for all we took if we could find the owner and further stated in plain English that only those in need were to take any and that he would pay for those who had no money, adding as a finale: "My company is not a gang of damned robbers."

But the store owner and his family on hearing of our approach had hastily shut up shop and decamped to the hills and thick timber. We were accompanied by Colonel Harmon's regiment, the 1st West Virginia Cavalry, mountaineers. The next morning the commands moved up the Sandy to the hills and became engaged with the home guards with negative results. Our company lost its second lieutenant, severely wounded and captured; one man was slightly wounded and one mortally wounded, Tom Petty, who died the following night, and we buried him in the town's cemetery in the morning. Poor Tom! We all regretted to lose him, a good soldier and always jolly comrade.

That day we "struck out" for West Liberty, Ky., and on the way I got me a mount with "U. S." branded on the shoulder. The boys immediately dubbed him "The Mountain Corncrib," and he fully justified the name—sixteen hands high and over, and so lean and worn out that his bones were the most prominent of his *tout ensemble*. I could easily hang my hat on his hip, and it would stay there. He was evidently a broken-down artillery horse and had been abandoned after giving out, but he was as gentle as a dog. With help I got aboard of him with only a bit of line for a bridle. At West Liberty I found a snaffle bit bridle, minus reins and throat latch, and an old saddle, minus girths; but with the aid of my bit of rope I contrived to rig myself out in shape to ride. It was time I found a saddle, as one day's riding bare bones had almost sawed me in two. Well, that old nag afforded to the company as much fun as a whole string of circus. At West Liberty, for lack of commissaries, we lived on the "fat of the land," which had been denuded of all foodstuffs by Morgan and then by Union cavalry until not an ear of corn could be found for love or money—only dry, dead cornstalks for our stock and a field of pumpkins. And for two days these were our only food, and no cooking utensils. We would cut a hole around the stem, lift it out, scrape out seeds and entrails, put in a pint or more of water, set the pumpkin as deep as possible in the hot ashes and coals, and cover the whole with coals and "let it stew." Sometimes the pumpkin when oversteamed, baked, or boiled would be too soft to lift out of the fire whole, and then there would be a mess in the ashes. I ate enough ashes from which to distill enough lye to make a bar of soap, something we were much in need of just then.

Leaving West Liberty, we went by way of Cliff Creek and joined Buckner and the rear guard of Bragg's retreating army and on into Southwest Virginia by way of Pound Gap, crossing the mountains October 21. On the 20th it had snowed for twelve hours, and we found ten inches of snow in the Gap proper. We landed first in Bristol, Va.-Tenn., and thence rode to Knoxville, from where we were sent to Cumberland Gap, where we first met with the 6th Georgia Cavalry and with it made a raid into Harlan County, Ky., in January or February and met with the mountaineers (bushwhackers) in full. "But that is another story," as Kipling says. Coming back to Cumberland Gap in a second driving snowstorm, the Rangers were stationed on outpost duty just above the falls in the gap of Pine Mountain, holding the post until spring, when a party of Union cavalry from Barboursville raided us and broke up our camp. But they were forced to retire faster than they had advanced against us. In fact, we rushed them so swiftly that they were forced away from the Cumberland Ford, at what is now Pineville, the Gibson farm then, and drove them down the left bank of the river. We had only one man wounded and one horse killed.

After that we were withdrawn to the Gap, with only a picket post at Yellow Creek Bridge. There in March I obtained a transfer into the 6th Georgia and served with it until captured on January 27, 1864, at Hamburg, five miles, more or less, above Sevierville, Tenn. I became a member of Company G, organized first in Floyd County, Ga., and under the name of the Sardis Volunteers in 1862, with John R. Hart, captain; Alfred Bale, first lieutenant; John R. Lay, second lieutenant; William James, third lieutenant. When I joined, John R. (not Henry) Hart commanded the regiment, and until the war ended he was its commander in A. J. Iverson's brigade. Therefore I am in a position to state positively that from December, 1862, to the end of the war the 6th Georgia Cavalry never served under Col. John Scott, of the 1st Louisiana. I knew Colonel Scott personally, besides. After the battle of Chickamauga, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th Georgia were brigaded under Col. C. C. Crews, of the 2d Georgia, and became the 1st Brigade of Georgia Cavalry. The 6th left Mossy Creek in May, 1863, 963 strong, and the day I was captured counted only 439 men. We served during the Chickamauga campaign with Scott's Brigade, composed of the 1st Louisiana, 5th Tennessee, 10th Confederate (Col. T. C. Goode), and a section of Morgan's Cavalry under Captain Martin, Pegram's Division, our 3d Brigade (on detached service), commanded by Colonel Hodges. These are the facts.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[This correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his mother and sisters in Alabama was contributed by Joe H. Bowman, of Franklin, Tenn., whose friendship with the family dates from the war.]

IN WINTER QUARTERS BY HIS OWN FIRE,
January 24, 1863.

Dear Mary: Hill's Division for ten days past has been engaged in constructing log huts for winter quarters, and I am now seated on a rude stool by my own fireside writing this letter. My messmates are John P. Elsbury, David M. Smith, William Collins, Robert L. Hallonquist, and Morgan L. Bobbitt; and if the Yanks will behave themselves till spring, we will doubtless have a fat time of it. It is true

we have no soft beds on which to repose our weary carcasses, but we have a roof above our heads that will defy all the rain and snow that can fall. The past five days have been the most disagreeable we have had this winter. It has rained in torrents nearly the whole time, and in consequence the mud and water in our quarters are about a foot deep. I am glad of it, as old Rodes would die if he could not have the men double-quicking five hours a day. If we can manage to stay in our present location, I would not care if it rained daily till next April.

An order was issued sometime ago granting furloughs to two men at a time until all had gone home who had not been. To-day Stone W. Jackson, Esq., revoked said order. I presume because he anticipated that his ancient friends, the Yanks, would make a movement of some kind soon. So no more of the boys will be home till—well, I don't know when.

You ask if I am in need of pants. If you could see me, you would not ask that question, as I am nearer out of "kivering" than I ever was before in my life. I wrote ma my wishes, however. * * *

Your brother,

THOMAS.

ROUND OAKS CHURCH, CAROLINE COUNTY, VA.,
January 30, 1863.

Dear Mary: I am sick with cold and my old complaint, but am much better now. I feared the worst a few days ago, but, thanks to a good constitution, I am able to travel around again as usual in good weather. I have come to the conclusion that I am a pretty bold fellow and a brave fellow, or I would never trust my carcass on such a pair of legs as I now unfortunately possess. I am leaner than I have been in a long time; and if you have ever read Cervante's description of Don Quixote, you have my photograph. My general health has been good nearly all the time, but somehow or somehow else I don't fatten very rapidly. As soon as winter is over I suppose I will regain what I have lost in flesh or fill six feet of Virginia ground. Don't think from this that I am at all in a serious condition, for I am in as good health as I ever was, only I can't get as fat as I could wish.

The snow now lies to the depth of one foot on the ground, and such a time I never saw in my life. About two hours ago the 5th, 12th, 6th, and 26th Alabama Regiments came over and took position on a hill in front of our quarters, all under the command of their field officers, and defied the 3d to a snowball battle, which was readily accepted on our part. Both sides deployed skirmishers as usual in a regular battle; and after a hard snowball fight, the 3d had to succumb, hoist the white flag, and submit to conditions. They have all banded together now and gone to try to frail out the brigade of General Colquitt. I could only look out of my door and see the fun, but I must confess that so far as my observation extended I could not see anything very funny about the affair. The ground being hard-frozen, the snow will probably lie on the surface for weeks; and as the soil here is red clay, it will be a long time before we will have any military operations of importance. The Yanks the day before the snow fell had a trap, as they thought, nicely fixed to give us an unmerciful whaling at this place.

It seems from what the Northern papers state (they thought at the time that the plan was so near its execution it would do no harm to let the "cat out of the bag") that the grand division of Franklin was to cross the river ten

miles above Fredericksburg for the purpose of gaining our rear.

Sumner and "Fighting Joe" Hooker, as the Yankees love to call him, were to pontoon the Rappahannock in our immediate vicinity and attack us in front and on the flank. This nicely concocted plan was spoiled by the weather; and if it had not been, General Lee, the sly old fox, would, as he was as well posted in regard to the movements of the army of Burnside as that redoubtable individual was himself. We are so sorry that the weather prevented the expected fight, as we would undoubtedly have given the Yanks the worst whaling it ever was the evil fortune of that rascally race to receive. We have the position on them here, the generals to lead, and the boys to execute any command they may give, and, moreover, a more confident set of mortals was never seen in any age or country. We are probably now doomed to inaction for a series of weeks, and, in my opinion, the war will be prolonged that much longer. You again ask me if I am in need of clothing. I wrote ma sometime ago that I was much in need of a pair of pants and jacket, and that want has not yet been supplied. If she can make them, they can be sent by Jule Rast when he returns. The pants she made me when I was at home did not last long, but I have to wear them now for want of something better.

The last three letters I had from you stated that Miss Sallie had just spent three weeks with you. Am I to understand that she visited you three times and spent as many weeks with you on each occasion? As she is tolerably good-looking and reputed to have a reasonable share of plunder, and as I will come out of the war about as rich as I entered it, I would like to manage to get her to say yes when I ask her to marry me.

John Elsberry, a fellow soldier and messmate of mine, is now on a visit home on furlough. He will go to see his uncle, who resides near Ash Creek Church, and, if possible, will visit Collirene and Mr. Rast. Any little article you want to send he will bring me.

Your brother,

THOMAS.

THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF RICHMOND.

[From a paper read by Capt. Frank T. Ryan before Atlanta (Ga.) Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., on April 18, 1904.]

On the advance of a portion of General Bragg's army, under the immediate command of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, into Kentucky in the month of August, 1862, we entered the State at a little town called Barbourville, in the southeastern portion of the State. On the second day's tramp, after leaving Barbourville, having extended our day's march into the night, our pathway was lighted only by the jeweled stars of the firmament, which from their empyrean heights shone in all their pristine glory and splendor. It must have been 9 P.M., and we were still trudging along, footsore, weary, and hungry, when I espied a strong, masculine-looking woman standing in the doorway of a little one-room cabin that stood several yards back from the road. She was shading her eyes with her hands from the light that came from some lightwood fagots which were burning in the broad, deep fireplace of the cabin, and as she peered out into the darkness, attracted by the rumbling, rustling noise made by the patter of the many feet, endeavoring to detect what it was, I could see her much more plainly than she could see me. As she stood directly between me and the burning lightwood knots, she did not

see me until I was within a few steps of her. I made as stately a bow as I could and, raising my greasy wool hat, said: "Madam, will you be so kind as to inform me how far ahead will it be before we find a stream of water?" Seeing my garb and judging from the time we had been in passing that we were the Southern army, she, doubtless the wife of one of those bushwhackers who had given us no little trouble ever since we reached the mountainous region of East Tennessee and Southern Kentucky and who was then in all probability lurking dangerously near seeking an opportunity to give us one of his murderous bullets, with a scornful, contemptuous look, answered me in a snappish, petulant manner: "I guess you will find it in the Ohio River." Little did she think that we would eventually find water and drink of it from the Ohio River, even though we were at that time two hundred miles away, with a body of Federals to encounter and every other known obstacle intervening and with nearly every person in that portion of the State unfriendly.

About ten o'clock that night we were turned into a large field where the bushes and briars were nearly as tall as one's head, growing along the banks of the creek. I have often wondered why it was that more of us were never snake- or spider-bitten, but it was seldom that one ever heard of such a thing, although we were turned into all kinds of thickets at all hours of the night, the places where snakes, spiders, and other poisonous reptiles and insects naturally abound; and it was very rare that a soldier ever made any kind of examination, for, being tired and sleepy, he spread his blanket and threw his tired, weary body down and in a very few moments was given over to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

At the end of the third day out from Barbourville we were halted for the night on the banks of the stream called Rock Castle Creek, which runs at the southern base of quite an elevation known as Big Hill. I remember washing out my underclothes that night, hanging them out on a bush to dry, and lying down stark naked, wrapping myself up in my blanket, and thus I slept all night. The next morning they were not quite dry; and as they were, all I had, I put them on quite damp and let them dry on me as I walked along until I moistened them shortly again with profuse and continued perspiration, as the sun was extremely hot and our walking brisk, and we made an extra long day's march, half of which was climbing a small mountain, requiring effort and exertion. Is it not a wonder that such exposures which we endured daily did not produce fever and other sickness and a much larger percentage of deaths than really happened? and is it to be wondered at that those who survived the bullets and exposures are now subject to rheumatism and other acute pains and sufferings?

The next morning before resuming our march a general order was issued requiring us to fill our canteens with water, also stating that we were about to cross a small mountain known as Big Hill, and the probabilities were that no more water could be had until we had crossed over, which would be after night. That was the only time during my war experience I was ever compelled to refuse a comrade a drink of water; but the hill, or portion where we traveled, was entirely destitute of water. It was eighteen well-measured miles, a stream of water running at the base on each side, and that alone was our dependence for water during that memorable day. Some of the men did not have water to last them longer than midday, and there was a great deal of suffering. It was fully demonstrated that day that some men

require or use a great deal more water than others. Taken all in all, that was the most dreary, desolate, and fatiguing day's march I ever remember of making during my three years' soldier life. I do not remember seeing a habitation or meeting a living soul outside of our command. The absence of animal life was very conspicuous—not a note from a bird or a chicken, nor the deep-mouthed welcome of the watchdog. They either did not inhabit that desolate, lonesome territory, or they had fled at our coming.

This hill divides the northern, or blue-grass, region of the State from the southern, or mountainous, portion. The former is rich and productive, slightly undulating, a lovely scenery to behold; while the latter is generally barren, wild, and mountainous, the contrast being most distinctive. It took us the whole of one long, hot summer day, hard and continuous walking, to foot it across this Big Hill. We camped on the north side of Big Hill that night, and it must have been about one o'clock, in the midst of the deepest slumber, when we were partially aroused by some great noise. Soon in our half-awakened state we distinguished the cry: "Horses stampeding! Look out for yourselves." I remember well that when I was aroused and knew well what I was doing I found myself halfway up a tree, which I had climbed in my semiconscious state. Others were running around and around in a sleepy condition, calling for help. For twenty minutes it was a general uproar, and everything was in a state of confusion and disorder. After awhile the horses were recaptured and securely fastened, and we returned to our well-earned slumbers.

Those who have never witnessed a lot of horses stampeded know not what a wild, frightful sight it is, neither do they know the great danger attending it. Some one of the horses is terribly frightened by some cause; his fright is of such nature that it completely unnerves him. The gentlest and safest horse ordinarily in that condition is as ungovernable as the wildest horse of the desert. The one frightened imparts his scare to another, and he to another, until the whole crowd is in this wild, ungovernable state; then all in a heap they start in a full run, frantic with fright, all the sense or instinct they ever had completely gone, and in that solid phalanx they go in full tilt, and everything in their path has to yield. Thus they go, nostrils distended, eyes bulging, head extended, mane and tail flying, until completely exhausted or arrested by some object they could not overcome. We had seen an instance or two of it before and knew full well its meaning, and thus it was that when we were sufficiently awake to distinguish anything and heard the warning cry, "Horses stampeding!" we acted in self-defense, although half asleep.

When we started out on our next day's tramp, we found that we were walking on a macadamized roadway called a turnpike, with very slight elevations, or declivities. No more effort was required than would be to walk the paved streets of a city; quite a contrast to Big Hill and the roads south of it. Then the beautiful and luxuriant blue-grass meadows which extended on each side as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a fine grove of large forest trees, with no undergrowth, and occasionally we would pass one of those old ante-bellum Kentucky houses, a fine two-story mansion set back from the turnpike probably half a mile, with an avenue leading up from the pike, bordered on both sides with majestic forest trees, whose branches overlapped, obscuring the rays of the midday sun. In one of the beautiful meadows adjacent could be seen a herd of fine Jersey cattle; feeding just a little way off was a flock of Southdown sheep, whose

broad backs indicated that they were full ready for market. Everything indicated peace and plenty, and it seemed almost a crime to invade such ideal happiness with war's rude alarms.

Just as we were opposite a brick store and doubtless a post office, as it was called Kingston, and nine miles from Richmond, in the midst of our observations and pleasant reasoning we were startled by the report of a cannon and then the unmistakable screech of a shell soon after we had left the pike and left-wheeled into one of the adjacent meadows. A Florida battery that was accompanying us soon sought an elevated position and began to reply to the Federal battery whose shot had just startled us and which was occupying an elevated position in another meadow some hundred yards away and in plain view. We were soon moving by column across the beautiful blue-grass field, and upon reaching the top of the elevation and upon which our battery stood we could plainly see the Federals, who were in line ready to receive us. The order to charge being given, we made toward them in a double-quick. As we approached their line of battle the unmistakable "swish" of the Minie ball could be plainly heard, and every now and then a man of ours would go down. Moving either to the right or left, as the case might be, to close up the space occasioned by our men falling out, either by death or wounds, we thus kept our perfect alignment; and the nearer we approached them, the thicker and faster the shot and shell came. Our regular and steady approach under such a hot and continuous fusillade seemed to confuse the Federals, as they doubtless thought we should either stop or run from them. Remaining long enough to give us a volley or two, the Federals turned and fled; then it was that our battery did good work. The country being nearly level, with nothing to obscure our vision, nearly every shot was effective.

The Federals, having relieved themselves of their blankets and extra luggage, left them all in a heap to one side, intending, it is supposed, to replace them as soon as they had driven us back; but as the result proved that we did the driving, and not stopping long enough to claim their baggage, it fell to us. In following the retreating Federals we came across a pile of their plunder. Seeing an especially fine and handsome blanket and having a very common one, I selected this one, which was a regular Mackinaw, solid mouse color. In one corner was sewed a piece of red morocco upon which the owner had inscribed his name. I carried it with me all through the Kentucky campaign and intended the very first opportunity to have a coat made of it. I had it wrapped around me in the battle of Murfreesboro; but being hotly engaged during that fight and finding it cumbersome, I had to throw it away.

After driving the Federals some three or four miles, they made another stand. When we came up to where they were, the order to charge was again given, they staying only long enough to give us a volley or two, when they precipitately and in great disorder retreated again. We killed, wounded, and captured a great many of them, while they killed and wounded some of us. As fast as we could we followed them up. It was in the month of August and very hot. Often in making a flank movement we would have to go through a cornfield, the sun streaming down on our defenseless heads, the corn completely shutting out any air that might be stirring, and it seemed that we would suffocate.

It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when the Federals made their third and last stand, the spot

they had selected for that purpose being in the little cemetery just at the outskirts of the town of Richmond, Ky. They sheltered themselves behind the tombstones. We had to approach them through a field of corn which was very tall and in full ear and was inclosed by a high rail fence. Just beyond the cornfield and between the Federals and our troops was a beautiful grove with a gentle declivity on each side. At the top of the other side was the cemetery, where the Federals were stationed. We moved in line of battle through the cornfield, the sun shining in full force, and scaled the high fence about the grove, where we found the trees very beneficial for shelter as we moved down the gentle slope. The Federals showed strong and stubborn resistance; but seeing that we steadily advanced toward them, after giving us two or three rounds, they broke into a deep run, showing that they were in a wild and ungovernable panic. Then it was that we charged them with a double-quick, killing, wounding, and capturing many of them. At the same time our cavalry was not idle, but started in full pursuit after the fleeing column and came very near capturing General Nelson, commonly called "Bull" Nelson, their commander, and who was killed in a personal encounter by a fellow officer, Gen. Jeff Davis, in the Galt House in Louisville only a few days after this fight.

We pursued the flying Federals into and beyond the town of Richmond. That night I was in charge of the guard, and we had the prisoners in the courthouse building and within the inclosure that surrounded it, and it is fair to say that we had more prisoners than we numbered men to guard them. There were few who escaped either death, wounds, or capture. These Federals were thirty- and sixty-day men and had never been in an engagement before. They looked as clean and fresh as if dressed in their Sunday togs, with their new, bright uniforms, while we were dirty and ragged. The difference between the two bodies of men was vast—that is, in external appearances. Some of the citizens told us that the afternoon before the Federals had passed through the town with colors flying, bands playing, and spirits high and gay, saying that they were going only a short distance below merely to drive the Rebels out, when they were coming back and going to their homes to attend to their crops until needed for a similar errand. Some of them, I am satisfied, did not get home in time to gather their crops, and they were not as exuberant in spirits that night as I went among them as they had been the preceding night. They had a great quantity of stores and munitions of war at this place, which seemed to have been a distributing bureau; and here I first saw how they were being fed—canned fruits of all kinds, condensed milk (the first I ever saw), cheese, and other edibles. They also had large quantities of clothing, shoes, hats, etc., all of which we put to good use. I well remember the supper I sat down to the night after the battle. It would grace any gentleman's table in this day and time. Asking no questions as to where it came from, as I was in charge of the guard, I merely sat down and ate heartily.

We were all nearly naked. The pants I wore (coat I had not) were made of some thin material, and my canteen, haversack, and belt had worn holes on both sides, and in a short time they would not have held together. I confiscated a pair of blue pants, a gray army shirt, a pair of excellent shoes, and hung my old ones out on a fence. In walking over the battle field the next day I came across a wounded Federal who, mistaking me for one of his comrades on account of my blue garb, asked me what command I belonged

to and wished to confer with me in a confidential manner. This made me feel as if I were sailing under false colors, so when I returned to town I hunted up my old breeches, which remained intact on the fence where I had left them. I felt much more comfortable, both in body and mind, after I had made the last exchange, and I laid the blue pants back where I had gotten them. A few weeks later, my pants becoming so threadbare that it was not decent to wear them, I had to apply to the quartermaster and from him purchased a pair of blue pants, the only kind he had, and which were captured at Richmond. Thus was I forced to pay ten dollars for a pair of pants that I could have had three weeks before for nothing.

We remained in Richmond several days after the battle to bury the dead, see that the wounded were comfortable and properly cared for, and gather together the captured supplies. We then moved on to Lexington, some twenty miles distant. The day our army entered Lexington, with Gen. Kirby Smith and staff riding at the head of the column, was truly a glorious jollification, especially among those called Southern sympathizers, and there was a considerable number of them in and around there. It reminded me very much of the description I have read of Washington's entry into Trenton, N. J., during the War of the Revolution, as the ladies actually sprinkled flowers for General Smith to ride over.

In summing up the result of our work down about Richmond, it was found that we had fought the Federals for nine miles—that is, from where we first encountered them to where they made their last effort is nine miles—that they had made three separate attempts to stay our progress and each time had been driven from their position; that we had completely annihilated their organization by killing, wounding, and capturing the majority of them; that we had captured a most valuable supply of clothing, foodstuffs, and munitions of war. So, taken all in all, it was a grand and most signal victory, having the effect of raising the morale of the army to a very high state, so that when we left Richmond for our northward march we believed fully that we were invincible.

GOD SAVE OUR MEN.

(Sung by the U. D. C. to the air of "America.")

God save our splendid men,
Send them safe home again;

God save our men.
Make them victorious,
Patient, and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us—

God save our men.

God keep our own dear men
From every stain of sin;

God keep our men.
When Satan would allure,
When tempted keep them pure,
Be their protection sure—

God keep our men.

God hold our precious men
And love them to the end;

God hold our men.
Held in thine arms so strong,
To thee they all belong,
Held safe from every wrong—

God hold our men.

—Selected.

WITH THE 38TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY F. L. HUDGINS, CHAMBLEE, GA.

On the morning of the 29th of April, 1863, the 38th Georgia Regiment was awakened from slumber by the beating of the long roll. We fell into line, hastily formed, and reported to General Gordon, who thanked us for our promptness, being the first regiment in the brigade to respond.

The brigade being formed, we moved out and took position along the railroad northwest of Hamilton's Crossing, near Dead Horse Hill, where Pelham's battery was in position on the 13th of December previous. The 13th Georgia Regiment was on skirmish at Deep Bottom, and the incessant crack of the rifle and yells told us that it was heavily engaged and, to all appearances, was holding its own. Capt. W. L. McLeod, commanding the 38th, detailed me to return to our old camp, hurry up the cooking detail, and bring them and all others who were not excused by the surgeon to the firing line, as all would be needed to successfully oppose "Fighting Joe" Hooker's terrible advance. On the way back we passed Hill's Division coming up, and all moving to the left in the direction of Chancellorsville. After we returned with our detail, General Gordon came walking along our line and said: "Boys, we are Georgians here, and do you know what Georgia expects of you? Every man to do his duty."

Sharp skirmishing continued all day. A portion of Hays's Louisiana and part of the 38th Georgia Brigade reinforced the skirmishers along the telegraph road in front of Deep Bottom, where General Sedgewick was endeavoring to throw his pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock River. After crossing the river the enemy formed their line near the brick houses and stayed there all night. After dark some of our skirmishers crawled down to the brick houses; and while the Yankees were calling the roll they slipped into the houses from the back way and brought out all the haversacks belonging to the Yankees which they had time to get. They then returned to their positions along the telegraph road and said: "Boys, the enemy is down there by the thousands, and these well-filled haversacks are the best proof of it."

The next day General Sedgewick crossed a portion of his troops into Fredericksburg and drove Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade out of its fortifications in front of the town. That night General Gordon moved up in front of Fredericksburg and formed his brigade north of the telegraph road, near Lee's Hill, just south of Welborn's mill, on Hazel Run. The morning following General Gordon sent me out as a scout to locate the position of the enemy and report as early as possible. I found the enemy in a strong position along Hazel Run, and as I returned I met the 31st Georgia deployed as skirmishers already advancing. I reported to General Gordon, who was with them, and he said: "Join the 31st, on the left." We crossed Hazel Run under a hot fire from the 20th and 21st New York Regiments, which were deployed to oppose our advance. We drove them up Marye's Hill, and I passed through the Marye house yard. Colonel Zimmerman, commanding, was mortally wounded and fell into our hands and died the next day. We had now retaken the position that General Barksdale had lost; and we held it until late in the evening, when Adj. W. C. Matthews called "Attention!" and gave the order: "About face, forward, double-quick, march!" Instantly all the guns across the river on Stafford Heights opened fire with deadly aim. The bursting of shells and shrieks of the wounded were terrible. Our line was now west of Fredericksburg, going north in the direction of the river. Sometime after dark, as we had now driven everything from our front, we

halted, the lines were put in shape, and skirmishers thrown out. That night General Hooker, with the remnant of his army, recrossed the Rappahannock River, having signally failed to take Richmond.

Here I shall give General Hooker's official dispatch of the battle of Chancellorsville from a Confederate standpoint, which we sang on all occasions afterwards when in a singing mood:

"I thought I would cross the river
And whip out General Lee;
But, blast his Rebel liver,
He turned the trick on me!

Chorus.

Sixteen cents a dozen,
A dollar and a quarter a day.
Joe Hooker is a fine man—
That's what the Yankees say.

Brave Sedgewick was commanded
To move upon the right,
And, when the army landed,
To move on Marye's Height.

I, 'Fighting Joe' Hooker,
Upon their left bore down,
Aiming with quick destruction
To flirt them at every bound.

A courier now comes hastening
And brings the glorious news
That Jackson is skedaddling
And back to Richmond goes.

His words were scarcely spoken
When cannon booming near
Gave out the startling token
That Stonewall's in our rear.

Confusion now confounded
Within our ranks prevailed;
For, leaving dead and wounded,
For foreign parts we sailed."

The 38th Georgia Regiment was ordered to Guinea Station just after the battle to guard the prisoners who were to be sent to Richmond. When we arrived, General Jackson, who had been wounded, was in the Chandler house at Guinea Station, where he died on the 10th of May, 1863. Before his death we started with two thousand prisoners to Richmond, having to walk the entire way and guard them. Our journey was tedious and slow. The dirt road which we traveled was along the railroad, and the Rappahannock River ran parallel to the road, just a few miles to our left. The first day the prisoners planned an escape, which was to overwhelm the guards at night, seize all the arms, kill the reserves, go down the river, signal the vessels in the stream, which would take them aboard, and they would be free.

The first night we camped near the village of Bowling Green. After we struck camp, Capt. W. L. McLeod, commanding the 38th Georgia, went to the village to an entertainment, leaving Capt. John G. Rankin in command. Captain McLeod had been told of the proposed plan of escape, but he did not believe a word of it. After he rode away, Captain Rankin had the men to fall in and take arms, doubled the guard, and ordered them to be extra vigilant. He then

marched the reserve out of sight. There were no fires, and Captain Rankin said: "Boys, we'll sleep with one eye open to-night." Doubling the guard and marching the reserve out of sight of course greatly excited the prisoners, and they soon began saying: "Hello, Johnnie, where is your reserve?" To this question there was no response. These questions were repeated several times, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and one fellow said: "Your scheme to escape from us to-night has leaked out; and if you make the attempt, we are prepared for you, and there will be none of you left to tell the tale." The night wore away, and morning found us all alive. There was no further effort on the part of the prisoners to effect their escape. But for the prompt action of Captain Rankin, we might that night have been swept out of existence as a regimental organization.

We delivered the prisoners to the authorities at Belle Isle, in Richmond. When we marched out on the main street we met General Jackson's funeral cortege going into the city. His horse was following the procession without the gallant Stonewall, who had led us to victory on so many hard-fought battle fields.

IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

In 1863 the Confederate commissary department at Richmond in high good humor indorsed on General Lee's request for supplies, "Let him seek them in Pennsylvania"; and, accordingly, Gen. R. S. Ewell, then commanding the 2d (Jackson's) Corps, A. N. V., put his column in motion with orders from General Lee. Leaving the vicinity of Fredericksburg, passing Culpeper Courthouse, Brandy Station, and crossing the Blue Ridge by way of Chester's Gap and Front Royal, on the 13th of June we came up with Milroy's forces at Kernstown and engaged them; and on the morning of the 15th Hayes's Louisiana and Gordon's Georgia Brigades charged Fort London, on the outskirts of Winchester, capturing all the men engaged there, General Gordon hauling down the large United States flag then floating over the fort. We captured General Milroy's saddle horse, a large black stallion, which General Gordon rode afterwards and called "Milroy." We crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Va., on the 22d of June with flags fluttering and bands playing "Maryland, My Maryland." We now passed the historic battle field of Sharpsburg, where the battle was fought on the 17th of September previous, and crossed Antietam Creek at the celebrated bridge and mill where General Burr side said: "Hold the bridge always, the bridge, or all is lost!" We then passed Boonesborough, Waynesboro, and old Thad Stevens's iron works, which were burned.

Gordon's Brigade was now the advance of the Confederate army in the great Cumberland Valley and was the first Confederate force to enter Gettysburg, little thinking then that within ten days we would witness there the greatest battle of the war. We continued our advance, passing York, Capt. W. H. Harrison, commanding the advance company, entering the place. We continued our advance to Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna, where the Pennsylvania militia was drawn up to oppose our advance. We drove them pell-mell through the streets of Wrightsville and across the river, they burning the bridge to prevent capture. Here we carried the Confederate flag farther North than any other troops during the great war. The bridge being burned, we could go no farther; so we retraced our steps in the direction of Gettysburg by way of York.

On the evening of June 30 Companies A and K, of the 38th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Captains Miller and

Stubbs, were placed on the picket line. On the morning after, the first day of July, General Gordon marched the brigade away and left us standing, and we have not been relieved to this day. Miller and Stubbs held a council and very wisely decided to abandon our position and try to overtake the brigade. Bill Jenkins, kettle drummer of Company A, beat the long roll, and we quickly formed and marched with quick step until we overtook our command. This incident has never been explained to me, and I suppose Generals Gordon and Evans will not court-martial us now for abandoning our position. When we arrived on the field, A. P. Hill was in position and hotly engaged with Buford's Cavalry and General Reynolds, commanding the 1st Corps, then the advance of the United States army; General Rodes's division, of the Stonewall Corps, being in advance, joined A. P. Hill on the left. We now came up and joined Rodes near the Stearns House, the Federal line being just across a small stream called Willoughby Run, just west of the Almshouse. General Gordon gave his ringing order to "Forward at right shoulder, shift arms!" It was a grand sight to see the Federal infantry on the bank of the stream awaiting motionless our approach. Many a brave fellow on each side of that stream knew full well that in a few short seconds his soul would appear before the God of battle.

When within about seventy-five yards, General Barlow, commanding the Federal line, opened fire. We raised the Rebel yell and continued our advance. When we reached the creek, the gallant Capt. W. L. McLeod, commanding the 38th Georgia Regiment, was killed, and Lieutenant Oglesby, of Elberton, and Lieutenant Matthews, of Tennille, Ga., were severely wounded. We were now nearly together. Sergt. Maj. Phil Alexander ordered a Federal soldier to throw down his arms. He started to comply, and Alexander ordered another to do the same thing. Glancing at the first man, who was raising his gun to fire, Alexander turned on his right heel and struck him with a heavy sword, splitting his head wide open. The gun went off at the same instant, sending a Minie ball through Alexander's hip.

It was there that I received my closest call. A Minie ball entered my left breast, going down over and out under the fifth rib. The gallant Lieutenant Baxter, the bravest of the brave, walked up to me where I stood, the blood spurting at every breath, looked me straight in the face, and said: "I think you are about gone up, old fellow." I thought then, and I haven't changed my mind since, that that was the poorest consolation I ever had offered me in my life. The ball that passed through me made thirteen holes in my blanket. Dr. Taylor, assistant surgeon, came up, and I asked him what he thought of my chance. He examined me rather hurriedly and said: "I don't see why you should not get well." I said: "Doctor, I'll take your advice." Then I walked out to the field hospital and from there watched the progress of the great battle.

On the 4th of July Tom Raines, of the 13th Georgia, and I. N. Nash, of the 38th, and myself, all badly wounded, were placed in one ambulance and then began the return to Dixie. At Hagerstown, Md., the Federal cavalry shelled our ambulance train. We turned back and met Hood's Division, with the 10th Georgia in front. They soon brushed the cavalry out of the way, and we proceeded on our way to Williamsport, where Nash and I crossed the Potomac and were taken on to Winchester, where Nash's hand was amputated, and I was sent to Richmond, arriving on the 20th of July. I stayed at Richmond until the 12th of August and reported to General Gordon for duty at Orange Courthouse.

Just think of being shot through the body, hauled out of Pennsylvania across Maryland, West Virginia, and then to Richmond, and getting well in forty-two days! From Orange Courthouse I tramped with Gordon and Evans to the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and on to Appomattox Courthouse.

AT THE WILDERNESS.

On the 4th of May, 1864, the 38th Georgia Regiment was on Clark's Mountain, opposite Summerville and Robinson's Fords, on the Rapidan River, where we had been picketing the previous winter. Gen. U. S. Grant had succeeded to the command of the Federal army and had personally assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, with the intention of crossing the Rapidan River and crushing the Confederate army under Gen. R. E. Lee at a single blow. Grant began crossing his army at Ely's and Germanna Fords on the 4th; and General Ewell put his corps, the 2d, or "Stonewall," in motion, going by way of Locust Grove, down the old turnpike, to the Wilderness, Johnson and Rodes and Downs leading, Early's Division of that corps bringing up the rear. We camped that night on the old turnpike east of Locust Grove. On the 5th we resumed our march in the direction of the Wilderness, and quite soon we heard the rattle of musketry, and we knew the great battle had begun. Warren, commanding the 5th Army Corps, had assailed Johnson and Rodes furiously; and when Gordon's Brigade, of Early's Division, arrived on the field, the ordnance and ambulance trains were all moving to the rear. General Gordon saluted General Ewell and said: "I think I can change the situation here." General Ewell, that gallant soldier, responded: "Try your hand." General Gordon then ordered: "Forward into line on the right; right oblique and load as you march!"

We had now reached Battle's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, and General Gordon said: "Steady, 6th Alabama!" Those brave fellows recognized their former captain and colonel and instantly replied: "We will." Warren was making his main attack, and those gallant Alabamians were holding their own. We continued the advance, still driving back the heavy lines of Warren. There seemed to be no troops to our right. Just at this time Major Van Valkenburg, of the 61st Georgia Regiment, with Captain Kennedy's company, was thrown out on our right to protect our flank. Captain Kennedy with his company was in a ravine. Van Valkenburg was in an open space near where the 74th Pennsylvania Regiment entered an opening near, and Van Valkenburg ordered them to surrender. The commander of the 74th Pennsylvania said, "No," and ordered him to surrender at once. The gallant Van Valkenburg yelled back to Captain Kennedy and said: "General Gordon, I have stumbled on an obstinate regiment out here. I wish you would forward the brigade and compel them to surrender." They now complied; and Major Van Valkenburg ordered Captain Kennedy's company to receive their surrender and escort them to the rear, which was done, taking all the field and staff officers and at least five hundred men. Imagine their surprise and mortification when they learned that their command had surrendered to not more than forty men!

The ground taken by Gordon's Brigade was held by them the remainder of the day, and A. P. Hill with the 3d Corps came up on the Plank Road and joined Ewell's right. The musketry fire in Hill's front was heavy all the afternoon and ceased only at nightfall. After dark Hill's men on the right commenced cheering, and it ran all along his front and along Ewell's line and was repeated, thus bidding defiance to Grant

and his army, who were in our front in this vast jungle, the Wilderness.

On the morning of the 6th Gordon's Brigade was moved across the turnpike road from the south to the north side, relieving Harris's Mississippi Brigade, which occupied the Confederate left, and had thrown up fairly good earthworks during the morning. Our front was comparatively quiet; and we were eating Yankee crackers and pickled pork and drinking genuine coffee sweetened with plenty of sugar captured the day before, when, about midday, our skirmishers were driven in, and an attack on our works was begun. This was soon repulsed, and the Federal line returned to its former position in that vast wilderness of pines. Gordon, that brave soldier possessing the élan of Murat and the coolness and acumen of the first army leaders of history, urged in the morning a turning movement against the Federal right. In the evening it was seen to be the thought of a great soldier, and he was ordered to make the attack. We fell in just at sundown and moved by the left flank until we passed out of our own works; then the order, "By the right flank, forward!" was given. General Gordon rode along our line and said: "38th, this is the 6th Corps we are going to attack, the same fellows we fought on Marye's Heights. Those that we didn't get then we want now." There wasn't a skirmisher on their flank, and the first intimation of our presence was when we opened fire. My company struck the Federal breastworks squarely on the end. I advanced up in the rear of their works at least a mile, and at each step their confused mass became more dense.

Our bark fires in the rear of these works were well filled with coffeepots of steaming coffee and frying pans of pickled pork. One of the pans I have still in my possession, which I carry with me to all reunions as a recollection of the times that tried men's souls. I have been on many of the battle fields of the war; but here were more Federal dead than at any place I ever saw before or since, possibly with the exception of Fair Oaks, in front of Richmond, in 1862. In our advance on the Federal lines we had doubled the 6th Corps, commanded by General Sedgewick, back on its center and had captured Generals Shaler and Seymour, who commanded that portion of the Federal right.

After the engagement was over for the night, General Gordon, with his courier, Bill Beasley, from LaGrange, Ga., rode into the Federal lines. Beasley rode alongside and said: "General, these are Yankees." Gordon said, "No"; but Beasley said: "I am positive." Both then turned their horses and dug the rowels in their flanks, while the enemy fired a volley at close range. Strange to say, neither man nor horse was touched. For this well-planned and brilliant and successful attack the Confederate government promoted Gordon to major general, and C. A. Evans, colonel of the 31st Georgia, the beloved and gallant commander of the Georgia Division, to a brigadier generalship.

On the 7th the 38th Georgia Regiment was thrown out on the picket line. We captured many prisoners that day and were reserved at night. On the morning of the 8th we began the march by the right flank to Spotsylvania Courthouse, passing through the burning woods, where the smoke was so dense as nearly to suffocate us.

Mother (to curate): "And do you really pray for your enemies?"

Ethel (overhearing): "I do, mummy."

Curate: "And what do you say in your prayer, my child?"

Ethel: "I pray that they may be beaten."—*Punch*.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862.

Yankees Trading with the Enemy.—General Hovey, U. S. A., on December 22, 1862, wrote General Steele: "I cannot refrain from stating to you the effects of the great evil growing out of our commercial intercourse with the Rebels. Unprincipled sharpers and Jews are supplying the enemy with all they want. Our forces penetrated ninety miles into Mississippi, and everywhere we were met with boots, shoes, clothing, and goods purchased by open and avowed Rebels. The Yankees are deluging the country with contraband goods, and letters intercepted from the army show from whence they are receiving their supplies. War and commerce with the same people? What a Utopian dream! Every secret of our camps is carried by the same men that formerly sold their God for thirty pieces of silver to our worst . . . enemies for a few pounds of cotton." As the General talked so carelessly about the Yankees, doubtless he was from the West.

Some Rout.—The following, from reports of various Union officers, shows that at one period at least of the Corinth battle all the Confederates lacked to gain a complete victory was men: "After delivering a few volleys the front line began to waver and fall back. This retreat soon became a rout, and they came down pell-mell upon us, running over my men in every direction. The caissons and a number of loose horses came thundering down and passed through the interval between the 10th Missouri and my regiment." "Our guns were well handled and produced terrible destruction in the enemy's ranks with shot and shell; but they advanced steadily forward, shooting and bayoneting our gunners, and finally routed all of the infantry in front of our position, driving them in on us in perfect disorder; and it was only by fixing bayonets and threatening to use them on those who attempted to force through our lines that we were able to prevent being overborne and trampled underfoot by horses, infantry, and artillery in their flight." "The enemy's columns steadily advanced, firing as they came. When within about three hundred yards, some few of our infantry fired; and one man in particular, whose name I shall take means to find out, fired his piece in the air, ducked his head, and ran to the rear. A very few of those who fired followed his example. The rest of the men remained at their work, firing steadily and doing well, when a portion of Sullivan's Brigade on our right gave way, and the limbers and caissons of Dillon's Battery came down the road on a full jump, running toward town, presenting rather an alarming appearance. My horses became frightened and unmanageable, floundered about, and those of two limbers and a caisson ran away and joined in the race. All of this running through my reserve communicated a stampede to the ammunition wagons, and the whole mass went on a run to the rear." And yet another Union victory?

Doomed to Carry Arms for Life.—A United States colonel of cavalry wrote on September 19, 1862: "The commanding officer of the Confederate forces near Iuka, Miss., directs me to inform General Ord that neither he nor his men will ever lay down their arms until the independence of the Confederate States shall have been acknowledged by the United States." Probably all killed before April, 1865.

Corinth, Miss.—In Part I. of Volume XVII. I have mentioned the extremely hot October day in Mississippi, which is

confirmed in Part II. by Capt. L. E. Hill, C. S. A., who says: "The Yankees say they would as soon be in hell as in Corinth." I have never stopped in that city, but I can't believe it is so bad.

Cotton and Soap as Currency.—General Sherman told the mayor and council of Memphis in November, 1862: "I regret to notice that you propose to issue a species of currency of denominations as low as ten cents (shinplaster) to swell the amount of bad money with which your community is already afflicted. Inasmuch as we seem to be imitating the example of Mexico, rather than those high models of ancient and modern times that we were wont to do in times past, I would suggest a simpler and better currency for the times. In Mexico soap is money, and the people do their marketing through the medium of cakes of soap. Why can you not use cotton for money? It has a very convenient price—fifty cents a pound. Put it up in pounds and fractions, and it will form a better currency than the miserable shinplasters you propose to issue. Cotton is king; it has the genuine stamp and makes money, is money. Therefore I suggest that instead of little bits of paper you set to work and put up cotton in little parcels of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents." In regard to the cotton currency, the holder would have to use a basket for a pocketbook; and as for the soap money in Mexico, I don't believe those people know what soap is.

Forrest the Brigand.—Gen. C. B. Fisk, U. S. A., on December 29, wrote General Curtis: "I have been begging General Davis to let me take four thousand men and go out and whip that brigand, Forrest. I know I am a young general, but I believe I am old enough to see through a millstone with so large a hole in it." Fisk could have done it too, if somebody had held the brigand.

Grapevine.—Thomas Jordan wrote General Beauregard on August 7: "The London *Post* has a most significant article indicating an early recognition in plain terms as inevitable. All the signs indicate, I think unmistakably, an early action on the part of England and France. Europe, be assured, will not permit the war to be carried on much longer, especially on the destructive savage basis inaugurated by Pope—a modern imitation of the course of Attila, the Hun." A Yankee general wrote Grant on November 9: "A big haul now will be of the greatest importance at this junction of affairs. An officer who came in this morning from Jackson says that France and England have formally recognized the Confederacy." General Grant on December 31 told McPherson: "At Memphis all reports confirm the taking of Vicksburg by Sherman, but no particulars can be obtained." Just as much truth in any one as the other.

D. H. Hill versus Robert Toombs.—Thomas Jordan, A. A. G., to Beauregard, and also to Bragg, was considerable of a gossip, as his correspondence will show. He told Beauregard, in addition to the fact of the near recognition of Europe, that "D. H. Hill told Toombs on the field either to move up or resign his brigade into hands that had nerve to lead it. Toombs challenged Hill. He declined on religious grounds. Toombs has a divided judgment and halts, as an ass between two bundles of hay, whether to resign and cowhide Hill or resign, make some facile Georgia member of Congress resign, take his place, and overturn the government." If Hill refused to fight Toombs, it undoubtedly was on religious grounds, as he was absolutely fearless on the battle field.

Sherman's Way.—On September 24 General Sherman ordered Colonel Walcutt, of the 46th Ohio, as follows: "You should reach Randolph at daylight. I think the attack on the Eugene was by a small force of guerrillas, who by this time have gone, and therefore I think you will find no one at Randolph, in which case you will destroy the place, leaving one house to mark the place." In this case Sherman made it h—!

Some Kansas Troops.—Of all of the ruffians that fought as organized bodies, either for or against the Confederacy, some of the troops from Kansas are shown by the Official Records to be in a class alone, as the following extracts will show: "At Union City, Tenn., a foraging party under Captain Parrott, formerly a member of Congress from Kansas, arrested Rev. Mr. Koyle, a Union citizen of that locality, and were about to rob him of his mules and buggy, when he told them he was in charge of a funeral. They abused him very much, called him a d—d liar, and broke open the coffin; and on discovering that it contained a body, they told Mr. Koyle to go to h— with his d—d secession corpse." General Halleck reported: "Since the Kansas troops entered this department their march has been marked by robbery, theft, pillage, and outrage upon the inhabitants, making enemies to our cause wherever they went." Colonel Sanford, U. S. A., says: "The 7th Regiment of Kansas Cavalry passed through this place yesterday, and I have been appealed to take from them horses stolen from the citizens. The conduct of this command has been such that it makes one ashamed of the volunteer service of the United States army. Complaints come to me of their having robbed the farmers of all their stock and in some cases, of watches and money. Their conduct has been disgraceful to the army of the United States." General Grant said: "The conduct of this regiment at New Albany in stopping to plunder the citizens instead of pursuing the enemy has more than counterbalanced their good fighting at Holly Springs. Their present course may serve to frighten women, children, and helpless old men, but will never drive out an armed enemy." And so much for Kansas.

Clergymen Compelled to Omit Part of Prayer.—On June 24 General Grant's aid-de-camp told General Hurlburt: "I am directed to say to you that you can compel all clergymen to omit from their Church services any portion you may deem treasonable, but you will not compel the insertion or substitution of anything." Fair enough.

Plundering and House-Burning.—On October 9 General Rosecrans ordered that "all men found with plunder in their possession or in private houses will be separated from the others and immediately tied up and no food furnished them except bread. If no rope is to be found, use withes." General Hamilton, U. S. A., on November 9 said: "The plundering and house-burning lately show that the discipline of this command is being seriously impaired. Although these crimes are committed only by those who are stragglers on the march and skulkers on the battle field, still all good soldiers share in the odium which such conduct brings upon the army. It is therefore ordered that every effort be made to arrest these thieves and house burners; that they be immediately tried; and that the sentence, however severe it may be, be promptly executed. The General regrets having to use such severity, but it is the only means left to prevent this army of soldiers from degenerating into an armed mob." On November 7 General Grant wrote: "It is with extreme regret that the general commanding has had his attention called to the grave

acts of vandalism committed by some of the men. Houses have been plundered and burned down, fencing destroyed, and citizens frightened without an inquiry as to their status in this rebellion. Cattle and hogs have been shot and stock driven off. Such acts are punishable with death, and in the future the men guilty of such acts will be held to a strict accountability." Much talk and little done.

Trading with the Enemy.—General Sherman, July 30, told General Grant: "I found so many Jews and speculators here trading in cotton, and secessionists had become so open in refusing anything but gold, that I have felt myself bound to stop it. The gold has but one use—the purchase of arms and ammunition, which can always be had for gold at Nassau, New Providence, or Cincinnati. All the guards we may establish cannot stop it. We cannot carry on war and trade with a people at the same time." But they did.

Confederate Cavalry.—General Whiting told D. H. Hill, "I think our cavalry the poorest in the world," just because Stuart allowed some Yankee horsemen to harry the country. But as Whiting had previously told the same General, "I send you a letter from my man Sharp, whom I keep in front as my cavalry," I don't think his opinion was worth much.

THERE IS NO FAILURE.

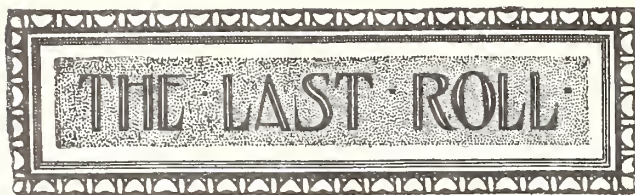
There is no failure! Life itself is a song
Of victory or death, and ages long
Have told the story of the triumph wrought
Unending from things once held for naught.
The battle's o'er; though defeated now,
In coming time the waiting world shall bow
Before the throne of truth that's builded high
Above the dust of those who lie
All heedless of the glorious fight they won
When death obscured the light in victory's sun.

There is no failure! If we could but see
Beyond the battle line, if we could be
Where battle smoke does ne'er becloud the eye,
Then we should know that where these prostrate lie,
Accoutered in habiliments of death,
Sweet freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath
The breath of life which they so nobly gave
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat
Like battle drums that never sound retreat.

There is no failure! God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong or, teaching, heed
To errors which would else more deeply cost.
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost
Whene'er the cause is right; be not afraid.
Defeat is then but victory delayed,
And e'en the greatest victories of the world
Are won when battle flags are furled.

—Thomas Speed Mosby, in *Baltimore Southern Methodist*, February 3, 1910.

These lines were sent to Dr. McNeilly by James A. Bethune, of Washington, D. C., "as a comfort" in view of his articles on "The Failure of the Confederacy."



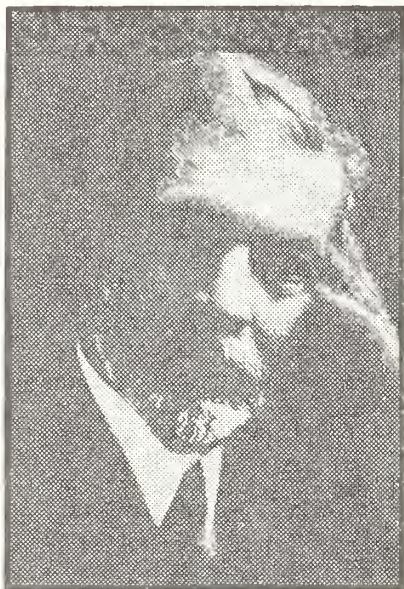
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"No North, no South the closed eyes see;
He's facing eastward, Lord, to thee.
With folded hands and arms at rest,
The Southern cross above his breast,
Gray old soldier, peace is blest."

HENRY ARMAND LONDON.

At the old town of Pittsboro, in North Carolina, there passed away on the night of January 19 last, General Lee's birthday, Henry Armand London, who in his early life had been a brave and gallant Confederate soldier and in later years had treasured his Confederate memories. In death he was dressed in his Confederate uniform, with his cross of honor on his breast; and as he lay in his old-time gray, draped with Confederate flags, the bronze Confederate soldier surmounting the monument just outside his window seemed to be keeping silent watch over his comrade. And when he was laid to rest, despite the snow and ice, distinguished Carolinians attended to pay their last sad tribute to his worth, the burial service being read by Right Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire, the Bishop of North Carolina.

Born March 1, 1846, Henry London was a student at the University of North Carolina in the earlier part of the War between the States; but on attaining the age of eighteen he entered the Confederate army as a private in Company I, 32d North Carolina Regiment. Later he was detailed as a courier at the headquarters of Gen. Bryan Grimes, serving with him in the trenches at Petersburg. At Appomattox it was his fortune to carry the last order issued on that fateful battle field, that directing Gen. William R. Cox to cease firing and to withdraw his men because General Lee had capitulated. After peace he completed his course at the university, which conferred on him the degrees of



H. A. LONDON.

A.B. and A.M.; and, having studied law, he entered on the practice of his profession at Pittsboro.

In the Presidential campaign of 1872 he made a brilliant canvass of the central counties of the State as one of the Democratic electors, and for forty years he was a member of the Democratic State Committee. At the bar he was successful, and he enjoyed a lucrative practice. In 1878 he became editor of the *Chatham Record*, and for forty years he wielded the pen with vigor and consummate skill, and his newspaper was a leader of thought in the State. In 1900 he was led to accept the public service of State Senator and was chosen to preside over that body when the Lieutenant Governor was absent, and he was reelected in 1902. He was a trustee of the State University for many years and was a strenuous advocate of education.

Major London delivered many addresses of rare merit, some on historical subjects of great value and others prepared at the instance of the Press Association of particular advantage to that body. But no subject appealed to him so much as those that related to the Confederacy and to North Carolina's glorious part in the great war. His contributions to literature bearing on the war period are not second in importance to those of any other man in the State. Among such contributions his "History of the 32d Regiment" stands out prominent in Clark's "Regimental Histories." Having been appointed on a commission to visit the scene of Appomattox, he caused to be erected a monument to indicate the very spot where the last gun was fired there by Grimes's Division, then under the command of General Cox.

Major London took a great personal interest in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, being the Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division, and he was a regular attendant of every Confederate Reunion, county, State, or General. Likewise he was an earnest promoter of the establishment and maintenance of the Soldiers' Home at Raleigh.

Dying beloved, revered, and mourned by the State, he leaves a devoted wife, who, animated by the same spirit, has ever been among the foremost in devotion to matters relating to the Confederacy, and seven children to lament him.

[S. A. Ashe.]

ARKANSAS WILSON.

Arkansas Wilson was born in Tennessee in 1829, but received his baptismal name from the territory of Arkansas, to which his parents had removed. He finished his education at Arkansas College, Fayetteville; and after teaching a school in Madison County for two years, he was offered a school at Spring Hill, in Hempstead County, then the leading county in the State, for which he was to receive a salary of \$1,000, a fancy price in those days. It was really an honor to teach in that county, which has produced more great men than any other county of the State, such as Royston, Brice, Williams, Jones, the two Garlands, Senator Mitchell, and J. K. Jones. G. M. Garland was Governor and Confederate Senator with Mitchell, later United States Senator, and in Cleveland's cabinet. J. K. Jones was Senator and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

After teaching there for two years, the war came on, and "Kans" Wilson returned to his home, joined the army as a private, and took part in the Oak Hill battle. He was later discharged and then set about organizing a company, of which he was elected captain, and in the following December took part in the battle of Prairie Grove. He was also in

the battle of Helena, the fall of Little Rock, and at Jenkins Ferry.

After the war he returned home, taught for a while, then retired to his farm, leaving it only to fight carpetbag rule. He was a man of wonderful intellect, highly gifted, a neighbor of the good Samaritan kind, a conscientious man and unsurpassed citizen, beloved by all who knew him. He married at fifty years of age and is survived by two sons and a daughter. He died on December 21, 1917, at the age of eighty-seven years. [A. B. Lewis.]

COL. W. T. HENDON.

Died in Marion, Ala., in June, 1917, Lieut. Col. W. T. Hendon, a native of that State. In 1860-61 as a young man he located at Forest, Scott County, Miss., as a teacher. When the war commenced he assisted in raising an infantry company, of which Hon. A. Y. Harper was captain and W. T. Hendon first lieutenant. This later became Company K, of the 6th Mississippi Regiment, organized early in 1861 at Grenada, Miss., the Hon. J. J. Thornton, of Brandon, Miss. (who as a Union delegate to the Secession Convention was the only one to refuse to sign the ordinance), being elected colonel. The regiment became a part of Colonel Cleburne's brigade at Bowling Green, Ky., where it wintered. Participating in the battle of Shiloh, where its losses amounted to 310 killed and wounded out of 425, it was reorganized by re-electing Colonel Thornton; Captain Harper was made lieutenant colonel, and Lieut. W. T. Hendon succeeded him as captain of Company K. He held this rank until the consolidation of regiments, by an act of the Congress of the Confederate States, at Smithfield, N. C., on April 9, 1865, when seven companies of the 6th, the 14th, and 43d Mississippi Regiments were consolidated and known as the 14th Mississippi, Consolidated. Captain Hendon was made lieutenant colonel of this regiment. Afterwards he surrendered with the regiment at Greensboro, N. C., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. During the entire war he filled each position held by him in a most creditable manner. Ever ready for duty, he was with the 6th Mississippi in every engagement, including Shiloh, Second Corinth, around Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Jackson, the Georgia campaign from Resaca to Atlanta, Franklin, and the two days' battles at Nashville under General Hood. No braver, truer soldier served beneath the Stars and Bars. Always a perfect gentleman, he was very popular with his men and the officers of his command, having their entire confidence.

After the war he located in Marion, Ala., practicing his profession, the law, till his death. Surviving him is a son, Albert, and two daughters, who reside at Marion, Ala.

This tribute is from a comrade who served with him during the four years of war and who knew his worth, appreciated his friendship, and mourns his loss.

[Patrick Henry, Major 14th Mississippi Regiment, Consolidated.]

H. C. JACKSON.

H. C. Jackson died at West, McClellan County, Tex., on February 4, 1918, at the age of seventy-five years. He enlisted at Cameron, Tex., in 1861 and served in Company G, 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade; was in every battle fought by Longstreet during the four years of war, was never sick a day, never absent from his command at time of battle, and never received a gunshot wound. He surrendered at Appomattox as one of the twenty-six left of the command which went out one hundred and fifty-two strong.

[C. C. Jackson, Killeen, Tex., Company G, 5th Texas.]

LIEUT. D. M. MORGAN.

Lieut. D. M. Morgan was born in Marshall County, Ky., on the 22d of September, 1839, and died in Athens, Tex., on the 25th of November, 1917, at the age of seventy-eight years.

In April, 1861, Lieutenant Morgan enlisted in Company G, 3d Kentucky Infantry, as a private soldier. Shortly thereafter the company was moved to Camp Boone, Tennessee, and from there to Bowling Green, Ky., where they were camped for some months. The first battle in which the 3d Kentucky Regiment engaged was the battle of Shiloh, fought on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. Lieutenant Morgan was in many hard-fought battles up to the siege of Vicksburg, and he was in a part of that siege. On March 15, 1864, at Tibbee Station, Miss., the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments were mounted and assigned to the command of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and these regiments were under him until the end of the war. After the battle of Paducah, Ky., March 25, 1864, the 12th Kentucky Regiment, which was made up and organized by Col. W. W. Faulkner, of Kentucky, was put in the brigade with the 3d, 7th, and 8th Regiments and commanded by Gen. H. B. Lyon, of Kentucky. On the 26th of June, 1863, Lieutenant Morgan was transferred from Company G of the 3d Kentucky to Company E of the 12th Kentucky, and he was promoted to first lieutenant of that company on July 20, 1864. He continued with that company and regiment until the end of the war. No truer or braver soldier ever lived or died than Lieutenant Morgan. He was good to the men under him and obedient to his superior officers and unflinching in fidelity to the cause.

In 1867 he moved from Benton, Ky., to or near Athens, Tex., where he was married to Miss Celia Frizzell, who had gone to Texas with her father in 1866 from Kentucky. They had been friends and neighbors during their past lives in Kentucky. They lived together in Athens, Tex., until her death, which was about a year before his. Only one child, a girl, was born to them. She married C. M. Jackson and now lives at Loraine, Tex.

[D. B. Castleberry.]

D. C. WHITE.

Comrade D. C. White departed this life on December 22, 1917, at his home, in Kemp, Tex. This dear old man was a charter member of Camp Cunningham, No. 1920, organized four years ago. He was a good citizen, a faithful husband and father, and a devoted Church member, having joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in early life. He was married to Miss Emeline E. Sharp in Nacogdoches County, Tex., where he had settled when a young man. His married life was one of peace and happiness, and his wife and two children survive him.

When war came on in 1861, Comrade White turned his back on his happy home and entered the army of the Confederate States as a private in Pogue's Company, Hardeman's Regiment, Green's Brigade of Texas Cavalry, and he was within a few feet of General Green when he was killed at Blair's Landing, on Red River, in May, 1864.

Comrade White loved the South and every Confederate soldier, and he was active in the work of our Camp. He died suddenly after a few days of seemingly slight indisposition. The funeral was from the Methodist church, his pastor speaking feelingly of the life and labors of this good man.

[D. H. Richardson, Chaplain Cunningham Camp.]

EDWARD MONROE BYRNE.

Edward M. Byrne was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., December 11, 1843, and went to Selma, Ala., with his parents in 1852. This continued to be his home, except during the war, until his death, which occurred very suddenly on December 3, 1917.

Edward Byrne entered the Confederate army in May, 1862, as a private in Company G, 44th Alabama Infantry, and was with this regiment in Law's Brigade in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, also in the battles of Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. He was wounded at Chickamauga and again at Loudon, Tenn., and for a time was retired from service, but returned to his regiment, fought in the battle of Gettysburg, and was in numerous other engagements until the close of the war, surrendering at Appomattox. He was buried at Selma with the honors of Camp Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., of which he was Commander.



E. M. BYRNE.

His love for his comrades in arms never ceased, and nothing delighted him more than to talk of war times. By appointment of the Governor of Alabama he represented the State at the anniversary celebration of the blue and gray at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-4, 1913.

Comrade Byrne was a consistent member of the First Baptist Church of Selma, of which he was a deacon. In his late years he looked after the comfort of his aged mother as a dutiful and affectionate son. His love and devotion to his family and fidelity to his friends were ever apparent in all his actions; home was his first consideration, and in that home he was loved and revered. Length of days was given to him, and "his strength endured until the sun hung low in the heavens." Surviving him are his wife, four daughters, and two sons, one of whom, Lieut. Thomas K. Byrne, is with the 6th Infantry, United States army.

ALBERT L. HOLLADAY.

Albert L. Holladay, son of Rev. A. L. Holladay and Anne, his wife, was born on February 17, 1844, in Persia, where his parents were missionaries of the Presbyterian Church for ten years. Death came to him at his home, in Albemarle County, Va., on February 1, 1918.

Returning to his home in Virginia as a child, he was taught by his father chiefly till the outbreak of the War between the States, when, at the age of seventeen, he volunteered as a private in Carrington's Battery, A. N. V., with which he served most faithfully, participating in all the battles in which his command was engaged until he was captured, along with most of his company, at Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864, and held a prisoner at Fort Delaware till July, 1865, when he was released and made his way back home.

After a short course at the University of Virginia, he taught school in Mississippi and in his home county for

several years, till the failure of his uncle's health, when he took charge of the farm, which he managed until death, making grape culture a specialty, and he soon became known as the most skillful and successful grower in his county. In 1876 he was married to Miss Nannie W. Eastham, of Albemarle, who survives him with one son, William D. Holladay, a successful farmer and respected citizen of the county.

Albert Holladay was a man of fine ability and acquired scholarship, singularly modest in disposition, but of an unflinching firmness in standing up for the right and commanded the high esteem of all who knew him as a gallant old veteran, a public-spirited and useful citizen, a kind and helpful neighbor and loyal friend, and a devoted Christian.

CAPT. JOHN RANDOLPH BRYAN.

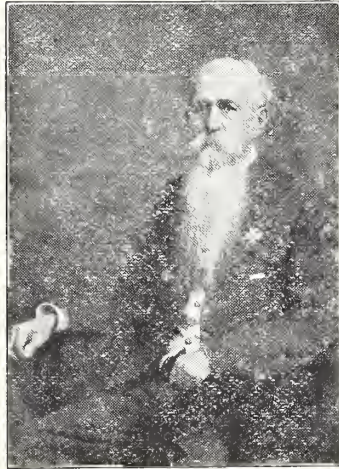
Capt. John Randolph Bryan, born in Gloucester County, Va., January 9, 1841, died at Grace Hospital, Richmond, Va., December 27, 1917. He was educated at the Episcopal High School of Alexandria, at the Virginia Military Institute, and at Bloomfield Academy, under Col. W. Leroy Brown and Capt. W. W. Tibbs, near Charlottesville, Va. When war came on he was prompt to volunteer in defense of his native State and served at the headquarters of Gen. J. B. Magruder in the campaign on the Peninsula in the spring of 1861. He volunteered for special service, going up in a crude hot-air balloon to ascertain the numbers and position of the enemy. In this hazardous expedition he was carried by the wind over both armies, a target for the sharpshooters of friend and foe, narrowly escaping coming down in York River, over which he was blown by the changing wind; but having accomplished his object, he finally made a safe landing and hurried to headquarters with his important information. After this thrilling adventure he served on the staff of Generals Magruder and McLaws till the next spring. In June, 1864, he was made captain in the adjutant and inspector general's department and was ordered to Southwest Virginia, where he did good service under Gens. Sam Jones, Echols, and Breckinridge, participating in the battles of Cloyd Mountain, New Market, and Monocacy. This staff duty continued to the end of the war.

In 1867 Captain Bryan was married to Miss Margaret R. Minor, oldest daughter of William W. Minor, of Gads Hill, Albemarle County, Va., and after a year on a cotton plantation in Louisiana they returned to Virginia, where he farmed for a number of years near Charlottesville, making dairying and fruit-growing his specialties. In 1885 he went to Birmingham, Ala., where he engaged in active business in real estate and insurance, giving especial attention to mining and timber lands and becoming largely interested in phosphate land near Columbia, Tenn., which he managed successfully till the failure of his eyesight, when he sold his interests and retired from active business, spending the latter years of his life with his family and friends. He was a man of marked personality and many fine traits of character, with a rare faculty for making warm friends and keeping them, and always ready and eager to help the poor and needy and to take part in every good work. He was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, but very liberal in his religious views. He is survived by his wife and children—Mrs. John S. Hitchcock, of Northampton, Md.; Mrs. Herbert Nichol, of Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Gerald Richmond, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. B. Bullitt, of Chapel Hill, N. C.; Miss E. C. Bryan; and Dr. William M. Bryan, of the United States marine hospital service—and by one brother, Rev. C. B. Bryan, of Petersburg, Va.

CAPT. AARON STANTON.

No memorial to a dead soldier was ever devised by hero worshipers so exquisite and touching and so imperishable as that adopted by the French in memory of Latour D'Auvergne, which prescribes that at every roll call the dead soldier's name shall be called and that the sergeant shall answer to the name, "Dead upon the field of honor." No less than the French people should the United Confederate Veterans adopt some similar memorial to their heroic dead, and in the absence as yet of any prescribed custom some survivor of the "vastly thinning line" should pay a fitting tribute to their memory in the columns of the VETERAN.

It is with heavy heart that we are called upon to chronicle the death of one more of the sacred band, that of Capt. Aaron Stanton, of the Breckinridge Guards, of Adams County, Miss., Army of Middle Tennessee, who departed this life on the 1st of January, 1918.



CAPT. AARON STANTON.

From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, he displayed traits of character which distinguished him above his fellows. A dignity and courtesy, a frankness and geniality, a sincerity and candor, a seriousness of thought and a fluency of expression, a remarkable absence of petulance under harassing conditions, and, above all, an unaffected grace of manner that endeared him to his friends and captivated every other person with whom he came in contact, marked the career of his exceptional personality. Hence when he entered the ranks of war these qualities shone with added luster and made him the idol of the men that followed his leadership and the admiration of all who came into his sphere. But army life developed even more virile qualities, those qualities which go to make up the ideal soldier—courage, patience, self-sacrifice, generosity, self-denial, and fortitude to endure all the rude and cruel privations of war—and severe as was the test, throughout his army life he never lost that grace of manner and speech nor that poise of character which stamped him with the halo of distinction.

Being a cavalryman, he excelled in horsemanship. His seat in the saddle was the very perfection of grace, and to see him on the field of battle with drawn saber and flashing eyes recalled those pictures of the knights of old, of Ivanhoe and Sir Launcelot, of Sir Galahad and Arthur. It was common talk among the soldiers of the division that only one man was the equal of Captain Stanton in appearance on horseback, and that was Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, on whose staff he served for two years. This horsemanship was not affected nor posed, and it saved his life and served his country on more than one occasion.

It was the field of Missionary Ridge. He was instructed by General Breckinridge to carry an important order to a dangerous part of the field to save a brigade from capture. Galloping swiftly over the field in the dusk of the evening,

he suddenly found himself confronting a regiment drawn up in battle array not over forty yards before him. At first he thought that they were our men, but the stern challenge to surrender apprised him that death or capture by the enemy stared him in the face. In the flash of a second his decision was made. Wheeling his ready horse to the right about and bending low in his saddle, he drove the spurs home and dashed away, despite the bullets that whistled around him, and delivered the order that saved an entire brigade from capture.

He was in the thick of the fight in the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn., and displayed there his customary coolness and gallantry; and although his commander, General Cleburne, was killed right by his side and his cousin on the other side was desperately wounded, he himself escaped by a miracle.

Captain Stanton served in the Confederate army until the close of the war. His career as a private citizen after the war was full of credit to himself and of value to his country, and he was conspicuous for the energetic part he played in delivering his county and State from negro domination in the dark days of Reconstruction and reestablishing white supremacy. But time, exposure, privations, and hardships had made their deadly inroads upon his physical powers, and on the 1st of January, 1918, he "crossed over the river and now rests under the shade of the trees." He leaves a whole community to mourn its loss and many descendants. Chief among these is his grandson, First Lieut. Aaron Stanton Merrill, of the destroyer Conyngham, now serving in British waters. Lieutenant Merrill has inherited all the dash and gallantry of his noble grandsire and has distinguished himself in the extremely hazardous warfare in which he is engaged.

Captain Stanton's funeral was attended by a large concourse of his fellow citizens of all classes, and it is mentioned here because of its semi-military character. The United Confederate Veterans, Natchez Camp, No. 20, arrayed in full Confederate uniform and each veteran bearing a Confederate flag, marched with solemn step at the head of the funeral cortege. Arriving at the church, they formed in open order, and as the coffin was borne through their ranks they dipped their colors to the illustrious dead in reverent salutation. After the ceremonies at the grave, the members of the Camp were ordered by their Commander to form a cross and plant their flags. This was done, and the breeze, springing up in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, caused the flags to unfurl and stream in the wind, forming a martial picture over the grave of a splendid citizen and heroic soldier of the Confederacy. The pathetic scene—the flags, the multitude of sorrowing citizens, the martial figures grouped around—invoked memories that recalled the celebrated tribute to John Graham of Claverhouse, the Earl of Dundee, and we feel that the sentiments ascribed to Dundee in that tribute could well be applied to Captain Stanton, and we append them here as a fitting requiem to our beloved comrade and friend:

"Open wide the gates of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest.
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest.
Last of Scots and last of freemen,
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace.

O thou noble-hearted warrior,
 Reck not of the aftertime!
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true;
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.
 Sleep! And when the latest trump
 Shall summon dead from land and sea,
 Southland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee."

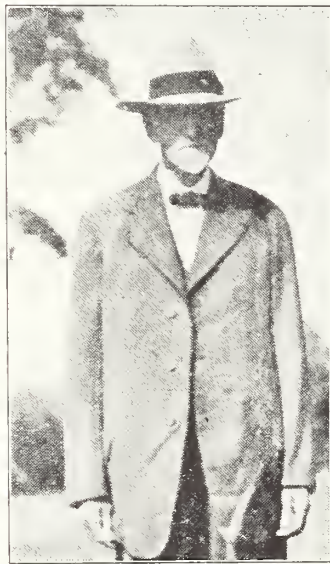
[Tribute by a private in his company.]

STEPHEN TURNER RIVES.

Stephen Turner Rives, Confederate veteran, who died of apoplexy at Amherst, Va., on January 14, 1918, was born on April 18, nearly eighty-three years ago. He passed his boyhood in Christian County, Ky., and when the War between the States broke out he enlisted in the 14th Tennessee Regiment.

Gen. William McComb writes of him: "The 1st, 7th, and 14th Regiments composed a brigade that was known as Archer's Tennessee Brigade, A. P. Hill's division, A. N. V. This brigade took an active part in almost every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. Comrade S. T. Rives was an ideal soldier, and I always depended on him in any emergency. On the 27th of June, 1862, when our command broke General McClellan's center, Steve Rives was one of the first Confederate soldiers to cross the enemy's breastworks and was in every engagement during that campaign. In the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg) he was wounded. Dr. Wright, surgeon of the 14th Tennessee Regiment, had charge of the field hospital; and as it was about one hundred miles to the railroad, he kept S. T. Rives and many others with him in the field hospital. When General Lee crossed back to Virginia, all in the hospital were taken prisoners, and as soon as S. T. Rives could be moved he was sent to Johnson's Island. When exchanged he returned to his regiment and was in every engagement until the surrender, April 9, 1865."

His father, Stephen Rives, Sr., was a member of the Virginia Rives family that came to this country from England in 1645. His mother, Sophy Cannon, was an aunt of Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, former Speaker of the House. Stephen Rives was the youngest of nine children, all of whom, with one exception, lived to be eighty years old. His sister, Mrs. Rebecca Rives White, died last year at the age of eighty-six. After the war he married Mary H. Ragsdale in Chris-



S. T. RIVES.

tian County, Ky. She was a daughter of Edward Jones Ragsdale and granddaughter of Edward Tillotson, of Mecklenburg County, Va. After her death, twenty-two years ago, he went to live in Virginia; and his only daughter, Hallie Erminie Rives, the novelist, who married Post Wheeler, a well-known writer and diplomat, survives him.

Stephen Rives was a lover of his horses and hounds, his gun and violin, and no man ever loved his old comrades more than he, and he kept up with many of them to the last. Not long ago, when visiting Arlington, he stood with bared head in the room where Robert E. Lee had made his choice in favor of the South. His eyes filled with tears as he said: "'Father Robert' we always called him. When there was a victory, he always spoke of it as our victory; when there was a defeat, he said my defeat."

Stephen Rives was buried in the cemetery in Hopkinsville, Ky., beside his wife.

COL. J. T. ADAMS.

The death of Col. James Theophilus Adams at his country estate, near Holly Springs, N. C., after a brief illness, denotes the passing of a prominent and valued citizen of Wake County whose gallant service during the War between the States marked him as one of the bravest of the brave who wore the gray. His going also marks the passing of one of Wake's oldest and most representative families. He was a man of sterling qualities, and as a brave young Confederate he distinguished himself, having entered the war at the early age of eighteen years, volunteering as a member of Company D, 26th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Pettigrew's Brigade. From the history of this famous regiment we find that "this meritorious soldier rose from second lieutenant in Company D to lieutenant colonel of the regiment, and during the last days of the war he was in command of the regiment and on the retreat from Petersburg was at times in command of the brigade. He was wounded at Malvern Hill and also at Gettysburg. * * * At Hancock's defeat at Burgess Mill, on the Boydton plank road south of Petersburg, October 27, 1864, Lieutenant Colonel Adams, in command of the regiment, acted with such conspicuous gallantry as to call forth the warm commendation of his brigade commander, Gen. William MacRae. At the brilliant victory of Reams Station, after Colonel Lane was wounded, Lieutenant Colonel Adams took command and was ever thereafter present with his regiment until its surrender at Appomattox, where he signed the paroles of his command."

Since the war Colonel Adams had resided in Wake County, a prosperous man in business, loved, respected, and esteemed by all who knew him. For many years he had to use crutches because of the wounds received in battle. Surviving him are his devoted wife, his constant companion to the end (she was Miss Lucy Ann Beckwith, of Wake County), also four sons and four daughters. The funeral was conducted with Masonic honors; the burial was in the old family cemetery.

DEATHS IN JOE KENDALL CAMP, WARRENTON, VA., DURING 1917.

H. H. Freeman, of the 4th Virginia Regiment of Cavalry.
 M. C. Blackwell, of the 38th Virginia Regiment of Infantry.
 Dr. J. A. Marshall, of Alexandria, Va.

Hon. T. C. Pilcher, of the 4th Virginia Regiment, Company H (Black Horse), whose good deeds are without number.

[A. Fontaine Rose, Adjutant.]

CAPT. JAMES PINCKNEY SAWYER.

Capt. James Pinckney Sawyer was born February 6, 1837, in Edneyville, N. C., and died December 24, 1917, in Asheville, N. C.

Removing from the village of Edneyville, the home of his ancestors, Captain Sawyer's family settled in Asheville, N. C., when he was still an infant, and there he received his education and grew to manhood. Just before the breaking out of the War between the States on January 4, 1861, he married Miss Nancy Caroline Coston, of Edneyville, and in April of that year entered the Confederate service as a volunteer in Company A, of the 25th North Carolina Infantry. This company was organized by an uncle of Captain Sawyer's, Gen. Bayless M. Edney, and was commanded by Major Dearing under Colonel Rutledge. General Edney furnished the material for the one hundred uniforms of this company. These suits were cut



CAPT. J. P. SAWYER.

out by the mother-in-law of Captain Sawyer, Mrs. Sarah Baxter Coston, and the tents, canteen covers, and fatigue shirts were all made by hand by the women of Edneyville.

During the first part of the war Captain Sawyer acted as orderly sergeant and could call the muster roll entirely from memory. Soon after he was made regimental commissary, with the rank of captain, serving as such for about one year. He then resigned to be made shipping agent of the North Carolina Salt Works at Saltville, Va. There he was placed in command of a battery and during a fierce engagement with the enemy marvelously escaped death from a bursting shell, receiving only a slight flesh wound. It was there that a company of negroes was sent to destroy the salt works. They succeeded in doing a good deal of damage by burning and stealing, but when morning dawned the ground was strewn with the bodies of the dead negroes, and if any were left alive they were nowhere to tell the tale.

In 1864 Captain Sawyer returned to Petersburg, Va., to rejoin his old company and was made chief clerk at the headquarters of Gen. R. H. Anderson. He continued to hold this position until just before the end of the war, when he was called upon to act as adjutant of the regiment. It was his sad duty to both write and read the surrender of General Lee to his regiment at Appomattox.

There were very few Confederate Reunions that Captain Sawyer failed to attend. At the one held in New Orleans in 1897 General Gordon appointed him Lieutenant Colonel, acting as Adjutant General, Chief of Staff of the North Carolina Veterans. On December 18, just a week before his death, Captain Sawyer was appointed Assistant Inspector General on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Julian S. Carr, commanding Department of Northern Virginia, U. C. V.

After the war he settled in Asheville, N. C., following the general mercantile business. In 1879 he was made President of the Bank of Asheville, continuing in that office for ten

years, when he resigned to take up other interests. In 1891 he was one of the organizers of the Battery Park Bank, being elected its president for twenty-one successive years, at that time retiring from active business to become chairman of the board of directors. He served as President of the State Bankers' Association and was a member of the National Society.

Captain Sawyer was Past Grand Master and Past Grand Representative of the I. O. O. F. In 1905 the signal honor of the degree of Chivalry was conferred upon him.

When the Board of Trade was organized in 1898, Captain Sawyer was made its treasurer and held that position until his death. The Good Samaritan Mission was virtually the idea of Captain Sawyer. He served the State Asylum as president of its board for thirty years. Central Methodist Church claimed him as a member of the board of stewards for many years, and at the end he was chairman of the board of trustees. For twenty-six years he was treasurer of the Sunday school. His pastor, Rev. C. W. Byrd, wrote of him in the Church *Bulletin*: "We shall miss his presence in the congregation, in the business life of the city, and in all the organizations that have been put in operation for community welfare. His service to the community and Church was long and efficient. He served his generation well."

When Asheville was a small town with a volunteer fire department, Captain Sawyer was its volunteer chief for twenty-two years, and at his retirement the company presented him with a handsome gold watch, which he always wore.

The Asheville *Citizen* in an editorial said: "In the death of Captain Sawyer, Asheville loses another of her pioneer citizens and one whose long life and business career has been closely identified with the remarkable growth and prosperity of the city. There are few who can recall Asheville when Captain Sawyer was not one of its foremost figures. There were days in the late sixties and in the years that followed when the future looked dark for this section, and it was then that the fortitude, determination, and arduous work of Captain Sawyer and his associate workers laid the foundation of the city that exists to-day. Throughout his long and active career Captain Sawyer maintained those high ideas of integrity and honesty of purpose which made him a landmark in this community. He was no man's enemy, but the friend of every one."

The Asheville *Times* in an editorial said of him: "James Pinckney Sawyer was a noble man, born and trained to the purpose of greater manhood. Men and women respected and loved him. Devoted to his community, his nation, and his God, his life of true loyalty commanded and received the highest esteem. When the Old South banded together to battle for its convictions, James P. Sawyer offered his services and with it his life, if demanded, and followed the Stars and Bars. Asheville mourns to-day, mourns the passing of a man good and true, modest, yet great; successful, but with name unstained and honor unsullied."

Captain Sawyer is survived by his wife and four children, Clarence, Eugene, and James Sawyer, and Mrs. Francis J. Clemenger.

[D. S. C.]

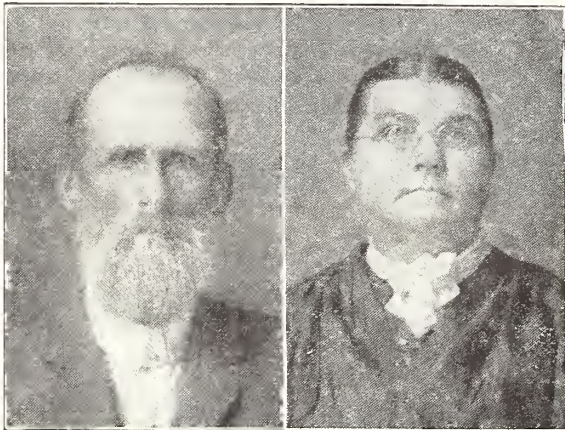
TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—In the sketch of W. T. Barnes, appearing in the March VETERAN on page 122, an error was made in giving the name of his captain as N. C. Pickett, when it should have been Capt. A. C. Pickett; also he was a member of Company G instead of Company B.

COMMADORE AMPLIAS TIMMONS.

C. A. Timmons was born in Hopkins County, Ky., April 7, 1847. His father was George Edward Timmons, and his grandfather was Capt. George Timmons, of the Revolutionary War. He was reared on the farm where he was born and attended the country schools.

In April, 1864, he joined Company B, 13th Kentucky Cavalry, being then only seventeen years old, and with this command took part in the engagements at Slaughtersville, Bell's Mine, Blue Pond, Grubbs Crossroads, the fight near Fort Donelson, Hopkinsville, Hartford, Elizabethtown, Warren-ton, and Red Hill. He entered the company as a private and was promoted to sergeant major of the regiment. On March 1, 1865, his regiment was consolidated with the 8th Kentucky, and he entered the ranks of Company F, with which he was in the engagement at Mount Avalo, Ala., and on April 1, 1865, in a fight near Selma, Ala. His regiment was captured by the 4th Iowa Cavalry, and he was then confined in the stockade at Selma, Ala., where he spent his eighteenth birthday, his dinner consisting of parched corn which a Yankee teamster had stolen for him. He was guarded and marched north by the 4th Michigan Cavalry, which regiment afterwards captured President Davis. He was paroled at Columbus, Ga., on April 18 and reached home in May, having walked most of the way.

He was married to Miss Martha Ann Crenshaw on November 18, 1869, and they lived in Hopkins County, Ky., until 1876, when they removed to Wise County, Tex., settling near Decatur. In 1889 he went to Nevada, in Collins County, and in 1891 to Goodnight, where he lived for eleven years, conducting a farm and ranch, also being justice of the peace. In 1902 he removed to Randall County and in 1904 to Amarillo, Tex., where he lived until his death, on December 22, 1917. His wife survived him only one month. He was a member of the Methodist Church for nearly fifty years, having held every office of the laity, and he had been a Mason for the same length of time.



C. A. TIMMONS AND WIFE.

Mrs. Martha Ann Crenshaw Timmons was born in Hopkins County, Ky., January 31, 1849, the daughter of Rev. B. O. Crenshaw, a Baptist preacher. She was married to C. A. Timmons at her home in November, 1869, and to this union eleven children were born, nine of them surviving, eight sons and one daughter. For forty-eight years they lived happily together, and through his long illness she sat by him knitting for our boys in the trenches. After his death she continued

her work to help the boys, and on the night of January 21 she sat up very late working on the eleventh sweater she was knitting. When her son went to call her the next morning, he found that she had slipped away in the night; without a pain or struggle she had gone to meet her God. More than sixty years ago she had set her house in order; and had she known on any day during this long period that she would not arise the next morning, it is doubtful that the day would have been spent differently than it was.

JOHN MARSHAL KESTERSON.

John Marshal Kesterson died at his home, in Radford, Va., on August 1, 1917. He was born in Augusta County, Va., on December 10, 1836, and his parents removed to Bath County when he was only three years old. He was married to Miss Nannie Fry on December 30, 1858, and to them were born a son and four daughters.

Joining the Confederate army from Bath County on April 21, 1862, he was mustered into the Confederate service on the same day at Shenandoah Mountain as a private in Company K, 52d Virginia Infantry, under Capt. Benjamin T. Walton and Col. Mike Harmon, and participated in the following engagements: McDowell, Front Royal, Strasburg, Harrisonburg, from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania C. H., Lynchburg, Liberty, Blue Ridge, Salem, Harper's Ferry, Frederick City, Md., Cedar Creek, Winchester, and Charlestown, where he was wounded; and he was ill in the hospital at Staunton for several months in 1863. In the last year of the war he removed his family to Mercer County, W. Va., and then to Radford, where he made his permanent home.

Mr. Kesterson was a charter member of the G. C. Wharton Camp, U. C. V., which was organized in February, 1893. He was appointed on the first relief work of that Camp and was elected Treasurer in October, 1898, which position he honorably filled until death. He missed but one monthly meeting in eleven years and was a good and faithful comrade to the end.

Though a great sufferer, he was kind and cheerful, ever looking on the bright side of life. The town has lost a good citizen and the family a loving husband and father.

SAMUEL J. MARTIN.

Samuel J. Martin, a member of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., died at his home, near Gatesville, Tex., January 18, 1918, and was buried in the Gatesville Cemetery.

Comrade Martin was born in King and Queen County, Va., June 21, 1841. He enlisted in the Confederate service June 21, 1861, at Ashland State Race Course, Va., in Capt. Beverly Douglas's company, H, 9th Virginia Cavalry, the regiment being commanded by W. F. H. Lee, afterwards made brigadier general. Mr. Martin was paroled at Richmond, Va., in June, 1865. He went to Brenham, Tex., in 1867 and to Coryell County in 1868, stopping at Eagle Springs. He was married to Miss A. Strickland in 1871, who, with two daughters, survives him. Comrade Martin was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for over fifty years.

In deep sorrow his comrades of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., bore his remains to their last resting place and paid to him their tribute of respect and regard. Comrade Martin lived a just and upright life, as is attested by numerous friends who sorrow in his death.

The members of Camp No. 135 will ever cherish his memory.

[W. L. Saunders and A. M. Henson, committee.]

WILLIAM MAURY HILL.

William Maury Hill was born in Richmond, Va., March 30, 1848. Thus began a life full of the attributes of a soldier—submission to higher discipline, endurance of hardness, and consideration for others. He was one of the junior volunteers of the "Boy Company of Richmond," so fully written up in a late number of the *VETERAN*. After their gallant fight at Glenburnie Farm, on the Westham plank road, when Richmond was so direly threatened by Dahlgren's raid, they were organized into Company G, with Capt. Edward Gay at their head as leader. "Willy" Hill was sergeant, and those boys bore a continuous though inconspicuous part in all the battles around Richmond. William Hill was captured at Sailor's Creek and confined at Point Lookout.



W. M. HILL.

After cessation of hostilities, he was no less a soldier in another cause, enduring with sturdy manliness hardships and responsibilities at which men were quailing. He ever bore a front undaunted by any foe. In 1871 he joined the Guard of the Commonwealth as lieutenant.

The honor of being son, husband, father, friend was more valued even than those bestowed by his fellow citizens, who were not slow in recognizing into whose hands to trust the hard-won earnings of the Reconstruction period. A soldier fighting for the safety of his home at fifteen, a wage-earner at seventeen, he was made cashier of the Virginia State Bank at twenty-four, after having served the Planters' National Bank as teller and assistant cashier in the interim. When the State Bank and City Bank were consolidated, he was elected Vice President of the new bank, in which capacity he served till he answered the roll call in the army of the pure in heart above on January 5, 1918.

As years advanced he kept his heart open to the youth of the city, making young people his associates. Now eternal youth is his.

"Among the noblest of the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who, without favor, without fear,
In a great city dares to stand
A friend to man and beast."

TEMPLE J. SUBLETT.

Temple J. Sublett, one of the oldest veterans of Camp 143, of Bowling Green, died very suddenly on November 10, 1917. He was eighty-two years old and had served four years in the war as a member of Company E (Summit's Rifles), under Captain Thompson, 45th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Colonel Hardcastle. This is what his commanding officer said about him: "Having been appointed quartermaster of this regiment, I had T. J. Sublett detailed to serve as my wagon master during the Kentucky campaign,

and about the time of the battle of Perryville Sublett was dangerously ill with flux. At Harrodsburg, when the army was making forced marches, evacuating Kentucky, it was apparent that Sublett could not move with the army, so I advised him to go home to Bowling Green until he got able to return to his company. So on his return I was appointed or made quartermaster of the brigade of Gen. M. P. Lowry, and took T. J. Sublett with me as wagon master, as he had been in the regiment. And now, after the lapse of half a century, it gives me real pleasure to testify to the unflinching fidelity, the efficiency, the constancy, the fine soldierly qualities of this faithful soldier. P. W. Shearer was captain and quartermaster of Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee."

[J. H. Price, Adjutant Camp No. 143.]

THOMAS SHERMAN OLIVER.

Thomas S. Oliver, one of the most prominent of the pioneer citizens of Hill County, Tex., died at his home, in Covington, Tex., on January 23, at the age of seventy years. Only one member of the large and patriotic family of ten boys and three girls now remains—his brother, Mr. James Oliver, of McGheesville, Va.

Thomas Oliver was born in Green County, Va., January 29, 1847; and when war between the States was declared in 1861, he hastened to pledge his allegiance to the Southern cause. As a member of the 25th Virginia Regiment, Longstreet's Corps, he fought and suffered and would gladly have died for the principles which animated his service. As a Confederate soldier he was a credit to himself and an honor to his country.

Early in 1870 he removed to Texas, locating in Robertson County, where he met and married Miss Mattie L. Price. To this union were born seven children, five daughters and two sons, all surviving. No husband and father was ever more beloved than this one, each member of the family seeming to realize the compelling strength of his generous, genial nature. He was also beloved by his fellow men, who responded to the love which he bestowed so generously, his friends being numbered only by his acquaintances. He was noted for his charitable disposition and for his consecrated Christian life. He removed his family to Hill County in 1879 and made his permanent home in Covington.

JACOB ADAM SHYRER.

Jacob A. Shyrer, a brave and gallant soldier, good citizen, husband, and father, was born in Grant County, Ky., June 20, 1842, and died at his home, in Latham, Ill., on January 23, 1918, in his seventy-sixth year. When the Confederate army, under the leadership of Generals Bragg and E. Kirby Smith, invaded Kentucky in the late summer and early fall of 1862, it gave young Shyrer and many others the opportunity they had been seeking for months to enter the Confederate service. He promptly enlisted on September 5 in a company that was being recruited by Capt. H. C. Musselman, of Grant County, for the 5th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Col. H. Hawkins. This regiment was a part of the famous 1st Kentucky Brigade, known to history as the "Orphan Brigade," from September, 1863, to the close of the war, and Jacob Shyrer participated in all the battles in which his regiment and brigade were engaged. From Dalton to Atlanta he was under fire for more than one hundred days, and at every roll call he answered "Here." He was paroled with his regiment and brigade at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A Ward in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, endowed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is an assured fact for Easter Day, 1918. In your President General's March letter to the VETERAN she expressed the hope that this would be your accomplishment by Easter Day, and you have realized that great hope. In the March VETERAN I reported as completed the General U. D. C. bed in honor of Jefferson Davis and the South Carolina bed in honor of Wade Hampton. On February 11 Virginia completed her bed endowment in honor of Gen. R. E. Lee, then followed in rapid succession the following beds, completed and paid for: Arkansas, in honor of Gen. Patrick Cleburne; Arkansas II, in memory of Richard Jackson; North Carolina, in honor of Zebulon B. Vance; Shreveport, La., Chapter, to honor General Beauregard; Georgia, to honor Gen. John B. Gordon; California, to honor Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston; and Georgia II, in memory of Shap-pen Mitchell. And thus, you see, our first ward at Neuilly is assured for 1918.

I want to call your attention especially to the General Beauregard bed, endowed by the Shreveport Chapter, U. D. C., with only one hundred and seventy members, and I also want to mention the fact that our most valued and devoted First Vice President General, Mrs. Peter Youree, is its President, a fitting leader for so splendid a group of workers.

With this concrete work before us, we must see our duty clear to maintain this ward at Neuilly until peace comes back to earth. Such work finds an echo in every U. D. C. heart. Too many letters have come to your President General from tireless workers in our ranks which tell of sons or brothers or nephews giving their all in France at their country's call to make me doubt for one instant the personal appeal of this work. We have put our hands to a great task, one that we understand and appreciate the need for, and it is a part of our inheritance that we shall stand faithful to it unto the end.

Our efficient Central Committee on War Relief, with Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 1800 Eleventh Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., directing it with marvelous executive and organizing ability as chairman, issued a full and detailed circular to State Presidents and State War Relief Directors late in February. This circular, if followed carefully, will classify and record our work as a great national patriotic society. Your President General urges you to comply strictly with all of Mrs. Rountree's instructions, for in the end you will find there is a good reason for each one of them. Limit your war relief work to that set before you by this central committee, and then you can rest assured that you are spending your energy

and love for your country wisely and in directions where the greatest needs are at present. This committee expends so much effort to inform itself of all conditions before it advises or acts that your President General cannot impress upon you too strongly the necessity for heeding its advice. I do not think you will find it narrow in its sympathy or short-sighted in its plans.

State Presidents are reminded that this letter is intended to keep them informed up to date (it leaves the President General's office the 7th of each month previous to its appearance in the VETERAN) as to the current events occurring or planned for by the general Association. They are requested to give its subject matter as information to their Chapters as early as is convenient, so that our great organization may move along the lines of work most stressed by the leaders selected to direct it with as much uniformity as possible.

The Minutes of the Chattanooga Convention were distributed by our efficient and ever-faithful Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Merchant, during the last week in February. They were due from the printers February 1, and we are to be congratulated that in these war times, with delayed transportation by mail and express and with the disturbed conditions in all manufacturing plants, we have our minutes in such good form and neat appearance with so little delay. Officers, State and Chapter, all should read carefully every page of these minutes, and especially page 4, headed "Important," so as to promote the routine work of the U. D. C.

Badges and Medals may be obtained now from Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Hot Springs, Ark., Second Vice President General U. D. C. Both the membership badge and the official medal are sent at a fixed price when accompanied by the proper papers.

Educational.—It is with the deepest regret that the Committee on Education, U. D. C., reports having been notified that the Bristol school property has been secured by the United States government for its use for the period of the war; that the school was closed in February, all the pupils returning to their homes, among the number our U. D. C. scholarship girl, Celeste Roberts, of Kentucky. This deprives our Association of this splendid \$1,000 scholarship which it has enjoyed through the generosity of Miss Alice Bristol for the past six years.

The U. D. C. Salute of Respect.—By action of the Chattanooga Convention (see page 106) a resolution was adopted which embodied in its wording the following idea: "That all U. D. C.'s place their right hands over their hearts and stand silently and quietly whenever the national anthem is played or sung and when the colors pass in review." Outward signs of patriotic respect are necessary among civilized peoples,

and your President General would remind individual U. D. C.'s everywhere that, having passed such a resolution at a general convention, we should observe the form we have imposed upon ourselves and deport ourselves accordingly on all public occasions. It is only necessary to make this resolution generally known to our membership, I am sure, to have its requirements conformed with by each U. D. C.

The Confederate Flag.—Your President General's attention has been called to a notice in the February VETERAN, "A Tribute to Our Boys," which was causing some confusion and criticism in certain parts of our country. By correspondence with Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., whose idea it was to try to pay the highest tribute known to the U. D. C. to the boys in khaki, your President General was able to make the matter clear to Mrs. Owen, who now withdraws the proposition which she made with such loving intentions. Your President General thinks that the Confederate flag is preëminently a tribute of respect for the biers of Confederate men alone and that if the U. D. C. would honor the biers of the boys in khaki they should use the U. D. C. colors, red, white, and red, attached to such floral offerings as they might care to send for such sad occasions.

Necrology.—The announcement of the death of Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., for many years the faithful and efficient Treasurer of the Davis Monument Association, U. D. C., will come as a personal sorrow to hundreds of U. D. C.'s who worked with Mrs. Taylor for so many years. Her gentleness and courtesy are a blessed memory for our Association to cherish as an ideal for its membership now and in the future.

As the days lengthen with the return of spring and preparations for State conventions begin to engage our attention, let me remind you all to map out at these conventions definite war relief work for your Divisions for the coming year, to take pledges for these plans as adopted, and to be careful in selecting them that they have the approval of the Central Committee. Let me also recall to your minds that a part of the war relief work of the U. D. C., with their gaze into the future, is the speedy completion of the fifty-thousand-dollar educational endowment fund, which will be a source of restoration in many families where gaps may have been made by war's grim hand. Let our minds grasp clearly the specified needs of the hour and provide for these needs at your State conventions.

With abiding faith in your patriotism, generosity, and ability to complete whatever you set your hearts to build, I am,

Yours faithfully, MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE ARKANSAS DIVISION.

The following appeal for aid in endowing hospital beds in France was issued March 2 by Mrs. Frank Tillar, Chairman of the War Relief Committee, Arkansas Division, U. D. C.:

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy have taken upon themselves as their special work the raising of funds through their many Chapters with which to endow memorial beds in the great American hospital in France, and I, as Chairman of the War Relief Committee of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., am pleased and gratified to announce at this early date that Arkansas has forwarded money enough to endow two beds. But this success should in no way cause us to discontinue our efforts, for many beds will be needed. A boy from our home town, our neighbor, or one of our

own boys may be next brought in to feel the comfort of such a bed.

"This work is progressing splendidly. Twenty-four States have directors actively at work, and others are soon to be appointed. Funds for the endowment of five beds already have been received by Mrs. Robert Bacon, of New York City, Chairman General of the American Committee, as follows: January 10, \$600, United Daughters of the Confederacy, for a bed in memory of Jefferson Davis; February 7, \$600, South Carolina Division, in honor of Wade Hampton; February 11, \$600, Virginia Division, in honor of Robert E. Lee; February 14, \$600, Arkansas Division, in honor of Patrick R. Cleburne; February 14, \$600, from Mrs. Jackson and daughters, of Paragould, Ark., in honor of their husband and father, Richard Jackson.

"This last donation was forwarded through the local Chapter of the U. D. C. of Paragould. So far Arkansas leads all sister States. Let us continue to do so. The \$600 covers all expenses, equipment included, for one patient for one year and also includes cost of brass name plate for bed owned.

"While this is, as stated, a special work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, as Chairman of the War Relief Committee I make a direct appeal to every patriotic citizen, to all societies, clubs, fraternal orders, and schools to aid in this great work and forward me subscriptions, no matter how small. Every cent contributed goes to the cause for which you give it, without any deduction whatever for expenses of any kind. You cannot help save the lives of soldiers of the United States and France in a more direct and practical way."

THE ILLINOIS DIVISION.

BY MISS IDA F. POWELL, PRESIDENT.

At the annual convention of the Illinois Division, held in Chicago October 10 and 11, interesting reports of the past year's work were given by the retiring officers and by the Presidents of the various Chapters, all breathing a deep love for the U. D. C. and an unswerving loyalty to our country in this her hour of peril.

Enthusiasm was aroused over the report of the efforts being made by the three Chicago Chapters and the Southern Woman's Club to place a Dixie ambulance in the field, the Chicago Chapter starting this fund with a garden party August 2 and following with a stereopticon patriotic lecture October 19. Since then various entertainments have been given by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Southern Woman's Club for this fund, many individual members have contributed, and the Stonewall Chapter has donated \$50 from its treasury.

All during the past year, too, our members have been working for the Red Cross, sewing, knitting, making surgical dressings and comfort kits, buying liberty bonds, and in every way possible upholding the policies of our great leader, Woodrow Wilson.

On February 24 the Illinois Division entertained many of the Southern boys from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, giving them a taste of Southern hospitality in this far-away city of the North.

We are proud that Illinois is represented on several of the committees of our general organization, Mrs. Walter J. Warder, of Chicago Chapter, being Illinois Director on War Relief; Mrs. John C. Jacobs, of Stonewall Chapter, on the War between the States Committee; Mrs. D. J. Carter, of Chicago Chapter, on the Credentials Committee; Mrs. Frank

C. Rolfe, President of Stonewall Chapter, on the Transportation Committee; and Miss Ida F. Powell, President of the Illinois Division, on the Southern States Insurance of Costumes and Furnishings Committee.

Our baby Chapter, Raphael Semmes, though not as large numerically as our two older Chapters, is doing excellent work and yields to none in the ability and devotion of its members.

There is not a Daughter in Chicago who is not intensely loyal to the memories of the Old South and the high principles for which the U. D. C. stands, feeling an added responsibility in maintaining these ideals in a Northern clime and demonstrating to all the love of country, home, honor, and uprightness taught us by our forbears and our willingness to sacrifice for our country unstintingly when danger menaces or a foreign foe threatens our beloved land.

The following officers head the Division for the year: Honorary President, Mrs. John A. Lee; President, Miss Ida F. Powell; First Vice President, Mrs. Edward S. Bailey; Second Vice President, Mrs. A. O. Simpson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank C. Rolfe; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ada Grantham; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Morton Tenney; Registrar, Miss Mary Lee Behan; Historian, Mrs. W. W. Robins; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. L. Pinney; Directors, Mrs. Verne K. Rice, Mrs. D. J. Carter, Mrs. Theodosia Bagshawe.

THE FLORIDA DIVISION.

BY MRS. A. M. EDWARDS, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Not only monuments for our men have we built, but we have assisted our State in a great measure in caring for our dependent living veterans and those dependent upon them by furnishing a nurse at the Soldiers' Home, giving clothing, furniture, fuel, and always dainties for the sick and elaborate Christmas and New-Year dinners. We care for them in life and in death lay them tenderly away, marking their graves with modest little headstones bearing the names and dates of birth and death.

The Daughters are collecting, compiling, and preserving in enduring form an impartial Confederate history, for we believe this is a sacred duty that we owe to our forefathers. We are also educating the boys and girls of our veterans in our colleges and universities, so they may be lifted up from the poverty of their environments and placed in position to make good citizens equipped for the battles of life. We are going to teach our children and have them teach their children that, though the banner of our fathers is furled never to be kissed by the breeze again, we, their daughters, cherish it for the sacred memories which cluster around it, for the glorious principles of right and liberty it represents, and for the courage and patriotism of those who fought and died for it.

Florida Daughters have joined with other women of the world in doing whatsoever our hands findeth to do, and we are doing it with all our might; for are not the boys of the South and the boys of the North marching out shoulder to shoulder in the cause of liberty and the defense of the flag, and are not the hearts of many mothers and sisters of our organization being wrung with anguish and a new grief as we kiss our boys good-by and bid them follow their flag even unto death?

Many of our Chapters have bought liberty bonds, and individual members have purchased them liberally. Chapters have formed auxiliaries to assist with Red Cross work, and

others have given money to assist boys who have gone into service. Hundreds of comfort kits have been made and filled for the soldiers. Lunches without number have been given or sent to camp for them. U. D. C. women all over the State are members of the Red Cross or are on national defense committees; in fact, the good news comes from every Chapter that they are engaged in war relief work, either knitting or making garments of all kinds needed, conserving food, planting gardens, canning, and doing everything in their power.

The Children of the Confederacy are at work also making trench candles and knitting garments, for nearly every child can knit. Making candy for the boys in khaki is one of their greatest enjoyments.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

It is with pleasure that I report Ohio as a very active and enthusiastic Division. The war spirit is dominant, and I feel that I can truthfully say the Ohio Division is one hundred per cent efficient.

The annual convention met in Columbus October 9 and 10 as the guests of the Dixie Chapter. All Chapters reported excellent work along all lines for the year. I wish to mention particularly the splendid work done by the Dixie Chapter, our youngest Chapter, for educational work among the Kentucky mountaineers. The slogan for the convention was "Patriotism," and all in attendance pledged themselves to the limit in every form of war work. Two Children's Chapters have been organized during the year, the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, a ward of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati, and the Dayton Dixies, of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter of Dayton. An honor roll is being compiled of the members of families of the State U. D. C. who are serving their country, and at the next convention we shall have a service flag bearing a star for every one in service.

I take this method of again urging all Chapters in the State to send me reports of the work they are doing, and I wish to urge on all members who are not subscribers to the VETERAN the importance of sending in their subscriptions at once. The percentage of subscriptions in Ohio is very small. It is very important that all members of the U. D. C. should read the VETERAN, as it is our official organ and the only way in which we can keep in touch with the work of the organization.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati sends in an excellent report: "Four months ago a knitting unit was organized. Since that time two hundred and ten finished garments have been turned in to the Red Cross center. A working unit was also formed at the Red Cross headquarters, and all members are required to take their turn once a week. The members of Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, are doing their bit by knitting trench blankets and ambulance spreads."

An effort is being made by some of the Chapters to furnish a room in the D. A. R. Lodge at Camp Sherman, Chilli-cothe, in memory of our beloved Robert E. Lee. A community center has been built at Camp Sherman for the betterment of the soldiers there, which affords adequate accommodations for the relatives and friends who visit their soldier boys. The Ohio Daughters are very proud to be able to dedicate this room to the greatest Southern hero.

A concerted movement to raise the necessary amount of money to endow a bed in the American hospital in Neuilly,

France, is in progress, and it is the hope of the Division to see this accomplished very soon.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter of Cleveland has also done splendid work. Since the beginning of fall, work has been going on most industriously. A knitting circle was organized, meeting once a week, and fifty trench bags and one hundred and fifty knitted garments have been turned in at the Red Cross headquarters. Besides its work for the Red Cross center, the Chapter has purchased and knit two dozen pairs of socks, one dozen pairs of wristlets, six sweaters, six scarfs, and two helmets for the boys at Camp Sherman. A tribute of love for its President, Mrs. W. B. MacBride, and its Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Parker, was shown when the Chapter presented them with knitted trench blankets for their soldier sons, First Lieuts. W. Burt MacBride and J. J. Parker, Jr., who are stationed at Camp Sherman.

Even though the war spirit has been uppermost in the mind of this Chapter, a part of its time has been given to the old and needy. A month before Christmas preparations were begun on a box for the Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond, Va., and on December 15 the box was sent to the Home with a personal gift and a box of candy and cake for each old lady to help make her Christmas just a little bit happier.

The amount of work completed by the Ohio Division has been truly wonderful when its small membership is considered. There are less than two hundred members in the entire Division, a number often surpassed by single Chapters in the South; but I am sure all will agree that the lack of numbers has not daunted the Ohio Division in its work.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE E. SHEIBLEY, EDITOR.

The efforts of the Chapters of the Georgia Division during this war period centers on educational and war relief work.

The Division has decided to endow a bed in the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, in coöperation with the plan proposed at the general convention by the U. D. C. War Relief Committee to endow a ward, or ten beds. The President General notified the State editor that Georgia was the eleventh State to assume this beautiful work of mercy. The name plate to be hung over Georgia's bed will have graven upon it "John B. Gordon, the Georgia general immortalized as 'The Man of the Twelfth of May.'" Especially gratifying is the interest the small Chapters take in the relief work and the splendid coöperation given to the Red Cross.

The observance of Georgia Day, February 12, was so general that it was almost a flagging of the State for the Helen Plane Educational Fund, a student's aid fund of perpetual scholarship.

The Children of the Confederacy of Georgia is an enthusiastic band of young workers whose youthful hands are very busy knitting and sewing, and in a short while they will begin gardening and then canning, all as a form of war relief work. It is wonderful what they accomplished along these lines last year, yet they promise finer reports at their convention in Atlanta in June.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, of Atlanta, has been appointed State Director by the Division President, Mrs. H. M. Franklin.

The Augusta Chapter is planning a memorial library in memory of James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland,

My Maryland," who lived many years in Augusta and died and was buried there.

The pupils of the State showed interest in the historical essay contest, which closed in March. The committee has chosen for this year's subject, "The Confederate Navy: The Men Who Made It Great." Last year there were more than six hundred essays submitted to the committee. The reward to the successful contestant is a beautiful gold medal.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Kansas City is very active in Red Cross and surgical dressings work. It gave, among other things, to the Missouri Signal Corps, now in France with the Rainbow Division, comfort kits, laundry bags, twelve dozen tea towels, and many packages of soap, and the Children's Chapter at Christmas sent nineteen boxes valued at one dollar each.

The annual box of candy, tobacco, and cigars was sent to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, with a useful gift to each of the fifty-two women there. A committee from the Chapter meets with the local Camp, U. C. V., at each of the monthly meetings and assists with the program. Ten crosses of honor were bestowed during the past year. The annual ball netted a goodly sum for war relief work. Army officers stationed in and near Kansas City were honored guests.

Mrs. Allen Porter, President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, won the Rose loving cup in the essay contest.

The Hannibal Chapter is doing fine work. It sent to the Confederate Home at Higginsville two Christmas boxes valued at one hundred dollars and two rocking-chairs worth fifty dollars, made a loan to a Daughter without interest which enabled her to finish school, filled two banks for the Jefferson Davis Memorial, bought a liberty bond and contributed to the educational fund, besides responding to various other calls for help.

The Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, bought a hundred-dollar liberty bond and has done much to cheer and help others and responded to all appeals whenever possible.

The birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson were appropriately observed.

The Chapter has a splendid Red Cross unit.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. A. MERRITT, ST. MATTHEWS.

The women of the South Carolina Division have decided almost as a body of one to concentrate their efforts on war relief work for this year at least. The following reports come from Chapters that have made a fine showing already:

The Robert E. Lee Chapter has for years served an elaborate dinner to veterans and wives and widows of veterans on Lee's birthday. This year this money was used for war relief work, and instead of dinner the ladies found the veterans that had not had some special Christmas cheer and sent them dainty plates and notes, to the needy ones warm garments, and to the sick flowers and other comforts. This work was highly commended by the Camp of Veterans. The Dixie Chapter, of Anderson, instead of holding its usual monthly meeting, goes on that day to the Red Cross rooms and works. The Palmetto Chapter took charge of these rooms during the last week of January, its members going there and doing as much work as possible in this time.

The Ollin M. Dantzler Chapter and its members have contributed \$125 toward the Red Cross fund and the hospital beds in France. The members are now busy knitting for the Red Cross and are planning special features for raising money for this Red Cross work.

The St. Matthews Chapter has done much knitting, sewing, and giving money for this work.

These two Chapters look very closely after the needs of their county's veterans and women of the Confederacy.

The William Wallace Chapter, of Union, plans delightful meetings each month to keep its work of special interest to the members. Rev. J. W. Sprake opened the January meeting with prayer, and Mr. Clarence Mann, Principal of the High School, made a most interesting and inspiring address, stressing the importance of liberal contributions being made toward the hospital beds in France. A contribution was then taken and liberally responded to by the Chapter members.

Robert E. Lee Chapter has contributed \$10 toward the Hampton memorial cot and expects to send more. This Chapter had the Red Cross rooms in charge the second week in February.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The Staunton Juniors, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy (auxiliary to the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, Va.), now numbering six hundred and forty-one members, was organized April 4, 1914, by Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, ex-President of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter. She is a daughter of Jacob H. Plecker, who served in Company F, 62d Virginia Regiment, and rendered gallant service in the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864. The fiftieth anniversary of this battle was observed by a semicentennial celebration at New Market, Va.

This Chapter of Juniors is the largest ever organized. Letters have come to Mrs. Cassell from every State where Confederate Chapters exist asking particulars of her record-breaking campaign to secure this unprecedented number. Love for the Confederate cause and the empty sleeve first prompted her to try to leave something permanent and lasting in the hearts of the young people when we have ceased from our labors. So she made a personal systematic canvass of the town and county. It took seven weeks, not only working during the day, but using the telephone in the evening for the country children. Three hundred and twenty-six names appeared on the roll for the first meeting. To give all a fair chance to become charter members it was decided that those who entered their names by the next monthly meeting should be considered charter members, and in this way the membership quickly ran up to five hundred. A great many are descendants of Augusta County veterans now residents of other States. The youngest member enrolled was two days old, the oldest member eighteen years.

The enthusiasm and patriotism of these boys and girls are wonderful. They already have their own Chapter badge designed especially for them, and they are arranging for Flag Day and other means of raising money for needy veterans.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Mrs. E. O. Wells, Director for Tennessee War Relief Work, Rockwood, Tenn., makes the following report:

"A month has passed since I sent each Chapter a letter concerning our war relief work, and, as promised, I will make report as the work progresses. The general committee had

hoped to have ten beds endowed by the end of February, but the last report received by the chairman, Mrs. Rountree, showed that five State Divisions had finished their part of the work. The first contribution I received was from a Southern woman not a member of any Chapter. My report to date, February 25, is as follows:

"January 20, Mrs. W. N. J., Chattanooga, \$5; February 11, Lebanon Chapter, \$10; February 12, Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$10; February 16, John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$10; Agnes Whiteside Chapter, Shelbyville, \$10; February 18, Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, \$5; February 21, Knoxville Chapter, \$50; February 28, Louisa Bedford Forrest Chapter, Collierville, \$15. Total, \$115.

"Abner Baker Chapter, Knoxville, Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Murfreesboro Chapter, and Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, Nashville, have written that they will send contributions soon. I hope soon to announce that our bed is endowed and to give the name for the brass plate."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1918.

GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

Born April 1, 1823, at Glen Lily, Hart County, Ky.; died January 8, 1914, at his old home; buried at Frankfort, Ky.

1. Describe his gallant career in the Mexican War.
2. Tell how he refused a high command in the Federal army to enter the Confederate service.
3. Show how he sustained his military reputation at Chickamauga.
4. What high position did he hold after the war?
5. When war broke out with Spain, how did he show his patriotism?

References: Files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, "Confederate Military History."

GEN. EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

Born April 4, 1831, in Richmond, Va.; died April 21, 1898, in Washington, D. C.; buried in Holly Springs, Miss.

1. Show how this Mississippi lawyer became one of the most efficient officers in the Confederate army.
2. Tell of the high estimate placed upon his services by Generals Polk and Joseph E. Johnston.
3. After the war was over, what high national office did he hold, and what tribute was paid to him by Senator Hoar?
4. Describe the manly bearing and exquisite courtesy of this Southerner, who "dwelt upon the summit of life, walking always in the light."

References: Files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, "Confederate Military History."

GEN. LEONIDAS POLK.

(Bishop Polk, "The Warrior Priest.")

Born April 10, 1806, at Raleigh, N. C.; killed June 14, 1864, near Marietta, Ga.; buried under St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Augusta, Ga.

1. Show what religious traits became apparent while at West Point.

2. Describe his labors as missionary bishop of the Southwest.

3. Tell of the careful religious instructions he gave to his colored people and the love they bore him.

4. What close ties existed between him and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston?

5. Delineate in full the beauty of character of this priest from the day he "buckled the sword over the gown" until the hour on Pine Mountain when that cannon ball, aimed with such deadly precision, "opened a wide door and let out an indomitable spirit."

Poem to learn: "Polk," by Harry Flash.

Reference: "Life of General Polk," by Dr. W. M. Polk.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1918.

GEN. EDMUND KIRBY-SMITH, "CHEVALIER BAYARD OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

Born May 16, 1824, in St. Augustine, Fla.; died March 28, 1893, at Sewanee, Tenn.; buried at Sewanee.

1. Tell of the gallantry which secured his rapid promotion in the Mexican War.

2. What rank in the United States army did he surrender to enter the service of the Confederacy?

3. Describe the qualities which made him capable of supreme command in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

4. What strong Christian character placed him beside Lee and Stonewall Jackson with a sense of honor so high that he was beyond the reach of temptation when urged to lend the use of his name "to get gain."

References: "General Kirby-Smith," by A. H. Noll; articles by Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee.

GEN. FELIX KIRK ZOLLIFFER.

("He fell like a hero of antiquity.")

Born May 19, 1812, in Maury County, Tenn.; killed January 19, 1862, in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky.; buried in Nashville, Tenn.

1. What distinguished traits were transmitted to him by a noble ancestry?

2. Describe his life as a graceful writer and brilliant editor before the war.

3. Tell of the splendid military career which was cut short before the war had lasted one year.

4. What testimony did even his enemies give of his integrity?

Poem to use: "Zollicoffer," by Harry Flash. Shortly before the death of J. C. De Leon, the Southern writer, he told me that he considered Harry Flash's poem "Zollicoffer" the most beautiful lyric produced during the war.

References: Article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April, 1910, "Confederate Military History."

GEN. PIERRE GUSTAVE JOUTANT BEAUREGARD.

("Beauregard Felix," "Old Bory.")

Born May 28, 1818, near New Orleans, La.; died February 20, 1893.

1. To what high lineage was his ancestry traced?

2. What plan of his was successfully used for the taking of the City of Mexico?

3. Tell of his memorable defense of the city and harbor of Charleston, S. C., when three hundred miles of coast were held by the Confederates against formidable attacks.

4. What honor above that given to any Confederate gen-

eral during the war was accorded him by the Confederate Congress?

Poem to use: "Beauregard's Appeal," by Paul H. Hayne. A modern writer has said that Victor Hugo might have been glad to own General Beauregard's order calling for the church and plantation bells to be melted into cannon.

Reference: "General Beauregard," by Alfred Roman.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1918.

CLIFFORD ANDERSON LANIER, SOLDIER AND POET.

Born April 24, 1844, at Griffin, Ga.; died November 3, 1908, in Montgomery, Ala.

1. This gifted young Georgian, a brother of the poet, Sidney Lanier, entered the Confederate army at the age of eighteen years.

2. Learn of his life in the dangerous business of blockade-running for the Confederacy.

3. After he was delivered from the many perils of the sea, where did he live, and what poems did he write?

4. What ritual did he compose for the United Confederate Veterans?

Poem to learn: "The American Philomel."

Reference: Volume VII. of "Library of Southern Literature."

ROBERT B. VANCE, SOLDIER, CONGRESSMAN, POET.

Born April 28, 1828, in Buncombe County, N. C.; died in 1900.

1. Learn how this Southern business man enlisted in the Confederate service and attained the rank of brigadier general.

2. Captured and imprisoned in Fort Delaware, he kept a prison notebook and wrote poems.

3. After the war was over, he served his country in Congress. What position was he given in Washington?

Poems to learn: "War's Doings," "The South." (Both were written in prison and published in the *Southern Bivouac* in November, 1886.)

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1918.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

Born May 27, 1825, in Charleston, S. C.; died March 19, 1887, in New York City.

1. This poet of the Confederacy was not a soldier, but served as the Confederate States attorney for Alabama.

2. He wrote many poems in praise of the cause he loved so well, and one of them, which has been called "a martial lyric," laments the defeat of the South.

Commit to memory this beautiful poem, "Ashes of Roses."

Reference: Volume X., "Library of Southern Literature."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1918.

DR. JOHN ALLAN WYETH, SOLDIER, SURGEON, POET.

Born May 26, 1845, at Missionary Station, Marshall County, Ala.

1. Learn of his brave rides as a boy scout with Morgan and Wheeler.

2. Captured by the enemy, he was placed in prison at Camp Morton, Indiana, where he spent fifteen months. He wrote an account of his experiences called "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton."

3. What great success has been his as surgeon and writer?

Poem to learn: "My Sweetheart's Face."

Reference: "With Saber and Scalpel," Wyeth.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	President
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	Treasurer
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	Historian
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....	Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF PETERSBURG, VA.

BY MRS. W. W. WARREN, PETERSBURG, VA.

With the passing away of Mrs. Louis L. Marks, whose death occurred on September 27, 1917, the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., lost one of its most faithful and efficient workers, for her life was so closely identified with the Association, of which she was a charter member, that to speak of her would almost chronicle the history of this organization. From its inception to the time of her death Mrs. Marks was one of its most loyal and faithful members. Undeterred by the poverty of its resources, this organization accomplished wonderful things. The Herculean task of removing the bodies of the Confederate dead that were scattered to the four winds of heaven, later the care of the section in which they were interred, the erection of the monument to the Confederate heroes—in all these she was foremost, ever giving of her time and energy to further the interest of the work of the Association. For many years she was its President and labored unceasingly for its advancement, bringing its plans to a successful completion. Although many things were done to beautify Cemetery Hill, in which so many heroes of the Confederacy sleep their last sleep, her crowning work was the restoration of Old Blandford Church. This was converted into a Confederate memorial chapel, which is the pride of Petersburg and the admiration of visitors. These sacred walls bear mute testimony to her wise leadership and zealous efforts in its behalf.

Many and varied were her experiences during the war that tried men's souls. It was due to her efforts that the first Confederate hospital was established in Petersburg. One day, as she chanced to be in the hall of the home in which she was boarding, two soldiers who had been in camp across the river at Violet Bank paused at the front door. Upon inquiry they told her that they had been ill and were then convalescing and asked her if there was not some place near by where they could rest. They were invited in and remained for a while. After they had taken their leave, Mrs. Marks became imbued with the idea of finding a place where a tired soldier might have the privilege of resting. To this end she visited a friend, and after earnest consultation they agreed to secure a certain house if the owner would consent. This permission was granted, and through the efforts of these loyal women and others who speedily became interested in the project the necessary articles were secured which enabled them to furnish a hospital. It was not long before every available space was crowded. This continued for several months, until it was taken over by the Confederate government.

When it was learned that Petersburg would be evacuated, Captain and Mrs. Marks hastily left Petersburg in a buggy with the idea of reaching Richmond. They stopped overnight at the house of a friend in Chesterfield, who furnished them with the information that it was only a question of a few hours before Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, would fall. As soon as possible they continued their journey, reaching the city just as the last train was about to leave for Danville. Captain Marks secured permission from Admiral Simms, who was in charge of the train, to place Mrs. Marks aboard, and not until she was many miles on her journey did she realize that she was the only woman on the train. Fearing she would be alarmed for her safety, Admiral Simms approached her and assured her that she was as safe there as in her own home. "Far safer," replied Mrs. Marks, "for there I would be in the hands of the Yankees." Just before the train reached Amelia Courthouse preparations were made for a battle, and a guard of soldiers was placed in the car in which Mrs. Marks was seated. However, the battle did not occur, the train proceeded on its way, and after a strenuous trip of three days and nights reached Danville. There she was hospitably received by her friends; but in a few days the fall of the Confederacy was announced, and it was not long before she and Captain Marks were reunited, he having made the trip to Danville in a buggy.

Her life was one of passionate devotion to the Confederacy. Her loyalty to its principles, her unspeakable admiration for its leaders, and her undying love for the soldier of the Confederacy were some of her chief characteristics. Quiet and unassuming in her manner, yet she never swerved one iota from her opinion that the principles for which the Southern Confederacy fought were eternally right and that the virtues exemplified in the life of the Southern soldier were those of the highest type of manhood. Probably her last public utterance, made in reply to a suggestion that the date of our Memorial Day, which commemorates the valor of those who fell in defense of Petersburg on the 9th of June, 1864, be so changed as to conform to National Decoration Day, epitomizes her loyalty to the Southern cause. It was in the words of the Psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Mrs. Marks was a type of the Old South and its régime. A conscientious and devoted Christian, she approached the end of a well-spent life with the consciousness of her trust in her divine Saviour, and with the same calmness and serenity that had been paramount in her daily walks among her friends she passed into life eternal.

INTO THE SILENT LAND.

In a beautiful memorial service held on March 1, 1918, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Nashville paid tribute to the memory of two prominent members of the State organization who died in January, Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill, of Pulaski, and Mrs. Tennie Pinkerton Dozier, of Franklin, both having served as State Historian and in other leading capacities. The exercises were presided over by Mrs. L. F. Beaty, Historian of Nashville Chapter No. 1, and the tributes came from hearts holding them in loving remembrance not only for their activity and zeal in the work of the organization, but for the characters of true womanhood which had left an impress upon all with whom they came in contact.

In reviewing the work of Mrs. Newbill for the U. D. C., Mrs. F. E. Selph, of Nashville, told of the years she had given to the historical work of the Association, for she had served as Historian of her Chapter at Pulaski, as State Historian, and last as Historian General U. D. C., and in each of these positions she had reflected credit upon the office. The historic papers she had prepared were all of much value, her contribution to the history of the Ku-Klux Klan being especially noteworthy through the material she had secured from her husband, who was an officer in the organization. While she was President of the Giles County Chapter at Pulaski during 1917 its special work was the placing of a bronze tablet to mark the place of the organization of the Klan, which work was carried through by the tireless energy of Mrs. Newbill.

The sketch of her appearing in the VETERAN for September gives a fuller outline of her accomplishments as worker and leader in the organization, for which she used her talents as writer and speaker with tireless zeal. She had two brothers in the Confederate army, who went out with the first company volunteering from Giles County and served to the end. Her husband was Capt. George Newbill, of the 4th Alabama Infantry, who had the unusual distinction of being promoted on the field for gallantry, and his parole was one of the treasured relics in her possession.

The character of Mrs. Newbill as a friend was feelingly portrayed by Miss Sallie Ballentine, of Pulaski, whose association with her was that of a lifelong friend. Another tribute to Mrs. Newbill came from the venerable Mrs. Sue Mooney, of Dresden, Tenn., read by Mrs. Mark Harrison, President of the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, of Nashville, in which she recalled some vividly tender reminiscences of their long-ago association.

The work of Mrs. Dozier as Historian of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was reviewed by Mrs. William Hume, its first Historian, who told of having been given the privilege of naming her successor and with what pride she had nominated Mrs. Dozier for that office. They had been closely as-

sociated in the work, and only the pleasantest of memories were recalled.

The tribute by Mrs. Owen Walker to Mrs. Dozier "as a friend" was eloquent with feeling. In this she said: "Mrs. Dozier was endowed with warm and generous sympathies, overflowing in words and deeds of kindness, while unselfish and loving thoughts of others ran like a golden thread through the warp and woof of her life. I cherish a beautiful picture of her ministration of sympathy and comfort to the sorrowing as given to me years ago by one who loved her—a picture of her in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va., on Memorial Day pausing beside a lonely grave to comfort with words of sympathy and hope a broken-hearted mother who wept for her son, a stranger in all except her need. One of Mrs. Dozier's finest characteristics as a friend was her quick recognition and appreciation of the gifts and talents of others. She was devoid of petty jealousy, showing pride and pleasure in the fine achievements of her friends and being ambitious for their success and progress. She had the gift granted only to a few rare spirits of being a friend to many people. * * * Best of all, her friendship wherever bestowed was a beautiful influence, an inspiration to finer and nobler living. It strengthened one's faith in God and in all things pure and lovely; it was truly a 'gift of God.'"

For a number of years Mrs. Dozier was prominently identified with leading club interests of the State and the South and had held many high offices. To patriotic enterprises especially she gave much time and thought, her work in behalf of Tennessee history being of great value. She had been President of the Tennessee Historical Society and was also a member of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. At the State Convention, D. A. R., held in Nash-

ville in November, 1917, she was elected State Regent, this honor being a just tribute to her splendid work for the organization. She had for a long time been Regent of the Old Glory Chapter at Franklin. But it was the work of the U. D. C. which claimed her chief interest and most devoted labors. While serving as State Historian she conceived the idea of a "Home for Confederate Girls" to be established in connection with the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, where for a nominal sum the daughters of Confederate soldiers could be educated and have the

comforts of home, and a considerable sum had been secured toward this purpose by her efforts. She had also collected many records for the archives of the Battle Abbey at Richmond. Her latest public service was in behalf of the Red Cross, serving as Chairman of the Surgical Dressings Committee of the Franklin Chapter. She was an ideal wife and mother, and her home life reflected the charm of her personality. Her death occurred just three weeks after that of her husband, the late Nathaniel B. Dozier.



MRS. G. M. NEWBILL.



MRS. T. P. DOZIER.

LIEUT. GEN. RICHARD H. ANDERSON.

[Continued from page 142.]

while General Sherman reports his force at 98,000, exclusive of cavalry. Both sides were reinforced. Johnston's highest number in the campaign, with all reinforcements, was 66,000, but at no one time more than 60,000; while Sherman states that his force was kept at double Johnston's. It was steadily about 112,000, and in his department he had 250,000 to draw from. Sherman's strategy was very skillful, but Johnston's was superior. General Lee had the cordial cooperation of the government, which Johnston lacked.

"Life of Lieut. Gen. Richard Heron Anderson," by C. Irvine Walker. Art Publishing Company, Charleston, S. C. \$2.50.

WHO WAS THE MAN?

Mr. F. G. Connelley writes from Bertrand, Va.:

"One of the most daring incidents I ever witnessed was at Point Lookout. I don't know who the soldier was nor even his command, but he was a fellow prisoner there with me. The weather was very cold, and the Potomac River was frozen hard 'way out. The Yankee officers were having a good time skating, while our poor boys were looking on.

"My fellow prisoner pretended that he had never seen any skating in the South, but said it looked easy, and if he had a pair of skates he believed he could do it. Thinking to have some fun, one of the officers took off his skates and offered them to him. The prisoner put them on very awkwardly, slipped and slid, and fell dozens of times, greatly to the amusement of the officer and guard. After a little he improved. They remarked on it and followed him out farther and farther, saying he would 'soon learn.'

"Suddenly he straightened up and went off like a streak of lightning straight up the Maryland shore. The guards and officers followed him in hot chase, but none could keep up. He skated toward an open tract in the ice—a tract said to be about thirty feet wide—that was kept open by the ferryboat to the opposite side of the river. Aided by his tremendous speed, he rose in the air and went with ease over that awful gap. Landing on his feet, he waved farewell and dashed away to his own, the Southland, once more. Not one man dared try to make that terrible jump. Before the guard could get back ashore and get around the open tract of the ferryboat, our hero (let us say that he was) was out of sight and miles away. When next heard from, he was at the front fighting.

"Can any of the readers of the *VETERAN* tell me who this brave boy was? The story was told me by an old soldier whose word is never questioned. I shall be glad to hear from any one who can give me any information on the subject."

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

CONVENTION TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The twenty-second annual convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has been called to meet in Nashville on May 8, 9, 10 by Mrs. Birdie Askew Owen, President. Some very interesting reports of what this Division has accomplished in the present war work may be expected. Not only has the money for an ambulance and kitchen trailer been raised, but also for a bed in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, which is the special contribution of the Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, and will be named in honor of Gen. N. B. Forrest. A second bed will be endowed by the whole Division, and it is hoped that this will be given the name of Tennessee's boy hero, Sam Davis. Although the ambulance goes in his name, it would be most fitting for the bed to have that name also, and on the plate should be inscribed his immortal words: "Had I a thousand lives, I'd give them all rather than betray a friend or the confidence of my informer." Who would not be inspired by such heroism?

MEMORIAL DAY AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Mrs. May Patton Hudson, of Cincinnati, writes that it is the custom of friends in that city to decorate on the afternoon of May 30 the graves of the Confederate prisoners who died at Johnson's Island following the annual observance of that day by the G. A. R., and she asks that friends in the South will kindly remember this occasion and send some flowers for those graves this year. Through her special efforts some \$20,000 was raised for a monument in that cemetery, and the flowers can be sent to her address, No. 6 Park Place, and she will see that they are placed on the graves.

ZEALOUS WORKERS.—Among the many organizations joining in the patriotic work of the Red Cross, the United Daughters of the Confederacy has taken high place, and that work has become the leading interest of nearly all the Chapters. One of the most zealous workers for the Red Cross in the Stonewall Chapter of Chicago is Mrs. W. N. Robins, its Treasurer. She is a Kentuckian, one of the old members both in years and in service, and she averages twenty kits a week "for our boys over there." So writes Mrs. Josephine Mickle Rolfe, President of the Chapter, and adds: "We are so very proud of Mrs. Robins."

CONFEDERATE MONEY WANTED.—A unique feature of the General Reunion U. C. V. is the paying off of Confederate veterans in "good old Confederate money," and Paymaster General J. M. Williams wants to have a good supply for the next meeting. Send to him without delay what you can contribute to that fund. His address is 587 Linden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.—February 22 was a day of unusual interest to Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Craighead, of Breckenridge Tex., for on that day they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary and also Mr. Craighead's eighty-first year. This is the only instance known where "the day we celebrate" so generally also marked a golden milestone.

Leslie Armstrong, San Angelo, Tex.: "The *VETERAN* occupies the most prominent place among my magazines. My father gave four years of his life to the Confederacy, and consequently I am deeply interested in the welfare of the periodical that devotes itself to the perpetuation of the memories of the soldiers of the South, both living and dead."

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THE GREAT DUTY.

As we go about our daily tasks in peace and safety men are dying every minute on the battle fields of Europe to save civilization. Our own gallant soldiers are shedding their blood in France and our sailors engulfed in the waters of the Atlantic as they go in defense of America's rights and honor.

Upon our performance of the work committed to us depend the lives of thousands of men and women, the fate of many nations, the preservation of civilization and humanity itself; and the more efficient and prompt we people of America are in doing our part, the more quickly will this war come to an end and the greater the number of our soldiers and sailors who will be saved from death and suffering and the greater the number of people of other nations released from bondage and saved from death.

To work, to save, to economize, to give financial support to the government is a duty to the nation and to the world, and it is especially a duty to our fighting men who on land and sea are offering their lives for their country and their countrymen.

Mrs. Hansford D. Norrell, 1537 Whitney Street, Monte Sano, Augusta, Ga., writes that she has found among her husband's books a small Testament with the following inscription: "Bible House, Baltimore, December 3, 1864. From the Maryland State Bible Society to George W. Tombs, soldier in Company C, 18th Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers. Should I die on the battle field or in hospital, for the sake of humanity acquaint Mrs. W. Y. Tombs, residing at Utica, Hinds County, Miss., of the fact and where my remains may be found." Mrs. Norrell is anxious to return the book to some of the relatives.

Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., wishes to secure some information of the service of William Powell Rice, late a resident of Washington, who served in Company C, 3d Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, as sergeant. Any surviving comrades or relatives will confer a favor by furnishing this information of him and also as to the locality in which Company C was organized.

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C. E. Brooks, 239A State St., Marshall, Mich.

J. I. Waite, 22 Beaver Street, Waycross, Ga., would like to hear from some one who was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.

Clearance Sale of Books

In working over the VETERAN'S stock of books, many odd volumes have been found, and another list of single copies is here offered. All are in good condition, only a little dust-soiled. Postage paid at prices given, which are much less than the books originally sold for.

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVI.

MAY, 1918

NO. 5

The American's Creed

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.'

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

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See page 188.

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EVERY AMERICAN'S DUTY.

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Hundreds of thousands of others have been diverted from producing things used in peace to producing things used in war.

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Work and speed up production to make up for the lessened production; economize in consumption to lessen as much as possible the drain upon our resources; lend your money to your government to prosecute this war successfully and make our soldiers powerful, effective, and victorious.

Every American can do an individual service to his country by working, saving, and buying liberty bonds.

L. S. Cole, Confederate Home, Little Rock, Ark., wants to hear from any comrade who knew Capt. Hugh L. McClung, who was killed at Fort Donelson. His home was at Knoxville, Tenn. He also inquires for the soldier who gave him a suit of clothes at Jackson, Miss., when he came out of prison following the exchange at Vicksburg, with whom he would like to correspond.

Leslie Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., would like to hear from some member of Company G, 2d Texas Infantry, who remembers his father, A. W. Armstrong, who served with that company, and could give him some information of its campaigns, or from a member of any other company who knew the members of Company G.

George W. Myers, of Carrothers, Ohio, writes: "Inclosed find one dollar for the renewal of the VETERAN. I only wish you would print more from the old veterans. I am an old Yank, and I like to hear from them."

P. D. Burn, of Bentonville, Ark., would like to learn something of the comrade whom he rescued from drowning just above Columbia, Tenn.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1918.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 22, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 16.

1. The General commanding is pleased to announce that the twenty-eighth Annual Reunion of this Association will be held in the city of Tulsa, Okla., on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of September, 1918. These dates have been selected by the local committee and approved by the proper officers of the Federation.

It has never happened that a General Reunion has been held in the fall of the year, but owing to a misunderstanding it was not possible to call the meeting for the usual spring months. As many Division reunions are held in the fall and are well attended, the General commanding looks for a large gathering at this meeting.

Oklahoma can boast of but little association with the Confederacy aside from the noble behavior of the Indian troops, which honored themselves on every battle field in which they took part; but she can show to the visitor one of the richest and most productive sections of the country in coal and oil, another illustration of the vast wealth and resources of this great and wonderful country. Greater, however, than any display the city can make, this will be another occasion when the survivors of the Confederate armies will be able to exchange affectionate greetings and enjoy loving communion. To have this opportunity is the main reason for the Reunion, and the General commanding is proud that his loving associates have not been deprived of it this year.

Ample accommodations will be provided by the committees and every effort made to give all a delightful Reunion, and the General commanding earnestly hopes that there will be a large attendance.

2. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their convention on the same days.

By command of

GEO. P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

William Carroll Vaughn, a resident of Chicago for more than forty years, was a mature man when he shouldered a rifle for the cause of the South in the days of 1861, and he is now the oldest member of Camp No. 8, United Confederate Veterans, of Chicago. To celebrate his eighty-third anniversary he wrote the following lines:

"What does the tramp of the soldier mean,
The flash of the sword in the noonday sun,
The order to march, the bugle call,
The echoing sound of the firing gun?
What means the wave of liberty's flag,
Its radiant stars in the field of blue?
What mean the stirring beat of the drum,
The shout of the mariner, brave and true?
What means America's call to arms,
The marching forth of the young and brave?
Do they seek in the land beyond the sea
A wreath of glory or a hero's grave?
No, not for love of glory or fame
These braves go forth to the field of strife.
'Tis not to win a deathless name
They offer to country their blood and life;
'Tis not for self that freemen fight—
The good, the brave, and the true;
'Tis not for honor alone they wave
The flag of the red, white, and blue.
Borne on the waves from over the sea,
Where tyranny rules with an iron rod,
A voice comes pleading to be free,
And Columbia unfurls the banner of God.
There's a fight more noble than that for fame,
And America's hosts are in the van.
They fight for liberty, home, and God;
They fight for the rights of man."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$132.90, from March 15 to April 15, for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview. Work has been resumed on the great obelisk, and it will be pushed rapidly to completion.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TRIUMPHANT LOSERS.

BY D. G. BICKERS.

To win is worthy in a worthy cause, but that
Is not the highest and the best
Achievement of the warrior. * * * A flat,
Decisive failure, a defeat, sometimes is but the test
Of courage real. * * * The question is not
"Did he win?" but "In the fiercest, hot,
And crucial fighting do his best?"

And so I do not pray for strength
To surely be a victor in the fight.
I plead for power through the length
Of conflict simply to perform my task
With noblest effort I may give to reach the height
Of all the courage in me. This alone I ask.

My fathers labored, sometimes failed, and yet
Their seeming failure was but glorious success;
My fathers fought and were not victors. I cannot forget
That they were nobler heroes in the dauntlessness
With which they took defeat and on the failure reared
The white and shining temples which appeared.

THE NATIONAL CREED.

The front page of this number gives the National Creed which won for William Tyler Page, of Maryland, the grand prize of one thousand dollars offered by the city of Baltimore for the best expression of the duties and obligations of American citizenship. Out of several thousand papers submitted, this creed was selected because it was "not only brief and simple, but remarkably comprehensive of the best in American ideals, history, and traditions as expressed by the founders of the republic and its greatest statesmen and writers." Its expression is a composite of ideals from some great papers and speeches, as may be seen, and one of our leading historians says that "two-thirds of what is in it is of Southern origin, from those who helped to create the great republic."

While Mr. Page is a connection of the Page family of Virginia, his branch of the family is of Maryland, and he was born at Frederick, in that State. He now lives at Friendship Heights, Md. He is a descendant of John Tyler, President of the United States, of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, of Francis Scott Key, and he attended the public schools of Baltimore, the birthplace of the "Star-Spangled Banner," all of which helped to make him a good American.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH.

Philip S. Harris writes from White Bear, Minn., on March 18, 1918:

"I read with great pleasure the article on page 52 of the VETERAN for February entitled 'The Wealth of the South' and reciting the wonderful increase in agricultural products, the growth of the iron, steel, and coal business, shipbuilding,

munitions plants, etc. The statements are astonishing, and it is to be regretted that these facts are little known in the North.

"It has occurred to me that great advantage might be reaped by having the entire article, with such additions and comments as you might be disposed to make, published in prominent Northern newspapers.

"The South has never received due credit for what it has done, and the knowledge of its progress as shown by the article referred to would not only be a matter of surprise and gratification to a large class of our Northern people, but I believe would eventuate in additional development of the South.

"My best wishes for the future of the VETERAN, the monthly receipt of which is always eagerly anticipated."

"POTATO PONE."

Prompted by Colonel Blacknall's article on "Corn" in the VETERAN for April, the following comes from Dr. L. A. Wailes, of New Orleans: "The discussion of the bread question brings up reminiscences of the country cooking of long ago and, to an old soldier, many an appetizing treat in camp or bivouac. In the Confederate army our only bread ration was flour, with no lard, no rising, and often no salt. One can well imagine what kind of bread resulted with the only substitute for lard in the scant gleanings of fat or tallow from the half-starved 'bull beef,' our only meat ration. In the emergency the cavalry—the "buttermilk rangers," *quorum pars fui*, as the infantry dubbed us, largely because our opportunity as rangers gave us first access to the contestable resources of the country—would swap our flour ration at any accessible country home for a pone of corn bread, a trade always acceptable; and if it came in the shape of a potato pone, supplemented with a tin cup of buttermilk, the memory of it makes an old soldier smack his lips, and none of it was wasted."

TRUE COMRADESHIP.

In generous spirit the following comes from J. Z. Benson, of Marshalltown, Ia., Station A, Box 132:

"I have in my possession a relic that some veteran of the Confederate army might prize very highly. It is a sword captured from a Confederate captain at Van Buren, Ark., by J. C. Fintel, Company G, 20th Iowa Infantry. The captain claimed that it was made by his grandfather, who carried it in the War of 1812. It can be procured by the captain who surrendered it or his relatives by proper identification.

"We prize it as a relic, but we know that the captain would prize it even more, and we would be pleased to surrender it in the spirit of true comradeship that we believe to-day exists between the boys of the blue and the gray.

"Union! How much is meant by that one word! And nowhere is it so manifest as by the boys who unitedly support the only true banner of liberty, equal rights, justice to all, and national honor."

In the sketch of Commodore Maury, appearing in the VETERAN for February, the references to Sam Houston and Meredith P. Gentry, through whom the appointments to Annapolis were secured, mentioned them as Senators, when, in fact, both were Representatives from Tennessee. Houston was a Senator from Texas. Attention to these errors was called by T. H. Peebles, of Clarendon, Tex., in the interest of "keeping the record straight."

FOUR GENERATIONS.

In this attractive group of a prominent family of Chattanooga, Tenn., appear the Rev. Jonathan Waverly Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V.; his daughter, Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, Historian General U. D. C.; his grandson,



John Bachman Hyde, who is now a soldier in camp training to fight the Hun; and the little great-granddaughter, Rose Foster Hyde, who is easily the leading spirit of the family, though she can boast but eight months of age to the eighty years which have added to the honors of the senior member. Baby Rose is also the granddaughter of former Governor and United States Senator Murphy J. Foster, of Louisiana.

A PLEASANT REMINDER.

Maj. William M. Pegram, of Baltimore, sends this interesting incident of his association with dashing "Jeb" Stuart:

"On reading in the March number the extract from the article by Berry Benson, of North Augusta, S. C., entitled 'How General Sedgwick Was Killed,' I was reminded of an interesting conversation I had with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at the headquarters of the cavalry corps near Orange Court-house just before the opening of the campaign of 1864.

"I was doing staff duty with the General at the time, and we were sitting in his hut descanting upon the probabilities and possibilities of the coming campaign. Suddenly his face glowed with old-time recollections, and he said: 'There is a Yankee general, a corps commander, whom I know well, and if by any chance he should fall into my hands at any time I will share my blanket with him.' 'Who is it, General?' I asked. 'Why, old Sedg,' said he. 'He was my instructor at West Point, and I was very fond of him.'

"Strange to say, both died within three days of each other, Sedgwick being killed on the 9th and Stuart dying on the 12th of May in Richmond from wounds received at Yellow Tavern on the day previous.

"This incident goes to show the kindly feeling evinced by some of the old West Pointers for each other which the deadly strife they were engaged in on opposite sides could not utterly eradicate. And it shows the eminently grand and noble soul of Stuart in thus proclaiming his feeling toward his old preceptor and proving his knighthood, which always 'was in flower.'"

ONLY EYES TO WEEP WITH.

JAMES CALLAWAY, IN MACON TELEGRAPH.

General Sheridan's remark that it was his policy to leave the women and children of Virginia with "nothing but eyes to weep with" may be thought an invention, but it is a historical fact.

When Sheridan visited the headquarters of the Prussian army before Sedan, he told Bismarck that the correct principle upon which to conduct an invasion was to "leave the people nothing but eyes to weep." This was his policy in the Valley of Virginia.

In Moritz Busch's "History of Bismarck," referring to General Sheridan's visit, is the following: "General Sheridan thus expressed himself: 'The proper strategy in an invasion consists, in the first place, in inflicting as telling blows as possible upon the enemy's army and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace and force their government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war.'"

Virginia farmers were shot in the field when found working to make food for their families. And people have forgotten that Sherman shipped three hundred factory girls from Sweetwater, Tenn., to a Northern refuge camp to be "hired out" and that Sherman gave orders to General Sturgis in Mississippi to shoot all citizens living within a radius of five miles of any "outrage" committed on Unionists by so-called Southern guerrillas. See Pollard's book, second volume.

In Sherman's case the Confederacy was already tumbling to its fall and the end so near that his conduct had no excuse.

A PATRIOT TO THE LAST.—A. D. Rape, of Quitman, Tex., in renewing his subscription, writes: "I can't get my consent to do without the VETERAN. Though there is another and larger war on us which is consuming the time and resources of the world, we old veterans can't forget the hardships we went through contending for our rights. I hope our boys will do their best when they get on the firing line as the Confederates did, and I believe they will. They are called to defend democracy against autocracy. We are in it to win, and the way to win is for every one to do his duty. There is no place for a slacker. We are either for the flag or against it, and those who are not for the flag ought to be put where they can't do any harm. I am in my seventy-fourth year. I am willing to do anything that I can that is honorable to help gain the victory and free the world from Kaiser, Sultan, or Czar, even if it is to take a gun. I can't march as far as I could in the sixties, but I can shoot a bullet just as straight as I ever did. So on with the battle until the Kaiser cries 'Enough!'"

KING COTTON.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

A gentleman from the South wrote the Confederate Secretary of War in June, 1861, that with the king in our hands who could shake the jewels in the crown of Queen Victoria success, victory, and peace were certain, and he prophesied with honor only on the peace part, which came after four years, but not as wanted or expected.

This gentleman's idea, shared in by all but a few deep-thinking Southerners, was one of the fallacies with which we started the war, as they all thought surely that when cotton was cut off from the English mills John Bull would lose no time in recognizing us as a nation and breaking the blockade to get the "fleecy staple." History shows us, however, that, instead of being a help to our cause, the "king" was a curse in so far as being a means of corruption was concerned. But "His Royal Highness" was bowed down to and worshiped impartially by both sides in a manner which I shall endeavor to set before you.

In January, 1862, C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, wrote that every United States officer in Memphis, Tenn., was in secret partnership with some cotton speculator and that every soldier dreamed of adding a bale of cotton to his monthly pay.

In December, 1863, General Chalmers, C. S. A., said he could have corrupted the entire Yankee army and have fed and clothed his own by a judicious use of cotton, adding that Yankees were born traders and, if necessary, would build boats to run on spring branches to go after that article.

In March, 1864, Col. C. A. Gilbert, "Corps d'Afrique," U. S. A., who had been sent out on a plundering expedition, reported that his command had "marched, bogged, swum, and clomed" two hundred and fifty miles, had injured his transportation, exposed his men's lives, and as far as hastening the end of the war was concerned did nothing at all, but, if anything, served to prolong it by assisting a lot of rebels and thieves to sell and market about fifteen hundred bales of cotton and a lot of speculators whose loyalty to the United States was certainly not like Cæsar's wife in making their fortunes and not putting one penny into the United States treasury.

Gen. Dick Taylor, of the Confederate army, said in February, 1864, that the possession of cotton would destroy the patriotism of our best citizens as surely as water would wear away a stone.

In May, 1864, Gen. David Hunter wrote that cotton engrossed the entire Department of the Gulf, and the lives of Union soldiers were sacrificed in the interest of speculators.

In the same month General (Bishop) Polk, C. S. A., said that he had sent parties to Vicksburg to negotiate with the enemy for cotton and suggested that this means for controlling the enemy's movements and keeping him quiet be adopted, but to insist that supplies for the Southern armies sent in exchange must be passed through their lines without hindrance.

In June, 1864, General Shelby, C. S. A., said that the cotton speculations had been carried on with marked fraud and that Confederate officers were directly implicated, and added that unless these affairs were promptly put a stop to cotton would soon be the only crop raised.

In November of the same year a Confederate officer wrote the War Department that the demoralization existing everywhere in regard to trading in cotton was inconceivable; that he had somewhat put a stop to the nefarious business and

was in consequence looked upon as the common enemy of every age, sex, and condition in the country.

In January, 1865, another Confederate officer said that the soldiers were deserting and going home to farm in consequence of cotton speculations; and unless a stop was put to the latter, he gravely feared the consequences. In April General Brent, C. S. A., told his officers not to allow any pickets to remain long on a post, as the cotton speculators would corrupt them, and suggested that the guards be not only changed often, but to consist of men from different commands. And as he told General Wheeler, of the Confederate army (who had written Sherman that if the Northern army would stop burning houses in South Carolina he would do the same with cotton), to go ahead and destroy all he could lay his hands on, as it had proved a common curse to both sides, I judge that cotton instead of being a king turned out a "kaiser," certainly as far as the South was concerned.

The following communication from Major Burton, chief purchasing officer, C. S., District of Arkansas, to General Holmes, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, in January, 1864, will give an idea how these speculators worked and what enormous profits were made on the transaction. The Major said:

"I have examined a number of contracts made in Richmond; and almost invariably, if the contract is carried out, the contractor makes fabulous sums, while the Confederacy parts with a large quantity of cotton, its sole wealth, receiving in return only a few army supplies. For instance, I have received a proposal for a contract, favorably indorsed by my superior officer, for me to make a bargain if I deem it advisable; but I have declined same on the grounds that the government would not get the equivalent for the privilege granted. The paper reads as follows:

"The contractor proposes to buy two thousand bales of cotton if the Confederacy will allow him to export same beyond its limits, this privilege being granted to give him a capital on which to operate. For these two thousand bales he will pay \$200,000 in Confederate money. This done, he proposes to invest in army supplies, to be delivered within the Confederate lines in the Trans-Mississippi Department upon condition of his receiving a profit of sixty-five per cent on the amount expended. Thus he expends for supplies the money received from the sale of cotton, say \$800,000, which, with his sixty-five per cent profit, would make due him from the Confederate States \$1,320,000, to be paid not in Confederate States currency, but cotton, at the rate of twenty-five cents per pound, which would require of the government 13,200 bales to be delivered at some navigable point; and this large amount of cotton he receives for an investment of only \$200,000 in Confederate money."

Let us now see what would be the profit of the contractor. He first takes out two thousand bales of cotton worth \$800,000 and receives in payment for army supplies 13,200 bales, worth \$5,280,000, showing total worth of cotton, \$6,080,000. Deducting expense, which was cost of original cotton, \$200,000, transporting both lots to market, \$152,000, and cost of army supplies, \$800,000, it gives him a profit of \$4,928,000 on an investment of \$200,000 of currency that "represented nothing on God's earth." If the contractor had \$40,000 in United States currency or \$20,000 in gold, he could purchase with it the requisite \$200,000 in Confederate money and make a profit of over five million dollars, which is going some for such a small investment.

Now, I am not prepared to say that any such projects were

carried out; but from what I have shown coming from both sides in regard to cotton, I judge that it was feasible, and possibly some patriots laid up something which "moth and rust could corrupt" rather than seek the "treasures of heaven." And that was about all that the reigning "sovereign" did for the South; but as I am personally interested in a cotton plantation in Georgia, I can only add: "Long live the king!"

AN OLD SONG.

W. E. Crozier, of Dallas, Tex., writes that "Comrade Byron Smith, of Peoria, Miss., sends in the following verses, a song that the Confederates confined in Johnson's Island Prison used to sing, saying that 'every night from ten to twenty-five of us would enjoy singing this before we climbed into our bunks.' The music to this song is beautiful, and he would like to have it. And can some one name the author?"

ZOLLI-COFFER.

"Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
For singing sentimentally we are going for to go.
In the army there's sobriety, promotion very slow;
We will drink the reminiscence of Zollicoffer, oh!
Of Zollicoffer, oh! of Zollicoffer, oh!
We'll drink the reminiscence of Zollicoffer, oh!

When you and I and Zollie and this bold partie too
Are called before the final board, our course of life to view,
May we never balk on any point, but straightway be told
to go
To join the army of the Lord with Jeff Davis, oh!
With Jeff Davis, oh! with Jeff Davis, oh!
To join the army of the Lord with Jeff Davis, oh!

Here's health to Stonewall Jackson (God bless the bold
hero!);
He's an honor to the Southern cause, a terror to the foe.
May he long rest on his laurels and sorrow never know!
And may he live ten thousand years with Jeff Davis, oh!
With Jeff Davis, oh! with Jeff Davis, oh!
And may he live ten thousand years with Jeff Davis, oh!

Hark! there comes a voice from Tennessee, from Cumberland's deadly shore;
It is the wail of gallant hearts—Zollicoffer is no more!
In the land of the sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low;
No more he'll cheer the Southern hearts with Jeff Davis, oh!
With Jeff Davis, oh! with Jeff Davis, oh!
No more he'll cheer Southern hearts with Jeff Davis, oh!"

A GUNNER AT NEW MARKET, VA.

S. T. Shank, who served with McClanahan's Battery, writes from North River, Va., inclosing subscription, and says:

"Sorry I did not send earlier; for while I enjoy reading each number as I do no other paper, the February number was especially interesting to me for its account of the death of Col. F. L. Smith. I was at Newmarket from start to finish and saw the charge of the gallant cadets. I was a member of McClanahan's Battery, which engaged the enemy on the previous day for a number of hours. This battery occupied the same ground it did the morning of the general engagement and over the hill south of the depression spoken of.

"The enemy made his attack about the middle of the day, and the engagement lasted until night. There amid rain and

mud we sent shell and shot across the valley between us and their battery. After dark we were ordered back to the valley pike, where we spent the night. I had my horse killed that evening; it was with the caissons. I was gunner then. The next morning we were relieved for a while on account of work done the preceding day, and so I saw more of the fighting than usual. We had no cavalry present when the Federals began their retreat, and so our battery pursued them in a gallop down the pike to Reed's Hill, but when we reached it they had crossed the river and fired the bridge. We shelled them as long as they were in reach and then returned to New Market again.

"We remained there several days, and during this time I, by general order, was promoted from gunner corporal to sergeant for meritorious conduct in camp and on the field. This, of course, was very gratifying to me then, only a mere boy. I was just eighteen when the war began. We then moved up the valley, and our next engagement was at Piedmont, near Staunton, Va., then on to Lynchburg, then back to the valley, and with Early into Maryland."

IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Everybody's busy these days in some form of work for our boys "over there" or in the camps, and the "knitting bee" has been especially industrious. Even the veterans have taken on this occupation. This picture shows two Confederate veterans of Brevard, N. C., very much absorbed in



their pleasant task. Rev. W. H. Davis seems to have his hands full, while T. L. Gash suspends the winding of yarn that he may look pleasant for his picture. He was corporal in Company E, 65th North Carolina Regiment, and is now Adjutant of Transylvania Camp, No. 953, U. C. V., of which Mr. Davis is Chaplain. Mr. Davis's service was with Ramsey's Battery, 10th Artillery.

LAST OF SEVEN BROTHERS.—In renewing his subscription, G. W. Bynum, of Corinth, Miss., writes: "I don't want it to stop. The reading of the VETERAN brings up sad, tender memories of the past. I am now seventy-nine, and it won't be long before I shall march with silent step over the pontoon bridge that spans the mystic river, as all of my seven brothers, who were in the Confederate army, have done, leaving me alone. But few of the veterans are left, yet I have never met one who was ashamed of having engaged in the defense of the South."

IN THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY THE LATE MAJ. BUSHROD W. LYNN, OF VIRGINIA.

East of the beautiful Blue Ridge, in historic Virginia, lies that fine old county of Loudoun, bordered by the Potomac on the north and running up to Harper's Ferry, the site of the first blood shed that led to the clash of arms between the North and the South when John Brown, a fanatic on the question of slavery, met his just fate. This county, which was destined to be a battle ground in the four years of war, was dotted with beautiful homes of a quiet and peace-loving people; but because of its proximity to the border and its nearness to the national capital could not escape the constant presence of one or the other armies; and but for the vigilance of an independent scout force known as Mosby's men, who really kept an army of fifty thousand men watching them, it would have been uninhabitable.

It was from this section on the morning of July 9, 1861, that a quiet, slender youth mounted his horse and rode across the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley to join Company H, a cavalry company which had been formed prior to the war and which was now a part of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, commanded by J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards the famous cavalry leader, who fell in battle near the city of Richmond.

This beardless boy of nineteen years sought out the captain, R. W. Carter, and asked that he might take the place of his younger brother, who was but seventeen and small for his age; and as fighting was then imminent, there was more than the usual risk for such a small boy, who was likely to go down in a charge of cavalry and be trampled by his comrades' horses. Thus the soldier life of the writer began and was filled with adventure in the succeeding four years.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in command of our forces in the Valley, with about ten thousand troops, was facing the Federal army commanded by General Patterson with a superior force; but the adroitness of Johnston enabled him to lead Patterson to believe that he was going to attack, while he was really quietly withdrawing his force and marching to the relief of General Beauregard at Manassas, then threatened by the grand army under McDowell, who was to march to Richmond by the way of Manassas. In the opinion of the public at Washington, this was to be a picnic, and the army was followed by many who had their carriages loaded with champagne and the things that go with it for the march to Richmond, where the army boasted they would camp in Capitol Square, and tickets were actually issued for a ball to take place in Richmond on their arrival.

The 1st Virginia Cavalry camped at Berryville the first night on the way to Manassas, and the aristocratic old town turned out *en masse* to welcome us, and never did a tired, hungry lot of troops fare better. The old black mammies, with heads tied up in fancy handkerchiefs, shouted their wel-

come, and the men came with carts loaded with all manner of food fit for a king; and with such appetites as we had, that food disappeared as frost before the sun.

On the second day we rode through that fine country by Bethel Church to Berry's Ferry, where we crossed the Shenandoah, passing through Ashby's Gap, down by Paris and Upperdale, to Delaplane, on the Manassas Gap Railroad.

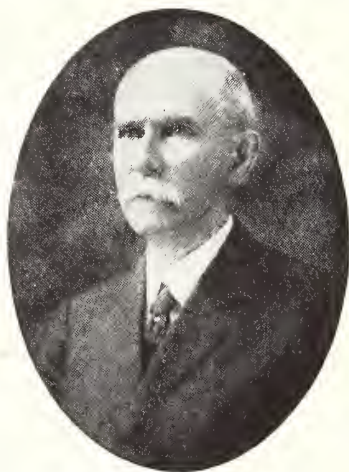
On the third day, which was Saturday, the 20th, we reached Manassas, where we went into camp and had issued to us some salt shoulder bacon, which had been pressed for the oil, and some hard-tack. We cut strips of the bacon, and, placing each on the end of a sharp stick, we held it over the fire, which turned it perfectly white. When tasted it was found to be salt and burned the mouth like so much fire, producing an intolerable thirst without satisfying the appetite. However, tired as we were, we gladly laid ourselves down by the side of our horses and slept, and to many of our poor fellows it was the last night on earth.

The sun rose bright and beautiful on the Sunday morning of July 21, and almost with its appearance one lone gun boomed out as a signal, the beginning of what was a fateful day in the history of our country. General McDowell, under the direction of that veteran, Gen. Winfield Scott, with a magnificent army, equipped with the most approved guns and munitions then known to the world, and whose plan of battle was well conceived, made a feint on the Confederate right, while his main force of eighteen thousand men was sent by a circuitous route by Sudley's Mills with the intention of turning our left and doubling it up. General Johnston did not know what fear was. I had heard as much, and I wanted to see for myself. I sat on my horse by his side in the battle of Seven Pines and watched him as he observed the progress of the battle, the bullets rattling through the trees like hail; and while I was dodging the bullets, his face was as calm as a May morning. A few minutes later he was shot from his horse and desperately wounded, and the command passed to Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, the ranking general, and later to Gen. Robert E. Lee by order of President Davis.

It was at this point that Col. J. E. B. Stuart, who was spoiling for a fight, discovered the head of General McDowell's column, a regiment of New York Fire Zouaves, flanking a battery on the hill near the Henry House, and ordered his regiment to charge it. My company was at the head of the regiment and led the charge upon the solid ranks of infantry, which had faced around to receive us. The consequence may be imagined. The deadly fire emptied many a saddle before we reached their line; but after they had delivered their fire, those of us who had remained in our saddles had little difficulty in riding through their ranks and scattering them, and I was told by Gen. G. W. Smith that they were not heard of as a regiment on the field again that day.

It was in some respects unfortunate for us that our victory upon that field was so easily won. The South got the idea that the Yankees would not fight and that this battle virtually ended the war. Many of our men went home and stayed as long as they chose.

My horse was wounded in the charge, but did not fall with me until I had passed through the Yankee line and was returning, when he went down. There were several loose horses following me, and they ran over me, knocking me senseless. When I regained consciousness, I found myself alone on the ground. Crawling around, I tried to find my pistol, but it had disappeared, so I picked up a musket and found that it was loaded. I went into the battle a cavalryman, but came out an infantryman.



MAJ. B. W. LYNN.

AIRY MOUNT—IN SHERMAN'S TRACK.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

A record of what actually happened at one Georgia plantation home in the sixties when Sherman marched to the sea is of value to students of history and of abiding interest to Southerners whose loyalties cling forevermore to the land of their fathers. To collect facts, verify traditions, and form from evidence as authentic as any human testimony a plain narrative of illustrative events of that period should be a matter of just pride no less than a duty due future generations. For that must indeed be a servile and sycophantic age which would leave to obscurity and reproach of alien ignorance the true traditions of a noble race and its past civilization. Such considerations have moved the present writer to put into permanent form the story of Airy Mount.

Airy Mount, near the village of Oxford, belonged to the old Emory College community, a rural community typical of the breeding and culture of the Old South. Situated on an eminence rising from the banks of Yellow River, the dwelling commanded a view of the blue imperial hills of Georgia, an old-time "great house," white-poricoed and green-shuttered, having within its hospitable walls all good cheer and refinements needed by gentle folk, yet in appointment of a simplicity marvelous in this day of luxurious pretension. Surrounded by sweet gardens of herbs and flowers, by sunny vineyards and orchards, by fruitful fields and woodlands, embowered in shrubbery and foliage, this plantation house from its opulent pantries and storerooms provided every delicacy for palate and supplied beneath its roof all creature comforts and entertainment for mind and heart. The quaintly furnished parlor, with shelves of well-read classical works and pictured walls holding an atmosphere fine and high-bred, imbued with the spirit of traditional loyalties to ancestral standards and of manners of Old World grace, made its fireside an educational and social center. Many Southerners of older years recall such a home and such a fireside center. Before war destroyed our civilization, the Georgian's home was like the farmhouses in the environs of Geneva found and written of by Ruskin: "A dwelling house indeed all the year round; no traveling from it to fairer lands possible; no shutting up for season in town; hay time and fruit time, school time and play for generation after generation within the cheerful white domicile with its green shutters and shingle roof. * * * Kept up the whole place and all the neighbors' places, not ostentatiously, but perfectly; enough gardeners to mow, enough vintagers to press, enough nurses to nurse, * * * every household felicity possible to prudence and honor felt and fulfilled from infancy to age."

Airy Mount was all this and more. Not only was it a general center for delightful society, but its household enlarged to seventy-five or more individuals by addition of servants in the negro quarters, beings to be nourished and protected by master and mistress. Not idle revelers in social pleasure these planters who were bounden to the daily care and training of the black man, teaching with painstaking patience the first lessons of Christianity to the savage whose compatriots under African skies might even at the same hour be celebrating in dances around the flesh pot, that original type of cabaret discerned by Robinson Crusoe through his spyglass.

Not long before Sherman's march, with its profanation and devastation, destroying all possibility of full fruition for first seeds of Christian teachings and devotional lessons thus im-

planted in the negro slaves, the mistress of Airy Mount had passed to her heavenly life. This mistress was a lady of Old South accomplishments, one of the first graduates of the first chartered college for women in the world, Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga., versed in all domestic arts, the mother of six children, the writer of classical poetry, and a contributor to literary periodicals, religious, believing in the power of spiritual forces for good. Her bishop-father, Rev.



THE GENTLE MISTRESS OF AIRY MOUNT.

J. O. Andrew, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, wrote of her: "It was her custom every evening to take her children and retire with them for private prayer." After ministering to the varied and multifold wants of a large household all the week, she taught the negro children in a Sunday school class at Shiloh Church, where black and white worshiped together in a way never before realized in all the world's history of civilization and lost forever after that epochal march to the sea. The bishop-father has pic-

tured his daughter, after such Sabbath morning service to God and man at Shiloh Church, visiting the negro quarters in the afternoon, reading and explaining the Scriptures to the old and infirm. At this day, when we hear so much of making the world safe for democracy and of suffrage for women, I think with reverence of the old-fashioned lady down on her knees praying with her children, sitting in the cabins of the ignorant and lowly reading and explaining the Bible. Will the world ever again know such beautiful service from aristocrats or such heavenly wisdom in making their own people great?

Some years before the war there had come to Emory College a student from Athens, Thomas Molloy Meriwether, the only son of a doting mother, a gay-hearted, hot-blooded, imperious-willed scion of an old Virginia family, bent in his exuberant youth upon the fullest life of pleasure and threatening a general sowing of wild oats. Up to the age of nineteen this uncurbed youngster had kept his anxious mother in such a state of alarm as to the seriousness of the wild-oat harvest that repeatedly she had prudently removed him from one school and placed him in another on the first showing of escapade, trusting, perchance, to uproot sprouting wildness by continual change of soil. The present writer once heard the most sedate and irreproachable old gentleman, in his armchair at the fireside, count up with tender amusement the number of schools to which this solicitous mother had sent him and from which promptly removed him on hearing of the presence of a bad boy, never surmising that her own son was likely the ringleader in any mischief afoot. I wish I had the list of schools of which this boy was temporary pupil. There were several old-fashioned classical schools and academies such as William H. Crawford, George McDuffie, and Augustus B. Longstreet helped make famous down to the record of matriculation at Franklin College, Athens, in 1838, about a score in all, if memory serves aright; and finally as

a last resort, following the inevitable escapade at the college of his home town, the mother enters him at Emory, the Methodist seat of learning, and, to further enhance the religious influence, placed the youthful scapegrace in the home of his distant kinsman, Bishop Andrew. A delightful home it was, with its charming daughters, still remembered by one contemporary at least, the venerable Mrs. William H. Felton, of Georgia. This new environment of gentle and pious influence curtailed, happily, all wild oats' sowing and gave destiny a new course. Before reaching the age of twenty-one, the son of so many anxieties had married Henrietta, one of the Bishop's daughters, and "settled down" as a country gentleman on the modest plantation of which Airy Mount was the "great house." Furthermore, he became "converted" and a member of the Bishop's Church; and henceforth, following a record of threescore years and ten, departed not from the character of Christian.

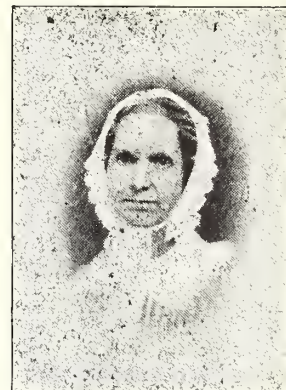
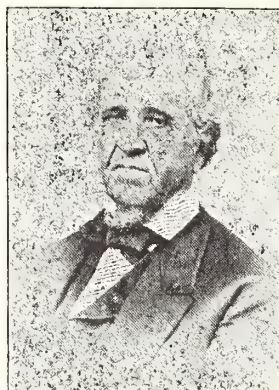
This transformation was due to the influence of Henrietta Andrew, a young woman exercising in her strong and sweet personality that priceless and potent gift for molding and ennobling the lives of men.

So was founded the plantation home of Airy Mount, connected by ties of kinship and social intercourse with the older community at Athens, an educational center with Dr. Moses Waddell patriarch of higher learning in Georgia. Here lived "Grandmother of the Land of Used-to-Be," full of life and interests of the times and entertaining in her own home at commencement many visitors from over the State when Athens was the social Mecca. As a venerable historian has written: "Then came the lumbering carriages from the low country with their black coachmen and footmen and four horses; the gay city belle from Savannah or Augusta, the heiress from the Sea Islands, the daughter of the owner of a hundred slaves, the young gentlemen from the plantation with their handsomely equipped saddle horses and old-time gigs and sulkies, the heavily laden coach were all there."

We may be sure that the family carriage from Airy Mount was in the goodly train. I remember grandmother said she always saved a Christmas fruit cake for commencement feasts. Such was the saving quality of oven-baked cakes of the antebellum cuisine. I fancy Dolly Madison served her many guests with just this kind of fruit cake and that Charles Pinckney kept the like in the famous cabinet when he regaled Washington with cake and wine.

After nearly two decades, with the full cup of domestic felicity and a rarer enrichment of the character and purpose of the young master of Airy Mount, war darkened the land. The wife passed away and with two infant children slept in Oxford Cemetery. The only son, Henry, a gallant youth, still remembered by his comrades at arms,* had given three years of service as courier on the staff of Gen. Edward L. Thomas in the Army of Northern Virginia and rested in a soldier's grave at Petersburg. The husband, Thomas M. Meriwether, had joined the Confederate army in the last years of the struggle, being past the age for enlistment in 1861, and he served from August, 1863, to the surrender, reaching the rank of captain and aid-de-camp. The family at Airy Mount at the time of Sherman's march was com-

posed of the widowed mother of Thomas M. Meriwether (Sarah Thomas Molloy, wife of Dr. William Meriwether, afterwards Mrs. Jacob Phinzy, of Athens, the grandmother of "Grandmother Stories"), the two little motherless girls,



BISHOP AND MRS. J. O. ANDREW.

and "Aunt Sally," one of the sweetest of Bishop Andrew's daughters.

November, 1864! No Georgian living in the route of Sherman's march could ever forget that month of woe. Airy Mount was exactly in the route, on the Georgia railroad from Atlanta to Covington, on to Macon, Milledgeville, and Savannah. No trains passed then, for in July the Federal commander had sent a squad of men to destroy the track. They had burnt the bridge over Yellow River and the large flouring mill on the bank, with the home of Mr. Torrence, the miller. A Confederate guard had been placed at the bridge, and the raiders had shot him down because he could not run. Brown was the guard's name, and he was buried at Shiloh Church, his bravery never memorialized, so far as I know, except by Aunt Sally and the children of Airy Mount, who for many years after put flowers on his grave with dutiful tenderness, for Aunt Sally's story of how he died had made him the children's hero. On the river, just below where the bridge had stood, was the half-burnt milldam over which Zora Fair had crawled when she went as a spy to Sherman's camp.

November 16! How the dreadful news, "The Yankees are coming," thrilled the whole countryside! Grandmother and Aunt Sally had been busily preparing for the invaders. It was of no use to bury valuables or hide them in old wells, they were told, for the raiders knew too well how to search out such hiding places. It had been decided to send the trunks packed with valuables up to the Sheffield district for safety, judging this to be out of the route. Besides silver and jewelry and household treasures, there were other things prized by the grandmother—a chest of family papers and records, commissions signed by General Washington and President Madison, and many interesting documents. And in one large leather trunk were packed delicate brocades and party gowns and girlish trinkets worn by grandmother's only daughter, Sarah Frances, who had died at the age of nineteen. Younger generations learned how dear this daughter must have been, the old trunk held so many mementos of her. * * * Lines in an album written with girlish hand by Sarah Frances Meriwether in 1830 and the volumes of poetry and fiction inscribed with her name gave the taste of a young lady of her day, when books still came from London shops to the younger

*A Confederate veteran, Mr. William H. Burden (Company F, 45th Georgia), New York City, writes: "My recollection of Henry Meriwether has a ray of sunshine about it; affable, he came and went with light step and a smile, always in good form and on time. . . . A noble boy, a man of Lafayette type, and well liked by General Thomas and all at headquarters." Mr. J. R. Chiles (also of Company F, 45th Georgia), of Georgia, also remembers this young comrade of the sixties.

generation of families of Old World culture like the Poes, Wildes, and Molloyes, who came to the South as refugees from Ireland during the latter decades of the eighteenth century. The latest novel of "Fanny Burney" came across the Atlantic to readers who had doubtless reveled in the literary sensation occasioned by the appearance of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," printed in old-letter type. Other morocco-bound volumes of fiction by Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Maria Regina Roche were to be found in the Airy Mount library, handed down from Sarah Thomas and Joseph Molloy, grandmother and her only brother, who had brought them from Virginia after their widowed mother married a Georgia gentleman and the family made their home at Athens. These identical volumes were read many years after the war by the present writer.

So the trunks were packed and sent away. Grandmother was careful to put the keys in her pocket. So many things she lost during these years, but never a key. A large bunch of every size and shape hung in her wardrobe twenty long years after there was no lock for them. And two colonial spoons which Aunt Sally had slipped into her pocket were to be treasured in after days as the last remnant of Airy Mount silver; the rosewood chests which once held the family plate were kept in our parlor for many years as relics of antebellum days.

Then, all being done that could be done, grandmother, arrayed in black silk gown and best cap, sat quietly in the parlor knitting and waiting to receive the Federals. Aunt Sally, with her glossy brown hair and sparkling eyes, with her merry jest and brave spirit, stood ready to defend this dignified presence. Two little girls dressed in black, one a cripple, hugged Molly, the big wax doll grandpa had brought from New York, and hoped that the toy Confederate flags artfully hidden in their playhouse would not be found; and delicate little Annie, with wistful face, prayed that Betsy, mother's pony (or that had been mother's), would not be taken from them. * * *

The Federal army was three days and nights crossing Yellow River. General Slocum made Airy Mount his headquarters. Shiloh Church was used as barracks. There was held a carnival of feasting, and the pulpit and pews were desecrated and befouled. This little country church, if still standing, is one worthy to be preserved as a shrine. Many famous divines before and since the war preached their first sermons from its pulpit while students at Emory. Bishop Andrew, of saintly life and far-reaching influence, the learned and courtly Dr. Alexander Means, the gifted Pierces, and many others of highest attainment had made this sanctuary historic. Now profanity and vandalism polluted its walls.

At Airy Mount grandmother, so stately and gracious, was to have her first encounter with men who wore uniforms and had no regard for private property nor were mindful of the

courtesy due women. She was rudely pushed aside, her key basket snatched from her hands, the kitchens, pantries, storerooms, and dining room confiscated and turned into soldier quarters. Then began the rifling and pillage at which these soldiers were such adepts. Aunt Sally, with disdainful air and head held high, went about, followed by the little girls, too indignant to be afraid. Grandmother kept her dignified composure, but was dazed at the wantonness. She went from room to room, her cap strings untied and thrown back, a sure sign of perturbation, offering expostulations that were all unheeded.

"Now, why should you do that?" she asked as a man took her scissors from her work basket and broke them in two. Or, "You can't take that with you; why not leave it whole?" as another smashed a mirror or clock. In after years she smiled as recalling such futile expostulation. And of what small consequence was this destruction compared to the demolition of civilization! When the negroes were to witness white folks thieving and seeking to obliterate all trace of the Christian teachings so patiently given by such aristocrats as the late mistress of Airy Mount—aristocrats in the true sense of the word, the best, just, and merciful, rightly the dominant class in the South—ah! that was the saddest destruction of Sherman's march, the sorest misfortune, this lowering of standards.

To sack and burn towns and lay country in waste has been a part of all wars for conquest and spoils from the earliest annals of the world's history to the present day. Such was the war made by the North on the South. Such was the work of the troops led by Sherman, largely composed of hirelings, liveried banditti, who "would have taken your life for the value of your gold earrings, their whole souls settled in their eyes to see prey and in their hands to grasp it."

Such a horde could have had no more fitting commander than Sherman, who left his conscience with his priest and forgot that common heritage of Americans of honor in warfare handed down from Washington and so gloriously immortalized by Robert E. Lee and his soldiers of the Southern Confederacy. Sherman's sentinels across the fair landscape of Georgia, standing on sites of homes left in ashes, marked the trail of his march. The burning of Airy Mount was threatened when the children's toy flags were found, but this home was spared the torch. Little Annie sat all day holding Betsy's bridle to keep the Yankees from taking "mother's pony." Aunt Sally pleaded with the officer to leave Betsy, and a guard was promised. (Note 1.) All the horses and stock had been driven to the canebrake for safety, but the Yankees found them. Thus passed the first day.

When night came, the ladies and little girls retired to the upstairs and locked themselves in. There was no supper except corn, which they sat around the fire and parched. The next morning the Federal officers offered the ladies breakfast if partaken of at the dining room table in Federal company—a breakfast from the Airy Mount larder prepared by the family cook, Aunt Lucinda, who had been confiscated along with all the other appointments. But these ladies could not sit at the table with the invaders of home and country. The invitation was politely declined. So during the three days of confiscation they remained in their bedchamber and ate parched corn. This is the proud tradition; but knowing the nature of good black cooks, I feel convinced that the little girls at least were surreptitiously provided with more succulent viands. The ladies of Airy Mount were shown discourtesy, but not flagrant insult. There is something irre-



"GRANDMOTHER."

sistibly compelling about the inviolable dignity and grace of such old-fashioned ladies, who had all their lives rendered to others the courtesy their own presence commanded, models of the perfect breeding that is kindly to the lowliest while accustomed to chivalric homage from the highest in the land. A spirited lady, too, was the Bishop's wife, then living in Alabama, who refused to surrender all her household treasures to the raiders. She stored her most cherished possessions into one room, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and, armed with a small hatchet, took her seat at the threshold, defying any man to enter that room. Haughty, handsome, fearless, she kept resolute guard while the vandals ransacked the premises, but durst not cross that one threshold. There were rough jests about the old lady who could "out-set any Shanghai hen." But the Bishop's wife saved her things. (Note 2.)

Raiders had met the trunks sent to Sheffield and rifled them of all valuables. For days after family documents strewn along the roadway were picked up and restored. Here is one weather-stained letter bearing the signature of William H. Crawford. * * * The only silver left were the two spoons Aunt Sally had put in her pocket, the only jewelry the brooch worn by grandmother, the same shown in the original oil painting of the portrait, a quaint, pendent brooch of gold and jet inclosing a lock of hair and bearing on its crystal face a monogram in gold of the letters "W. M.," for William Meriwether, the husband of her youth.

Some years ago in looking over Sherman's "Memoirs" I noticed his account of chancing to see at Covington, less than three miles from Airy Mount, one of his soldiers with a jug of molasses and a ham hanging from the pommel of his saddle and holding in his hand a piece of honeycomb, circumstantial evidence of pillage. The writer of the "Memoirs" asseverates that this soldier was promptly rebuked for such lawlessness, as foraging was not allowed except for needed rations. (I give the incident from memory, as the volume is not at hand.) Knowing the truth, we can only remark that such "Northern views" promulgated then and at any later time concerning Sherman's march have no foundation on fact. In the slang of to-day it is "dope," "camouflage." Such original memoirs are plain lies. (Note 3.)

In grandmother's bedchamber, from my earliest recollection, stood a large leather trunk from which the lock had been cut out with a saber. It was one of the trunks rifled by Sherman's raiders and contained what was left of the silks and satins once owned by Sarah Frances, the lovely daughter who had died in the first bloom of womanhood. In poverty days some of this old finery was taken from the treasure store and fashioned into party attire for young granddaughters. One pale-blue satin grandmother had dyed brown and cut into small diamond-shaped pieces for putting together that wonderful silken patchwork quilt wrought with



"AUNT SALLY."

exquisite needlecraft by her beautiful hands. It was begun long before the war, and its antique brocades and fabrics belong to that golden age of sacred bridals, lasting attachments, when "love came down like light, and happiness grew wild." Grandmother knew the history of every scrap of silk, the love story and genealogy of the wearers of the gowns. It was an album quilt of hexagon design, and the center of each large diamond bore a name—the Cobbs, Hulls, Andrews, Phinizys, and many old Georgia families being thus represented, commemorating kinsfolk and friendships. Each small piece of silk was basted over paper cut into hexagon shapes and then joined together with infinitesimal stitches to form a large diamond, and the large diamonds were put together with small ones of brown satin, each piece in the whole being carefully quilted. Finished by grandmother's own hands after the war, it was used in the family guest chamber for many years and, inherited by the present writer, is treasured beyond price as the last relic of Airy Mount. (Note 4.) The quilt, of size for teaster bed, contains seventy large diamonds, twenty-five hexagon pieces in each diamond, one thousand seven hundred and fifty hexagons in the whole quilt, and each large diamond is surrounded by twenty-two small satin diamonds, each piece so perfectly adjusted, the colors so beautifully blended—what fine art to make such a harmonious whole! And what marvelous memories of old friendships and loves hallowed the silken sheen as it was wrought by grandmother's hands! Not only love stories and long genealogies, but her memory retained the most minute events of the past, as a granddaughter, my sister Annie, wrote of her in 1881, soon after the end of her earthly life of eighty-five years: "A warm, unselfish, loving nature always caused her to feel the deepest interest in all that concerned her friends, and a broad, quick intellect rendered her keenly alive to all matters of public import, either in Church or State. She and my father frequently discussed the political men and parties

of fifty or sixty years ago, and it was indeed wonderful with what clearness and precision she could relate the smallest incident, giving names and dates and places as accurately as if it had just transpired."

To know such a lady was a liberal education, and knowing her was to understand for all time how the deepest and most lasting influence in life comes not from the word spoken from the rostrum, but rather from that broad-minded culture that is as fragrance to personality; a subtle power felt rather than seen, such as seemed exhaled from the presence of gentlewomen of the Old South; a power always to be reckoned with in the



A LITTLE GIRL AT AIRY MOUNT.

character and deeds of men, creating standards, when a "sense of personal responsibility gave courtesy and dignity to manners, when anything approaching fraud and falsehood, however it might serve the exigencies of party, anything like meanness or cowardice would have destroyed beyond hope of

redemption the most brilliant reputation" of a public man of that day.

Such is the message from the past to be treasured with the traditions and lingering grace of this remnant of old-time needlework. Almost fallen to pieces with age, it yet exhibits the exquisite perfection of a lost fine art, lost among other finenesses, romantic sentiments, chivalric reverences, truer loyalties, and the home-bred happiness of that older civilization which was swept away by the vandal march to the sea.

As a bit of sequel to the story of when the Yankees came to Airy Mount, I give a childish letter written by little Annie, who had so patiently held the bridle of Betsy, "mother's pony," all day and then intrusted it to a guard. This letter is printed in the "Life of Bishop Andrew," by Dr. G. G. Smith:

"AIRY MOUNT, January 9, 1865.

"My Dear Grandpa: I would have written you before, but did not think the letters could go through; but as your letter came to Aunt Sally, I will now write, hoping it will reach you safely.

"Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Sally have both written since the Yankees were here. She says don't be uneasy about her clothing. She is not suffering for clothes. O grandpa, the vile invader has again entered our home, and what they left before they took this time. But we still have plenty of bread to eat and a house to live in. I am thankful for that, for many have not even that. They threatened to burn our house too because they found our Confederate flags. They did so much meanness. I can't begin to tell you half they did do. Old Catherine, Sam, Lizzie, Adeline, and Ben, Mary Ann's child, went. Old Catherine made Ben go. His mother was in Screven. The Yankees took five horses this time, and, O grandpa, old Betsy too! I could not help crying when I found they had taken her. I loved her because she was my darling mother's horse. * * *

"O grandpa, please don't take Aunt Sally home. We will be so lonely without her."

NOTES.

Note 1.—The farcical pretense of putting guards over property has been well attested by many victims. The insubordination of such "guards" is something left as inexplicable, for that well-disciplined army acted with one will from its commander in chief down the ranks. Any exception was negligible in effect. One incident worthy to be cited is the burning of the Ursuline Convent, at Columbus, after protection was promised by Sherman himself, showing the same perfidy to the religieuse of his own faith as to other appealing women. The accounts given in that valuable historical work, "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy" (published by the State Company, Columbia, S. C., 1903), are models of sweet-spirited veracity.

Note 2.—There was, moreover, a restraining influence against gross insult other than the self-protecting dignity of elderly ladies. This lay in the coward's respect for the well-known creed of Southern men to hold honor as life and wreak sure and dire retribution upon any male creature (of any class and position) who violated the purity of womanhood. The surety of personal account could not be ignored even in a people prostrate under force of arms. The most brutal craven could but be aware that the might of war was crushing a fearless and chivalric race, and the instinct of self-preservation deterred greater debauchery, for the quiet pact entered into by Dr. A. Toomer Porter and others at

the burning of Columbia would have been unflinchingly carried out. This pact, so simply stated in that admirable autobiography of this Christian gentleman, expresses the undying spirit of our race: "The fate of the helpless women of Columbia pressed very heavily on our hearts, and the few men who were able to exchange a word during the night had given each other a pledge that any outrage offered to a woman should meet with the instant death of the offending party. The certainty that such an act of vengeance might precipitate a general massacre, the dread that to burning and pillage outrage and bloodshed were possibly to be added, served to make the night a period of inexpressible agonies. No language can convey an idea of the actual sufferings endured by our citizens from nightfall till dawn."

Note 3.—One can hardly glance at a periodical without seeing reference to the oracular saying ascribed to Sherman that "war is hell." A curious bit of evidence that the Federal commander spoke *ex cathedra* is given in a sidelight on the morale of his camp furnished by his own war correspondent, Junius Henri Browne, prototype of other scribblers of "American Adventures" at a much later day, and published in a book entitled "Four Years in Secessia: Adventures within and beyond the Union Lines." This correspondent and his "collaborateur," Richardson, had been with a small crew, half of which were killed or wounded and the rest taken prisoners: "We were all reported lost, we learned afterwards, though General Sherman's humorous comment when apprised that three of the Bohemians had been killed, 'That's good! We'll have dispatches now from hell before breakfast,' did not prove a veracious prediction. The gifted General's mistake arose from his confused topography. The army correspondents do not usually date their dispatches from his headquarters."

Note 4.—About the year 1869 the Meriwether family removed from Airy Mount, and the home was occupied for a short while by Gen. Edward Thomas and wife. It was afterwards leased to strangers until destroyed by fire some twenty-five years ago.

THE KILLING OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

Thomas A. Prideaux, of Ebensburg, Pa., tells the story of the killing of General Sedgwick:

"In the VETERAN for March, page 115, the account of 'How General Sedgwick Was Killed' is an error, and I will be glad for you to publish a correct account of it. I was within sixty feet of General Sedgwick when he was killed in the Spotsylvania battle, in May, 1864, and if the officer whom the article refers to as being killed was on horseback it was not General Sedgwick, as he was not on horseback when killed. The General was sitting at the bottom of a large tree with his back against its trunk, the limbs and boughs of the tree coming within five or six feet of the ground. A few minutes before he was killed General Morris had been shot in the leg, supposedly by a Confederate sharpshooter. When General Morris was shot, Adjutant General McMahon said to General Sedgwick that he had better get away from where he was sitting, as the Confederates had a range on him, and it was dangerous to stay there. General Sedgwick replied that 'those chaps over there could not hit an elephant over here'; but very soon after this a bullet struck him under one eye, and he died immediately. I was ordered to take his body in one of the ambulance wagons to the landing (I forget the name of it) to be sent home."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[Correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his mother and sisters in Alabama, contributed by Joe H. Bowman, of Franklin, Tenn., who also sends this very attractive picture of the gallant soldier with his dear sister Mary.]

ROUND OAKS CHURCH, CAROLINE COUNTY, VA.,
February 16, 1863.

Dear Mary: At the time Hooper left I was confined to my hut and for some days thereafter, but I am getting on very well now and no doubt will be all right in a short time. I do not weigh as much by a dozen pounds or more as I did one month ago. The dysentery reduced me to my present standard; but as I am nearly over it, I expect to "slosh around" as usual during the pleasant weather we are now having. I wrote a letter to send you by Hooper, but he went off without calling at my domicile. I did not blame him, as he was in a measure almost crazy to get home. I think he was as much surprised at getting a leave of absence as any one, as Jackson at the time had discontinued granting furloughs for any purpose, and why he made an exception in his favor I cannot imagine. As no definite time was mentioned in his furlough for him to return, I presume he will stay as long as his conscience will let him.

You mention that quite a commotion is being raised among those who come under the provisions of the conscription act. I am glad that the law is being enforced, and I hope that every one able to do military duty will be forced into the ranks to aid those now in the field to repel the enemy from our soil. These gentry are great at boasting what our army has done, but do not seem to remember that they have contributed nothing to promote the success of the cause, and I am now in favor of taking them *volens volens* and if need be kill them in order to get them away from home. The trials and sufferings of this army have been greater than you can imagine; and as we have done our duty to the country, they ought to be made to do theirs. I hope — will be hustled off to the army. It is a shame, an outrage, a disgrace for him to be living at home enjoying his ease and our country in so much peril and in need of every man. He may think it all right to sneak out of the army and thus save his immaculate body from Yankee bullets; but one thing is sure, such conduct will be remembered to his disadvantage in after days. The conscripts as a general thing are, I believe, worthless and unreliable in the hour of battle, but when advancing on an enemy we have a line of file closers behind the line of battle with orders to shoot down the first one that falters. In this way we get some right good fighting out of the scamps. The country is indebted to the original regiments for its salvation; and though our ranks have been badly thinned by disease and losses in battles, the Confederate States will have to still rely on those gallant veterans.

General Rodes now commands our division temporarily. General Hill has been sent to North Carolina to command at Wilmington. I do not know who our major general will be, but report says that Cadmus M. Wilcox, who has recently been promoted, will be the man. I hope so, as he is considered one of the finest officers in Longstreet's Corps.

The Yanks are quiet, but as soon as the roads dry they will be on the wing again. I suppose they will attempt the passage of the river again before a great while. If they do, I want to fight them on the battle field of the 13th of December, as we have the place so strongly fortified that we can't be whipped.

If this letter reaches home before Jule leaves, you can send the jacket by him and the pants by Hooper. I bought some that will do for a while. I was compelled to have 'em, as I had a "flag of truce" hanging from a prominent part of my



THOMAS CAFFEY AND HIS SISTER MARY.

old 'uns. I need no shirts, but if ma has sent any I hope they will not be white, as they show dirt too much. A fellow sometimes don't get a chance to change his rags more than once per month, and when such is the case the lice get so numerous that they tote a fellow clean away.

You have told me in at least four letters that Sallie Lewis had spent three weeks with you. Well, I hope the visit was as agreeable to her as it was to you. Sorry I was not at home, for who knows but she would have taken a fancy to a spindle-shanked soldier about my size? Has Dr. Elsberry called to see you yet? Hub, Willie, Paul, and John are all well. Had a letter from William yesterday; he was at Hillsboro, N. C., and was very well. Love to all. * * * Tell Hoop to get a substitute if he can. Will write him in a few days.

CAMP SANTEE, CAROLINE COUNTY, VA.,
March 24, 1863.

Dear Mary: I have been waiting for a letter from home for a month past; and as nary a one has come to hand, I have concluded to write you a few lines. The last letter I had from home was brought me by Jule Rast one month ago. What is the matter with you all? Are you waiting for another fellow to come on so that you can save postage? Saw John and Billy this morning, and both said the last letters they had from home were by Jule Rast. Are we forgotten? We came off picket last Friday after spending five days in the marshes of the Rappahannock. The last two days the snow fell almost incessantly, and it now lies on the ground deeper than I have seen it at any time during the past winter. We have no protection from the weather, and of course a good deal of suffering was endured, especially among the conscripts, who on an average have about one blanket and two shirts to every six men. I have heard of none being made sick on account of the exposure; but we, especially the old soldiers, are getting so hardy that it is next to impossible to kill us save by Yankee bullets.

The pickets on the outposts are quite familiar with each other. I had several conversations with men belonging to

the 2d Regiment of United States Dragoons, and if their words are to be relied on they are powerful tired of the war and desire its speedy termination upon any terms. A Yank will lie, that's certain. We made little ships with paper sails and sent them across the river freighted with late Richmond papers and tobacco, and they in return sent us New York papers, coffee, and a very small quantity of spirits. The first night after we were placed on post four of the Yanks came across the river on a visit to our boys and forgot to go back or, in other words, refused to do so and were sent to General Jackson and by him forwarded to Richmond.

On Tuesday last, while our regiment was on duty on the river, the deep-toned thunder of cannon was heard up the stream, and all of our forces were formed in line of battle to meet the expected attack. The firing ceased in about four hours, and we did not learn till the following day the cause. It was then ascertained that Generals Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, a son of our general, had met the Yankees at Kelly's Ford, near Culpeper Courthouse, and gave them a sound drubbing, driving them back over the river at a faster pace than they came. We lost some very valuable officers and men in the action. Among them was Major Pelham, of Talladega County, Ala., who was chief of artillery of Stuart's Division. He was only twenty-two years of age and was considered the best artillery officer in the army of Lee with one exception. From what I can learn I do not think that the three thousand cavalry defeated by Stuart and Lee formed the advance of Hooker's army, but was an expedition organized by the Yankee General Stoneman for the purpose of making a raid in the direction of Gordonsville with a view probably of destroying our communication with points south of this place. If such was the intention, it was happily frustrated, and the Yankee commander recrossed the Rappahannock with a very large-sized Confederate flea in his ear. The snow and mud will delay the advance of the "Yankee Grand Army" for some days yet.

I am of the opinion that Hooker is not so foolhardy as to attempt to cross the river at this point in face of the powerful batteries we have erected and the ninety thousand men under the command of General Lee. I think they will "change base" as usual and endeavor to reach the city of Richmond by some other route. It matters to me very little which way they go, as we will have them to fight, come what may. I had rather fight 'em here behind our intrenchments; but if we have to take a regular "old field set-to," there's no help for it.

I had a bully dinner to-day. What do you suppose was the bill of fare? It consisted of rice, bacon, biscuit, and a huge pie made of sparrows. David Smith, an enterprising genius belonging to our mess, made traps while we were on picket and caught enough of the tiny creatures to give all hands a good bait. I tell you they were good; and as we are not accustomed to the sight of fresh meat, the little critters were highly appreciated. Had a letter from William yesterday. He was very well and at Raleigh, N. C. Some bold burglar had broken into his room and stolen sundry articles belonging to him. John S. Parr, a member of our company, died with pneumonia on Wednesday night last. He came with the regiment two years ago, was a brave fellow, and did his duty nobly at Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill (where he was wounded), Sharpsburg, Boonesboro, and Fredericksburg. I am in very good health. Tell Hooper that none of the detail that left two weeks before he did have yet returned

and to stay at home as long as he can. * * * Boynton, of Pleasant Hill, is dead. Love to all.

CAMP SANTEE, CAROLINE COUNTY, VA.,

April 9, 1863.

Dear Mary: Hooper arrived in camp last evening, and I confess that I was somewhat surprised to see him. How silly he acted! I wrote him twice not to come back, but his head was so hard that my advice was unheeded. Colonel Battle had no more right to order him back to the army than I had, as he was detailed by General Jackson and was subject to the orders of no one but the General. He found all this out after he got to Montgomery, but his head was so hard that he could not go back home. He brought me a ham, some butter and soap, and I assure you that all of the articles named were quite acceptable. If you had sent me a pair of cotton drawers, I would have been much obliged. The only ones I have now are the woolen ones ma sent me last winter. If the war lasts ten years, I hope she will never send me woolen goods again unless she can make outside shirts of them.

I had the best breakfast this morning I have enjoyed since I left home. The ham, butter, and our rations made a good meal, and I assure you that Mess No. 9 had a good time generally. We have been living a long while on one-quarter of a pound of meat and one pound of flour per day. I am afraid starvation will be the cause of our subjugation and not the bayonets of the Yankees. The rascals know the straits to which we are reduced, and of course they are more hopeful of finally overwhelming us. The Yankees are very quiet along this line now. They send up a balloon daily for the purpose of inspecting our position. We have so much snow and rain now that military operations are simply impossible. I hear that fighting has commenced at Charleston. I don't believe it. I am in good health and feel more like I used to than I have in a long time. John, Billy, and the rest of the boys are well. * * * Inclosed you will find a tribute to Major Pelham, of Stuart's Artillery. I heartily indorse every word of it.

P. S.—I never get the papers you send.

IN THE HOSPITAL WITH A BAD WOUND.

THIRD ALABAMA HOSPITAL, JUNE 6, 1863.

Dear Mary: Willie leaves for home to-day. I expected to go with him, but the doctor decided that I was unable to travel. The bone of my leg is fractured, and the pieces working out have irritated the wound to such an extent that I have suffered horribly the past few days. As they would not let me go now, I don't intend to bother them any further. I will try to get Mr. Watts to get me a furlough, and if he fails I don't expect to come home at all. Why don't you write? I have heard nothing from you since I was wounded.

P. S.—Billy will tell you the news, my condition, etc.

* * * Whoever burns with a holy zeal
To behold his country free,
And would sooner see her baptized in blood
Than to bend the suppliant knee,
Must agree to follow her white-cross flag
Where the storms of battle roll.
A soldier, a soldier, with arms in his hands
And the love of the South in his soul!"

SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

To the student of our political development Burke's speech on "Conciliation with the Colonies" in March, 1775, is a treasure house of wisdom and inspiration from which he may gather lessons rich in the fruits of statesmanship, boundless culture, historic as well as political, presented with a splendor of diction and an affluence of illustration which stand unchallenged in modern oratory. The tribute of Burke to the Southern colonies, their legal tendencies, their spirit and temperament, social and civic, is marked by the rarest discernment and subtlety of judgment. We may describe it as rising to the height of prophecy. Burke's reference to the devotion of the Southern colonists to the study of the common law has a notable illustration in the life and record of Richard Caswell, of North Carolina. The influence of Burke readily reveals itself in the style of Robert Y. Hayne, perhaps above all in the memorable reply to Webster, a classic model of unanswered and unanswerable logic, blending with a golden eloquence, "headed and winged with flame." More than one of the complex and colossal problems confronting our American life finds its forecast and in a measure its solution in the far-reaching philosophy, the marvelous divination of Edmund Burke.

The attitude of England as viewed in her relation to the present world-absorbing conflict is a theme ripe in suggestion, if not in lessons of historic wisdom, to every student of the military record of the South during the struggle for the establishing of her independence, 1861-65. Since modern war attained the dignity of a science in the age and in large measure by the inspiration of Gustavus Adolphus, Great Britain has produced two generals who may claim rank with the greatest, the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington. Yet if we accept the judgment of the most cultured and discerning of their own countrymen in all that relates to the character of the master strategists of English blood, neither of these can be assigned to the same plane with Lee. In Henderson's "Science of War," page 314, the pre-eminence among English-speaking generals is conceded, almost without qualification or reserve, to the Confederate chief. In the field of strategy, with these two brilliant exceptions, England has blundered consistently and continuously for centuries in her greatest and most vital campaigns. Some of the distinctive errors of the present conflict may find precedents and prototypes in American colonial wars, the most notable illustration being probably the disastrous expedition of Braddock in 1755.

The South has ever been marked by the purity of its English blood, by its devotion to ancestral ideals, its intense conservatism in law, in the social and religious sphere, in the nature of its political and intellectual creed. Her distinctive attitude in these vital elements of her prerevolutionary character evoked the tributes of Burke in his ever-memorable address upon conciliation with the colonies. Yet to the student of historical development, if not the explorer of national evolution, there is revealed the phenomenal truth that with the coming of our national conflict a range and splendor of military genius such as has no parallel in modern ages burst out into sudden blaze upon the newly risen Confederacy. The "Ethnogenesis" of 1775 was the harbinger of Washington; that of 1861 was the herald of Lee and Jackson. The continuity of history seemed dissolved when Henderson phrased his terse but inimitable eulogy: "At the head

of the Confederate army was General Lee, undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, soldiers who ever spoke the English tongue."

To turn to a contemplation of the aspect of the South as it appeared during the period immediately succeeding the overthrow of the Confederacy may possibly be regarded as an illogical, if not an unnatural transition. Still, the character of the time was in every sense anomalous; it had no prototype or precedent, for the continuity of history seemed to be dissolving before our eyes. Several millions of negroes were released from slavery, and every distinctive feature or phase of our unique civilization began to vanish with the broadening springtide of 1865. Yet even this cataclysm, social, political, material, might have accomplished its colossal results and exercised its transforming agency without involving chaos, anarchy, and the saturnalian years of reconstruction save for the implacable fanaticism which marked the attitude of the dominant power in the North toward the prostrate and helpless South. At the door of Northern malignity and irrational hate lies the blood of every negro burned at the stake for his crime against a woman of the South; to the same account must be laid the alleged atrocities of the Ku-Klux Klan, an organization in its primary or original purpose not designed to assume the rôle or enact the part which fell to it at a later day, when the fullness of iniquity and the maturity of shame had been attained in the conclaves of the triumphant party. * * * The Ku-Klux Klan originated in the instinct of self-preservation. Its aim and motive were defensive, and its attitude, as well as its acts, found ample justification and vindication in the unspeakable atrocities inspired by Northern fanaticism. The purest and noblest types of Southern manhood were represented in its ranks.

In company with a party of my fellow students, I went to Washington on March 3, 1861, and on the day following listened to the delivery of Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural address. The morning was chilly and damp and, I think, in a measure overcast, as if presaging rain or snow. Enveloped in the immense throng, I stood in front of the speaker and heard distinctly every word that he uttered. In regard to the estimate or impression that prevails with reference to Mr. Lincoln's marvelous oratorical power, my sole comment may be embodied in a modified form of apostolic language—an evil genius has sent the American nation "strong delusion that they should believe a lie." He was an earnest speaker, clothing his homely thought in lucid and vigorous phrases; his diction was untouched by pedantry and unmarred by affectation. Not even an enemy could distrust his sincerity or impeach the genuineness of his convictions in respect to the character of his mission. There was nothing in manner or language to suggest or foreshadow the subtle duplicity that guided the counsels of Seward or the remorseless malignity that determined the policy of Stanton. As to his gift of matchless eloquence, it is merely a mythical evolution, a form of halo or radiance reflected from the glory of martyrdom. Like the Stuart monarch, Charles I., he has been canonized as a political saint, revered as a divinity, his apotheosis being proclaimed with every recurring 12th of February. He possessed hardly a single distinctive characteristic of true oratory; an awkwardness of manner verging upon the grotesque marked his delivery as he "sawed the air with his hand" and revealed in every act or attitude the uncouth and primitive bearing of the forest or the unreclaimed boorishness which reigns beyond the border line of our crude and amateur

civilization. His much-vaunted and bepraised Gettysburg speech grew famous after its delivery; it was sanctified by his tragical death.

Even the loftiest flights of Mr. Lincoln's eloquence are not worthy to take rank in the same age with the neglected and fast-fading climaxes of oratory attained by such master lights of the South as William C. Preston, Hugh S. Legare, Robert Y. Hayne (the brilliant and dauntless antagonist of Webster), James C. Dobbin, and Jefferson Davis. Yet these matchless voices of the ancient South exist only in fragmentary form, unedited, without care or custodianship, moldering into irreclaimable decay, while the wealth and scholarship of the North have been lavished upon the vigilant conservation and perpetuation of every trivial utterance and every platitudinous phrase that fell from the lips of Abraham Lincoln. None of the orations or addresses associated with the memory of "the martyred President" are capable even of remote comparison with the tribute of Mr. Davis to Gen. R. E. Lee delivered in Richmond in November, 1870. Even in its skeleton form it ranks among the noblest of eulogies in purity of thought, fineness of discernment, art of appreciation, and the gift of portraying an ideal perfection.

While in Washington I contracted an acute cold, and upon reaching the university I invoked the kindly offices of Dr. John Staige Davis. I never heard nor saw Mr. Lincoln again. For his memory I retain a more kindly and tolerant feeling than for any of the leaders of the baseless and unnatural crusade waged against the genius of constitutional government as embodied in the attitude of the South. His glory as a master of oratory, however, is mythical and delusive. I can in a moment call back from the past of Virginia and the Carolinas alone a score of names with the least of whom Mr. Lincoln cannot be compared as a successful rival in the sphere of eloquence.

For Mr. Davis I had conceived an admiration which traces its origin to childhood and his association with my uncle in the cabinet of Mr. Pierce, 1853-57. I met him time and again in Baltimore during the years succeeding the war, and he was gracious enough to expound with his characteristic vigor and clearness of language as well as richness of illustration the vital issues involved in our national conflict as contemplated from the standpoint of Southern statesmanship. Our interviews were not restricted to the theme of political controversy; they ranged over a broad and varied field, and the last topic in regard to which he delivered one of his illuminating judgments was the defective methods adopted in the teaching of English grammar, his comments having especial reference to the typical schools of our own country. Mr. Davis possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of assimilation characteristic of true genius in whatever form it reveals its power, such as it appeared in Shakespeare, in Keats, in Sir Walter Raleigh, or in Sir Walter Scott. His versatile intellect absorbed, classified, and coördinated every element or form of learning, scientific, literary, historical, technical, apparently realizing the Baconian dream and taking all human knowledge for its province. He would pass from a dissertation upon the construction of a ship or the ventilation of a fort to an analysis of the rank of Macaulay as a historian, the doctrine of the confessional as recognized by the Catholic Church, or a tribute to the Psalms, which he preferred to every other part of Holy Scripture. As an orator Mr. Davis stands in the foremost file, along with the array of masterful lords of language who were the glory of the ancient South. Strangest of all is the circumstance that

the most discriminating and generous tribute ever rendered to his gifts of eloquence is from the hand of his relentless and implacable foe, Edward A. Pollard.

THE HOMELAND.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

O, the homeland is the land we love!
Gray are the skies that brood above
The drifting snows of the hardy North,
Where from seashore and valley we hurry forth
On the path where honor and duty lead
To a stricken world in its bitter need;
But the homeland, the dear land,
The homeland is the land we love—

Where the moonlight falls in golden gleams
Over orange groves and whispering streams,
Where the mocking bird in the jasmine bowers
Chants his love through the drowsy hours.
Sons of the men who wore the gray,
Rank on rank we have marched away
From the homeland, the dear land—
O, the homeland is the land we love!

From mountain and desert, from ranch and plain,
From search for pleasure and hope of gain,
From mine and from forest, from river and hill,
The men of the West are coming still;
Firm is our faith in the glorious prize
Which we see in the future with steadfast eyes
For the homeland, the dear land,
The homeland, the land we love.

As we look our last on the clear home lights,
When the troop ships glide through the solemn nights,
Should we feel in the dark the stealthy blow,
The thrust of a savage and cunning foe,
Calmly we'll die, if need there be,
And our young lives offer for liberty
And the homeland, the dear land,
For the homeland is the land we love.

If, braving all perils by shell and fire,
We see the end of our long desire
And look with joy on a world restored
By the might of our swift-avenging sword,
With a sigh for our dead in their lonely graves
We'll set our course o'er the swelling waves
To the homeland, the dear land—
O, the homeland is the land we love!

GEORGE W. BAGBY, BORN IN BUCKINGHAM COUNTY, VA., IN 1828.—Virginia, mother of States and statesmen, as she used to be called, has contributed many men of worth to the multitude that America can number. All her sons have loved her well, while many have reflected great honor upon her. But of them all, none has known how to draw her portrait like that one who years ago, under the mild voice and quiet exterior of State librarian and occasional contributor to the periodical press, hid the soul of a man of letters and an artist.—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

[Third paper of the series prepared by the "Gray Book" Committee, S. C. V. Continued from April number.]

Gen. Robert E. Lee, who for a time was held as *particeps criminis* in the alleged wholesale barbarity, but whose word has never been found to be false, says of Libby and Belle Isle: "I never knew that any cruelty was practiced, and I have no reason to believe that it was practiced. I can believe, and have reason to believe, that privations may have been experienced by the prisoners, because I know that provision and shelter could not be provided for them." Again he stated in April, 1867: "The laws of the Confederate Congress and the orders of the War Department directed that the rations furnished prisoners of war should be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy, and that the hospitals for prisoners should be placed on the same footing as other Confederate States hospitals in all respects."⁹

Turning again to Andersonville Prison, we find that the official order for the location of "a large prison" in the South in 1864 was that it should have "a healthy locality, plenty of pure water, a running stream, and, if possible, shade trees, and in the immediate neighborhood of grist and saw mills."

The Confederate authorities have been denounced because they did not cause a sufficient number of barracks to be constructed at Andersonville, since the very order for its founding required that it be in the neighborhood of sawmills. This order was, indeed, carried out as strictly as possible in accordance with the other conditions; but it must be remembered that the South, having very few manufactories, could not supply the tools with which to build, and that the sawmills nearest Andersonville, being very primitive affairs, were not able to supply lumber sufficient for the stockade, much less for the barracks. But few of the officers of the guard had "shanties," and these were generally built of the refuse of the mills. Some of the lumber used was brought a distance of eighty miles, and all of the available rolling stock of the Confederacy was taxed to its utmost capacity in transporting supplies for the army in the field and to the prisons. It should also be remembered that "during the last two years of the war there was not even a tent to be found in any of the armies of the Confederacy, save such as were captured from the Federals."¹⁰

Many writers, including the distinguished editor of *American State Trials*, still refer to "the dead line" at Andersonville with expressions of horror, and it has been often brought forward as "*prima facie* evidence" that the Southerners were intentionally barbarous and cruel, doubtless in ignorance of the fact that a "dead line" existed in all Northern prisons. At Andersonville this regulation was an absolute necessity and "consisted of stakes with a plank nailed on top and at a distance of twenty feet from the walls of the stockade." Had it not been for this precaution, less than fifteen hundred guards could never have held the thirty thousand and more prisoners under their control. This "dead line" was well defined, while in the Northern prisons it was in many cases wholly unmarked.

If there be charges of neglect and brutality in the burial of prisoners at Andersonville, the records show that the paroled prisoners were responsible to their comrades for this last duty. If there be charges as to filth in the preparation

of food and cruelty in its distribution to the prisoners, it is to their paroled companions that the complaints may be carried, for they were in charge of this office. If there be charges of foul play, murder, and robbery of the helpless sick by night, the paroled prisoners may answer for it. They thereby made good their escape, and they are among those who testified that another was guilty of deeds they themselves had committed.¹¹

The best-known and the only specific charges of cruelty officially taken up for prosecution by the United States government were those preferred against Capt. Henry Wirz, for a while commandant at Andersonville Prison.

The charges sustained by the military court which declared Captain Wirz guilty were, in brief:

1. "That he, the said Henry Wirz, did combine, confederate, and conspire with them, the said Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, W. S. Winder, W. Shelby Reed, R. R. Stevenson, S. P. Moore, ——— Kerr (late hospital steward at Andersonville), James Duncan, Wesley W. Turner, Benjamin Harris, and others whose names are unknown, citizens of the United States aforesaid, and who were then engaged in armed rebellion against the United States, maliciously, traitorously, and in violation of the laws of war, to impair and injure the health and to destroy the lives by subjecting to torture and great suffering, by confining in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters, by exposing to the inclemency of winter and to the dews and burning sun of summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food, of large numbers of Federal prisoners—to wit, the number of about forty-five thousand soldiers in the military service of the United States of America, held as prisoners of war at Andersonville, in the State of Georgia, within the line of the so-called Confederate States, on or before the 27th day of March, A.D. 1864, and at divers times between that day and the 10th day of April, A.D. 1865, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired and the insurgents engaged in armed rebellion against the United States might be aided and comforted."

2. "Murder in violation of the laws and customs of war" in certain specifications to the number of thirteen. In these "specifications" Captain Wirz is accused while acting as commandant "of feloniously, willfully of his malice aforethought, making sundry and several assaults upon soldiers belonging to the army of the United States with a certain pistol, called a revolver, then and there loaded with gunpowder and bullet, whereby he inflicted mortal wounds upon their bodies so that they died." Three soldiers were alleged to have been murdered thus, in each case the "specification" stating "whose name is unknown." Specification No. 2 told how a soldier, name unknown, was stamped to death by said Wirz. Another prisoner was "tortured unto death in the stocks." Several more died under specially contrived cruelties, and others were fired upon by orders from said Wirz. In each and every case the name of the victim was "unknown."

The military commission declared Captain Wirz guilty of Charge 1 and of practically all of the specifications under Charge 2 and sentenced him to be hanged on the 10th day of November, 1865.

A few of the amazing circumstances connected with this trial may be given here to show that it was perhaps the only really infamously unjust prosecution and conviction on record in the history of the jurisprudence of the United States,

unless partial exception be made as to the condemnation of Mrs. Surratt and Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, unjustly convicted of complicity in the brutal assassination of President Lincoln by the demented Booth and his ignorantly criminal accomplices.

In the first place, after ascertaining the nature and purpose of the military court appointed, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, to try Captain Wirz, the regularly employed counsel for the defense withdrew from the case. Even permission to be heard, according to law, was denied the prisoner. It may be added, by way of a side light on the conditions of the time, that the three men who had been brought forward by the same partisan leaders for the purpose of convicting Jefferson Davis of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln had just been shown to be perjurers. Two had turned State's evidence against the third, Conover, who was then in jail. It was determined that no chances for a like failure were to be taken in the case of Wirz. It was, moreover, easier to convict a subaltern than a high official of the Confederacy.

Captain Wirz was placed in confinement in the Old Capitol Prison on the 7th of May, 1865, and from that moment the press and people of the country were fed with stories of the "monster" and "demon" Wirz. As far as possible all favorable testimony volunteered by Federal officers and soldiers was suppressed. A victim had to be produced by radical politicians and extremists in order to keep the American people from learning (1) that the suffering in the Southern prisons could have been prevented by the Federal government and (2) that there were at least equally terrible privations in the Northern prisons, a knowledge of which would have led their countrymen to pour out their indignation on them instead.

In the second place, Captain Wirz was accused, by the terms of Charge 1 of conspiracy with Jefferson Davis and other officials of the Confederacy in deliberately planning the death of thousands of Federal soldiers. Not a particle of evidence was found that such a conspiracy ever existed, yet Captain Wirz was convicted of this grave charge, while his fellow "conspirators," a number of whom were actually named in the charge, were never even brought to trial.

In the third place, the specific charges of murder brought against Captain Wirz were made by only twelve to fifteen of the one hundred and sixty former actual or alleged prisoners summoned or secured by those backing the prosecution. At least most of these and perhaps all of them, like Conover and his two infamous associates, were perjurers. One of the witnesses upon whose testimony Judge-Advocate Chipman laid particular stress as being of a reliable and truthful character swore himself in as Felix de la Baume, a nephew of Marquis Lafayette. Upon finishing his labors on the witness stand and before the trial was over he was rewarded by being appointed to a clerkship in a department of the Federal government, while about the same time one of the witnesses who seemed likely to offer favorable testimony for the defense was arrested in open court and placed behind prison bars before he could testify. Eleven days after the execution of Wirz the alleged Monsieur de la Baume proved to be Felix Oeser, of Saxony, a deserter from the 7th New York Regiment.¹²

Finally, on the day before the execution of Captain Wirz, a telegram was sent out to the effect that Wirz had made a confession which implicated Jefferson Davis. At about the same time a message was sent to Wirz through the

medium of his minister, Father Boyle, that if he would implicate Davis his sentence would be commuted. Furthermore, in the deliberate effort to blacken the character of Wirz and to weaken the effect of his declaration of innocence, a telegram was sent out stating on high authority that the prisoner's wife had attempted on the 27th of October, to poison her brute of a husband, although Mrs. Wirz at that time was hundreds of miles away. To cap the climax, the body of the prisoner was refused a Christian burial. It is perhaps significant of ultimate justice at the bar of history, which Lincoln has truly declared "we cannot escape," that the body of Wirz was placed in the yard of the jail beside the body of Mrs. Surratt, who is now generally regarded as the innocent victim of another military commission. Surely if Captain Wirz were "a tool" and guilty of the crimes for which he was convicted under Charge 1, the men who so infamously used him as such were far more criminal and deserving of the gallows than their underling. Why were they too not hanged or at least brought to trial? The answer is given above, in that those responsible for the prosecution of Wirz knew that, while he might be convicted in the heat of sectional passion provoked by their misrepresentations, it was quite another matter to try to convict the great leaders of the Confederacy. They knew perfectly well that the best element, the great majority, of the Northern people would learn the truth in such a trial, and, learning the truth, they would find out and punish the accusers instead of the accused.

Is it not time that the name of Capt. Henry Wirz be cleared of undeserved infamy, just as the names of many other innocent men have been cleared? Is it easier to let things go on as it is, so that "one man may bear the blame for all"? If so, is it right? The answer from all fair-minded Americans will be an emphatic negative.

¹²Hospital No. 21, in Richmond, Va., was among those singled out for special charges of deliberate cruelty and neglect of sick prisoners. Reliable testimony by Federal officers was given (and officially suppressed) in rebuttal of these charges; but there was one incident connected with this prison hospital that is of unusual interest. At the time of the surrender of Richmond, Hospital No. 21 was under the direction of Assistant Surgeon Alexander Tinsley. Richmond was captured on April 3, 1865; but when the Federal prisoners found that they were to lose the services of this Confederate surgeon, *they themselves petitioned that he be allowed to remain in charge.* This was accordingly done by order of Major General Weitzel, U. S. A. Surgeon Tinsley was later transferred with the prisoners to Jackson Hospital and remained on duty *in the service of the United States government* until May 9, or until there was no further use for his services. His modest bill of \$285 for his own services and for fuel and board for himself and "forage" for his horse was presented to the United States government, *but it was never honored,* although the claim was brought up in the United States Senate at about the time the Hon. James G. Blaine was making his wholesale and sweeping accusations of cruelty against all the Confederate authorities in charge of the prisoners, including Surgeon Tinsley. The Federal order appointing Dr. Tinsley had printed thereon: "*Medical Director's Office, Army of the James, Before Richmond, Va.*" As the writer was preparing the order, however, he triumphantly drew his pen through the long-existent "*Before.*" There can be no question as to the high character of Surgeon Tinsley, as well as to his unselfish devotion to duty. He testified near the close of the war before a Confederate committee of investigation: "I have seen many of our prisoners returned from the North who were nothing but skin and bones. They were as emaciated as they could be to retain life. I saw two hundred and fifty of our sick brought in on litters from the steamer at Rockett's; thirteen dead bodies were brought off the steamer that night. At least thirty died in one night after they were received."

¹⁰Not only were there few implements manufactured in the South for carpentering, farming, etc., but even nails were not to be had, "there being but one solitary manufactory of cut nails in the limits of the Confederacy."

¹¹At the close of the war Brigadier General Neal Dow, U. S. V., afterwards the noted temperance reformer and candidate for the Presidency, went to distribute clothing to the prisoners. He was greeted with profane abuse, whereupon he turned to those in charge and said, in considerable humiliation of spirit: "You have here the rakings and scrapings of Europe." Among the brave men held prisoners at Andersonville there was just this mercenary element to be contended with, and great numbers of fine American soldiers suffered terribly at the hands of such fellow prisoners. The Confederacy, on the other hand, with few exceptions, could not draw upon any but its own American-born population. There was, nevertheless, an evil element among the Confederates in the Northern prisons. These were the men who took the "ironclad oath." They were separated, in some cases, from their former comrades. They were dubbed "galvanized" prisoners and were given more and better rations than the prisoners who remained loyal to the cause they represented.

¹²Concerning the accounts of cruelty presented in regard to the alleged "barbarous practice" of running down fugitive Federal prisoners with bloodhounds, quotations from these very witnesses are sufficient to refute the alleged fierceness of these "blood-thirsty animals." We are told by one Mr. Goss, in his scathing denunciation of the Confederate prison officials, how he with a "rotten fence rail" held a whole pack of these ferocious hounds at bay. Another, pursued for hours by a number of these ravenous beasts, tells how, exhausted, he fell asleep only to be awakened by one of them "licking his face." As late as June, 1902, an article in the *Century Magazine* stated that "Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was known to have imported a pack [of bloodhounds] for breeding purposes. They were ordered destroyed. The man detailed for this work was a brother of Mr. George H. Meeker, of Beatrice, Nebr. He performed his task well, for it is said that he found and killed no fewer than forty-seven bloodhounds at Mr. Davis's home." As a matter of fact, Mr. Davis not only did not import any bloodhounds, but he did not own any dogs at all. In the September issue of the *Century Magazine* the editors apologized for the error of their contributors and stated the facts, at least as far as Jefferson Davis was concerned, in regard to this popular and historical misconception as to the use of bloodhounds in the South.

THE FIGHT, NOT THE CAUSE, WAS LOST.

BY SAM M. GAINES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Certain writers and speakers have industriously propagated the idea that in the result of the War between the States the Confederate cause was lost. They have taken much pains to fix in the public mind a distinct impression that the South's cause is a "lost cause." This transparent fallacy has found lodgment not only in the minds of the unthinking class in the South, by whom the phrase is frequently used to characterize the result of the war, but also in the minds of some Southerners whose intelligence should have prevented them from adopting this paradoxical term as a correct expression of the consequence of the war. In the latter class may be placed Mr. R. W. Townsend, the author of a volume of poetry entitled "The Passing of the Confederate." In this poem Mr. Townsend declares that "all for which we fought is lost."

It will be necessary to set forth briefly what constituted the South's cause and the origin of it. To say that the South's cause is a "lost cause" is a radically erroneous and misleading confusion of terms. The South's cause, the principles for which the Southern people stood, was in no manner affected by the war. The political convictions of the people of the Southern States touching their right of self-rule constituted the South's "cause." Those convictions as to the fundamental principles of government which are essential to

liberty and were made secure by the fathers in organic law were not changed, modified, or uprooted by the result of the armed conflict.

The conventions which framed the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution made a new departure in government. They formed a system of government in which supreme authority was vested in the people as constituting distinct States, making government at all times subordinate to the people's will. The dominating purpose of the governments, State and Federal, was to secure the liberty of the individual and the right of the people to rule through the sovereignty of the body politic. Community independence, based on law susceptible of change only in the prescribed legal mode, was the keystone of the State and Federal governments.

For fifty years the people of the North and South were in general accord as to the nature and extent of the powers of the Federal government. The principles established by the fathers were avowed, confirmed, and sustained in practice for half a century by the people of both sections. The wildest political dreamer in those days never asserted that the Federal government possessed supreme authority over the people of the several States.

Finally, discord between the sections was fomented and flagrantly aroused by a faction in the North which arbitrarily claimed the authority to regulate or destroy certain rights and institutions of the Southern people which had been recognized and guaranteed protection by the solemn compact between the States in 1787. This meddlesome interference with the private affairs of the people of the South was wholly unwarranted and lawless and destructive of the principles of the Union.

The hostility thus aroused, for which the North was solely responsible, resulted in the organization of a political party in the North which disavowed allegiance to the Constitution and fidelity to the principles of the government. (Yet in their own conceit they were not traitors.) This party, led by Lincoln, proclaimed a doctrine at once new, revolutionary, and subversive of liberty; it asserted that the Federal government possessed sovereign authority and could enforce its decrees on the people of the Southern States by force, if necessary.

This party came into control of the government in 1861, and thus was overthrown the beneficent system of free institutions which was conceived by the wisdom and consecrated by the blood of our forefathers. Thenceforward the Federal government was administered, not in accordance with the Constitution and the laws appertaining thereto, but in conformity to the autocratic and idiosyncratic theories of President Lincoln. For the first time in this country he substituted a personal government for a government of law.

In this crisis the Southern people remained faithful to the traditional principles of the government, the principles which they had upheld from the beginning. They had lived all their lives in the rarified atmosphere of the ideals of the fathers. They prized liberty above all other earthly possessions. They believed, and the doctrine is steeped in the wisdom of the ages, that the centralization of power is incompatible with liberty; that freedom abides only where sovereign, inalienable power is inherent in the people, constituting separate States. These principles incorporated into law and approved by experience constituted the reason, the factors, and the impelling purpose of, and justification of conscience for, the South's action from 1860 to 1865, inclusive.

Returning to the question under consideration, the fate of the South's cause, did the result of the war change the convictions of the Southern people as to the wisdom of the principles of government established by the fathers or deprive them of those principles? The political principles which composed the South's cause were as vital and had as strong a hold on the minds and hearts of the Southern people after the war as before it. The administration of President Lincoln, conducted in conformity to his assertion that a State occupied the same relation to the Federal government that a county occupied to the State, and the administrations of his successors who were in sympathy with his purpose to abrogate the power of the States and thus to destroy self-government by consolidating all authority in the government at Washington brought to the people of the South new and overwhelming evidence that the principles for which they had fought were indispensable to the maintenance of popular rights.

Another conclusive proof that the South's cause is not lost has been afforded by the North. Within the last few years the Northern States generally, realizing that all power was being filched from them, have resumed the exercise of the rights established by the founders. The people of the North have put into effective operation within their respective States the principles of local self-government, of State sovereignty, which the South has adhered to in peace and contended for in war. The initiative, the referendum, and the recall are some of the agencies being employed by the people to restore government to its original foundations.

Moreover, it may be said parenthetically that the discredited, antiquated, and alien theories of government which President Lincoln put into operation and attempted to engraft upon our system have been thoroughly repudiated and abandoned by the people of the Northern and Northwestern States. The blinding passions of the war having subsided, a freer intellectual atmosphere is abroad, and there is a general recrudescence of sentiment favoring a return to the rule of the people. The people of the several States have asserted their sovereign authority by taking into their own hands the reins of government, thus putting into operation the principles established by the founders of the republic. Thus has been vindicated the enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure made by the South in behalf of free institutions, and Jefferson Davis, vilified and traduced as a traitor, is seen in his true character, the patriot of patriots.

Mr. Townsend fails to differentiate between the Southern cause and the result of the war between the North and the South. They are entirely different things. The one is a question of principle, the other of physical and material strength. The South lost the fight and much of its property, but was not in any degree deprived of the principles for which it contended. The devotion of the Southern people to their principles and their adherence to them did not depend on their success in the war. Neither the vitality nor the justice of a cause lies in the physical strength of its supporters. War is a contest of brute force and cannot determine the truth or falsity of the principles adhered to on either side. The principles which the South avowed were not subjected to shot, shell, and blade. Those weapons were effective only in determining the comparative physical and material avoirdupois of the contending sections. The fact that the South proved the weaker did not lessen its devotion to its principles nor make its cause a "lost cause."

M'CLELLAN'S DEATH TRAP AT MALVERN HILL.

BY THOMAS PERRETT, FAISON, N. C.

After the battle of Newbern, March 14, 1862, the 26th North Carolina Regiment spent about three months in the neighborhood of Kinston under the discipline of Gen. Robert Ransom, who seemed never to know when we had gotten enough.

During the early part of June we were moved up near Goldsboro and bivouacked about one mile east of the town and while there were mustered and given about six months' pay, the Confederate bounty of \$50 and State bounty of \$50, all together amounting to something over \$150 to each private soldier, while the officers received much more. This sudden wealth thrust upon us was more than some of us were able to bear gracefully; and being mostly in \$50 bills, with no change in camp, it made the situation still worse.

After reviewing the situation, I decided to go into the brokerage business; so, having a few hundred dollars on hand, I went over to Goldsboro and cleaned up all the little shops of small change, returning to camp ready for business. I made a number of trips to town during the day and wound up at night about \$50 ahead in my speculation.

On the 20th of June the regiment was ordered to Richmond, Va.; and after a slow, tortuous trip of about ten miles an hour in box cars and a stop-over of two days at Petersburg, we reached Richmond about midnight of the 24th and were marched direct to Capitol Square, which seemed as dark as Egypt. Being allowed the privilege of selecting our own berths, we were not long in making a contract with mother earth and were soon sound asleep.

Next morning we were up quite early taking in the sights around the city and having a gay time generally. There was supposed to be about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the regiment, and some of it had to be "blown in," and Richmond appeared to be a good place for the purpose. Some of the boys went to the Virginia Treasurer's office and got their big bills changed into "Virginia scrip," which was printed on heavy, stiff paper and in sheets like postage stamps, which had to be cut apart (frequently it would be in one-dollar bills); and when the fellow got through with his job, he felt like the richest man in the city, his pockets all bulging with the stuff. Numerous and varied were the deals made, many of the boys investing in packs of cards, which a few days later were discarded on the eve of battle.

In the afternoon General Ransom's brigade, to which we belonged, was directed to report to General Huger on the Williamsburg road, and we were soon on the march to the battle field of Seven Pines. We arrived within about one mile of the Federal line near four o'clock in the afternoon and halted within range of stray shells, which killed a few of the boys.

On the night of June 25 the regiment was moved up on the picket line in front of the Federal breastworks and only a few hundred yards from them and relieved the 24th North Carolina Regiment, which was on duty. The night was very dark, and, with no one to direct them, the regiment took position on one side of an old rail fence and in front of a hedgerow. As it happened, the enemy's troops were lying down in line of battle on the opposite side of the fence and very near and biding their time after we had gotten quieted down for the night. We were in entire ignorance of their presence when they suddenly rose up and opened fire, some of the boys declaring they were so close that they thrust their

guns through the fence and singed beard and hair in a few cases.

In our front was a sedge field, with small pine bushes a few feet high scattered over the field. The night was so dark that we were unable to distinguish between a pine bush and a Yankee except by the flash of his gun. The firing was kept up at intervals through the night. We remained on picket through the next day and at times were very much annoyed by sharpshooters in a building a few hundred yards in our front, but were finally relieved by our artillery shelling the building. On the evening of the 26th we could hear very distinctly the battle of Mechanicsville, which was five or six miles away.

We remained on picket during the night of the 26th and occasionally had it quite lively with the enemy. On the morning of the 27th we were ordered to advance and were expecting a very unfriendly reception; but when we reached the enemy's breastworks, to our great relief, they were deserted.

In the afternoon of the 27th we were ordered to divest ourselves of all surplus baggage and carry nothing except guns, accouterments, and haversacks, prepared for an emergency expedition. During the next three days it was a series of marches and skirmishes in pursuit of McClellan's retreating army.

Late in the afternoon of July 1 we overtook the Federal forces at Malvern Hill. General Magruder had engaged the enemy, and he sent an emergency call to General Ransom for help at 7 P.M. The brigade was at once put in motion and moved to the scene of the conflict at double-quick. While on the way a rabbit jumped up and was doing its level best to get away when Colonel Vance yelled: "Go it, mollie cottontail! If I had no more reputation at stake than you have, I would be with you."

As each regiment reached the field, it was at once thrown into action by General Magruder's orders. We were in line under cover of a ravine and wooded hill, within two hundred yards of the enemy's batteries. At twilight the line was put in motion and moved forward to within less than one hundred yards of the batteries. The enemy seemed unaware of our movements; masses of his troops appeared to be moving from his left to his right. Just at this instant the brigade broke loose with that fearful Rebel yell, and the enemy at once wheeled into line and opened upon us a perfect sheet of fire from muskets and batteries. We steadily advanced to within twenty yards of the guns. The enemy selected his position and concentrated his forces to meet us. Our onward movement was checked, and the line wavered and fell back before the fire, the intensity of which amid the darkness was beyond description. It was a bitter disappointment to be compelled to yield when their guns seemed almost within our grasp.

This engagement at Malvern Hill closed the seven days' fighting around Richmond. General Magruder was severely criticized for giving battle to McClellan, who had deliberately planned this death trap.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

THE CONSTITUTION THE HIGHEST LAW.

BY G. B. HARRIS, JR., "WITH THE COLORS."

Will you permit the son of a Confederate soldier to register a protest against a practice that has become entirely too frequent of late and which grates on the sensibilities of every true Southerner? I refer to the habit of so many recent writers, both North and South, of comparing and identifying the principles for which President Wilson and the Allies stand with those for which President Lincoln and the Union armies contended in 1861-65, and hence by implication at least and often by direct assertion putting the Southern Confederacy and its leaders in the same class with Germany and her brutal rulers in this great world war.

There is much quotation of Mr. Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address, and we are told that the issue then, as now, was "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth." I am ready to admit that such is certainly the issue to-day; yea, more, that now it is a question whether civilization, morality, religion, all that men hold dear, shall perish from the earth. But to state that President Wilson and President Lincoln occupy the same platform, that the same principles for which President Wilson so earnestly pleads to-day are those for which President Lincoln contended, is to show either a very superficial knowledge of historical facts or a blind and unreasoning sectional bias.

President Wilson announces as one of the fundamental principles for which the allied nations stand in the present world war the right of "self-determination"—that is, that every people, great or small, strong or weak, shall have guaranteed to them the right freely to determine for themselves the character of government under which they shall live and work out their destiny. Yet it was precisely this right of "self-determination" which the South asserted in 1861 and which the North, under the lead of President Lincoln, sought to, and did, crush by force of arms.

Eleven Southern States, having submitted the issue to their people and obedient to the voice of the people expressed in their ballots, sought to withdraw from the Union and form a government which they believed would better meet their needs and advance their interests. It was the same right asserted by the thirteen colonies when they declared their independence of the British crown, the same right which many Northern States had frequently before asserted and which Mr. Lincoln himself had approved in a speech in Congress in 1848. Yet President Lincoln was not only willing that government of the Southern people, by the Southern people, and for the Southern people should perish from the earth, but on a hundred battle fields he shot that government and its rights to death.

Again, President Wilson and the Entente powers stand for the sanctity of treaties or compacts between nations. Germany calls a solemn treaty "a scrap of paper" and declares that her own national interests justified the violation of Belgian neutrality guaranteed by Germany. And so the South trusted to the Constitution, the solemn compact or treaty between the States. Mr. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State, pleaded a "higher law" than the Constitution; and so President Lincoln and his party set aside the Constitution, destroying a real union of States to form a centralized nation. Which most stands for President Wilson's principle, President Lincoln's "higher law" or the South's devotion to the Constitution? I believe that the sad-

dest chapter of American history, a chapter introducing profound problems and grave dangers to the liberties of our people, is the chapter that records the deliberate enthronement of force over right, of a higher law than the Constitution, that higher law to be interpreted at the will of a majority.

President Wilson stands for the conduct of the war on the highest plane of civilization and humanity as against German "frightfulness" and brutality. President Lincoln's government made medicines contraband of war, refused to exchange prisoners of war, and sanctioned the brutality, the burning of homes, the looting and outrages of Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Hunter in Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, and the vileness of "Beast" Butler in New Orleans.

In contrast read the order of General Lee in invading Pennsylvania, forbidding interference with noncombatants or the taking of private property and the testimony of the Union citizens that the order was scrupulously obeyed, and then judge whether North or South carried out the principles of President Wilson and which represented the spirit of German ruthlessness. Shades of departed chivalry! To compare Robert E. Lee with Von Hindenburg!

WHEN THE GALLANT LIEUTENANT FORD WAS KILLED.

BY DAVID CARDWELL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

When we left our position on the Po River, after the bloody record of the Wilderness had been made up, we began to place ourselves in front of Grant in his "swinging-round" movement to the south side of the James. In this movement the cavalry corps fought fight after fight which was entirely unrecorded, and in one of these fights our noble comrade, Lieut. Charles E. Ford, met a soldier's death.

In the afternoon of the 31st of May, 1864, we went into position in a large level field just south of Hanover Courthouse. We stayed in position some time and were ordered to limber to the rear, in doing which we moved out of the field at a walk. Getting out into the big road, we proceeded in the direction of Richmond, when a courier galloped up from the direction we had come and ordered us back. We struck a trot and held it until we reached the field we had left, when a "gallop march" was ordered, and in we went.

The field was being swept with rifle bullets and, I think, artillery fire also. We dragged two dead horses into action and went into position in our old tricks. We unlimbered and began firing short-fuse shells and in a short time changed to canister, and you know what that means. As we went in I recall that the 10th Virginia Cavalry galloped up as our support, and Lieut. Col. Bob Caskey's horse, a fine gray, went down with the gallant Colonel under him. We did not stop to help him out; we were too busy.



DAVID CARDWELL.

The enemy charged us several times and was repulsed. The firing was continuous and hot. Captain McGregor was on his horse near a small clump of bushes to the right of the battery a little in front, and he was making a good deal of noise shouting: "Give 'em hell, boys! Pour it in, boys!" Lieutenant Ford was riding quietly and calmly up and down behind the battery. It was getting dark, and the flashes of the guns showed him off beautifully, and the sharpshooters at the courthouse soon began firing at him and all others who were mounted, I suppose. I noticed the direction of the bullets and called his attention to them as he came near my gun. I was No. 4 at the gun next to the last to the right of the battery. His only reply was, "It is as hot as Williamsburg," then called out: "Mack, you had better retire these guns." But the captain did not hear him, so he turned in his saddle and gave the order, "Limber to the rear!" and we were not slow to obey.

I put the pintle hook in my gun as she rolled off, and the horse holder brought my horse up to me; he had been relieved of all the others. I mounted my horse in great haste, and just as I took my seat in the saddle a Frenchman named Antonio called: "Garçon, Lieutenant Ford is killed." I looked, and he was catching Ford's body as it fell from his horse. I rode that way with the idea of taking it, Antonio being afoot; but just then a bullet struck my horse, and over we went. I was stunned and dazed. The air was full of missiles, and I did not see how I could get away; but just then Sergt. Temp. Brown, the captain's gallant brother, rode up to me. I jumped up behind him, and we rode away at a gallop for dear life.

When we reached the road upon which the battery had retired, we came upon a gun whose trail had run up on a stump, and, the pintle hook not being in, the gun slipped off the pintle and was left behind. Brown and I rode forward and overtook the battery, and the limber was sent back for the gun.

Temp. Brown and I on the same horse rode up to the ambulance and, looking in, asked Captain Brown about Lieutenant Ford. He answered that Ford had just breathed his last. We halted sometime after midnight, wrapped Lieutenant Ford in his blanket, and buried him in a fence corner on the farm of Gen. W. C. Wickham in Hanover County, Va. Lieut. Richard Shreve read the service for the dead, while Lieutenant Ford's servant, Lindsay, wept bitterly over his young master; and if ever there was a time for tears, it was then.

Lieutenant Ford was my idea of a gallant gentleman, a soldier, and a friend. He was young, only twenty-four years old, tall, handsome, and if he knew the feeling of fear it did not influence him. He fought a battery without excitement or flurry. I think he was the disciplinarian of the battery, and all good soldiers loved him.

His grave is No. 50 in Hollywood Cemetery, in Richmond, near the east fence. Years ago I placed a board at its head and wrote on it with a pencil a brief epitaph. Later some one erected a neat marble tombstone and on it cut almost the words I wrote, besides his age, parents' names, etc. I have often visited his grave.

How strange it seems that Captain Brown and I are now old men! I was eighteen when the foregoing took place, and Captain Brown could not have been much over twenty.

Since writing this Capt. Wilmer Brown has written me the following as to the reinterment of Lieutenant Ford: "A few days afterwards I went to Richmond and through the kindness of Rev. Joshua Peterkin procured a plain coffin. We

then went with the ambulance, took up his body, and reburied it in Hollywood Cemetery, in a lot which was also procured by Dr. Peterkin. We sent Lieutenant Ford's personal effects by his servant Lindsay, with the news of his death, to his family in Fairfax County, Va."

Lieut. Charles Edward Ford was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and an uncle of the present Ambassador to Spain, Gov. Joseph E. Willard.

Capt. Wilmer Brown, last commander of McGregor's Battery, which was a part of Pelham's old battery, Stuart Horse Artillery, is yet living at Lockport, N. Y., and is the same kind of citizen and gentleman that he was a soldier, and there was none better.

CONFEDERATE POWDER WORKS AT AUGUSTA.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA.

When the War between the States supervened, Col. (Gen.) George W. Rains was a retired captain in the United States army, he having resigned his commission as such several years prior to the inception of hostilities. He was then residing at Newburgh, N. Y., being President of the Washington Iron Works, of that city. At once repairing to Richmond, Va., the capital of the Confederacy, he made personal tender of his services to Hon. Jefferson Davis; and Dixie's ruler, fully appreciating the other's thorough scientific training and his peculiar fitness for the purposes of the Confederate government, promptly commissioned him with the rank of colonel of ordnance and assigned him to the most gigantic and responsible of tasks, that involving the manufacture of gunpowder.

The South was then sorely deficient in this indispensable military commodity, as at that time she had no mill of her own on which she could depend for the production of gunpowder; another reason was that the amount of that explosive, hastily accumulated from various sources, was hardly adequate even for a brief campaign. The expense, too, of gunpowder that first year of the war had to be considered, it being three dollars a pound. As *carte blanche* was given to Colonel Rains and all the details were left to his superior judgment, he straightway entered upon the execution of this Herculean undertaking with the well-directed ardor of a consecrated and enlightened patriot.

The first matter which presented itself was the selection of a suitable location for the proposed powder mill plant. decision was soon reached, and Augusta, because of her many exceptional advantages, had the honor to be chosen. That was in July, 1861, and two months thereafter the prospective founder, having disposed of all preliminaries, was ready to commence the erection of the memorable buildings.

The tract on which those structures were to stand was of considerable extent and lay along the Savannah River in a parallel line for a distance of several miles. The refinery building, which was nearest to the city, had a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet on the canal and a depth of two hundred and seventy-five feet. Here the first step in the manufacture of gunpowder was taken, that of refining and pulverizing its component ingredients. An idea of the dimensions of this building may be obtained from the fact that at one end there was a saltpeter and sulphur warehouse, with a capacity of fifteen hundred tons; at the other extremity of the edifice was the charcoal department; while its central portion was occupied by the refinery, which was

unsurpassed in its appointments. It may be of interest to know that in close proximity to the refinery building was the great chimney (still standing), the altitude of which very nearly approximated a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. This chimney was of majestic proportions, built of brick, and with the interior of it all the smoke flues of the entire structure directly communicated. The superb workmanship displayed in that chimney is even now a marvel, and the same skill was shown in every part of the wonderful powder plant.

The incorporating mills next claim our attention. These, twelve in number, were two hundred and ninety-six feet in length, their massive walls being from four to ten feet in thickness; and as a consequence the danger for adjoining chambers from an explosion of one of those mills was practically eliminated. In them was performed the process of incorporation, which constitutes perhaps the most important step in the making of gunpowder. That operation consists in bringing all the several particles of the ingredients into close mutual contact; as the more thoroughly the chemical substances are combined, the more complete will be their combustion. The mill cake thus formed when cold and hard was subjected to the further process of granulation, whereby it was broken into fragments and separated into different sizes of grain.

From the granulating building the product was then taken to the drying, dusting, and glazing department, where the final touches were given, and the gunpowder was made ready for immediate and effective use. In an adjoining structure the weighing and boxing occurred; and when everything was in order, recourse was had to the magazine, which was located three-quarters of a mile farther up the canal. The capacity of this magazine approximated one hundred tons, and thus we have convincing proof of the gigantic scale on which this remarkable enterprise was conducted.

The Confederate powder works began their active and efficient operations on the 10th of April, 1862, and terminated their preëminently useful labors on the 18th of April, 1865. During these eventful years of desolating carnage the work of these famous mills proceeded without interruption, and we have the proud consciousness of knowing that, first



THE REFINERY BUILDING OF THE POWDER WORKS AT AUGUSTA.

This great chimney is still standing. It was said to contain, when originally completed, one million bricks. Its measurement at the top is ten feet square. The Sibley Manufacturing Company now occupies the site of the old powder works.

and last, 2,750,000 pounds of gunpowder were manufactured within their imposing confines. By reason of that magnificent output this plant was in very truth a bulwark of the beleaguered Confederacy throughout the greater part of its momentous struggle for independence. While all the demands of the embattled South were freely and promptly met, at the end of that distracting period, when our hopes were forever blasted and our banners trailed in the dust of irreparable defeat, seventy thousand pounds of that superb gunpowder still remained in the safe-keeping of the capacious magazine.

The superior excellence of the gunpowder here produced cannot be too strongly emphasized. Its equal as a military article did not anywhere exist, and the fame of the Confederate powder works at Augusta was soon carried beyond the seas, electrifying the civilized world. And although nearly fifty-three years have elapsed since their great doors were forever closed and their edifying operations finally discontinued, the wondrous results achieved by this titanic offspring of our mighty revolution are still held in admiring retrospect.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMORY AT ATHENS, GA.

Through Mrs. R. H. Chesley, President of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., the following story of the Confederate gun armory at Athens, Ga., is contributed, the facts having been given her by Mr. Thomas Bailey, of the Athens Foundry, who was a worker in the Confederate armory. The old building still stands in a picturesque spot on the Oconee River:

"In the latter part of the year 1862 a Major Cook, from New Orleans, went to Athens, Ga., and looked around for a site to establish a gun armory for the Confederate government. He returned to New Orleans in a few weeks, but just after Christmas, or about the 1st of January, 1863, he returned and bought what was called Hodgson's Mill, which had been a gristmill. He used an old sawmill house for the first work, and the Athens Foundry did all the casting. In June the first shipment of rifles was sent to Richmond under the name of Cook & Bro. About this time the machinery was moved up from New Orleans, and then all the work was done in the armory.

"Three hundred men were employed in the armory, and they made a hundred rifles a day. Only infantry rifles, cartridge boxes, and cap boxes were made here, the Confederate government furnishing all the material from Richmond. The employees of the armory were called into the Confederate service in June, 1864, and never came back until after the surrender. Major Cook was killed in Savannah in 1864.

"After the surrender the United States government took charge of the armory and shipped all of the machinery away. It was decided that the property belonged to Cook & Bro., and, Major Cook being dead, the property was sold to the Athens Manufacturing Company, which holds it yet."

Mrs. Chesley also sends this story of one of the guns made at the Athens armory, as taken from the *Kansas City Star*:

"Back in 1906, after the famous Philippine battle of Bud-Dajo, in which Capt. Clifford U. Lenori, then a first lieutenant, had received a knee wound, he was detailed to the light task of checking up the number of arms captured. Among the guns was an old-fashioned Civil War type of muzzle loader, about forty-five caliber, percussion cap, and it bore this mark: 'C. S. A., Athens, Ga., 1862, Stones River.'

"Before leaving the army war college at Fort Leavenworth

to rejoin the 18th United States Infantry at Texas City, Tex., Captain Lenori received a letter from the citizens at Athens, Ga., making inquiries about the gun. It had been turned in with the other captured weapons and stored in the arsenal at Manila.

"The gun was in a good state of preservation and was at the time I examined it still hot from the effect of being fired,' Captain Lenori said. 'I recall it very plainly, because the thought came to me at the time that this was the last Confederate gun surrendered, or rather the last captured, in action by the Federal troops, and the peculiar circumstance was that the very men who helped to capture this gun were, most of them, enlisted men from Kentucky and Tennessee and were in all probability descendants of men who had fought and died in the cause of the Confederacy. Perhaps the grandfather of one of those gallant boys who climbed up that precipitous hill had carried that rifle many years ago. What a story it might tell if it could speak! Baptized in fire at Stones River, in token of the commendable part it played there the soldier in gray lovingly paid a grateful tribute to his rifle by scratching on the stock the name of the battle where it had so distinguished itself. We know the rifle was not captured during the Civil War, so let our fancy lead us and try to picture the subsequent history of the firearm. Its voice was most likely in the front ranks at Chattanooga and Chickamauga, its echoes reverberating on Kennesaw Mountain, disputing the advance of Sherman's legions; and then a little later in front of Atlanta the smoke from its fiery throat rose to the sky, intermingled with the groans of the dying and the prayers of those who realized that they were fighting a forlorn hope. But what marvelous changes the whirligig of time works! When we consider that nearly half a century later and over ten thousand miles away we find the same gun still hostile to the Stars and Stripes, still hurling its deadly lead against the soldiers of the Union, shouting its defiance to the modern magazine rifle, it is remarkable. But even so, it is not so remarkable as were the men who captured it—Southern boys who proved that their valor was equal to their forefathers' example at Stones River, Chickamauga, and a score of battles in defense of their Southland. And now a man can but feel a thrill of pride in his country when he considers how gallantly the men from the South and from the North, united in a common cause, gave up their lives in such a savage war for their one country and one flag.'"

OUR FLAG.

BY J. LUKIN BROWN (12 YEARS OLD), SILEX, MO.

Three cheers for our flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for the thirteen stars!
Three cheers for the flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for the Stars and Bars!

Three cheers for the flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for the flag, I say!
Three cheers for the flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for the boys in gray!

Three cheers for the flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for the flag for aye!
Three cheers for the flag, the Confederate flag,
Three cheers for our flag—hooray!

GENERALSHIP BACKED BY NUMBERS.

H. S. Taylor, of Springfield, Tenn., commends the article by Frank S. Roberts on "Fairness and Justice" in the February VETERAN and says:

"I have waited a long time to see something said in praise of that grand old soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, and what Roberts said was to the point and as I have seen it all these years. What I shall add will have to do with the four generals mentioned by him, Johnston, Hood, Grant, and Sherman. I first 'met' Grant at Fort Donelson, just fifty-six years ago, as he came that bright Sunday morning riding at the head of his victorious army, with their guns and bayonets glistening in the sunlight, to take formal possession of us and our all—surrendered the night before. He was then as kind and courteous a victor as he proved at Lee's surrender. Here and on to the end I noticed that Grant always got all the men he wanted and fought only when he had them. That made him successful and later made him President.

"More than a year later our regiment, the 30th Tennessee, came again in contact with General Grant. In the spring of 1863 he was sent to take Vicksburg with a finely equipped army, and Joe Johnston was expected to take Grant with his handful of men. Our brigade arrived at Jackson, Miss., from Port Hudson, La., May 12, marched to Raymond the 13th, and fought the battle there the 14th. Then we became a part of Johnston's small army that was expected to fight Grant's large one. The 'powers that were' seemed always to expect Johnston to accomplish the impossible. We stayed with him around Vicksburg until its surrender, July 4, then went back to Jackson, and in September our brigade was sent to Georgia just in time to be for two days in the Chickamauga battle. After that great victory we followed on slowly to near Chattanooga, where we remained till General Grant came; and when he had collected all the men he wanted, he drove us from Missionary Ridge. I have never felt any pride in telling that I was in that battle; but when I remember that it was Grant we had come up against for the third time and what I have said of him before, I need not feel ashamed.

"We went on back to Dalton and spent a very quiet winter. When spring came and we could see 'Uncle Joe' occasionally riding around among the boys, new life and hope soon sprang up, and we were ready for the fun to begin. When we were about to be outflanked, the retreat began. We would retreat by night, fortify, and fight by day. On and on to Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and the Chattahoochee River, but all the time believing in our great general, believing that when he said 'fight' we should win. While there was much hard fighting on the long retreat, Sherman showed his generalship by holding us in front and flanking us with his greatly superior force. Johnston showed his by keeping out of his way and going all the way, it is said, without the loss of a wagon and with the loss of comparatively few men.

"When on the morning of July 18 the word was passed along the line that Johnston had been relieved and Hood put in command, we to a man knew that 'somebody had blundered.' But we were soldiers, not quitters. After the battle of the 20th of July, our command hurried through Atlanta on the night of the 21st and fought the great battle of the 22d.

"Late in August we were hurried to Jonesboro and attacked the enemy after he had strongly fortified. I was captured the first day, August 31, but was exchanged just in time to

follow Hood into Tennessee and on to Franklin, where perhaps the most cruel and hardest fought battle of the war occurred. We went under General Bate toward Murfreesboro when Hood started to Nashville. I was again taken prisoner, so was not allowed to follow Hood to again meet our beloved Johnston and be surrendered by him."

MY WORST THREE DAYS.

BY J. P. JORDAN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

At the request of my friend and comrade, Edgar Warfield, of Alexandria, Va., I am giving at this late date my remembrance of the worst three days that I can recall during the War between the States. In doing this it is not my desire to glorify any act of my own, but rather to give a pen picture of what many another Confederate soldier suffered during the four years of war. The three days referred to lay in and about the battle of Frazier's Farm, one of the seven days' great battles near Richmond.

After a hasty breakfast on the morning of June 30, 1862, the 17th Virginia Regiment, of which I was a member, and a part of Pickett's Division moved forward into a piece of timber and had gone but a short distance when we were met by a heavy discharge of grape and canister from the Federal battery, and a little later we became engaged with Federal infantry. This infantry proved to be a part of the Pennsylvania Reserves, who were armed with Springfield muskets, using ball and buckshot. Just here I will say that if I commanded an army to-day, that is the weapon I should prefer to use, as at a distance of, say, one hundred yards very few of the enemy would escape injury.

In receiving the fire of the Federals in this piece of timber I saw the necessity of our officers frequently calling upon the men to fire low, as we were almost blinded by falling twigs and limbs from the trees above our heads. We moved steadily forward down a steep hill, across a small sluggish stream, and approached the Federal battery, supported by a heavy line of infantry. I was standing behind a tree firing on this battery when a rifle shot took away my haversack and canteen and severely bruised my left hip. This attracted my attention to the left of where our line was supposed to be, and I found that our men had fallen back. I turned and dashed back to the top of the hill in my rear, and, turning to look in the direction from which I had come, I was struck by a ball, breaking my collar bone and knocking me down. In a little while, finding that I was not dead, I got upon my feet and looked in the direction of what was supposed to be our rear, when I saw a line of Federal troops which had passed through a gap in our line and gotten behind us. As I could go neither backward nor forward, I tried a parallel run between the lines and a few minutes later was hit in the foot by another ball. I then threw away my knapsack and gun and tried to get away on one leg, but had gone a short distance only when a voice cried, "Surrender!" and this I promptly did.

My captor was a good-natured Irishman, who kindly gave me permission to ride on his back. He carried me to his regiment, where I was kindly treated and afterwards conveyed to a country church which had been taken by the Federals to be used as a hospital. I found the church and yard already filled with wounded Federals. On the porch of the church was a Federal surgeon whose duties seemed to be to give first aid to the wounded, the badly wounded being taken to the yard in the rear of the church; the rest of us were left

in the church and about the front yard. This surgeon was quite a jovial fellow and seemed to be very much pleased to have a Confederate to operate upon. He said: "You have a collar bone broken; this will not amount to much. Have you any other hurt?" I then took off my shoe and showed him the hole in my foot. When he saw this, he brought his probe around with a great sweep, and when I flinched he said, "I only wanted to see if you could be frightened," as he had heard that no Confederate soldier ever got scared. I told him that he had a Confederate soldier there who was worse scared than he had ever been in his life. I remember that he asked me if I knew how many bones I had in my foot; and upon expressing my complete ignorance, he told me how many. I remember very distinctly that he said the easiest way to get rid of that bullet in my foot would be to take the foot off and that it was a good thing for me that I had fallen into his hands instead of some fool Confederate surgeon, who would no doubt have taken my foot off. I was much frightened and at once assured him that I was satisfied he knew more about surgery than all the Confederate surgeons combined.

Now, all this had occurred between 3 P.M. and dark of that memorable Monday, a hot day in June. I had had nothing to eat or drink since early mornig and was burning with thirst. About eight o'clock I was approached by Gen. F. J. Porter, who had learned that there was a Confederate soldier among his own wounded. He expressed his deep regret at my condition and said, in view of the fact that I would probably die, he was sure that I would answer truthfully a few questions he wished to ask me. I had no intention of dying at that time and equally no intention of telling him the truth if I could discover from the character of his questions what he desired to know. His question was: "Had Longstreet been engaged in any of the other battles, or was he engaged with fresh Confederates?" I told him that we were entirely fresh, having been engaged in none of the previous battles. The next incident of this day occurred about 10 P.M., when a Federal soldier employed as a nurse came to me and said that he had just overheard General Porter tell the surgeon in charge of the hospital to send all the slightly wounded to the rear, as the Federal army would begin retiring at twelve o'clock. This nurse further said that he was tired of the war, and if I would protect him he would remain behind and be captured. I told him he should have my full protection, provided he brought me a canteen of water. I had not had a drink of water during this long summer day and night. He did this and a little later told me that as one of the Federal soldiers in the church had died, I could take his place on the floor of the church, as it might rain during the night.

For many reasons I got no sleep that night, one reason being that a Federal officer, whose nose had been shot off and who was very angry, was walking up and down the aisles of the church all night, wishing audibly that he could get hold of a Confederate soldier on whom he could vent his wrath. Owing to the soiled condition of my so-called uniform and dim light, I was undiscovered and thus escaped his vengeance. Just here I shall state that the Federal troops left on the porch of the church an ample supply of sugar, coffee, etc., for the use of the wounded. So ended the first day.

From my position in the church I could see the country road just a little distance off, and Tuesday morning about

daylight I saw the Confederates passing rapidly, following up the Federal troops. As it grew a little lighter, I heard one of the Confederates say, "Boys, look yonder on that porch," when there was a rush of gray coats over the fence, and in a few minutes there was nothing left to eat in or about that church. On this day, Tuesday, July 1, 1862, occurred the battle of Malvern Hill.

A little while after daylight there was a roll of musketry, and shells from the Federal batteries exploded about the hospital, some of the wounded in the yard getting additional wounds from the pieces of shells. There was no item of special interest during that long, hot day.

I lay on the hard floor without food or water during all of Tuesday, listening to the shriek of shells. Late in the afternoon of that day Comrade Warfield came into the hospital and, to his surprise, found me among the Federal wounded. He said: "I must get you out of this." He told me that the ladies of Richmond had hired all the busses in town and sent them out to get the slightly wounded, and if I could appear slightly wounded he would get me into one of the busses. I, of course, made a great effort and did get into one of them. This ride to Richmond over such roads as we had at that time was the most horrible of my life. Some of us were wounded in the arms, some in the legs, and some, like myself, in both arm and leg. Whenever the bus dropped into a deep rut, we all fell down in the middle of the bus; and if it had not been so sad, the scene would have been ludicrous in our efforts to help each other back on the seats. However, we finally reached Richmond, and, the hospitals being full, we were carried to a vacant storehouse, where I was laid on a shelf. And this ends the second day.

On the next morning, Wednesday, a good woman came into the building and asked if there was anything she could do for me. I replied that there were a number of things I needed, but the most important just at that time was something to eat. She immediately left the building and soon returned with food.

Now, to fully appreciate this picture you will have to recall some very hot day and imagine, if you can, what it means to be feverish from wounds and without food and water from Monday morning until Wednesday at ten o'clock. About noon of Wednesday my brother, who was in the Confederate navy and stationed at Richmond, having heard that I was wounded, began a search and finally found me lying on a shelf in a vacant storehouse. Notwithstanding my pitiable condition, he could not refrain from a smile when he saw me.

I shall try to describe briefly my personal appearance. What few clothes I had were ragged and dirty, and the bandages on my wounds were filthy. I was nineteen years old, had never shaved in my life, and my hair had not been trimmed for a year. I was never handsome at best and at this time would have surely made a good scarecrow. My brother found a barber, and I had my first shave, had my hair cut, got some clean clothes, and was removed to a good hospital. And thus ended my vicissitudes at the close of the third day.

It is a matter of wonder to us who are now living how any human being could endure so much and yet be alive. I am now seventy-four years of age, have not a gray hair on my head, and have a fair amount of strength left. I have been the recipient of too many blessings from the Giver of all good gifts to utter one word of what might be considered a complaint or regret.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

Blockade Runners.—On March 23, 1862, General Whiting, C. S. A., had this to say: "Vessels owned abroad come in with cargoes which sell for nearly \$1,000,000 Confederate currency, and for \$50,000 of the same money they buy as much cotton as they can carry back. The balance of the proceeds which has come to my notice. A man brought in six demijohns of gin, which cost him in Nassau \$24. He sold them here for \$900. This man could afford to give \$9 for \$1 of specie in gold, which he did, and then made a profit of \$76, a good business for a common sailor. The profits made by these people are not expended here; they are invested in gold or abroad. Every single bale of cotton that goes abroad on other than government account to establish government credit abroad does us injury at home; yet I know there is a law prohibiting the export of cotton, and I will not permit a bale to be shipped from this department except by special order." But it was shipped on private account all the same.

Gunboat Partly Built by Ladies.—On December 10, 1862, General Dix, U. S. A., reported: "The gunboat was launched to-day at Norfolk and was named General Jessup. I will see that she is properly armed and equipped. She is beautiful and, I trust, will be a useful vessel. The amount (\$6,000) expended on her before coming into our hands was contributed by the ladies of Norfolk under the régime of the insurgents." Now, I call that a shabby trick to play on any lady.

Percussion Caps for Game-Shooting.—This same General reported on September 21 that the United States collector had allowed three thousand percussion caps to be sent to a certain neighborhood in Virginia "where there is at this season a good deal of game, and the inhabitants ought to be deprived of the privilege of shooting." This was an open season for Yankee game all over Virginia.

Hooker in Danger.—General Keyes, U. S. A., told General Halleck on April 8, 1863: "The Rebel generals from an army of 80,000 can keep more men in line of battle than Hooker and his generals can from an army of 100,000; and if Hooker has not more than that number, he is in danger of being whipped." That General knew what he was talking about.

Wanted to Share the Glory.—General Peck, U. S. A., in his report of the siege of Suffolk, Va., says: "Besides whipping the Rebels, this command has held the masses of the enemy around Suffolk in order that General Hooker might secure the crowning victory of the war and is entitled to a share of the glory that may accrue to his arms." But they did not quarrel over their share of what Hooker got.

The Wrong Road to Richmond.—General Dix, U. S. A., on April 29, 1863, said: "General Hooker has moved with his his whole army. It is large, well disciplined, with all the materials of war. Great and confident hopes are entertained for the success of his movement on Richmond. I have never thought it the right way to that capital, but join in the general

hope." It might be said that this General also knew his business.

D. H. Hill, Major General, C. S. A.—On February 25, 1863, the following was from the bitterest tongue that either side produced during the entire war, and I will leave it to any chance reader of this as to whether I am right or not: "The undersigned has been placed in charge of the troops in North Carolina. In assuming command he would address a few words of exhortation to his forces. Soldiers, your brutal and malignant enemy is putting forth efforts unexampled in the history of the world. Having failed to subjugate you, he is maddened with the thirst for vengeance and is pushing forward his foreign mercenaries to plunder your property and lay waste your homes. But his marauding hosts have been so often beaten and baffled that they are now discouraged and demoralized. Should you be able to check them everywhere for the next sixty days, the 300,000 whose time expires in May will not reenlist, and the war will end before July. However, should the scoundrels gain a single substantial success at any one point, the war will be prolonged during the entire administration of Lincoln. We must make the war unpopular with the mercenary vandals of the North by harassing and annoying them. We must cut down the farms which these plunderers expect to appropriate to a six-by-two plat. Our cities, towns, and villages are full of able-bodied young skulkers, wearing the semblance of men, who have dodged from the battle field under the provisions of the exemption bill. The scorn of the fair sex and the contempt of all honorable men have not been able to drive these cowardly miscreants into the ranks as long as they can fatten upon the miseries of the country and shelter their worthless carcasses from Yankee bullets, but they are insensible to shame. But a day of retribution awaits these abortions of humanity. Their own descendants will execrate their memory when the finger of scorn is pointed and the taunt is uttered: 'He is the son or grandson or great-grandson of an exempt and extortioner.' Do your full duty, soldiers, and leave these poltroons and villains to the execration of posterity." What about these miscreants? I have never met one nor his descendants, or, if so, they never said anything about it.

A Plague of Horses.—Governor Vance, of North Carolina, wrote Mr. Seddon on February 25, 1863: "I had the honor to address you some time ago, asking the removal from this State of a lot of broken-down cavalry horses which were devouring the substance of a people threatened with famine. I have not as yet received your reply. I beg to inform you that their depredations are still continuing and that they have become not only a nuisance, but a terror to the community. When the question of starvation is narrowed down to women and children on the one side and some worthless cavalry horses on the other, I can have no difficulty in making a choice. Unless they are removed soon, I shall be under the painful necessity of calling out the militia of adjoining counties and driving them from the State." This referred to a lot of worn-out horses from General Jenkins's command which had been sent to North Carolina to recuperate. I will add that the Governor did not have to call out his army.

Newspaper Mischief.—General Foster, U. S. A., wrote General Halleck: "The New York newspapers gave a very accurate statement of the three regiments from Massachusetts which arrived here; so, of course, my present force is well known to the enemy." General Peck, U. S. A., said: "The

papers do our cause almost as much harm as the Rebel armies. Hooker's moves were all read in the papers long before the hour for Lee to strike, and he knew both sides of the game." Gen. D. H. Hill, C. S. A., says: "Unless the government will boldly take this matter in hand and arrest the editors, the crime of desertion will go on, and I fear that there will be thousands in armed resistance to the government. The teaching of at least one paper in North Carolina is treasonable in the highest degree, and the editor is certainly a Tory at heart, and almost openly." Examples of the "power of the press."

Recognition of Great Britain.—General Whiting, C. S. A., on May 11, 1863, told the British Consul at Charleston: "In regard to the schooner Harkaway, alleged to belong to a British subject, which was seized by the Confederate States of America, I am not aware that my government has recognized you as the representative of her Britannic Majesty. Her Britannic Majesty's government has certainly not recognized the government of the Confederate States. I decline, therefore, to discuss this question with you. In the meantime, as her Britannic Majesty's government does not recognize the jurisdiction of the Confederate States here and the United States claims it, perhaps it will be as well to apply to the latter." Hurrah for Whiting!

Women Plunderers.—General French, C. S. A., wrote General Foster, U. S. A., thus: "You wrote me on December 31 last that a watch belonging to Surgeon Hunt, of your service, who was killed near Washington, N. C., should be returned to his relatives. On the publication of your letter the watch was voluntarily sent me, and I take pleasure in forwarding it to you, so that same may be put in the proper hands. Will not this act of a private in our army, voluntarily returning this watch, offer a noble example to some of your generals and their wives who have taken (I will not say stolen) pianos, bedsteads, dining sets, works of art and virtue, horses, carriages, etc., and carried to their homes in the North to return them to their owners? I regret to make such charges against your officers and, above all, against their wives; but when such acts are committed by men in high position or by women of intelligence and refinement, they deserve condemnation. I refrain from naming them; but if you wish, they can be sent you for publication to show the world that neither rank nor position nor religion nor female loveliness can resist the temptation to violate the commandments when what they covet is the property of a Rebel." Well, at any rate, they left the land. [And Henry Ward Beecher thought that, too, should be taken.]

The Battle of Sharpsburg.—Gen. D. H. Hill said: "The battle of Sharpsburg was a success as far as the failure of the Yankees to carry the position they assailed, but it would have been a glorious victory for us except for three causes: (1) The separation of our forces. Had McLaws and R. H. Anderson been there earlier in the morning, the battle would not have lasted two hours and would have been signally disastrous to the Yankees. (2) The bad handling of our artillery. This could not cope with the superior weight, caliber, range, and number of the Yankee guns; hence it ought only to have been used against masses of infantry. On the contrary, our guns were made to reply to the Yankee guns and were smashed up or withdrawn before they could be effectually turned against massive columns of attack. An artillery duel between the Washington Artillery and the Yankee batteries across the Antietam on the 16th was the

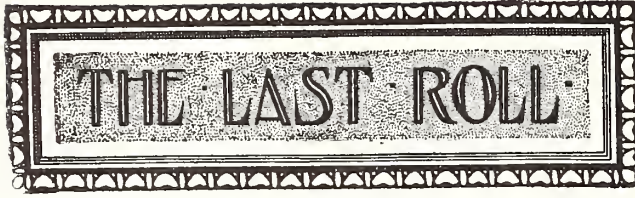
most melancholy farce in the war. (3) The enormous straggling. The battle was fought with less than 30,000 men. Had all our stragglers been up, McClellan's army would have been completely crushed or annihilated. Doubtless the want of shoes, the want of food, and physical exhaustion had kept many brave men from being with the army, but thousands of thieving poltroons had kept away from sheer cowardice. The straggler is generally a thief and always a coward, lost to all shame. He can be kept in the ranks only by strict and sanguinary discipline." My uncle, Capt. Charles S. Wylly, of the 1st Georgia Regulars, whose command was in this fight, says that it was the common impression at this time that if the South had won this battle the recognition of Great Britain at least would have immediately followed, and there is no reason to doubt it.

The Sublimity of Battle.—Gen. J. G. Walker, C. S. A., says of the battle of Sharpsburg: "General Ransom, having driven the enemy through and from the woods, continued to hold it for the greater portion of the day, notwithstanding three determined infantry attacks, which each time were repulsed with great loss to the enemy and against a most persistent and terrific artillery fire, by which the enemy doubtless hoped to drive us from our strong position, the very key to the battle field. His hopes, however, were not realized. True to their duty, for eight hours our brave men lay upon the ground, taking advantage of such undulations and shallow ravines as gave promise of a partial shelter, while this fearful storm raged a few feet above their heads, tearing the trees asunder, lopping off huge branches, and filling the air with shrieks and explosions, realizing to the fullest the fearful sublimity of battle." The Confederates stood up to the rack manfully, or they would have been annihilated.

Confederate Color Bearers at Sharpsburg.—The commander of the Hampton Legion reported: "We advanced upon the enemy steadily under a heavy fire and had not gone far when Herod Wilson, of Company F, the bearer of the colors, was shot down. They were raised by James Estes, of Company E, and he was shot down. They were then taken by C. P. Poppenheim, of Company A, and he too was shot down. Maj. J. H. Dingle then caught them and, while bravely upholding them within fifty yards of the enemy, was shot dead. I immediately raised the colors, when Marion Walton, of Company B, volunteered to bear them. I resigned them into his hands, and he carried them gallantly and safely through the battle." The commanding officer of the 1st Texas said: "During the battle I saw four bearers of our State colors shot down—to wit: First, John Harrison, Company L; second, James Day, Company M; third, Charles H. Kingsley, Company L; and, fourth, James K. Malone, Company A. After the fall of these still others raised the colors until four more bearers were shot down." It took five for the Hampton Legion and eight for the 1st Texas, and many more were ready to commit suicide if necessary.

Mobility of the Confederate Army.—General Halleck, U. S. A., said: "It must be admitted that the Rebel armies have exhibited much more mobility and activity than our own. Not only do they outmarch us in advance and retreat, but on two memorable occasions their cavalry have made with impunity the entire circuit of the Army of the Potomac. If it be true that the success of an army depends upon its 'arms and legs,' ours has shown itself deficient in the latter of these essentials." Quite a compliment, as it came from the enemy general in chief.

CAPT. THOMAS B. HAGOOD.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"We think on life's harsh facts and broken dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
And feel that death is kinder than he seems
And not the king of tears."

SAMUEL PASCO.

Student, educator, soldier, citizen, lawyer, statesman, Christian gentleman.

Samuel Pasco was born in London, England, June 28, 1834, and passed away March 13, 1917, at Tampa, Fla.

Residing in Boston, Mass., he entered Harvard and graduated in the class of 1859; came South and taught at Waukeenon, Jefferson County, Fla.; enlisted in the Confederate army July 23, 1861, and served in Company H, 3d Florida Infantry; was wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge, left upon the battle field, and taken prisoner, remaining in prison until the close of the war.

Returning to the South, he studied law and was admitted to practice, becoming a leader of men and in his profession. He was elected President of the Constitutional Convention that drafted the present Constitution and was elected to the United States Senate while serving as Speaker of the House, serving twelve years in the Senate. He was appointed thence to the Isthmian Canal Commission by President McKinley, being the only Democrat upon the board, and served three years on the Commission.

Senator Pasco was an ardent Mason and served two terms as State Grand Master. Since the War between the States he had resided at Monticello, Fla. He married Miss Jessie Denham, of Monticello. His wife, three sons, and two daughters survive him. He was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church.

He lived well, he died well, he sleeps well. Peace to his ashes! God bless his memory!

[B. W. Partridge.]



SAMUEL PASCO.

The death of Capt. Thomas Barrett Hagood, of Barnwell, S. C., occurred on June 23, 1917, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bostick, near Ridgeland, in Jasper County, where he and his wife were visiting. He had nearly reached the ripe age of seventy-six years. His body was taken to Barnwell and interred in the Hagood Cemetery, near that place, a large number of sorrowing friends and relatives paying their last tribute of respect to this excellent man.

Captain Hagood was born in 1841. He received his education at the University of North Carolina, leaving that institution in the spring of 1861 to enlist in Company K, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Col. Johnson Hagood, and served with credit during the entire war. Like many another hero of the Southern cause returning to a devastated home after four years of bitter struggle, he displayed an equal gallantry as upon the battle field by taking up life's broken skein and endeavoring to bring order out of chaos. He returned with the intention of living for his State and Dixie and devoted the rest of his life to planting, at which he was eminently successful.

In 1866 Captain Hagood was married to Miss Anna Sams, who, with two sons and a daughter and numerous grandchildren, survives him. Two brothers also survive him, W. H. Hagood, of Greenwood, and R. H. Hagood, of Barnwell.

CAPT. THOMAS G. PEGUES.

Thomas G. Pegues was born in Camden, S. C., September 19, 1835, and died in Baton Rouge, La., March 4, 1918.

After receiving his early education in the common schools of Camden, he entered the Furman University, at Greenville, S. C., and graduated from that institution in 1856. He went to Louisiana in 1860, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he entered the Confederate army as second lieutenant of Company C, 16th Louisiana Regiment. He served throughout the four years of the war under Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and J. B. Hood. He was in all of the battles of the West, from Shiloh to Spanish Fort, and finally surrendered at Meridian, Miss., having been promoted to captain during the term of his service.

After the war he returned to Louisiana, where he resided continuously to the time of his death. In 1870 he married Miss Rebecca P. Witherspoon, daughter of B. Witherspoon, of Gloster, La. He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and a son at Baton Rouge, La., and one sister at Camden, S. C.

He was a true patriot, a brave soldier, and a loving husband and father. After a long, useful, and upright life, he has answered the last roll call and passed on to his reward above.

R. W. REAVES.

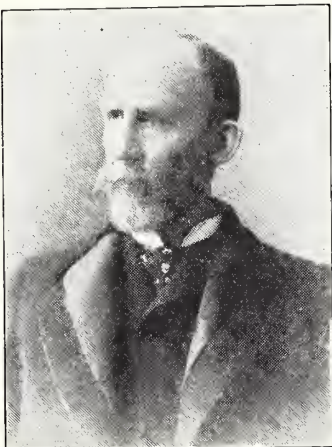
R. W. Reaves died at his home, in Mount Vernon, Tex., on December 27, 1917. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought. He had served faithfully in the Confederate army as a member of the 12th Alabama Infantry and was a lieutenant in his company when he surrendered. He had been county judge of his county, was a good citizen, and was a member of the Baptist Church. His wife, son, and three daughters are left.

[P. A. Blakey.]

DR. LEGRAND ATWOOD.

Dr. LeGrand Atwood was born at La Grange, Tenn., in 1832. His father, N. B. Atwood, who owned a chain of wholesale drug houses stretching from New Orleans to St. Louis and conveyed drugs by mule teams as far west as Santa Fe, is enrolled among the pathfinders of Missouri. His mother was Elizabeth LeGrand, born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and belonging to the Huguenot families of Nash and LeGrand. When Dr. Atwood was a few months old his parents removed to St. Louis, Mo.,

and that place he saw grow from a village to a metropolis. He was educated in Wyman's School, and at fifteen he began the study of medicine under his kinsman, Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell, graduating at eighteen and remaining in active practice sixty-six years. In 1852 he crossed the plains to California and followed his profession in the mines and in San Francisco. He returned by way of Nicaragua and then settled in Marshall, Saline County, Mo.



DR. LE GRAND ATWOOD.

He took part in the John Brown raid in Kansas, and, having a wonderful gift of oratory, he was active in the political circles of that day. In 1860 he married Miss Eliza Cowan, of Shelbyville, Tenn., and when the war clouds gathered he was one of the first to volunteer for the South, going out with the first regiment of Missouri State Guards as surgeon with the rank of captain. He was at the first battle of Booneville, Mo., and with Colonel Dills at Dryswood, where he was captured. General Crittenden secured his release, and he returned to Marshall, where he refused to take the oath and was warned to leave and not return. He went to St. Louis County, was joined by his wife and two children, and remained there fifteen years. Then Dr. Atwood commenced practicing again in St. Louis and was for five years Superintendent of the City Sanitarium and in 1891 Superintendent of the Fulton Asylum for Insane. He lectured in Beaumont College on nervous and mental diseases, was President of the St. Louis Medical Society and Vice President of the Missouri State Medical Society, and assisted in getting bills regulating the practice of medicine through the legislature. In the resolutions on his death the Medical Society said: "Dr. Atwood's retentive memory and rare command of language, drawing upon a rich fund of experience, garnered during a long and active life, made of him a fascinating speaker and a prince of story tellers."

In politics he was an unswerving Democrat and Chairman of the Congressional Committee from 1875 to 1884, elector on the Tilden Presidential ticket, and Congressional nominee in the Tenth District in 1896. He retired to Ferguson, in St. Louis County, in 1892 and was mayor of the city and Worshipful Master in the Lodge F. and A. M. In 1895 his good wife died, and on August 22, 1917, he passed away in his eighty-fifth year, surrounded by his six children and eight grandchildren.

LEROY DAVIS McMILLIN.

Leroy Davis McMillin, who died at Pickens, Miss., on January 1, 1918, was born in Winston County, Miss., November 6, 1838. He lived on a farm and attended the country schools until 1860, when he entered Bethel College, at McLemoresville, Tenn. At the outbreak of war in 1861 he joined Capt. Joe Bradley's company in Louisville, Miss., and was mustered into the Confederate service at Corinth as a member of Company A, 13th Mississippi Infantry. The regiment was sent to Union City and drilled for six weeks, going from there to Virginia in time for the first battle of Manassas. The winter of 1861-62 was spent at Leesburg, Va., and the regiment took part in that fight. Thence it was sent to Yorktown and fought in the Williamsburg battle; then back to Richmond, taking part at Seven Pines, in the seven days' fighting about Richmond, at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg in Maryland, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, in all of which young McMillin bore his part until he was captured at Cedar Run on October 30, 1864. He was taken to Point Lookout and was paroled on the 30th of March, 1865. He was very sick in a hospital in Richmond until its evacuation, and when he got home on the 30th of June he weighed only ninety-five pounds. In 1867 he went from Mississippi to Texas, where he met and married Miss Eliza Young, of Cleburne, in 1870. In 1880 he removed to Whitney, Tex., and lived there for thirty-five years. The last four years of his life he was with his daughter, Mrs. Sue Clements at Pickens, Miss. He is survived by four children, three daughters and a son. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

CAPT. I. C. CRUZEN.

Capt. Isaac C. Cruzen, who died at his home, in Carrollton, Mo., March 28, 1917, was born at Harper's Ferry, Va., December 9, 1840. At the age of eight years he went with his father and mother, Richard R. and Aurelia North Cruzen, to Saline County, Mo., where he grew to manhood. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in the State Guards. Six months later he was discharged, and in 1862 he joined Shelby's Brigade; in 1864 he was made a lieutenant of Company H, Slayback's Regiment. He fought in such battles as Carthage, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Little Rock, and Camden, and was in Price's raid in 1864. In all his army experience he received but one wound. At the close of the war he returned to his farm in Saline County.

Captain Cruzen was a splendid citizen and made friends wherever known. He was aggressive and was always to be found on the right side of every moral issue. He was fearless and was of that type of citizenship which is naturally admired. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter, also by a brother and four sisters.

CAMP BRADLEY, U. C. V.

C. E. Grayson, Adjutant, reports the loss of the following members of L. D. Bradley Camp, No. 1762, U. C. V., at Teague, Tex., since August, 1916:

M. D. Marsh, Company I, 54th Alabama Infantry.
J. Y. Atmer, Company I, 4th Texas Cavalry.
B. F. Martin, Company K, 8th Alabama Infantry.
B. F. Utsey, Company G, 44th Alabama Infantry.
J. F. Williamson, Company K, 14th Mississippi.
J. C. David, Company H, 28th Texas Infantry.

DR. M. A. L. ENOCHS.

Dr. M. A. L. Enoch was born in Lincoln County (now Moore County), Tenn., on December 19, 1843, and died on March 17, 1918, at his home, in Bedford County.

In 1861 he was of the age at which so many typical Confederate soldiers were made. He was just a boy; he was ambitious, not for promotion in office, but to make a soldier, and was admirably successful. Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment came from the southern counties of the middle division of the State and went to Virginia before the State seceded and was for this reason in the beginning called the 1st Confederate Regiment. At that time the need for the services of young Enoch on the farm was so great that he could not be spared; but when corn was laid by he left his plow in the field and joined the company of that regiment which was composed of his playmates and schoolmates.

In the battle of Seven Pines, the first fought after he joined the regiment, he was wounded by a Minie ball in the right leg. He was received in the home of a Mr. English at Richmond, where he was tenderly and kindly nursed until he had recovered sufficiently to be able to walk. Then he received a furlough and of course started at once to see the folks at home. By rail he reached Chattanooga and then limped over the mountain and through the byways, so as to avoid Federal pickets, until he was at home, where he was welcomed and kept hidden by his parents. He remained there under the care of his loving mother until he was restored to health and strength.

He did not forget the people in Richmond who received him into their home and nursed him when he was wounded. On a visit to Richmond some years ago he found that his war time host had passed over the river, but he was cordially received and entertained by the son, who still owned the old English home.

Rejoining his regiment, still in Virginia, in the battle of Gettysburg, he took part in Pickett's charge, where he was again wounded, this time a Minie ball entering his temple and lodging in the back of his neck. While lying on the battle field he was wounded again and yet again, making in all four wounds he had received in battle. He was captured, and upon being exchanged he again made his way through the lines to his home and was again by that loving mother nursed back to health and partial strength. He then made his way on horseback through the lines and joined the cavalry and there remained a member of Forrest's escort until the end of the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala.

He was associated from his youth with an uncle who was a successful physician and from childhood was his uncle's student. When he came home from the war, both training and temperament inclined him to the medical profession, and he chose it as his life work. He chose also to become a hum-

ble follower of the lowly Nazarene, and to the end of life's battle he was a faithful physician and a faithful Christian soldier. He was of the Tribe of Abou Ben Adhem, loved by his fellow men. His beautiful character was that of the country doctor so vividly portrayed by Ian Maclaren in "Under the Bonnie Brier Bush."

[E. Shapard.]

JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH.

In the death of Mr. John C. Scarborough, which occurred on December 26, 1917, the Norfolk-Harrell Chapter, U. D. C., lost its first Chaplain. This true Confederate soldier, gentleman, and Christian will long be missed in our Chapter; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That his memory will always be dear to us and that his example as a Confederate soldier, without malice or prejudice, will ever be before us.

2. That in his going our State, county, town, Confederate veterans, Masons, and every organization of which he was a member suffered a sad loss.

3. In their hour of bereavement his wife and children have our deepest sympathy and our prayers that the God who sustained them in his long illness may continue to be to them a source of comfort and strength.

[Committee, Mrs. C. T. Vaughan, Mrs. C. C. Laurence, Mrs. G. C. Laurence.]

C. R. TERRY.

C. R. Terry was born June 24, 1854, at Rockingham, Richmond County, N. C., the only child of R. S. and B. A. Terry, and died at his home, near Decatur, Tex., on January 15, 1918, after an illness of seven weeks. He leaves a wife and seven children to mourn their loss. Comrade Terry had been a devout member of the Methodist Church for thirty-five years and was a devoted husband and father.

Comrade Terry joined the Confederate army on August 25, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., under General Bragg, serving as a private in Company A, 8th Mississippi Infantry; he was discharged at Catawba River, N. C., on May 5, 1865. Immediately after the war he went to Texas with his parents and settled in Milam County. He was a loyal subscriber to the *VETERAN* and loved to read the reminiscences of his comrades.

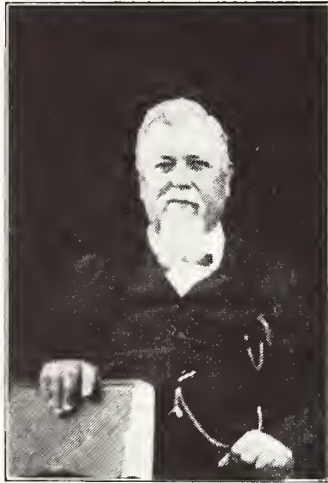
[Mrs. T. P. Gueniarin.]

WILLIAM LOUIS HARTGRAVES.

William Louis Hartgraves was born December 14, 1845, near Jackson, Miss., and died February 1, 1918, at Geary, Okla.

In 1853 he moved with his mother to Jefferson, Tex., at which place he resided until 1861, when he joined the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company A, 19th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Waterhouse's Brigade, until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged.

In 1873 he moved to Sulphur Springs, Tex., where he taught the first public school in that county. In the same year he married Mattie Virginia Herron, and to them were born ten children, two boys and eight girls, of whom five daughters and one son are living, and all of whom, with the exception of the son, were with him in his last illness. Throughout his life he was a devoted Christian, a kind, patient father and husband.



DR. M. A. L. ENOCHS.

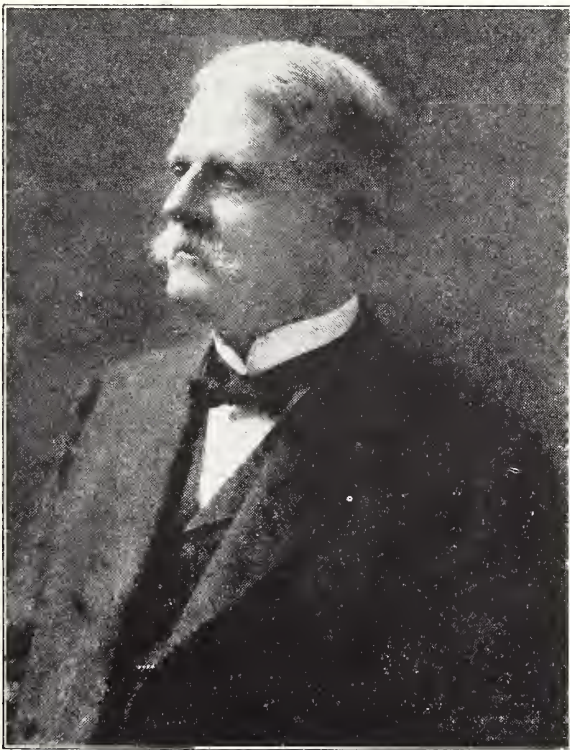
JOHN T. CALLAGHAN.

In the providence of our Lord, Comrade John T. Callaghan was called to meet his Creator on the 21st of February, 1918, just fifty-six years to a day after he enlisted in the city of Richmond, Va., as a member of the Purcell Battery of Mounted Artillery, C. S. A. He served with that battery under Capts. William J. Pegram, Joseph McGraw, and George M. Cayce in the most important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia until near the close of the war, when he was captured.

He was present with his command while it was engaged with the enemy gunboats on the Potomac River in 1862 and with the Federal army at Hanover C. H., Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, and Fredericksburg in 1862, having been wounded at Cedar Mountain; in 1863 in the battles of Gettysburg and Mine Run, and in 1864 at Newmarket in the Valley of Virginia, when he was captured by the enemy and imprisoned at Camp Chase from May 15, 1864, until March 15, 1865.

On his return to the South in the spring of 1865, not being able to reach his own command, he joined Mosby's Battalion of Partisan Rangers and with about ninety of that command surrendered to Gen. W. S. Hancock at Winchester, Va., on the 22d of April, 1865.

Our late comrade has always been devoted to Confederate memories and was intensely interested in Camp No. 171, United Confederate Veterans, of the District of Columbia, being one of the original members and for two terms was its Commander. Of late years he had been Chairman of the Committee on Membership, and by his untiring energy and lovable manners has brought a large number of Confederate veterans who had come to live in this city into the membership of this Camp.



JOHN T. CALLAGHAN.

He attended all Reunions of the U. C. V. and of the Grand Camp of Virginia when it was possible and had a most extensive acquaintance with Confederates.

He was during the last winter appointed by Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, as a member of his staff with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and before that time he had served as assistant quartermaster of the 1st Virginia Brigade on the staff of Gen. E. V. White.

Our comrade's family relations were most beautiful, he having been a loving husband and affectionate father. We shall all miss his martial appearance and his agreeable manners. May he rest in peace!

[Committee: William W. Chamberlaine, D. C. Grayson, R. S. Denney, Joseph Baumer, Charles A. Dannington.]

N. M. CANNON.

On the 13th of February, 1918, N. M. Cannon peacefully expired in the seventh-fifth year of his useful life. The "Confederate Records" at Washington, D. C., show that he joined Company K, 27th Texas Cavalry, Whitfield's Legion, C. S. A., enlisting on the 20th of March, 1862. He was a good soldier and served in nearly all the campaigns of Mississippi after his enlistment until 1864, when he served in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns under Gen. Sul Ross, of Texas. He was surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., on May 4, 1865, and paroled at Jackson, Miss., on May 13. In 1869 he was married to Miss Margaret Turrentine, and to this union eight children were born, six daughters and two sons, all living to mourn their loss. A more conscientious and unassuming man I have never known, and our friendship was of forty-seven years.

[T. Vaughan.]

BEN T. LYNCH.

Comrade Ben T. Lynch, who died at Clark, Miss., on January 31, 1918, came of an old Howard County family of Missouri, where he was born and reared near Myers, Mo. From that place he enlisted in the first company raised in that county, the Richmond Grays, responding to the call of Governor Jackson and serving until the close of the war. Comrade Lynch was in all the battles from Booneville, Mo., to Helena, Ark., where he was captured and held a prisoner until January, 1865, when he was exchanged and sent back to his regiment, the 10th Missouri, Parson's Brigade, and surrendered at Shreveport, La., on the 6th of June, 1865.

His life since the war had been one of honor, as had been his record as a true soldier and patriot.

[Ed S. St. Clair.]

CAPT. W. R. ROBERTS.

Capt. W. R. Roberts, Adjutant of R. J. Tabor Camp, No. 1780, U. C. V., of Bernice, La., died early in January, 1918, at the age of eighty years. He enlisted in the Confederate service in July, 1861, and served as a member of Company D, 19th Louisiana Regiment, until the end, soon being made captain of the company. After the war he was admitted to the bar and later was elected probate judge of Union Parish.

He was always faithful to his Camp and a reader of the VETERAN as long as he lived. He will be greatly missed in its meetings.

[Committee: J. R. Booles, J. M. Odom, R. J. Tabor.]

MALCOLM AUGUSTUS LINDSLEY.

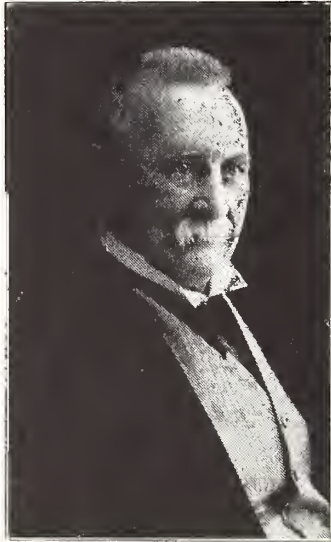
The gentle drifting down life's stream until that life was finally obscured in the shadows of the great beyond was the beautiful but greatly lamented termination of one of our most beloved St. Louisans, the Hon. Malcolm Augustus Lindsley, on February 9, 1918, after rounding out a long, useful, and well-spent life of very nearly ninety years. How much we shall miss that loving, beneficent presence, that sweet and gracious smile, words are inadequate to express.

Mr. Lindsley's career was not that of the ordinary man, but one fraught with historic and literary merit. A typical gentleman, born in Fairfax, Va., on July 12, 1828, he was ever devoted and loyal to his beloved Southland and the aims of the Confederacy, aiding the South financially and in many ways befriending her soldiers. He was a staunch Democrat and great admirer of our worthy President, Woodrow Wilson. His grandfather, Col. Elezer Lindsley, was with General Washington at Valley Forge. His father, Abram Bradley Lindsley, was a midshipman in the navy. Abram and Phineas Bradley, uncles of his father, were First and Second Assistant Postmasters-General during President John Adams's administration, continuing in their respective positions for thirty consecutive years.

Malcolm A. Lindsley went West, reaching Burlington, Ia., in company with General Dodge, then delegate to Congress from Iowa, in 1844. He had just finished serving a term of six years as a page in the House of Representatives at Washington, where he enjoyed the acquaintance of such renowned statesmen as Gen. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, and John Quincy Adams, at that time both members of Congress. From Burlington he went to Hannibal, Mo., and in 1848 arrived in St. Louis. He entered the firm of Little & Olcott, wholesale dry goods merchants, and had gone into the wholesale grocery business at the beginning of the war, the firm being Kintzing & Lindsley.

On December 2, 1856, Mr. Lindsley married Miss Sarah S. Thomson, daughter of the late John S. Thomson, an early settler of St. Louis and one of the pioneer wholesale grocers of the city. Mrs. Lindsley survives her husband at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

Retiring from active business in 1890, Mr. Lindsley served as Recorder of Irving Council, Legion of Honor, for twenty years, after which he led a quiet but studious life, always interested in civic affairs, and was one of the best-posted men on all topics of the day. He was a literateur and scholar and was conspicuous by his attire, a style worn by men of an earlier period of his life. He could be seen almost daily, wearing a high gray plug hat and colonial cape, wending his way with the utmost punctuality at 11:30 A.M. to the Mercantile Library, of which he had been a member for many



M. A. LINDSLEY.

years, where he read until 2 P.M., then returning home and partaking of a light repast, consisting of a bowl of bread and milk. This was part of a system in life he had planned, that of eating sparingly, a system to which he attributed much of his good health and longevity. This practice of visiting the library he continued up to within three weeks of his death.

The writer is proud of the possession of a little article he dictated to her at one of the round-table meetings of the Dickens Fellowship, of which she was chairman. Mr. Lindsley was a great lover of Charles Dickens, and nothing pleased him more than to be asked about the great English author. The following is a story he dictated on March 12, 1912: "I probably am the only person living in St. Louis who met Mr. Dickens when he visited America in 1842. I was a boy of fourteen and a page in the House of Representatives, having been a page for four years at that time. Mr. Dickens had visited the Capitol in company with the Secretary of the British Legation. He made his appearance in the ladies' gallery of the House, and his presence was discovered by Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, afterwards Minister to China. Mr. Cushing arose and announced the presence of the distinguished author to the Speaker and to the House of Representatives and moved that the rules of the House be suspended and that Mr. Dickens be invited to the floor. I was the Speaker's page, the Speaker being Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who afterwards was Secretary of War under the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. Mr. Cushing moved that Mr. Dickens be invited to the floor. I was dispatched with a note from the Speaker to hand to Mr. Dickens. I then escorted him down to the main entrance of the House, where he was met by the sergeant-at-arms and escorted to the Speaker, who introduced Mr. Dickens to the members assembled. The House took a recess for thirty minutes, which afforded every member who desired an opportunity of speaking with the illustrious Charles Dickens."

When a son of Mr. Dickens visited St. Louis five or six years ago, he requested the entertainment committee to find the page who so impressed his father; so Mr. Dickens must have mentioned meeting Mr. Lindsley, the young page, to his family.

Mr. Lindsley resided at the home of his son, Mr. J. Thomson Lindsley, 4412 West Belle Place, where the funeral was held. He left behind to mourn their loss his beloved wife, three devoted sons, and a multitude of sorrowing friends.

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

[Annie Laurie Sharkey.]

JOHN W. MILES.

John W. Miles was born in Georgia July 4, 1841, and died at the home of his brother, Robert Miles, near Bartow, Fla., March 16, 1918. He moved with his family to Alabama when a small child, and most of his life was spent in that State. He enlisted with the first company that left Fayette County in April, 1861. This company became part of the 11th Alabama Infantry. He went through all the battles in which his regiment engaged up to the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., where he was shot through the ankle and disabled for infantry service. He lay in the hospital at Richmond for several months; went home in the spring of 1863 and helped to raise a com-

pany of cavalry; was elected second lieutenant and served in that capacity the rest of the war with the 8th Alabama Cavalry. I was with him in close places and never saw him appear excited in the least.

[Robert Miles, Bartow, Fla.]

NATHANIEL BELL DOZIER.

One of the representative citizens of Franklin, Tenn., was lost to that community in the death of Nathaniel Bell Dozier, after a few hours' illness, on January 9, 1918. He was born at Lebanon, Tenn., May 13, 1846, the son of Joseph and Martha Caroline Bell Dozier. His father was of French Huguenot descent, his grandfather having come from Virginia to Tennessee in 1820, while his mother was of Scotch ancestry. When the war began he wished to enlist with his father in the Confederate army, but, being the oldest of six children, was told to remain at home and help his mother. In November, 1862, he piloted General Morgan across the river at Lebanon; and since he could no longer remain at home in safety, his mother consented for him to go. He enlisted in the company with his father, Company G, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Starnes's Regiment, Forrest's Brigade, on November 6, 1862, at the age of sixteen. Soon afterwards he was made bugler of Capt. John W. Morton's battery. At his father's death he succeeded him as bugler of Starnes's Regiment and later was brigade bugler. He was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier and was ever in sympathy with the cause for which he had fought. His comrades of McEwen Bivouac, at Franklin, feel the loss of his loyal membership.



N. B. DOZIER.

Returning home when the war was over, Nathaniel Dozier assisted his mother in rearing the younger members of the family and was ever to her a devoted son. As a business man he was unusually successful. In his young manhood he became connected with the Wrought-Iron Range Company of St. Louis, and at the time of his death was Vice President and General Manager of its Southern Department. He was also a director of the Harpeth National Bank at Franklin and was serving the government as a member of the local Exemption Board. He was always actively interested in local enterprises, rendering his full duty in every capacity.

Mr. Dozier was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie Lanius, who left two sons and a daughter. In 1895 he was married to Miss Tennie Pinkerton, of Franklin, whose death followed his within three weeks, leaving two young daughters doubly bereaved. Their home was one of true hospitality. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, to which he gave his loyal support in all its interests, spiritual and temporal. In his death the community lost one of its most public-spirited citizens and his family a devoted husband and father.

MAJ. BUSHROD WASHINGTON LYNN.

Maj. Bushrod W. Lynn, who died in Los Angeles, Cal., on October 1, 1917, was born in Loudoun County, Va., and was one of the last survivors of the forty Loudoun heroes of the bloody battle of Manassas. Young Lynn enlisted at the age of nineteen with Company H, 1st Virginia Cavalry, in July, 1861, and served with distinction throughout the war. He was attached to the staff of Gen. Gustavus W. Smith and later was appointed assistant inspector of the laboratory at Richmond, Va., and there served to the close of the war. In Gen. G. W. Smith's report of the battle of Manassas he calls "special attention to the efficiency, coolness, and devotion shown by Privates Bushrod Washington Lynn, A. B. Powell, and W. H. Taylor, of Captain Carter's company. They were in the very front of the battle in the contest in the woods and deserve the highest praise and some substantial reward or promotion."

Returning home after the war, Major Lynn engaged in agricultural pursuits, but high positions of trust were offered him. From 1891 to 1897 he was Superintendent of the State Penitentiary at Richmond, and his record was that of a large-brained and great-hearted man. The factories in the penitentiary were being operated at a loss, and by his suggestion a farm was bought for the State, from which a profit of \$51,000 was turned into the State treasury after the first year. However, Major Lynn's greatest work there was in behalf of the boys, whom he placed on the farm away from the influence of the hardened criminals.

In 1905 Major Lynn was elected to the State Senate and served two terms. He declined the nomination for Governor of Virginia on account of ill health and went to California. He had married Miss Frances Hope Allen, of Richmond, in 1863, and his second wife was Mrs. Columbia Foster Van Deventer, also of Virginia, who survives him with the four sons and two daughters of the first marriage. He was a Mason in high standing. His body was brought back to Virginia and laid to rest in beautiful Hollywood, at Richmond.

GEORGE B. CASTLEN.

From the memorial resolutions passed by Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga.:

"Comrade George B. Castlen was born in Upson County, Ga., January 30, 1843, and enlisted in Cumming's Battalion of Cavalry, in Company H, State Troops, in the spring of 1863. After his time expired, he reenlisted in Company B, 2d Georgia Battalion of Infantry, in 1864 and served in this command until he was captured by Wilson's raiders. He remained a prisoner until the close of the war, and after being paroled he returned to his home, in Upson County, Ga., where he resumed the gentler arts of peace and the upbuilding of his devastated country. He was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Church and lived a consistent Christian life.

"In the death of Comrade Castlen, Camp W. H. T. Walker has sustained a loss which we deeply feel. We shall miss his familiar and ever-welcome presence in our Camp meetings.

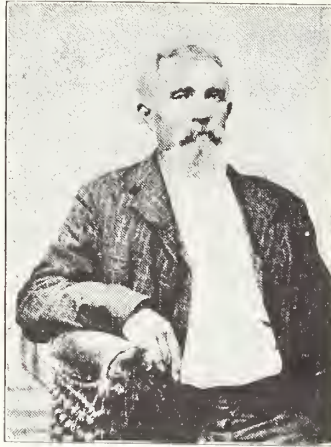
"Comrade Castlen died at the home of his son on the 14th of January, 1918, in his seventh-fifth year.

"Committee: J. T. Reams, J. A. Wise, J. A. Pittman."

"Peace to the dead! There's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust."

CAPT. FRANK T. SCOTT.

"As loyal as a Confederate soldier" might well pass into a proverb, and among the most loyal was our friend Capt. Frank T. Scott, of Camden, Ark. He was born in Gainesville, Ala., January 4, 1835, a son of Hon. C. C. Scott, who afterwards moved to Arkansas and became judge of the supreme court. Captain Scott joined the Confederate army among the earliest volunteers and was a member of Company B, Camden Knights, 1st Arkansas Regiment. This company left Camden on June 21, 1861, and shortly afterwards became a part of the 11th Arkansas Regiment. They fought gallantly at Memphis, Fort Pillow, New Madrid, and Island No. 10, where on April 8, 1862, the regiment was captured, and Captain Scott, with other officers, was sent to Johnson's Island as a prisoner of war. After being exchanged, the regiment was reorganized at Jackson, Miss., and Captain Scott was placed in command of Company G. Under his leadership the company did valiant service in battles at Clinton and Jackson, Miss., and at Port Hudson. At the time of the surrender they were under the command of General Forrest.



CAPT. FRANK T. SCOTT.

In 1863 Captain Scott spent a furlough with relatives in Gainesville, Ala., his birthplace, and there renewed his early acquaintance with Miss Leila McMahon, who became his wife in 1868. They spent their married life almost entirely in the old Scott home, near Camden. Theirs was a beautiful home life. A charming atmosphere of parental care and filial devotion between the parents, two sons, and three daughters always prevailed. Captain Scott was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church and left with his family many precious testimonials of the strength and comfort to be found in the service of God. He fell asleep quietly on March 19, 1918, and was buried with Masonic honors by Whitfield Chapter, F. and A. Masons.

The last time he signed his name it was to the Confederate record of one of his comrades, and among the last lines he wrote we find these words: "Most of the Camden knights are gone. Those living are past threescore years and ten; but we hope to meet again under Gens. Leonidas Polk, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee in the spirit land."

E. I. ROBINSON.

E. I. Robinson was born at Sulphur Springs, Tex., December 27, 1843, and died on January 16, 1918, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. G. Roberts, in Rebecca, Ga. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Kiowa, Okla.

Of his war record the following was written by Joseph McClure, of Fort Worth, who served in the same command: "Company A, 18th Texas Cavalry, was raised in Johnson County, around Alvarado, in the fall and winter of 1861, and our drilling ground was around the county seat, Cleburne, until January, 1862, when we went to Dallas and became a

part of the 18th Texas Cavalry, under command of Col. N. H. Darnell. Then we were ordered to Little Rock, and on the way Comrade Robinson joined us and was a true and faithful soldier to the end. After the Cottonplant battle, our command was ordered back to Little Rock, and we were dismounted. Then we were sent to Arkansas Post, which was our winter quarters for 1862 and where we fought the United States fleet after its disappointment at Vicksburg, and on January 11, 1863, our force was surrendered. After being exchanged we camped around Petersburg for some time, making one run to the front at Richmond. We were then transferred to the Tennessee Army at Tullahoma, where the 17th and 18th Texas Cavalry dismounted, were consolidated, and placed in Pat Cleburne's division. After this we took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain, and it was here that Comrade Robinson was paced on our baggage train as guard and was not with the company much afterwards. We went into winter quarters near Tunnel Hill, Ga., for 1863 and took part in some hard fighting during 1864, that about Atlanta deserving special mention."

HIRAM J. WILSON.

Hiram J. Wilson, son of Benjamin and Mary Scott Wilson, was born near Woodbury, Cannon County, Tenn., November 20, 1844, and departed this life at his home, in Marshall, Ill., February 11, 1918. In 1861, when the call came for volunteers to defend the South, he was in school at Woodbury; but his patriotism was stronger than his love of books, so he cast his books aside and joined his fortune with the Southern cause. He enlisted under General Buckner for one year, and upon the expiration of his time he reenlisted for the remainder of the war as a member of Company A, 18th Tennessee Regiment. He was later transferred to Breckinridge's Division under General Bragg, with whom he served in East Tennessee during the summer of 1862, returning to Middle Tennessee in the early winter.

He was at home ill with jaundice when preparations were made for the battle of Murfreesboro; and although he had a certificate exempting him from duty, he could not resist the temptation to participate in the battle which was to be fought so near his home. He was slightly wounded on the third day of the battle and was taken from the field by his beloved captain, McCabe, who also received a wound in the leg. He was taken ill at Sibley's Ford, on the Tennessee River, and was sent to Dalton, Ga., where he remained during the winter of 1863-64. Rejoining his regiment, then under command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, he served with him through Northern Georgia until captured at Kennesaw Mountain, on June 27, 1864. He was taken to Camp Douglas, at Chicago, Ill., where he remained eleven months. Upon release from prison he returned to his native State for a little over a year, when he removed to Illinois.

Comrade Wilson was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, also Knights of Columbus.

MEMBERS OF CAMP AT CAMBRIA, VA.

G. W. Fagg, Adjutant, reports the following deaths in the James F. Preston Camp, No. 33, U. C. V., at Cambria, Va., from January, 1917, to date: W. D. Robertson, 50th Virginia Infantry; J. W. Waker, regiment not known; James C. Lane, 54th Virginia Infantry; Seth Harper, 15th Virginia Infantry; Capt. William I. Shelburn, 25th Virginia Cavalry; Thomas Depp, Missouri regiment; E. P. Williams, 4th Virginia Infantry; E. A. Dooly, 25th Virginia Cavalry.

MRS. CARA MAY SHADBURNE MUIR.

On the 20th of December, 1917, the wires flashed the awful tidings of a railroad collision at Shepherdsville, Ky., the worst in the history of the South.

On the train, happy from Christmas shopping, was Mrs. Cara May Muir, her husband and one child, George Shadburne Muir, fifteen years of age. In two seconds the entire family was blotted out. The dreadful tragedy had done terrible work. Three days later in the Bardstown Cemetery the father, mother, and son were laid to rest.

It was hard to realize that the life of this wonderfully beautiful, attractive, and useful woman had come to such a sad end. Mrs. Muir was prominent in every good work, but as a Daughter of the Confederacy she had her chiefest delight and her most intensive joy. She was the child of one of the most skillful and daring scouts of the Army of Northern Virginia, chief of scouts, Col. George D. Shadburne, of San Francisco, Cal. She was born in Louisiana. When a small child her parents removed to California and settled in San Francisco, where she was educated, being a graduate of Notre Dame Convent at the age of sixteen. Visiting Bardstown, Ky., she met her husband, N. W. Muir, one of the leading bankers of the State and one of the most useful and successful men Kentucky has produced. One son came to bless this union.

Mrs. Muir was a singularly attractive person, graceful, beautiful, cultivated, enthusiastic, of kindly heart and considerate soul. She won all who met her, and these were delighted to register themselves as her friends. In the highest term of that word she was exceedingly winsome. She carried sunshine wherever she went; no unkind words passed her lips. Generous in her judgments, she never indulged in criticism of her associates and acquaintances. Her lovely nature bubbled with fun. Everybody was glad to listen to her description of people and things, and her vivid imagination tinged even the commonest occurrences with indescribable charms. She was the center and attraction of every group into which she came. What she said left no stings, but instead those who listened were delighted and pleased.

No more loyal member ever registered as a Daughter of the Confederacy. She did many other things and did them well. She joined many other organizations and was useful and effective in all of these; but her heart, her soul, and her mind were fixed first of all on her Confederate work. Her energy and enthusiasm made such service helpful and inspiring to her associates. She was profoundly interested in the Jefferson Davis monument being built at Fairview, Ky. The grandeur and majesty of this 351-foot obelisk appealed to her active and alert mind and touched her ambition and pride. She made a wonderful record as a director of the Association for Eastern Kentucky. It was one of her highest ambitions to so win help for this cause as to entitle her to have her profile on the base of this majestic memorial. What she did deserves this honor, and it will be there.

A great light has gone out in that superb galaxy of noblest womanhood, the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

For half a century her face and form will abide with the living, and there are hundreds of people who will say that with her departure has gone something that made their life more beautiful, attractive, and useful.

When the chills, storms, and freezing of this sad winter shall pass away and the herbage begins to peep from its sleep to beautify life, when the violets spring up from the apparently dead earth to assure mankind of a resurrection, and the

roses, the poppies, the tulips, and the hyacinths reveal to men and women the power of nature's transformations, hundreds will go to the spot in the Bardstown Cemetery, made dear by her sleeping dust, and scatter over her grave the most exquisite of nature's offerings and shed tears of grief to her who was so dear to the thousands who knew and loved her in the days of the splendor, beauty, and attractiveness of her marvellous womanhood.

Death cannot shut out those who mourn from holding communion with this dear friend who has been transplanted to the land of the immortals.

Requiescat in pace!

BENNETT H. YOUNG.

GEN. THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

A TRIBUTE BY P. J. WHITE, OF RICHMOND, VA., WHO SERVED
WITH FITZ LEE'S CAVALRY.

The recent death of Gen. Thomas T. Munford will sadden many Southern hearts, especially the ever-lessening few who served with him in the cavalry branch of the Army of Northern Virginia. A Virginian by birth, a gentleman by instinct and training, a soldier in defense of his native land, a Confederate with intense love for all that name implies, so his comrades have ever loved to characterize him. How often have I seen him at the head of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, before he was given command of the brigade upon the resignation of General Wickham, both upon the march, in the charge, upon the field of battle and in camp, and have thought that, while as brave as the bravest, they were no braver than other regiments in the same command, yet they were so well looked after by their officers under the oversight of Colonel Munford that they were the best-equipped and mounted and, in point of numbers, the largest regiment in Fitz Lee's division.

Passing over its service under Colonel Munford with Stonewall Jackson in the valley campaign of 1862, around Richmond, in the Second Manassas and First Maryland campaigns, the Chancellorsville and the Gettysburg campaigns of 1863, in all of which Colonel Munford, at the head of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, wrote their name in blood upon the annals of our country, and coming down to that year of fire and blood, 1864 (who that passed through it can ever forget it?), fighting through the Wilderness and at Todd's Tavern, on the Brock Road, holding Sheridan at bay, following him and engaging in bloody battle with him at Yellow Tavern, at Wilson's Landing, at Trevilians and Cold Harbor, Reams's Station, and elsewhere; sent again to the valley under General Early, it was transferred from the extreme left to the right flank just in the nick of time to save Early's right at Winchester, September 19, 1864. Two days after at Front Royal, in the forks of the Shenandoah River, the 2d Virginia withstood a morning attack and gallantly repulsed the enemy, though losing a gallant officer in Captain Lassley.

It was about this time that Colonel Munford was assigned to the command of the brigade in place of General Wickham, who had been elected to the Confederate Congress. It was said that for twenty-seven consecutive days Fitz Lee's cavalry was in continuous contact with Sheridan's heavy force of cavalry, in which they acquitted themselves well. It is not necessary to more than mention here the battles of Tom's Brook, Cedar Creek, Newton, Rude's Hill, etc., and the surprise of Custer's camp at Lacy Springs, etc. The campaign

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United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
..... *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Twice blessed was the Easter Day of the war relief workers in the U. D. C. when our War Relief Committee gave to the Associated Press on March 23 the glad tidings that our second U. D. C. ward had been completed, and instead of one ward as our Easter offering the United Daughters of the Confederacy could claim two full wards endowed in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France.

The War Relief Committee, through Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman, issued on Easter Monday, April 1, a full statement of the war relief work as accomplished by that committee and the State Directors up to date, as follows:

"It is with pleasure that your Committee on War Relief announces the complete endowment of two full wards and a third under way in the American military hospital at Neuilly, France. These wards consist of ten beds each and have been endowed in the order in which funds for the same were received, as follows:

"Ward 1.—United Daughters of the Confederacy, in honor of Jefferson Davis; South Carolina Division, Wade Hampton; Virginia Division, R. E. Lee; Arkansas Division, Patrick Cleburne and Richard Jackson (two beds); Georgia Division, John B. Gordon; California Division, Albert Sidney Johnston; Shreveport (La.) Chapter, P. T. G. Beauregard; Georgia Division, Shatteen Mitchell (second bed); Tennessee Division, 'Tennessee's private soldiers of the sixties.'

"Ward 2.—North Carolina Division, Zebulon Vance; West Virginia Division, Stonewall Jackson; Bakersfield (Cal.) Chapter, no name; District of Columbia Division, Harry Heth; Jefferson Davis Chapter, District of Columbia, Stonewall Jackson; Alabama Division, Raphael Semmes; Texas Division, Albert Sidney Johnston; Virginia Division, Richmond Chapter, by Mrs. Charles H. Sneff, in honor of Stonewall Jackson (second bed); Philadelphia (Pa.) Chapter, no name; New York Division, Joseph Wheeler.

"Ward 3.—Tennessee, Jackson, Musidora C. McCorry Chapter (check sent direct to Mrs. Bacon); Texas Division, Hood's Texas Brigade (second bed); Missouri Division, Gen. Sterling Price; Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus, Shreveport, La., 'in honor of our boys'; Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash., no name. Total, 25 beds; value, \$15,000.

"Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi, Louisiana, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Pittsburgh, Boston, Minneapolis report work progressing rapidly. Georgia, Arkansas, and Alabama report progress on second bed. North Carolina reports progress on two additional beds. Our third ward may be completed soon.

"In several States where only one Chapter exists contributions are made toward a special bed in 'honor of the private

soldiers of the Confederacy.' This arrangement has been made so that every one may have a part in this great work and not be denied the privilege on account of inability to raise the full \$600. Our work has really just begun; there must be no lessening of interest. If war were to end to-day, the work of the hospitals would have to be continued for two years more.

"Communication with the occupants of their respective State beds will soon be arranged for by the General Committee. Full instructions will be sent every State Director, and then States can send cheery notes and packages at regular intervals to their patients.

"The Junior Red Cross membership was found impractical because the junior membership had been turned over exclusively to the schools, and Dr. MacCracken, the Red Cross chairman, felt that it might bring about misunderstanding with other organizations of young people to accept the offer of the Children of the Confederacy, greatly as he appreciated the same.

"Recording Descendants of Confederates.—By action of the U. D. C. at Chattanooga it devolves on this committee and the State Directors to record the names of soldiers in this present war who are descendants of Confederate soldiers. Realizing the magnitude of this undertaking, your Chairman and President General have been giving much thought to the matter and hope soon to have worked out a practical plan whereby all sons and brothers of the members of the Daughters of the Confederacy may be correctly recorded. You will receive instructions on this plan soon."

Your President General gives these above quotations from this war relief report with intense gratification at the splendid showing the entire organization is making in war work. The records for Red Cross coöperation, cantonment service, and liberty loan activities have not yet been compiled; but when these reports are tabulated, they will compare favorably with the hospital equipment record already mentioned.

The Red Cross Magazine for March has as its frontispiece the great Red Cross memorial windows which the U. D. C. had an equal part in presenting, with the Woman's Relief Corps, to the Red Cross Society. "A Magnificent Tribute" is the title of the story of the windows as written up in the Magazine. Read it, Daughters of the Confederacy, and rejoice in your opportunity to be a part of so great a cause and be inspired by the story on your window of "Una," the personification of truth and fortitude.

The women of the sixties in our ranks too are doing their share in our war work. Word comes to my office that Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Mississippi, last summer at Sewanee, Tenn., was knitting on her three hundred and tenth pair of socks for the Allied soldiers, and South Carolina refers with pride to her ex-President General's, Mrs. A. T.

Smythe's, record with her Chapter of two hundred and sixty-four pairs of socks, four pairs of wristlets, three helmets, two sweaters, one muffler, and one blanket, knitted by her own hands, despite a serious illness which incapacitated her for two months this past winter.

Changes in Chairmen.—Since the publication of the Chattanooga Minutes, the Chairman of the Committee on Design for Children's Chapters Badge is Mrs. George E. Owens, 126 West Seventy-Third Street, New York City, vice Mrs. Kline, resigned. Mark this change on your copies of the Chattanooga Minutes.

Education is one of the five great points in our U. D. C. star of endeavor this year. The tenth annual circular on this subject was issued in March by the able committee in charge of this work under the chairmanship of Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky. Your President General urges you to consider its appeal and its instructions at once. Applications for scholarships must be in the hands of the General Chairman by May 27, 1918. Contributions should be made to the fifty-thousand-dollar endowment fund by all Chapters before they disband for the summer. Attend to this department of work as conscientiously as you do to your war relief work and the care of needy Confederate men and women; it is as vital to the life of our Association as these.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the official organ of the U. D. C. and bears each month the official news and instructions to the entire membership of our Association. State Presidents are requested in this letter to take up the matter with their Chapters and request readings from this department each month at their Chapter or Board meetings. There is a growing need for this department, and officers and chairmen are constantly requesting the President General to urge more strongly than ever the imperative need of reading this department for the proper conduct of U. D. C. business in Divisions and Chapters. Will you not try to have every Chapter in your Division have one official copy of the VETERAN as its own for reference?

The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army.—"Experiences of Mrs. Ella K. Newsome-Trader," compiled by J. F. Richard and recently published, is a dainty little volume of one hundred pages showing the record of this Confederate woman in war relief in the sixties. It is made especially attractive by a small portrait of Mrs. Trader taken during that period of her life. It is offered for sale at \$1.25, and by its title, subject matter, and unique binding it appeals to all interested in nursing and the Confederate woman in that field of woman's part in that great war. This book is mentioned to remind all U. D. C.'s of their pledges to the Trader Fund. The Treasurer General reports a few pledges coming in during the month of March. Those making pledges to this fund are reminded that they are needed now for the relief of this special case of U. D. C. work for a Confederate woman. Copies of the book may be purchased from Mrs. Trader, 1213 N Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Personal gifts to the United Daughters of the Confederacy are of interest too this month. You are reminded that Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York, generously gave at Chattanooga, after all pledges for the Arlington monument had been recorded from the floor of the convention, a check for \$531.25, which amount finally completed the sum necessary to discharge the debt on that monument. Mrs. Parker's generosity to all U. D. C. causes is well known and appreciated by the General Association, and I gladly make public

acknowledgment of this specific gift of hers at the Chattanooga Convention.

Another personal gift which has a tender appeal in its expression is a beautiful silver pin, a circle of thirteen stars surrounding the crossed flags, Stars and Bars, and the first Confederate flag over a shield. It is a beautiful piece of the silversmith's craftsmanship. The following letter accompanied it:

"CASTILE, N. Y., March 13, 1918.

"Dear Miss Poppenheim: Anxious in every way to do my bit for my country (I am now seventy-five years old), I am sending to you personally a pin made in New Orleans, my old home, by one of the paroled prisoners from Vicksburg. Some one in your city may appreciate it as a souvenir of a sad past. Will you please sell it and give the proceeds to your noble cause?

"Very sincerely,

EUNICE HOPKINS SMITH."

I inquired further of Mrs. Smith, and she writes: "The pin was given me by a very dear friend, long since dead, who had it made from a silver dollar at the cost of \$12. (The soldier used the money to help his family.) From the time it was made until I sent it to you for the benefit of our serving men it has been in my possession. I used it always on occasions as my Confederate badge. I am now the last of my line; for this reason I decided to part with my treasure. In giving it to the cause of my country, as far as my memory goes, I have given it hallowed burial. This badge recalls a time of trial, sorrow, and disaster; yet in my heart to-day I rejoice that we are one country."

Any Division, Chapter, or individual who might care to own this pin should write to the President General on the subject.

The three splendid personal gifts of six hundred dollars each to endow beds in our wards in France—that of the family of Richard Jackson, of Arkansas, of Mrs. Brooks, of Georgia, and of Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus, of Louisiana—also hearten our entire organization and arouse in its officers and Divisions a grateful appreciation of this personal interest in our great Association.

As the needs of the hour grow greater and the demands on our time increase, your President General knows that you will be equal to the tasks, sacrifices, and trials that you must face. I give you the following little verse, which was sent to me in January in manuscript anonymously and which I hope may lift your courage to be equal to your task, as it has strengthened my heart for the responsibilities of my office:

A DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

"One thought upholds her courage
In storm and stress and gloom,
One thought restrains from folly
When all her roses bloom.
She will not fail or trifle,
Will bravely play her part,
Because she knows a hero's blood
Is beating in her heart."

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

Yet go thou forth, my song, and thrill
With sober joy the troubled days;
A nation's hymn of grateful praise
May not be hushed for private ill.

—Henry Tinrod.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. E. B. BURKHEIMER, WILMINGTON.

Possibly the most urgent and immediate work before the State Daughters is that of the U. D. C. beds to be established in the American hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, France. We have already raised our \$600 for one bed, being the sixth Division to raise its fund; but, better still, we have another \$600 well under way and will be ready by the appointed time. Besides the Daughters' activities in this line, the Children's Chapters are working for a bed, the Bethel Heroes, Children of the Confederacy, at Rocky Mount, taking the lead; so it is safe to say that North Carolina will do her share. She is never a slacker. Our President, Mrs. Thrash, has honored our great war Governor, Zebulon Baird Vance, by naming the first North Carolina bed in his memory. Even in far-off France the name of Vance still denotes North Carolina; so we may hope that some North Carolina boy will find comfort in being nursed back to health in this Carolina bed while sweet memories linger about him.



MRS. THRASH, PRESIDENT.

Our State Daughters are now also diligently engaged in the sale of war savings stamps. Mrs. Phil Holt, of Rocky Mount, is State Director for the U. D. C., and Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, is at the head of the movement. Our President is also a director and has mailed two hundred circular letters to the Chapters. North Carolina's portion is \$48,000,000 by January, 1919.

Perhaps among the most pleasant service of our Division is the care and attention given to the sailors and soldiers at Camp Green, Charlotte, and at Fort Caswell, near Wilmington, where are stationed the coast artillery and our sailors upon the coast guard ships. All homes, churches, Y. M. C. A. buildings, and places of healthful recreation are open to them, and the thoughtful care that citizens can give is freely tendered. At Christmas hundreds of boxes were packed and sent overseas and to every camp where our home boys are in training, just to give them the cheer at Christmas. Along this thought let us "down in Dixie" send our thanks to the Dixie Chapter in far-off Tacoma, Wash., for what its members are doing for our Southern boys at Camp Lewis. We are doing the same for the Northwest soldier boys at Camp Green and are making them feel comfortable "down home." Flowers are sent to the sick, and gentle has been their care in the illness and death that have come to the camps.

The North Carolina U. D. C.'s are to keep a register of every man who goes out from his home in the service of his country, for the benefit of future generations and to guard against a repetition of conditions in the War between the States.

I should like to place before the Daughters of the Confederacy a matter of much thought and which has come before many loyal women of the South who are members of

various patriotic organizations. That is, the misuse and desecration of our nation's flag. I trust that the U. D. C.'s everywhere will take a stand to protest against its being displayed in a tattered, faded condition. It is my flag and your flag. It is waving now in all its glory and significance, the emblem of liberty, and it is dear to the heart of every true American. Let us glory in it and hail it in all its beauty, but never, never let it wave torn and faded.

The slogan throughout the State in every Daughter's home is, "Save and serve, conserve and preserve," which means that we are farming, gardening, doing Red Cross work, and aiding our government in its every command.

We should like to hear from any Daughters of the Old North State who are living in other States. An interchange of views and news will be appreciated.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH, MARTINSVILLE.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, is the competent director of war work for the Virginia Division. In consequence of her plans the fund for the Robert E. Lee memorial bed in the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, was quickly secured.

Marye's Heights Chapter, of Fredericksburg, has appointed a committee to procure the rolls and write up the records of the companies, commands, and individuals who served in the Confederate army or navy from that city.

On December 13 the Fredericksburg Chapter presented to the city three historic markers. Two of these are placed on the sites of the two pontoon bridges over which the Federal army marched fifty-five years ago, and the other is located on the old "sunken road" where once stood the home of Mrs. Martha Stevens, the soldiers' friend.

The Turner Ashby Chapter, of Winchester, numbers among its busy knitters one member eighty years old. Perhaps it is due to her influence that the inmates of the Soldiers' Home in Richmond receive yearly from this Chapter a barrel of turkeys.

The Jubal Early Chapter, at Rocky Mount, is fortunate in having on its roster several relatives of Gen. Robert E. Lee, one of whom (Miss Kate Whittle) presided over the 10th of January celebration at that place.

A part of the interesting work of Mildred Lee Chapter, of Martinsville, is the compilation each year of a "Confederate Scrapbook," containing reminiscences of Confederate men and women, pictures, photographs, pamphlets, newspapers, etc.

The Junior Chapters of the Division are doing splendid work. Conspicuous among these is the Nannie Seddon Bruce Chapter, of Fredericksburg. The director is teaching them all available Confederate songs and the history of each song. She is very anxious to have information along this line, as it is difficult to find even the names of some of the authors. Please address Mrs. A. P. Rowe, Fredericksburg.

The Wythe Grey Chapter has formed a knitting circle and will help to equip with sweaters the Wythe County boys in the 317th Regiment.

The Bristol Chapter has volunteered to do the clerical work of the local registration board. The Auxiliary to this Chapter is among the most active in the State, contributing to the Division Relief Fund the amount for one old lady.

The King George Chapter has formed a club of ten subscribers to the VETERAN, an example that other Chapters would do well to follow.

THE TEXAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. P. ZUMWALT, DALLAS.

The Texas Division, through the generous response of Chapters and their friends, has placed two beds in the American Military Hospital No. 1 in France. The first bed bears this inscription: "U. D. C. of Texas Division, commemorative of the service of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. Died on the field of honor."

The second bed will have above it: "U. D. C. of Texas Division, tribute of love and honor, Hood's Texas Brigade, officers and men behind the guns. Glory enough for all."

The Chairman of the War Relief Committee, also Vice Chairman of the Recreation Canteen in Dallas, Mrs. J. C. Muse, has on hand above the necessary amount for the beds over \$400, which is to be kept as the foundation for an extension fund to maintain the Texas beds during the remainder of the war.

The President of the Texas Division, Mrs. Oscar Barthold, is delighted with the splendid work the Chapters are doing along the many lines of war activities.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY B. EAKINS, SHAWNEE.

Oklahoma is earnestly responsive to the calls of the government, and our women are actively engaged in working for our soldiers of this war and in caring for the veterans of 1861-65.

A letter from Ardmore, where the Confederate Home is located, is of special interest. The people in the Home, having lived through one war, realize the urgent need of complying with the requests of the government in the matter of food conservation, and they gladly observe meatless, wheatless, and sugarless days and volunteered to have only two meals a day. Sixty have joined the Red Cross. They had no Christmas tree this year, but gifts for all were arranged on a large, beautifully decorated table, and all were very happy.

Antlers Chapter has adopted for the period of one year a French orphan, has had official acceptance of its money, and has been informed of the name and age of the child. The members are delighted with their work along this line.

Shawnee Chapter held an annual meeting to commemorate the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Oklahoma City Chapter has regular meetings and work with the Red Cross and has given \$20 for the local branch. This Chapter has also donated \$20 for the care of a Confederate veteran during the month of December, contributed \$10 to the educational fund which is maintained by the State organization for the education of girls in Oklahoma College for Women, \$10 toward the charity fund, and \$26.50 to the Christmas fund for the Confederate Veterans' Home at Ardmore. A liberty bond has been purchased and a trinket, or treasure, fund started for the war fund. Another work in which the Chapter is much interested is the furnishing of the room at the Capitol set aside by Governor Williams for the use of the Confederate veterans, which the State Division is to furnish. General Turner, of that city, has contributed \$100 to this fund, and the local Chapter is making a collection of books for the library and adding other attractive furnishings, so the room may be completely furnished by the time of its formal dedication, June 3, 1918.

Under the auspices of the Shawnee Chapter, the Wilmot Goodwin Company gave a series of delightful concerts, from

the proceeds of which \$25 was paid on the fund to erect a monument at Tahlequah, the old Indian capital, to Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian General of the Confederacy. Shawnee Chapter has given financial assistance to several veterans and is now helping the widow of a veteran to go to the Confederate Home at Ardmore. Comfort kits have been made for several of the boys who are training to go "somewhere in France." This Chapter feels honored that one of its members has been appointed chairman of war relief work for this Division.

All Chapters are working earnestly.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. NETTIE STORY-MILLER.

Mrs. H. L. Quin, of West Point, President of the Mississippi Division, announces May 14-16 as the dates for the State Convention to be held in Meridian, all meetings to be held at the City Hall. The opening evening will be on the 14th. The official convention call and program will be published later. As stated before, this is to be a pay-as-you-go convention, and special rates have been furnished by local hotel men.

The faithful members of the Stephen D. Lee Chapter of Columbus have succeeded in raising the \$700 to liquidate the indebtedness on the Confederate monument which they erected in 1912. Lowndes County and the city of Columbus each gave \$100, while the remainder was raised from individuals, one of the contributors having been former Secretary of War, J. M. Dickinson, who is a native of Columbus.

The State as a whole has taken up the hospital bed work, and liberal contributions are coming in every day to Mrs. H. L. Quin, Chairman. We feel confident that the whole amount, \$600, will be in hand by June 1.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER.

BY MATHILDE MACGREGOR HUSTON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

We of the Philadelphia Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy want you to know what we are doing in the war relief work, and so make this report of it in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We have sent our check for the endowment of a bed for a year in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, and have raised the money for the bed for the second year; we have taken five of the fatherless children of France to support and expect to take five more, and we have contributed \$175 in money to the Red Cross. Individually, our members are doing very big things, many of them being at the head of the Red Cross Divisions and other war work.

HELPFUL FRIENDS IN MISSOURI.

The F. M. Cockrell Chapter, of Warrensburg, Mo., has an active representative for the VETERAN in Miss Neille Burris, who was former Treasurer of the Missouri Division. The commission allowed on subscriptions goes to the Chapter monument fund. In sending an order for a set of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" and "Men in Gray," she writes: "These volumes are being placed in the Warrensburg State Normal Library by the Chairman of the Historical Committee of the Missouri Division, Mrs. John Francis Davis, of Kansas City. The money was donated by the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia. * * * The F. M. Cockrell Chapter has had the VETERAN in the Normal Library for a number of years."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The vast amount of actual war work laid upon us at this critical time makes individual correspondence very difficult, though I have answered every letter as promptly as possible. In reply to numerous inquiries as to where the programs are to be found, I would say that loyalty to a cause is our only claim to our organization; and of course every loyal Daughter, particularly Chapter Historians, should subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is our medium of communication and freely gives us our valuable space. In this number will be found the topics of study for the rest of the year, and the questions will follow as rapidly as possible.

The questions for the Annah Robinson Watson medal will be published in the June number. The rules for the Raines banner, the Rose loving cup, and the Mildred Rutherford historical medal contests remain the same as laid down in Mrs. Rose's yearbook for 1917 and found also in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March, 1917. The subject for the Rose loving cup, as selected by the late Historian General, Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, is "Southern Ideals." Other rules will be announced later.

In studying the characters of our brave leaders let us keep in mind the heroic deeds of their descendants who are engaged in the present war and who are in every way worthy of their inheritance.

Dear Children of the Confederacy: It seems better, instead of asking questions about our Confederate poets, to put the information in the briefest possible space and ask you to find and memorize at least one poem. Even the children are called upon now for Junior Red Cross work, and you will not have as much time to give to historical work. But let us try never to forget the brave men and women still left among us who helped to make the Southern Confederacy famous.

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1918.

GEN. JOHN HUNT MORGAN.

(The "Marion of the West.")

Born June 1, 1825, in Huntsville, Ala.; killed September 4, 1864, near Greeneville, Tenn.

1. What notable traits caused Morgan to be early given permission to act as a leader of an independent force of the Confederate army?

2. What system of effective warfare for the cavalry was originated by him?

3. Describe the spectacular way he rode, like a templar of old, through the towns of three States.

4. Tell of his marvelous escape from the Ohio State Prison and the tragic manner of his death.

Poem: "The Kentucky Partisan," by Paul F. Hayne, in "Mason's War Poems."

References: "History of Morgan's Cavalry," by Basil W. Duke; "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," by Gen. Bennett H. Young.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

("This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds.")

Born June 3, 1808, in Christian (now Todd) County, Ky.; died December 6, 1889, in New Orleans, La.; buried in Hollywood, Richmond, Va.

1. Tell how as citizen, soldier, and statesman he rendered such service to the United States that he was regarded as one of her most eminent men before the War between the States.

2. Why did the South choose him when she sought a leader for her highest office?

3. Why was he never brought to trial for treason?

4. Why did the South as one man turn affectionately to him when he was imprisoned?

5. "His memory lives, and in his stead no other king shall reign."

Poems: "President Davis," by Jane T. H. Cross, in "Simms's War Poetry"; "Regulus," by Margaret J. Preston, in "Mason's Southern Poems."

References: "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis; "The Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis," by J. William Jones, D.D.; "Jefferson Davis, a Memoir," by his wife.

GEN. JOHN BELL HOOD.

Born June 29, 1813, in Owingsville, Ky.; died August 30, 1879, of yellow fever in New Orleans, La.

1. Tell of the fiery courage evinced at West Point, which his Federal classmates recalled when he opposed them.

2. Tell of the deeds of prowess which made Hood's Texas Brigade justly feared and honored.

3. Describe his bravery and endurance when, though so maimed that he could scarcely keep upon his horse, he led charges in person and kept Sherman at bay for weeks.

Poem: "General Hood's Last Charge," McCackle, in "Immortelles."

References: "Advance and Retreat," by John B. Hood; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1918.

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON, SOLDIER, DIPLOMAT, POET.

Born June 24, 1820, in Athens, Ga.; died May 23, 1898, in Savannah, Ga.; buried in Bonaventure Cemetery, Savannah.

This talented Georgian was a soldier in the Mexican War and the United States Minister to Austria. Later he became a brigadier in the Confederate service and was captured and imprisoned at Johnson's Island and at Fort Warren. He wrote many beautiful poems, one, "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," which is loved by all who know it and is found in many collections of poetry.

HENRY THROOP STANTON, POET LAUREATE OF KENTUCKY.

Born June 30, 1834, in Alexandria, Va.; died May 9, 1899, in Frankfort, Ky.

This young poet left his law office to raise a company for the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war and rose to the rank of major. He published three volumes of verse. One poem, called "The Moneyless Man," is well known. A beautiful one, called "The Bivouac," describes the bravery of the Confederate soldier.

OUTLINE OF PROGRAMS FOR THE U. D. C. FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR.

July: Gen. D. H. Hill, Gen. N. B. Forrest.
August: Gen. W. S. Featherstone, Gen. John B. Magruder.
September: Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Gen. Sterling Price, Admiral Semmes.
October: Gen. A. P. Stewart, Gen. Richard H. Anderson, Gen. W. J. Hardee.
November: Gen. A. P. Hill, Gen. Ben McCulloch.
December: Gen. W. W. Loring, Gen. Stand Watie.

C. OF C. PROGRAM OUTLINE.

July: Henry Lynden Flash, Charles Patton Dimitry.
August: William Gordon McCabe, Father Ryan.
September: Maurice Thompson.
October: Col. W. S. Hawkins.
November: John Esten Cooke, Francis Orray Ticknor.
December: Col. Prentiss Ingraham, Henry Timrod.

HISTORICAL WORK OF THE U. D. C.

Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, who was Historian General U. D. C. for five years and is now State Historian of Georgia for life, has placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., the volumes of history which she prepared while in office, 1911-16. These volumes number seventy large scrapbooks, 7x9½ inches, averaging four hundred pages to the volume. They embrace many subjects pertaining to the history of the South and right the wrongs of history for the future historians who may wish to know the truth concerning the South.

These volumes are as follows:

Volume I. The Origin of the Daughters of the Confederacy.
Vol. II. Prominent Daughters of the Confederacy.
Vol. III. The Work of State Divisions.
Vol. IV. Historical Work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. (Part I.)
Vol. V. The Historical Work of State Divisions. (Part II.)
Vol. VI. The Educational Work of the Daughters of the Confederacy.
Vol. VII. Monumental Work of the Daughters of the Confederacy.
Vols. VIII. and IX. Monuments to Confederate Dead. (Parts I. and II.)
Vol. X. The History of the Confederate Flag and Seal.
Vol. XI. The History of State Flags and Seals.
Vol. XII. Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet.
Vol. XIII. Jefferson Davis and His Family.
Vol. XIV. Jefferson Davis: Soldier, Statesman, Scholar, President.
Vol. XV. Our Leaders: Robert E. Lee. (Part I.)
Vol. XVI. Our Leaders: Stonewall Jackson. (Part II.)
Vol. XVII. Our Leaders. (Con. Part III.)
Vol. XVIII. Our Leaders. (Con. Part IV.)
Vol. XIX. Our Leaders: The Navy. (Part V.)
Vol. XX. Our Leaders: Surgeons and Chaplains. (Part VI.)
Vol. XXI. Our Leaders: Scientists and Inventors. (Part VII.)
Vol. XXII. The Battles of 1861-63.
Vol. XXIII. The Battles of 1863-65.

Vol. XXIV. History of the Peace Conferences.
Vol. XXV. Reconstruction and the Ku-Klux Klan.
Vols. XXVI. and XXVII. Disputed Points in Confederate History. (Parts I. and II.)
Vols. XXVIII. and XXIX. The South in the Making of the Nation. (Parts I. and II.)
Vol. XXX. The South in Colonial Days.
Vol. XXXI. The South in the American Revolution.
Vol. XXXII. George Washington, the Father of Our Country.
Vol. XXXIII. Men and Women of the American Revolution.
Vol. XXXIV. The Origin of the United States Flag and Seal.
Vol. XXXV. The Declaration of Independence and Articles of Confederation.
Vol. XXXVI. The White House and the South in It.
Vol. XXXVII. The Misrepresentations of the South in History.
Vol. XXXVIII. The South of To-Day.
Vol. XXXIX. The South of Yesterday.
Vol. XL. The Women of the Confederacy.
Vol. XLI. The Origin of the Memorial Association.
Vol. XLII. The Origin of the U. C. V. and Sons of Veterans.
Vol. XLIII. Confederate Reunions and Statistics.
Vol. XLIV. The Origin of the Cross of Honor.
Vol. XLV. The Children of the Confederacy.
Vol. XLVI. The Institution of Slavery and Plantation Days.
Vol. XLVII. Tributes to Faithful Slaves.
Vol. XLVIII. Cotton Is King and the Cotton Gin.
Vols. XLIX., L., and LI. The Resources of the South. (Parts I., II., and III.)
Vol. LII. Where the South Leads.
Vol. LIII. The South in Literature.
Vol. LIV. The South's Poets and Humorists.
Vol. LV. Poems and Songs of the South.
Vol. LVI. The Currency of the Confederacy.
Vol. LVII. The Prison Life of Confederates.
Vol. LVIII. Horrors of War: Things That Make for Peace.
Vol. LIX. Sketches and Reminiscences.
Vol. LX. The Causes that Led to the War between the States.
Vol. LXI., Georgia; Vol. LXII., Arkansas; Vol. LXIII., California; Vol. LXIV., Mississippi; Vol. LXV., Missouri; Vol. LXVI., North Carolina; Vol. LXVII., South Carolina; Vol. LXVIII., Tennessee; Vol. LXIX., Texas; Vol. LXX., Virginia.
The States mentioned above have material sufficient to fill the binders, but it is not on authorized size paper. This material is to be placed in the Confederate Museum with other volumes, and the present Historian General, Mrs. Charles Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., will be glad to secure the binders if the States will authorize the purchase of them and will have the papers rewritten.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.—Memorial exercises will be held at Camp Chase Cemetery on June 1, 1918. Donations of flowers or the money for flowers are solicited by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio. The flowers may be sent to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 56 South Warren Avenue, Columbus; send money to Miss Callie I. Rogers, at the same address.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MR. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MR. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
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MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
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MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery..... Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola..... Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta..... Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis..... Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh..... Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis..... Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

A MESSAGE TO MEMORIAL WOMEN.

To the Dear Memorial Women: Easter, with all its glorious and joyous meaning, was clouded with the shadow of death and roaring of cannon on the battle fields of Europe. Even the day held sacred by the whole Christian world was desecrated, and on Good Friday was tolled forth the murder of women and children who were kneeling before the altar praying for peace, for that peace promised us by the Prince of Peace on Easter Day.

To the Memorial women there is but one injunction: Do all in your power to win this war and save humanity from the atrocities that have been dealt to the people of France and Belgium. To gain a permanent peace we must be willing and ready to make sacrifices. Help the government by purchasing liberty bonds, thrift stamps, and by the conservation of food. The cause of the Allies is a just and righteous one; and as in the sixties we were inflamed with the fire of patriotism, so let us during this critical period give our best efforts to our country in her hour of need.

The American Red Cross affords a splendid opportunity to give relief to the sick and wounded through the different branches of surgical work. Through the civilian relief and home service you are enabled to assist in many ways the families of the men who have gone or are preparing to go to the front "over there." Knitting circles should be formed within the ranks of every Memorial Association.

My dear coworkers, at our last convention in Washington, D. C., my heart was thrilled with enthusiastic pride when, viewing the immense throng and listening to the patriotic addresses of our fellow citizens, the Confederate veterans and their contemporaries, the "women of the sixties," were overwhelmed with a whole-hearted hospitality that spoke louder than words and proclaimed the loyalty of the nation, and I said: "This indeed is a glorious country. Where under the sun could there be found such a magnificent outpouring of representative people from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, all here forgetful of the great struggle of 1861 to 1865, all pledging their honor, their faith, their lives, if need be, in the service of our reunited country?" When our beloved commander in chief, Robert E. Lee, surrendered at Appomattox, the whole South was grief-stricken, our flag furled. In that hour of defeat we could not realize that in the wisdom of God the Father it was ordained that this great nation should be one and indivisible. To-day we feel the importance of a reunited people, for in union there is strength, and the American people are one in their determination to win this war by wresting militarism in the name of humanity and civilization.

During the Convention a resolution was introduced by Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, delegate from the Ladies' Confederated

Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C., pledging our united efforts to our country's service in this time of need in every direction, and unanimously we declared our "readiness and intention to meet such opportunity for service as may develop in relation to this great war and that such additions to our constitution be made as will enable us not only to continue the loving memorial work for which we were organized, but also to enlarge the scope and purpose of our work to answer the calls of the present crisis."

After adoption of this resolution a committee was appointed to circularize all Memorial Associations in regard to Red Cross work, and Miss Florence Ezekiel, member of the Hebrew Ladies' Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., was appointed Chairman of the Red Cross Committee.

It was a source of great satisfaction to find our dear old Memorial women ready to enlist to do whatever was possible—to sew, to knit, to care for our boys—just as they did in the sixties. For the first time in the history of this country the women are asked to take part in financial affairs. We are asked to form liberty loan committees within our Associations; we are asked to invest all available funds in the purchase of liberty bonds; we are urged to solicit subscriptions for liberty loan bonds. Let it be well understood that a liberty loan bond is not a gift; it is an investment and one of the safest that can be made. If you cannot buy a bond, buy war savings stamps; form a society of ten or more members who will pledge themselves to save twenty-five cents per week. To win this war we must have money; and everybody, old and young, rich and poor, can subscribe and must do so if they are true Americans.

No doubt you are expecting to hear something about the next Reunion. Up to the present time no date has been fixed. I received this information a few days ago from General Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V. The Treasurer was instructed to collect the annual dues in order that current expenses could be met and that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association would be in position to help financially in this great drain upon our people. Do not delay. Prompt remittance is needed to carry on the work of the Confederation. We want to invest in a liberty bond. Will you help by sending your dues promptly to the Treasurer General, Mrs. John E. Maxwell, R. F. D. No 1, Seale, Ala.?

All work that does not meet the present war needs is at a standstill. However, I would advise members of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to continue their subscriptions to the *VETERAN* and to secure new subscribers in order that the grand work of our friend, Mr. Cunningham, may be continued.

Fraternally yours,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General.

GEN. THOMAS J. MUNFORD.

[Continued from page 221.]

of 1865 opened, it might be said, with a bout with Sheridan at Ashland, and after the Dinwiddie and Five Forks Battles the retreat began which ended at Appomattox Courthouse, from which place the remnant of Fitz Lee's cavalry escaped without surrendering. The brigade dispersed and General Munford disbanded the 2d Virginia subsequently at Lynchburg, and his career as a soldier ended.

General Munford died in Alabama, and his remains were taken to Lynchburg and laid to rest on March 4. Many of his old soldiers and friends from neighboring cities and counties attended his funeral and burial.

AMERICA TO FRANCE.

BY MARIA BRISCOE CROKER.

We are coming, France, we're coming!
We are marching millions strong
To make safe the world for freedom
And avenge the deadly wrong.

We are coming, France, we're coming!
We are marching in our might
To o'erthrow the tyrant Kaiser
And his minions put to flight.

We are coming, France, our sister!
Strong to smite and strong to save.
Hold your dauntless lines unyielding;
There is succor o'er the wave.

We would seal the ancient friendship,
Kept unbroken through the years,
By the best this land can offer,
Hallowed by our prayers and tears.

We would proffer all the treasures
Of the forest, field, and mine;
All our skill and all our knowledge,
All our riches shall be thine.

And, more precious still, we give you
The high courage of our sons,
That shall speak a message mightier
Than the thunder roll of guns.

We are coming, France, we're coming!
Soon together in the fight
We shall win the world's great battle
For democracy and right!

A NEW BOOK ON GENERAL LEE.

THE SOUL OF LEE. By one of his soldiers, Randolph H. McKim. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

If ever a man made his life a true poem, it was Lee.—*Gamaliel Bradford.*

The man who to-day holds the highest and the warmest place in the respect and affection of the Southern people is Gen. Robert E. Lee, and that because in life and character he embodied the noblest ideals of the Old South.

"The Soul of Lee" was written by one who served under the great commander and had opportunities of personal knowledge and who has been a loving student of General Lee's character and achievements. For many years the author has

been a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, rector of a congregation in Washington, D. C. The object of the book is to portray the character, the soul, of General Lee as it was manifested and confirmed in the great crises of his life. It is to hold up that character for the inspiration and imitation of the young men of our country.

It is in the crises of a people's history that their chief characteristics and ruling ideals are brought out and emphasized, and it is in the crises of the individual life that the true nature and principles of the man appear most clearly. So the War between the States in 1861-65 showed most distinctly the contrasting ideals of the North and the South and brought out in clearest light the splendid personality of Robert Edward Lee.

In a series of finely written chapters this little volume gives a clear presentation of the man in his early life and service in the United States army, in the determination of where his allegiance was due, whether to his State or to the government of the United States, a decision which involved for him a very Gethsemane of anguish. We are shown his marvelous ability and resourcefulness in his campaigns with the Army of Northern Virginia as a master of both offensive and defensive strategy. We are told of his long-enduring courage and successful resistance against overwhelming odds in the last sad months of the war until his army, "worn to a frazzle," was as an army literally exterminated and surrendered because it could fight no longer. Then in defeat he shows himself more of a hero than ever, sharing his people's ruined fortunes and by his courage and unfaltering trust in God inspiring them to restore their land and so to wring victory from defeat. As president of a college, training for their life work young men, many of whom had served under him on fields of battle, he showed himself the same great leader of men. Association with him in the classroom was an important factor in a true education.

Chapter X., showing the total strength of the Confederate army as 600,000 against 2,800,500 in the Federal service, indicates the tremendous odds against which General Lee had to contend.

Dr. McKim has done his work well and deserves the thanks of all who love and cherish the memory of the great Confederate. The main characteristics of "The Soul of Lee" are to be seen in all this story of his deeds. We are probably first impressed with his absolute devotion to duty. With him conscience was king, and that conscience was no hard taskmaster, but, trained and instructed by the Word of God, it was a living principle of action unhindered by passion or by prejudice. His modesty and generous appreciation of others were marked traits. Although he had won for himself the admiration of the world and was recognized as the greatest general of the English-speaking race, yet there was no boastfulness nor claiming credit for himself. He was never unduly elated by victory nor hopelessly depressed by defeat. We are impressed with the perfect poise and balance of all his powers, in which opposing tempers and dispositions were coördinated under thorough self-control. Justice and mercy, strength and gentleness, magnanimity and stern integrity, patience in preparation and audacity in action, strictness in his personal life, generosity in judging others, dignity and graciousness of manner—these combined in him to form the typical gentleman. In war his splendid audacity in aggressive strategy was justified by his confidence in himself and in the army he had trained. In defense he had wonderful insight into the plans of the enemy and was quick to bring all his re-

sources to bear to thwart "the best-laid schemes." He had the faculty of identifying himself with his men by his sympathy and his sharing their hardships and dangers, and he so won their devotion that the whole army was animated by one soul, "the soul of Lee." Beneath all manifestations of this noble character, inspiring and directing all, was his humble and sincere faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to whose service he dedicated his life.

Through this little volume of Dr. McKim's the loved and honored leader of the South sends a message of deepest spiritual significance to the young men of the present day; and as they go forth into this world war for liberty, righteousness, and truth against tyranny, injustice, and brutality, his example of heroic courage and devotion to duty may well inspire them to self-sacrificing service in behalf of their country.

JAMES H. MCNEILLY, D.D.

FLAG CAPTURED AT VARNELL'S STATION, VA.

From Stanley E. Lathrop, Madison, Wis.:

"I was a soldier in the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry during the war, and, being now an employee in the New Wisconsin State Capitol, I recently assisted in preparing the old battle flags of Wisconsin regiments for their final resting place under glass cases in the beautiful room allotted to the G. A. R. I found that one of these flags (a Wisconsin State flag of silk, with the State motto and the name of the regiment) had a piece of paper pinned upon it containing this inscription: 'This flag was captured by Corp. T. Goodwin, Company C, 3d Arkansas Regiment, Harrison's Brigade, Hume's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Dalton and Cleveland Road, May 9, 1864.'

"I distinctly remember that battle, which we called Varnell's Station. I lost my cap by a flying shell there and would have been captured if I had not had a faster horse than my pursuers as I returned from carrying dispatches. I should like to find out how the flag came to be returned to Wisconsin. The Adjutant General's office in Washington has no record of it whatever, though it has record of other flags captured from other regiments and returned after the war. Neither can I find any record of its return in our State Adjutant General's office here. I have not found any survivors of the regiment who have any remembrance of the circumstances of the flag's being captured. The flagstaff is broken short off about two feet below the top, and there are several bullet holes through the flag itself.

"Now, if Corporal Goodwin is still living, I should like very much to hear from him about the flag's being taken and what became of it after capture. Or if any other veteran or person can give this information, I shall be very thankful. Such information will be inscribed upon the flag. Address me at the State Capitol, Madison, Wis."

SONGS THAT NEVER DIE.

A new edition of "Echoes from Dixie," a collection of old-time Southern songs, comes from the press of Lloyd Adams Noble, New York City, and presents these old favorites in most attractive form. The cover illustration shows the old Southern home, and scattered through the volume are scenes illustrating the songs. This edition was edited by Matthew Page Andrews, whose foreword is a tribute to the land of sentiment and song, in whose musical expression is so truly reflected the character of its people. In this he

says: "The songs of the South reflect the romance and sentiment of the people. They are gay and sad by turns. Many of them are vibrant with the twin passions of love and war, but the greatest favorites were those of home and country. Everything in the Old South centered around the home, whether the home happened to be a hut on the mountain side or a mansion in the lowlands. There was little city life in the Old South, no dwelling in flats or apartments. It was in the home that the women of the South played their part and where they illustrated a natural charm of manner all their own. Nowhere was the influence of women greater and nowhere were they held in greater honor. In equal measure, their duties were nowhere more numerous or their responsibilities greater."

The contents of this collection have been classified as "Songs of Home and Country," "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of the Plantation," and "Beloved Hymns," and with them will be found many old favorites of the before and after the war times. This is a revision of the collection compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards (now Mrs. Hampden Osborne), Leader of the Confederate Choir of America, and dedicated to Col. William H. Stewart, who organized this Choir. The collection is especially commended for use at reunions, social gatherings, in the home, or elsewhere that the old songs are wanted. It is sold at sixty cents, postpaid, or two copies for one dollar, postpaid. Order from Lloyd Adams Noble, Publisher, 31 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

Clarence Coleman, Post Office Inspector, Rapid City, S. D., writes:

"*Dear Old Veteran:* I am one of the few readers of the *VETERAN* in the great Northwest. Although born more than a decade and a half after the great unpleasantness, I have been a regular reader of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* since my early teens. I am a veteran of the Spanish-American and Philippine Wars, having enlisted both times from my native old Kentucky home; but my heart goes out to the gallant old heroes in gray, and prior to my removal to the Northwest three years ago I was a regular visitor to the big annual Reunions. Like apple cider, the *VETERAN* grows better with age; and if the sons and daughters are worthy of their forbears, the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* will never die. May it live long and prosper!"

From Harry McEnerny, New Orleans: "It is with great pleasure that I renew my subscription to this sterling publication, and while renewing it let me add a little prayer that the memory of the Confederacy may not fade from man. God bless all those who wrote its history and are doing all they can to continue the beautiful memories awakened in the early sixties! I send you renewed assurances of my highest esteem."

Robert Wiley, Fairfax C. H., Va.: "Inclosed find money order for Thomas H. Lee and myself. Our subscription expires with the March number. We have each lost the sight of one eye, but, thanks to the good Lord, have sufficient sight left us to be able to enjoy the reading of the *VETERAN*, which improves with age, the very best history we will ever get of our war."

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C. W. Leake, of Abilene, Tex., will be glad to hear from any one who can give information as to the service rendered by David G. Clemons, who first enlisted in the 18th Georgia Infantry and was afterwards transferred to Company I, 3d Arkansas Regiment, under Hood. This information is sought in the interest of his widow, who is in indigent circumstances and is trying to get a pension.

J. C. Caviness, Company E, 26th North Carolina Infantry, is trying to secure a pension and wants to hear from any survivors of his company or regiment who can assist him in proving his record. He enlisted at Petersburg, N. C., in January, 1863, and was detailed from his regiment to guard prisoners at Salisbury, where he was surrendered. He was in the last engagement fought at Bentonville. Any information will be gratefully received. Address P. A. Blakely, Mount Vernon, Tex.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.—The war is costing Uncle Sam \$227 a second, which means an expenditure of \$1,000,000 an hour, or \$24,000,000 a day. This is an enormous expense, and it would be much easier to pay it if those who are able to do so would loan Uncle Sam the money and take liberty bonds and war savings stamps as security. By so doing they would not only get their money back, but interest on the investment. If they refuse to assist Uncle Sam in this way, they will have to pay the expenses of the war by taxation. It's up to the people to decide which plan they prefer to adopt.—*Hawkinsville News.*

Information is wanted of John O'Sullivan (or Sullivan), who served as a private in Company C, 1st Regiment (Nelligan's) of Louisiana Infantry. He enlisted May 27, 1861, at New Orleans and was paroled on May 15, 1865, at the age of twenty-two. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, and his occupation was clerk, working for A. A. Voss, Mobile, Ala., 1866 to 1877, and also in Galveston, Tex. He was a brother of Daniel J. O'Sullivan, with the William Barr Dry Goods Company, St. Louis, Mo., and owned property in Alabama. Information as to whether he is living or dead and where would be appreciated by his niece, Rosemary Glover O'Sullivan, 563 West 159th, Washington Heights, New York City.

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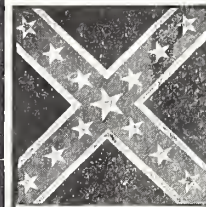
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THE LIMIT IN KULTUR.—It is generally known that our allies have asked Holland to stop the shipment of sand and gravel by the Germans into Belgium and Northern France to be used for sandbags and trench defenses and for other military purposes. But it is not so widely known that it has been the practice for some time of the Germans to load up the trains for the return trip to Germany with loam and other topsoil, so that when the expropriated farmers return to their devastated homes they will find nothing except the barren subsoil. The disciples of Kultur must consider the stealing of the topsoil as a particularly clever way to combine destruction and profit.—*Youth's Companion.*

BIRDS AND FLOWERS

Here are a few of the many books we have for lovers of birds and flowers. If any book wanted is not found in this list, write to us for it. We are prepared to furnish any book that is in print.

THE WARBLERS OF NORTH AMERICA. By Frank M. Chapman.

With twenty-four full-page colored plates, illustrating every species, from drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Bruce Horsfall, and half-tones of nests and eggs. Octavo. Cloth. \$3.25 net, postpaid.

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With many full-page photographic illustrations in color. Octavo. Cloth. \$1 net, postpaid.

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This is mainly a book about the birds or, more properly, an invitation to the study of ornithology. 16mo. Cloth. \$1 net, postpaid.

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With sixteen plates in color, charts, and half-tones. 12mo. Cloth. \$2 net, postpaid.

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VOL. XXVI.

JUNE, 1918

NO. 6

JUNE

Thank Him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky. The very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service wield
Long spears of golden grain.
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold,
Its endless sheets unfold
The snows of Southern summers! Let the earth
Rejoice! Beneath those fleeces soft and warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep
As if we lay entrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and arctic storm!

—Henry Timrod (*Ethnogenesis*).

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LIBERTY.

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as
to be purchased at the price of chains
and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty
God! I know not what course others
may take; but as for me, give me
liberty or give me death!—*Patrick
Henry.*

The God who gave us life gave us
liberty at the same time.—*Thomas
Jefferson.*

Eternal vigilance is the price of
liberty.—*John Philpot Curran.*

WHEN PEACE COMES.

Some day peace will come. Thou-
sands—millions—of men will suddenly
be thrown back again into civil life.
Consider the vastness of the readjust-
ment that will be necessary. Look
back at the period of Reconstruction
after our own Civil War. Prepare for
this new period of reconstruction. The
day of reckoning is bound to come. Be-
gin to save now. Thrift is the need of
the present, the hope of the future.

Liberty loan bonds, war savings, the
safest securities in the world, are a wise
provision for the day peace comes.

BACK TO THE SIXTIES.

The following from the poem, "The
Homespun Dress," is as appropriate now
as it was in the stirring days of '62,
when it was penned by Miss Carrie Bell
Sinclair, of Milledgeville:

"And now, young man, a word to you:

If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.

Remember that our brightest smiles

Are for the true and brave,

And that our tears fall for the one

Who fills a soldier's grave."

—*Macon Telegraph.*

Any one having for sale a copy of
Captain Allan's book, "The Army of
Northern Virginia," will kindly write
to the VETERAN as to condition and
price asked.

Miss Alice Haliburton, 906 Burk
Burnett Building, Fort Worth, Tex.,
asks that any Confederate veteran who
served in the Orphan Brigade of Ken-
tucky and knew one Bob Mul'en, an
Irishman, will please write to her. He
was her stepfather, and her mother is
in need of a pension. She does not
know his company or regiment, but he
was flag bearer when mustered out.

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1918.

No. 6.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

"DIXIE."

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

"Dixie" is now a national anthem, made so by popular acclamation. It was first played and sung by Southerners in the Civil War. * * * It is an all-American composition and was not borrowed from any other country. * * * It is a great and inspiring battle song. "Dixie" is sunshine. When you hear it, you can see the first beams of the rising sun; you can hear the birds singing in the trees (they have just been awakened by the gentle kiss of sunshine); you can see the leaves dancing in the sunlight. "Dixie" tells of love, of war and death, and of hope beyond this life; it embraces all there is of joy and hope, of tears and sorrow, from the cradle to the grave. Listening, love can hear the rustle of angel wings beyond the grave. "Dixie" knows all, tells all—when you hear it right.—Robert D. Peters, Indiana.

The above is the most perfect expression in the English tongue interpreting "Dixie." Why cannot it be accepted in an international spirit between North and South? Why in a recent program offered by the U. D. C. in Chicago were rendered national songs of Belgium, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, while "Dixie" had to be sung with words of "Old Glory"? Are Ireland and other parts of Great Britain accorded more liberty in national character than is the South under the Federal government? That people must indeed be servile, and that rule despotic, that allows no song to voice its bravest and most patriotic spirit. Is there any law forbidding the combination of words and air in "Dixie" to be sung by a great people who are now called on to fight for the rights of small nations? The heavenly powers never gave to earth more thrilling, glorious, inspiring musical composition than the words written by Gen. Albert Pike, C. S. A. (born at Boston, Mass.), sung to the immortal tune. To-day when our boys are in arms it would fire every drop of fighting blood, and the electrical thrill, so contagious, could not be kept with Southerners, but would extend to all Allies.

There is a "Dixie" of peace; but for call to arms let the words of the Northern-born Confederate ring out. And let the South stand up and say to all other nationalities: "Hear

'Dixie,' the song of our people, who have lived, fought, and died to make it glorious!" Blue-gray isn't a distinct color, and khaki is no blend of either; let each stand for what it means. Any parody on "Dixie" is a noxious parasitic growth. North and South have been at peace since Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. N. B. Forrest, and other grand spirits went "over the top" in the seventies and saved civilization. To-day what words could be more expressive of loyal comradeship than the lines,

"Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!"

Or,

"Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter?"

WAR FOR HUMANITY.

War in a good cause is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest thing; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets in the service for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice, a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good and which is their own war carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice, is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature, who has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated their ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other.—John Stuart Mill.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Lord Wolseley, who visited the Confederate army, thus wrote of its commander: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way—a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I ever read are worthy to be classed."

Such indeed is the feeling which has filled the minds and hearts of all who ever knew General Lee or have studied his character, and no one has ever been able to find a fault which would place him on a level with ordinary humanity. He walked the heights in spirit and in truth, yet none was more modest in the estimation of self. The many attempts that have been made to defame that noble character are but malicious outbursts of the low-minded, not worthy of notice, and have generally been given that silent contempt which sends them to oblivion quickly. A late effort of this kind has been brought to the notice of the VETERAN with request for some comment, which is here given, more to show the utter futility of such maliciousness than as a defense of General Lee, for he needs no defender.

It seems that "The Official History of Suffrage," compiled by some of the leaders of that movement, contains a charge that General Lee was estranged from his daughter Annie, who died during the war, "because of her devotion to the Union," and that "she was sent from home and died in the far South away from her family, dependent for care and comfort in her last hours upon the kindly services of an old negro woman." To this is added: "Nothing can redeem the name of Lee from the infamy which so justly attaches to it."

The utter absurdity of such a statement and the maliciousness of the comment are too apparent to warrant attention, and it is hardly conceivable that sensible women would indulge in such propaganda, founded entirely on falsehood. It is well known that General Lee's second daughter, Annie Carter, died at Jones Springs, in Warren County, N. C., in October, 1862, while her father and brothers were fighting the battles of the South, and she was buried near that place. To show the utter falsity in the statement that there was any estrangement in the family, Mr. James Callaway, of the *Macon Telegraph*, appealed to Miss Mary Lee, the only surviving child of General Lee, for a statement for publication in that paper, and it is here reproduced in part. Miss Lee writes:

"The scandal is a fabrication, manufactured out of the whole cloth, without even the shadow of foundation, and one cannot imagine how it ever originated. My father's character was so pure and lofty, as well as winning, and his devotion to his children so well known, so demonstrative even, that if he had enemies, even the bitterest, it is universally accepted now that he had no personal ones. So far as Annie Carter is concerned—poor, gentle Annie!—she adored her father, and he adored her, partly because she was named for

his mother, whose memory he worshiped, and always attributed anything that was worthy in himself to her teaching and training and influence, and partly because as a small child Annie had stuck the scissors into one of her eyes and ruined the sight, but not the appearance of it. Hence my father always had a special feeling of tenderness for her, so much so that he especially provided for her in his will. How ignorant are these slanderers of my father's character!

"My mother was a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, hearing of the healing virtues of 'Jones Springs,' now called 'White Sulphur,' she managed somehow to get down there with my two sisters, though traveling was very difficult at that time, and while there dear, gentle Annie died. My mother nursed her in sickness day and night, and Annie died in her arms, and mother was broken-hearted over this first death of one of her seven children, and I am the last of the seven now living. Mother went with Annie and Agnes to North Carolina, and Annie, never strong, developed typhoid fever.

"I had been left with some near relatives in Virginia, and Mildred, the youngest, was a little schoolgirl in Winchester until driven away by the tide of war, when she was sent down to St. Mary's, in Raleigh. My dear father could not leave his post and was overcome with grief over the death of Annie, the first death in his family."

It was General Lee's intention after the war to have his daughter's remains taken to Virginia, but after visiting the place and seeing how the grave was cared for he was content to leave his dear one to that tender care forever. Over her grave was erected the first monument ever placed by women to the memory of a woman, only the women of Warren County being asked to contribute. At its dedication in the summer of 1866 Col. James Barron Hope was the orator and delivered an elegiac ode. In writing him sometime afterwards, Mrs. Lee thanked him for a sketch of the monument and said: "I have often longed to visit it, and it is an inexpressible comfort to me to daily view this image of a spot so dear. I have loved to think of her dying so quietly in that lovely place, where the foot of our invaders never trod; to know, too, that she was spared the misery of seeing the downfall of the cause she so much loved. She only met the doom Heaven often awards its favorites, and I am content."

Fittingly can this be concluded with the sentiment:

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

ANOTHER COMRADE GONE.

Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, of Washington, D. C., reports the death by accident of Maj. G. W. Edmondston, a member of that Camp. An article contributed by Major Edmondston appears on page 239 of this number, with a picture of himself and Colonel Chamberlaine, who were members of the same command in the sixties.

WOES OF AN EDITOR.—When a patron writes as follows, it would seem that the VETERAN was published especially for the exploitation of the individual rather than to record history: "In reply to your request for my renewal to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I will say that that depends entirely on your printing my sketch history of myself and the war in the Confederate army. If you fail to publish it, I will not renew. * * * Do as you like."

OLD VIRGINIA, ONCE AGAIN.

BY LITTELL M'CLUNG.

Once again the call is coming, and the fiery cross on high
Blazes as before Manassas when our fathers went to die;
Trains of soldiery are moving, rumbling seaward once again,
Rolling, as in early sixties, to the songs of eager men,
Puffing onward through the valley from the mountains to
the bay,
Bearing on the lads in khaki of the sires who wore the gray.

From the portals of Mount Vernon and the heights of Ar-
lington,
Down the line to Appomattox by the shrine of Jefferson,
From the Shenandoah's highlands and the Roanoke's flowered
vales,
From the townships of the Piedmont and the Rappahannock
dales,
They are coming to the colors for the God A'mighty fray,
Future heroes of the khaki, born of heroes of the gray.

From tobacco fields and orchards, from the studies and the
games,
From the Allegheny cabins and the mansions on the James,
Out of factories and offices and furnaces and mills,
From the cities and the hamlets' shaded lanes and sunny hills,
They are coming for the Union, theirs forever and a day,
These the eaglets of the eagles of the glory-misted gray.

Down the Blue Ridge they are going on to somewhere on
the seas,
Through the mountains that were Jackson's and the valleys
that were Lee's,
By the mounds upon the hilltops and their monuments that
tell
How the wearied, ragged legions nobly fought and nobly fell.
O, they're going on high-hearted to an unforgotten day
When the boys who wear the khaki will be worthy of the
gray.

What a history behind them, what a future just ahead!
What an inspiration given by the mothers' living dead!
What a heritage of glory in the deeds of high romance!
What a legacy to carry to the battle fields of France!
O Virginia, old Virginia, let your shadows point the way
To immortal paths of honor for the children of the gray!

A UNIQUE MILITARY COMPANY.

BY B. W. GREEN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A unique military company has been organized in this city
of Little Rock composed of seventy-five to one hundred vet-
erans of the War between the States and about equally di-
vided as to the blue and the gray. No one is eligible except
veterans of that war. The members are in age from seventy
up, some as old as eighty-five. They have been organized
and properly mustered into the service of the State, and the
State will arm and equip the company. The blue and the
gray uniforms are being used, but it is presumed that in
course of time the State will direct them to have the modern
uniform. The captain of this "Veteran Corps" is Col. A. S.
Fowler, and the first lieutenant is Gen. B. W. Green, U. C. V.
The public is somewhat amused in the reduction of rank of
these two gentlemen and presume it is for cause. On Liberty
Bond Day in Little Rock the company turned out, following

the Federal troops, and received quite an ovation. They
have weekly drills and are to be used by the Governor in
any capacity for which they may be suited.

They do not expect any very hard service on account of
age; but if there is any fighting to do, they think they are
ready. If the Kaiser was not so far away, they might give
him a tilt; or if they could get one of those long-range guns
that the Germans are using on Paris, they might handle that
with some effect.

I wish also, in connection with this, to report a very unique
national cemetery which exists in the suburbs of this city.
The Federal cemetery is very beautiful and is handsomely
kept by the government. Adjoining it is the Confederate
cemetery, not so large or so handsome, but where something
less than one thousand veterans are sleeping. We have
deeded this cemetery to the government, and it has been ac-
cepted by Congress on our terms, which were that the gov-
ernment would care for it through all future generations.
There is a wall between the cemeteries, which, like the par-
tition wall of the Jewish temple, has been torn down, and the
two cemeteries now compose the National Cemetery, which is
cared for by the government.

There is a very beautiful cottage in the cemetery, occupied
by the superintendent and his assistants, and on annual Me-
morial Day the blue and the gray march together under
"Old Glory," and the graves of the Federals and Confed-
erates are each and all decorated with the flag and with flowers,
and the memorial addresses on such occasions are decidedly
complimentary to both the blue and the gray.

I do not believe there exists in the United States to-day
a company like the one mentioned or such a cemetery as I
have described. There is a fraternal spirit existing between
the blue and the gray in this city which is very commendable;
and now that we are so thoroughly reunited in our efforts
against the Kaiser, would it not be well for all citizens of
the United States to imitate us in this particular, to lay
aside all former personal antipathies and to render to our
general government a heartfelt, active, patriotic service?

HARDLY CREDIBLE.

Leslie Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., sends a clipping
taken from the *San Antonio Express* of May 6, 1918, which
is a reprint of the files of 1883. The sentiment expressed is
hardly in line with the actions of the man from whom the
South had so little consideration during the war. Here is
the remarkable letter:

"THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY—1883.

"Several years ago the man who is now Governor of Mas-
sachusetts sent the following characteristic letter to the Min-
neapolis *Tribune*:

"BOSTON, MASS., January 5, 1879.

"Dear Sir: I do not know that I ought to write you to
decide a bet, because you ought not to bet. But to set you
right in a matter of history in which you seem to be inter-
ested, allow me to say that in the Democratic Convention at
Charleston, S. C., in the year 1860 I voted fifty-seven times,
as I remember it, for Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, after-
wards President of the Confederate States, as a candidate of
the Democratic party for President. He was not before the
convention as a candidate, and my vote and that of one of
my colleagues were the only ones he had. I believed him to
be a representative man of the South, and subsequent events
have shown that I was right. And I believed then, and I

believe now, that if he could have been nominated for President and elected the war would have been saved and the attempted disunion prevented, for he would have been chosen President over thirty-two States rather than fifteen, and my experience has been that the North always got more consideration on questions of human liberty from a Southern statesman as President than it did from a Northern dough-face. And that remains true down to the present time.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

AFTER THE YEARS.

There was in all probability as much of intense spiritual exaltation in the heart of Julia Ward Howe as there was bitterness and hate when she wrote what is now and will always be regarded by other peoples as the epic hymn of America, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The stately, impressive measure of the whole poem, the strength and simple, mystic faith of the first stanza, with its entirely catholic application and the great sweetness and clean white light that shine through the immortal fourth stanza, could not have been written under the unalloyed spell of fanatic hate. It was the hate of the angry, cruel gatherings that sang it in the North that made it the "Hate Hymn" of the sixties.

Julia Ward Howe's mood or motives, however, in the writing of it are not important. What she wrote is, after all, the main thing, and to-day the stanzas * * * sing the glory and the faith and the mission of America in this struggle with such unerring spirit and truth that even intensely Southern editorial writers have been before now caught by its significance and led to incorporate snatches of its lines in their writings. The literature of the English language knows no more of the beauty of faith and courage than is in the lines of the fourth stanza, speaking for themselves and robbed of their old associations:

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

The years have passed, the issues have changed, and relations have sweetened as they have welded the people of the North and the South. To-day the sons of the gray and the sons of the blue battle as brothers and comrades, united forever, on the fields of Flanders and Picardy. It was a long, long time ago that Abraham Lincoln said in answer to protest as a band on the White House grounds played "Dixie": "Why not? That's far too stirring a piece of music to let the Rebels have a monopoly of it."

Why not indeed? There are dignities and a certain majesty about the main thread of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" that make of it too fine a piece of music, too grand and great a poem, to let the sons of the hating abolitionists, the worshipers of Thad Stevens, and the spawn of the carpet-baggers have a perpetual monopoly of it.

If there is anything the leaders of Southern sentiment and opinion may pride themselves on, it is that they have width between the eyes. They had it in the sixties, they held it during Reconstruction, and they have not lost it nor its influence on the mass of the people.—*Macon Telegraph*.

ANOTHER "IF."

BY GEORGE T. SHOWER, BALTIMORE, MD.

At a time when all sections of our country are uniting in fraternal effort to bear their part in the world conflict it seems bootless to speculate on the issue of events fifty years gone by, unless there be profit in dwelling upon a time when Americans again exhibited, but realized as never before, the possession of qualities which have fitted their descendants to engage worthily and efficiently in the present ordeal. It is an inspiring reflection that a division termed the "Blue and the Gray" should mingle with the gathering hosts who are carrying the heroic traditions of those far-off days into the arena beyond the seas.

Whether it be the great leaders of history or those whose influence upon the course of events seems as negligible as the weight of Æsop's fabled fly on the ox's horn, their pathway is beset by a procession of "ifs" stretching onward in endless perspective.

Such an "if" confronted us on the morning of June 30, 1863. As we mingled with the ranks of Col. "Lige" White's 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, moving along the turn-pike from York to Gettysburg, covering the left flank of early's infantry, we were startled and mystified by the sound of cannonading to the south of us, later ascertained to be a conflict between Breathed's guns and the Federal artillery, as Stuart and Kilpatrick encountered each other at Hanover, but six miles distant from the forces which the former was seeking.

On the preceding evening, before we left our home, a village ten miles east of Westminster, Md., to join the Confederate army at York the apparition of two ragged Confederates strolling into the town added to the bewilderment of the citizens, already wrought to high tension by the startling events and still more startling rumors which had agitated them during the previous week. Taken in tow by one of the Union citizens, they were carried away for delivery to the provost guard at the county seat. Before entering the town, unmistakable signs of hostile occupancy aroused the prisoners, who raised the shout of "Rebels," leaped from the vehicle, and disappeared amid the bushes. Their captor returned at top speed to recite a tale of interminable lines of Confederate horsemen pushing northward through the streets of Westminster.

Had our departure been delayed two hours on that fateful night, our information would have been interpreted to good purpose by the veterans around us, communication with Stuart's wandering columns might have been effected on the day before the battle of Gettysburg, his fruitless march to Carlisle averted, and a far different answer given to General Lee as, borne down by his burden of anxiety, with the ghastly fruits of the first day's conflict in full view, he threw himself on his cot beside the Chambersburg road, exclaiming in dejected tones to his black-haired, long-bearded lieutenant: "But, General, where is my cavalry?"

As it was, when we approached Gettysburg, scouts hurried back with the report that a division of Federal cavalry occupied the town. Realizing the inadequacy of a battalion to meet such a situation, we were at once ordered northward through Hunterstown and, moving on in the deepening darkness, came in contact with the infantry late at night near Heidlersburg, pondering lightly, if at all, upon the inferences our leaders had drawn from the sounds of conflict in such an unexpected locality, between our army and its base of supplies in Virginia.

That "if," like Banquo's ghost, has haunted our waking hours for over half a century and, among many surmises, has suggested the query as to the extent of Early's knowledge of a prearranged junction of the Southern leaders in Pennsylvania. From his emphatic disparagement of the hostile forces he had encountered he would not have hesitated to post groups of his veteran cavalry at every crossing of the roads leading southward to intercept and properly direct Stuart's movements, leading possibly to a hostile passage with the antagonist from whom we had recoiled.

We know how Early ordered his artillery to fire a salvo on the second day of the retreat to hurry his lagging teamsters with the obstructing wagon train. By similar means he might have given Stuart an indication of the locality of contending forces, knowing the latter had so often shown his readiness to march to the sound of the firing; but such cannonading might have distracted the movements of other columns.

INDIVIDUALISM IN BATTLE.

BY G. W. EDMONDSTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

My meeting with Comrade W. W. Chamberlaine, one of the more fortunate heroes of the battle of Sharpsburg, about half a century after fate had first introduced us on that fast, furious, and bloody field, was a singular coincidence in the annals of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia. We were appointed by Commander Fred Beall as members of the same committee to perform a certain duty. As usual, almost the first question asked when we met for business was: "What command did you serve with?" Captain Chamberlaine was not an original member of Camp No. 171, but joined it by transferring his membership from the Norfolk (Va.) Camp on his removal to Washington City in 1910; hence the necessity for better acquaintance between us. On telling him that I served with the 41st Virginia Infantry, Chamberlaine said: "I was in the 6th Virginia Infantry of the same brigade, Mahone's."



COL. W. W. CHAMBERLAINE AND MAJ. G. W. EDMONDSTON.

Looking over Porter's history of "Confederate Soldiers of Norfolk County" soon verified these statements. In the same book was a paragraph mentioning one of the most interesting events of the battle of Sharpsburg, which was the

brilliant individual contribution of Comrade W. W. Chamberlaine to the successful issue of that event.

It will be recalled that General McClellan had captured dispatches disclosing General Lee's plans, also the widely scattered condition of the Army of Northern Virginia, made necessary by the investment of Harper's Ferry and its subsequent capture, with eleven thousand Union troops and a vast equipment. McClellan's information decided his tactics. It was to crush Lee's army by putting forward fresh troops, withdrawing them when badly used up, and putting other fresh troops against the tired-out Confederates. His greatly superior numbers enabled him to do so with a promise of speedy success. The battle opened at daybreak on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862. General Jackson had been calling for reinforcements for some time, and about this hour McLaws, with six thousand five hundred splendid veterans, came up. McLaws's Division was composed of the following brigades: Cobb's Georgians, Kershaw's South Carolinians, Barksdale's Mississippians, and Semmes's Georgians and North Carolinians. Next the two game cocks, Mansfield and Sumner, with eighteen thousand of the finest equipped forces the United States could muster, assaulted the tired-out Confederates after their four hours of continued fighting. Mansfield was soon put out; Sumner, remaining, was still forcing the fighting.

On the right General Toombs, with six hundred men, was discussing across the Antietam the right of way with Burnside's twelve thousand men. It took the latter from early morning until the noon hour and severe losses in vain charges across the bridge to convince these stubborn Georgians that they were actually blocking a public highway. At one o'clock the Union troops were crossing the stone bridge by flanking it farther downstream and had nearly reached the town of Sharpsburg.

It was in this interval that the advance of the Federals under General Richardson was threatening to break through our center, which had been previously weakened by the withdrawal of a part of D. H. Hill's forces to help Jackson when closely pressed. Chamberlaine came into the limelight with his junk pile gun and caisson with a volunteer crew and ably assisted in holding the gap at Piper's Farm.

General Richardson had been killed shortly before in an adjoining field close to "Bloody Lane," where Union and Confederate dead were lying across each other. The Union troops, losing the drive of their brilliant commander, retired to shelter of the sunken road, "Bloody Lane."

Col. Hilary A. Herbert, the only surviving field officer, gallantly led the remnant of Wilcox's Alabama Brigade three times past the Piper house and orchard, driving Richardson to the shelter of the sunken road. That grand old hero is still with us. He lately laid down the only honor we could confer on him, that of Brigadier General of the District of Columbia.

A. P. Hill's timely arrival gave Comrade Chamberlaine an opportunity to go to the town pump and wash his bloody nose in the horse trough. A mean, jealous Yankee while retreating faced about and took a parting shot at our hero and marked him across the bridge of his nose. Captain Chamberlaine is keeping the souvenir still, as the scar won't wash out. An inch more to the left, and my story would not have been told. The record, "Dead on the Field," would have consigned to oblivion how he "fought and fell," like thousands of other similar cases which may have occurred under both flags.

Edmondston, the color bearer of Mahone's Brigade (eighty-

two men), was less fortunate and got his in the knee and was placed by his comrades behind the stone wall that lined the Hagerstown Pike. From this shelter, but a few yards away, he witnessed the working of that gun. There was only the one gun, not two or even three, as shown on some of the Federal maps of that battle now in existence. The gun was in the middle of the road, but sufficiently near is the granite marker authorized by Camp No. 171 bearing this inscription: "Near this spot an abandoned Confederate gun, manned by a second lieutenant of the 6th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, and two volunteers from Anderson's Georgia Brigade, was placed in action September 17, 1862."

This inscription, owing to the rigid rules laid down by the United States government governing national cemeteries, tells the story of this incident as a wood sawyer might boast of a specially pecuniary job of half a cord of firewood sawed and split in record time. It is my firm belief that fate, the man, and an abandoned gun met at an opportune moment in the battle of Sharpsburg and turned the tide of defeat that was fast overwhelming the Army of Northern Virginia. The trinity of that battle was McLaws, Chamberlaine, and A. P. Hill.

General McClellan lost his opportunity on the 17th. On the 18th, when General Lee had received all of his reinforcements, it was out of his grasp. Of "Little Mac" it might be said: "He did his best. Angels could do no more."

FIGHTING FOR THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE, MD.

In view of the fact that every newspaper and periodical in the North has in one way or another made some comparison between the Germany of to-day and the Southern Confederacy, I feel sure that your readers will be particularly interested in seeing some extracts from a remarkable letter I received from Rev. A. W. Littlefield, of Needham, Mass., a loyal and liberal son of Massachusetts. He writes:

"Now, as evolution and growth are always likely to develop too far in any given direction unless restrained by opposing and complementary forces, the North was sure to so overdevelop the issue of 'a perfect Union, one and inseparable,' that the States holding to 'consent of the governed, local self-government, and self-determination of sovereign States,' in this case the Southern States, were sure to array themselves against the Northern States, which were the sponsors of Lincoln's view and that of the North generally. * * *

"Not only did the tendency of a principle to overdevelop itself show itself on our continent, but in Europe Germany has done this very thing to the fullest extent—viz., carried federation to the complete extreme of imperialism. And nothing but Allied success in this war can prevent the evolutionary process, unrestrained, from completely Romanizing (Prussianizing in this case) the whole world. And nothing but the taking up of arms in 1861 by the South has prevented the imperializing of America, in my judgment. I am not quite sure that Charles Francis Adams saw this fact. Certainly most Americans are not in the least aware of it, if one may judge from history and current comment. The mere A B C of evolutionary processes ought to teach people its tendency and its danger if restraining elements are not brought to bear. The South furnished such restraint in America, and the Allies are doing likewise in this world war.

"If the South and the Allies occupy the same status in principle, why did not the South win? Not only because

superior forces were arrayed against her, but because the North succeeded in convincing her people that the South was abjectly immoral, in that she 'held human beings in bondage.' This issue completely obscured the great politico-economic morality of the Southern people, the really true Americans. That feeling, that the South should be crushed because of her 'iniquitous immorality,' was dominant in 1861 and still persists to-day. * * *

"I surely believe that had the North and England really understood that the South was fighting for precisely such principles as the Allies are fighting for to-day, there would have been no war against the South; and had that been the case, I also am of the opinion that the Anglo-Southern-American principles would have so affected the world that Germany would never have gotten her start in her attempt to imperialize mankind. But the evolutionary process was developing so fast in Europe and the seeming immorality of the South in holding human beings in bondage was brought so to the fore that the coalition of real Englishmen in the Old and the New World could not at that time be consummated. That union is now at hand, and there can be but one result. * * *

"I verily believe that in principle the new federation of the English-speaking peoples and their Latin allies could do no better when they come to draw up the constitution for world federation than to take for their model the Constitution of the Confederate States with but very slight modifications. For unless such principles become the basis of this coming world federation, evolutionary processes, just because they constantly tend to overdevelopment, will irresistibly carry world federation, even under Allied auspices, over the line into world imperialism, precisely as the Germans most desire and are so savagely fighting for."

Mr. Littlefield goes further to say that the North was wrong in her contention and that might triumphed because of the struggle of the South against undue centralization, great crushing combinations of business and provincialism, and commerce-killing high tariffs. He adds "that the so-called 'Lost Cause' is not dead, but has become the herald of the patriot dawn"; that historically these things should be "settled right"; and that "the coming generation needs to realize these truths so that legislation may be modified away from imperialism back to true federalism resting upon the true principles of consent of the governed, local self-government, and the self-determination of sovereign States."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY ESTHER I. CORNELL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

O the silence that comes with the evening after the battle
is o'er

And the dead and dying are carried away from the cannons'
hoar!

The moon reigns high in the heavens, supreme in her world
of light,

And shines on a field of honor where heroes died in the
fight.

The gracious Maker has called them, those heroes who died
for the South,

To a home full of glory in heaven, where each has earned
his rest,

Till the final calling brings them together before his throne
To be judged for the deeds they rendered, and the honor is
theirs alone.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY FLORA J. MILLARD, M.A., COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

[This essay was awarded the U. D. C. prize of \$100 offered to a student at Teachers' College, Columbia University.]

To explain the foreign policy of the Confederacy it is necessary first to understand the controlling principles of government and the aims of the North and South. In the election of 1860 the main dispute was over the extension of slavery in the territories. The South was convinced that legislative measures could no longer offer safety to Southern institutions. Since the nullification of the tariff law of 1832 by South Carolina, trade relations had not threatened the unity of the nation. As the Southern leaders left Congress the fire of their eloquence was used in defending their rights as to slavery. The ever-rising abolition sentiment of the North and the danger involved to the whole fabric of Southern industrial life led them to break the ties of the Federal Union and to seek independence.

In President Davis's inaugural address before the newly formed Confederate Congress the problem is clearly stated. He said: "We have entered upon the career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued. Through many years of controversy with our late associates of the Northern States we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity and obtain respect for the rights to which we are entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. It illustrates the American idea that governments rest on the consent of the governed and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish them at will whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established."

As early as 1789 the controlling party based its creed on the fact that each State was in the last resort the sole judge as well of its wrongs as the mode and measures of redress. It had been a part of the creed of the Democratic political party of 1856. It was incorporated in the Articles of Confederation before American independence was won, and it became the foundation of the plea before foreign nations for the justice of recognition of the Confederate States of America in 1861 by all world powers. Their ordinances of secession claimed the right of free, equal, and sovereign States and proclaimed to the world a government perfect in all its parts and endowed with all the means of self-support.

Public opinion in the South urged the movement. In "Common Sense" in the Charleston *Mercury* of 1860, edited by R. B. Rhett, the following is found: "The political policy of the South demands that we should not hesitate, but rise up with a single voice and proclaim to the world that we will be subservient to the North no longer, but that we will be a free and independent people. * * * Here, then, would be an end to all political dissensions among us, because our interests, feelings, institutions, wants, and pursuits would be identical. * * * We should then have a national right to demand respect from the North and the restoration of our property when it is abducted by them or escapes into their territory. * * * All admit that an ultimate dissolution of the Union is inevitable. These are some of the basic arguments used in their foreign policy." The parts of the problem laid by commissioners before each nation depended upon the factors best suited to win success in that nation.

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The principle underlying the opposition to secession directly denied the right of sovereignty to the individual State and held the authority of the Federal government to be unquestionable. President Lincoln's plea was always for union, with slavery if possible and without slavery if necessary. He wrote to Greeley August 22, 1862, saying: "I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union it was.'" He believed that he and his party were pledged to the principle of territorial freedom, on which they had won the election. The strength of his leadership thwarted the many attempts of diplomacy by the South, as it had hastened the secession movement in the months before his inauguration.

To the South the war was one of aggression and usurpation by the North and on the part of the South for defense of an inherited and inalienable right. To the North the war was waged to uphold the strength of a republican form of government and to limit the growth of the institution of slavery.

The convention of the six seceded States assembling in Montgomery on February 4, 1861, adopted a provisional constitution, and on March 11 a permanent constitution for the Confederate States of America was ratified. The men who at first held the positions most directly handling the business with foreign powers were: Jefferson Davis, President; Robert Toombs, R. M. T. Hunter, and J. P. Benjamin, who held at different times the position of Secretary of State; C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury; and James L. Orr, House Chairman of Foreign Affairs. These had been men of experience in positions of trust under the Federal government and devoted the best of their skill freely to the ideal which the South had determined to win.

From February 5, 1860, to March 4, 1861, when President Lincoln was inaugurated, no definite policy was followed by President Buchanan, and the South remained inactive till the need for meeting Lincoln's opposition arose. On February 15, 1861, a resolution was passed by the Confederate Congress providing for the appointment of three commissioners to be sent to the government of the United States for the purpose of negotiating friendly relations and for the settlement of all questions of disagreement between the two governments. Martin J. Crawford, John Forsyth, and A. B. Roman were appointed. They were to have power to treat concerning all matters and subjects and to conclude and sign treaties subject to ratification by the Confederate government. On March 12 the commissioners sent their request for an official interview with President Lincoln to William H. Seward, Secretary of State. The request was denied. Secretary Seward acknowledged the political conditions existing at the South, but answered that he saw in them "not a rightful and accomplished revolution and an independent nation with an established government, but rather a perversion of a temporary and partisan excitement to the inconsiderate purposes of an unjustifiable and unconstitutional aggression upon the rights and the authority vested in the Federal government." The only means by which the Washington government could consider the Confederate States as a foreign power with rights of diplomatic intercourse would be through a national convention called to vote upon the matter in accordance with the Constitution. Justice John C. Campbell was appointed by Secretary Seward to assure Messrs. Crawford, Forsyth, and Roman that, while he could not receive them officially, he was anxious for peace.

The commissioners demanded the evacuation of Fort Sumter, which was of value only as a protection to Charleston Harbor and was not of strategic importance to the Union. Both Secretary Seward and General Scott favored evacuation, because they believed it of too little importance to force war through provisioning the fort. Many friends, rather than to precipitate war, wished to accept the overtures of the Southern commissioners and let the Confederate States go in peace. But Lincoln, through pressure and his own determination to meet the crisis, decided to provision the fort.

In a letter written by Secretary Toombs to the Confederate commissioners in Europe, dated April 24, 1861, the whole matter is discussed from the Southern viewpoint. In part Secretary Toombs says: "So long as moderation and forbearance were consistent with the honor and dignity of their government they forebore from taking any steps which could possibly add to the difficulties by which the cabinet of Mr. Lincoln was beset. Acting in pursuance of this policy, they consented to transmit to, and receive communications from, the Secretary of State of the United States through the medium of third persons. * * * And in this way they received most positive assurances from Mr. Seward that the policy of his government was peace. * * * At the very time when persons of high position were authorized and requested to assure the commissioners that Fort Sumter would be evacuated forthwith agents were dispatched by the United States government to Charleston * * * to devise and concoct schemes for the stealthy reinforcement of the fortress and its prolonged occupation by the United States." When hopes of peaceful negotiations were over, the commissioners notified the United States government of their determination to leave, and on the 9th they returned to the Confederacy.

With the declaration of war there were three views possible of the status of the South under international law. They could be considered, first, as rebellious subjects with no international standing; secondly, as an independent nation possessing the probability of recognition and equal rights in the family of nations; and, thirdly, as belligerents with the recognized right to engage in a war which, if victorious, would lead to independence. The conditions under international law which must exist in a rebellious State before it was right for foreign nations to recognize belligerency were that they must not be a band of marauders, but seekers after a political end; that they must carry on war according to rules of civilized warfare; that the extent of the revolt must be such that the issue is doubtful; and that they must be organized under a responsible form of government. The United States nominally classed the Confederacy as rebellious subjects, but by exchanging prisoners and by using the blockade had accorded them the position of belligerency. Great Britain recognized them as belligerents, but no foreign nation ever granted them the rank of independence, the position which President Davis claimed for them.

The first act of the Confederate Congress to institute diplomatic relations abroad was taken February 13, 1861, by the passing of a resolution providing for a commission to be sent to Europe. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, P. A. Rost, of Louisiana, and H. Dudley Mann, of the Confederate States, were appointed. The commissioners did not sail until spring, and during the interval various policies for obtaining foreign sympathy and help were discussed.

One plan which was urged by some was to base their policy on the experience of the States during the Revolutionary War. This would grant to the commissioners large powers to gain assistance in a recognized crisis and to encourage

reciprocity of benefits by treaty without asserting the moral right of independence to the exclusion of more practical matters. The "Cotton Famine Policy" was advocated by President Davis. He believed that in order to obtain cotton for the mills of England the prosperity of that country would demand its government's action in behalf of the new Confederacy. Vice President Stephens believed that cotton should not be forced out of its place to be made a political agent, but should be used to insure commercial power. Secretary Toombs urged that the commissioners be empowered to offer such liberal commercial advantages that the feeling existing in England and other parts of Europe against slavery could be overcome. He declared that ninety per cent of war was business and urged that victory would result from organization as well as from successful fighting. He wanted the government to send cotton to England to buy arms and ships with which to break the blockade.

R. B. Rhett had studied revenue laws, the laws of commerce, and had become thoroughly familiar with the treaties of the United States before and after the creation of the Constitution. As early as the Secession Convention Mr. Rhett was made chairman of a committee on foreign relations, and the committee brought in a report outlining a plan for foreign procedure. This plan had three main points: (1) Form a treaty of commercial alliance involving reciprocal obligations, offensive and defensive, with England and France for twenty years in return for recognition of independence; (2) demand a discriminating duty of ten per cent on all goods of all nations refusing to accept the treaty; and (3) commissioners were to be given power to form alliance with European governments, the authority not to be exercised hastily. He again appealed to the reassembled Congress. The resolution was presented and the plan was indorsed, a most liberal treaty being advised.

President Davis neither adopted the resolution nor granted liberal powers to the commissioners. He wished them to go as "bearers of the information of the great importance of the commerce of their government and of its moral right to a place in the family of nations."

B. C. Yancey, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic and a brother of W. L. Yancey, had recently returned to the South. On his way he had spent some time in England in order to learn the feeling of the English people toward the Southern Confederacy. He found the laboring classes opposed to the slaveholding country, and he was convinced that the leaders would not dare risk running counter to their sentiment unless great weight could be brought to bear by means of commercial advantages. John Bright led the liberal party in Parliament, and Mr. Yancey believed that he would refuse to sanction the recognition of a government whose corner stone was slavery. Later events proved that he was right in his judgment, for at a speech delivered at a public dinner during the Trent affair Mr. Bright said: "I say that slavery has sought to break up the most free government in the world and to found a new State in the nineteenth century whose corner stone is the perpetual bondage of millions of men." Hence B. C. Yancey advised his brother not to accept the undertaking, but he did not refuse, although he felt that his powers were not sufficient for success.

Before the commissioners left for Europe, Mr. Rhett met Mr. Yancey and asked him if he had received definite instructions from the President. He replied that no further powers had been given, that the justice of the cause and cotton would be the basis of diplomacy expected of the

commission. Mr. Rhett replied: "Sir, you have no business in Europe. You carry no arguments which Europe cares to hear. Unless you shall have it in your power to arrest attention there by some great and lasting offer of practical advantage to the governments and peoples there, to compensate them for the risks they must incur in receiving you and recognizing your government, you can do nothing worthy of your time. The United States has warned all Europe against your coming, and Europe will not offend the United States merely to exalt the virtue of your government. My counsel to you as a friend is, if you value your reputation, to stay at home or to go prepared to conciliate Europe by irresistible proffers of trade."

Out of all the discussion and disagreement President Davis's opinion was followed. On March 16, 1861, Secretary Toombs wrote Messrs. Yancey, Rost, and Mann, stating in detail the message to be given to Great Britain, France, Russia, and Belgium with regard to the newly created nation, by whom "no right has been impaired, no obligation has been forfeited." They were to "ask for that acknowledgment and friendly recognition which are due to every people capable of self-government and possessed of the power to maintain their independence." The principal aim stated "in their policy with foreign governments is peace and commerce."

The commissioners sailed in March and were kept informed of the progress of events at home through Secretary Toombs.

Lord John Russell was at this time Her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The commissioners drew up a plea for recognition on August 14, 1861, and sent it to him. Later they had an informal interview with Earl Russell. A motion was introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Gregory that the independence of the Confederate States be recognized by England. The motion was withdrawn. The English government determined to follow the policy of neutrality. Mr. Rost visited Paris and had an interview with Count de Morny, the confidential friend of the emperor. He learned that France and England had agreed to pursue the same policy toward the Confederacy. In reporting the results of their first efforts at carrying out the directions given them the commissioners wrote to Secretary Toombs, saying that both England and France had recognized them as belligerents, that both were neutral and friendly, and that the belief prevailed that recognition was a "mere question of time." Their efforts, then, for a while at least, must lie in an attempt to affect public opinion. They found sentiment quite favorable to the division of their rivals' territory in the New World, and they fully expected that definite action would follow the future successes of the Confederacy in war. England and France promised them that the rights of neutrals under the law of nations would protect them as effectively as could treaties. Yet in a letter dated August 7, 1861, the commissioners reported that they had received no "notice or attention, official or social, from any member of the government since their arrival in England." Hence, although they were optimistic as to the outcome, it is evident from this that the problem of the commissioners was not an easy one.

Soon after the British government had issued its proclamation of neutrality Charles Adams reached London as United States Minister. His instructions from Secretary Seward were to oppose any wavering policy on the part of the British government which might give the Confederate States hope of recognition and to refuse all intercourse, official or

unofficial, with the British government so long as it should continue intercourse of either kind with the domestic enemies of the country. Mr. Adams replied on June 14 that Earl Russell declared that he had no intention of seeing them again. Thus Secretary Seward, through watchfulness and energy, embarrassed the Confederate commissioners at every turn.

The influence which the commissioners were able to exert through the European press was not able to counteract the spread of the Northern viewpoint through the news from Northern papers. No Southern papers reached Europe at that time. The money appropriated to meet the needs of the commissioners was far too small. Thus Mr. Yancey, hindered by lack of money, by a limited policy, by Mr. Seward's diplomacy, and by indifference on every hand, felt that his commission had done all that it could do in gaining recognition as belligerents and the promise of protection as neutrals. He therefore requested a recall, which was granted.

President Davis disunited the joint commission and appointed Mr. Mason to represent the Confederate States in London, Mr. Mann in Belgium, Mr. Rost in Spain, and Mr. Slidell in Paris. The Trent Affair prevented Messrs. Mason and Slidell from reaching Europe until January, 1862. During the delay Mr. Yancey continued to represent the Confederacy.

The seizure of the two new Confederate commissioners by Captain Wilkes on November 8, 1861, from H. B. M. royal mail steam packet Trent furnished the substance of a fresh appeal to England for her interference in behalf of the return of the captives, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The South believed that the United States government would refuse to give up their prisoners, who could be considered contraband of war as well as breakers of the blockade in their attempt to escape, and they hoped that the affair would bring England into the war on the side of secession.

Accordingly, on November 27, 1861, Messrs. Yancey, Rost, and Mann sent a letter to Lord Russell setting forth the case on the ground of a violation of international law and asked for the justice of an admiralty court decision. Lord Russell replied that he had the honor to receive the letter, but in the present state of affairs he must decline to enter into any official communication with them. But England made the demand, and the government of the United States acquiesced. During the controversy in both England and France efforts were made through the press to strengthen the Confederate cause. Mr. Mann, in his letter to President Davis, dated January 18, speaks of the surrender as a "signal triumph of the government over the government at Washington, amounting to a disgraceful humiliation which will cause it to observe for a time a more vigorous neutrality here and between the North and the South."

After Mason and Slidell started for Europe, the foreign policy was changed. Larger sums of money were voted by Congress, a more vigorous press campaign was instituted, and on April 18, 1862, a secret service fund was sent. Mr. Holze was appointed commercial agent in London. At times encouragement through speeches, through the press, and through social influence was freely given. When victories followed General Lee's army and the Southern hopes were brightest, it was the feeling that the South was fighting to preserve slavery which kept England from giving the moral support which she continuously sought. In the instructions given the new commissioners the basis of approach shifted more fully to commerce, and less assurance of a speedy victory was evident.

In response to the new plea European countries demanded that England should act first, since she was considered to have the greatest interest at stake. Mr. Slidell wrote of French sentiment: "A man of note has said to me: 'We do not choose to play the part of a simple cat in the fable of La Fontaine and draw the chestnuts from the fire for England. She must take the initiative; we will promptly follow her lead, and we know that she cannot much longer defer the action which her industrial and commercial interests so imperatively demand.'" This was the attitude throughout the rest of the war.

Among the individual questions about which much of the intercourse turned was the blockade instituted against all Southern ports at the beginning of the war. If Europe could be induced to pronounce the blockade illegal, an untold benefit would result to the South through restored commerce.

In 1856 five great powers had agreed upon blockade rules which were to be followed in future wars. To these rules all Europe and the United States had assented, the latter government excepting the prohibition of privateering. The three rules binding on all were: (1) Neutral flag covers enemy's goods, except contraband of war; (2) neutral goods, excepting contraband of war, are not liable to capture under the enemy's flag; and (3) blockades to be binding must be effective—that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy. The Confederate Congress adopted these rules on August 13, 1861. They presupposed that the parties involved would be independent nations. This condition exposed the United States to the charge of contradictory diplomacy when she claimed that it was impossible for a State to secede from the Union, yet employed a blockade against such a State. This led the way to the proclamation of neutrality by France and England in 1861, which constituted the Confederate States as belligerents both on land and at sea.

During the first year of the war the blockade was ineffectual. Under direction of the Confederate government, Messrs. Yancey, Rost, and Mann communicated to the English government copies of the names of vessels, four hundred in number, arriving and departing from the various ports of the South since the proclamation until August 1, 1861. Various hopes were given the commissioners, but for fear of difficulties with Washington no definite step was taken at that time. Then special commercial advantages were offered; for if the blockade should be lifted through European interference, it would become a step toward recognition.

The matter was continually urged by the commissioners, but no action was taken until 1863. On February 10 of that year Mr. Mason received a communication from Lord Russell containing the interpretation placed by the English government on the international agreement. He stated that the declaration "could not have been intended to mean that a port must be so blockaded as really to prevent access in all winds and independently of whether the communication might be carried on of a dark night or by means of small, low steamers or coasting craft creeping along the shore—in short, that it was necessary that communication with a port under blockade should be utterly and absolutely impossible under any circumstances, * * * although a sudden storm or change of wind occasionally blew off the blockading squadron. * * * Such an accident does not suspend, much less break, a blockade; * * * driving off a blockading force by superior force does break a blockade." Even after receiving this definite reply directly from Earl Russell, the Southern leaders did not give up hope. The protest was oft repeated,

statistics were used, a play upon the meaning of the words "effective and sufficient" was attempted, and they urged action on the part of France through her championship of neutral rights and favored the French designs in Mexico to win a response.

At last, when all other plans had failed, on December 27, 1864, Mr. Benjamin, then Secretary of State, instructed Mr. Slidell to gain at any cost the conditions which must be met by the Confederate government which would induce them to grant the rights for which the South was fighting. To secure that end they held no sacrifice too great save that of honor. The only answer which had been received by the commissioners to their renewed efforts was a short note from Earl Russell sustaining the decision of February 10, 1863. This action was followed by other nations, and the Confederate States were never granted the rank which they asserted and maintained at so great a sacrifice to the last, and openly no aid was given with which to break the blockade.

The influence which had been strongest in keeping alive hope for ultimate success in the minds of most Southerners was cotton. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, had asserted that faith in the United States Senate. He said: "We can live, if need be, without commerce; but when you shut out our cotton from the looms of Europe, we shall see whether other nations will not have something to do on that subject. Cotton is king, and it will find means to raise your blockade and dispose of your ships." Probably about no other question was there a greater division of opinion as to its most effective use. Modern warfare meant money as urgently in 1860 as it does in the world war to-day. All United States mints and printing bureaus were located in the North. The South started business with cotton as its only important asset. Foreign aid was brought in, money printed, bonds issued, and demands were met, but final success depended upon foreign credit as well as foreign interference.

Again diversity of opinion prevailed. Joseph E. Johnston would have had cotton shipped by the government; Mr. Memminger favored a large bond issue to be sold in France based on a cotton security; Mr. Rhett believed that the currency should be based on the cotton deposited in Europe, and he argued that if the blockade closed the ports of the South, England would engage in attempts to cultivate cotton in India and other possessions. J. M. Daniels, in the *Richmond Examiner*, favored destroying all cotton and refusing to raise more till recognition be forced from England. Stephens advocated buying vessels with cotton from Europe, so that the government could hold at least one Confederate port open for the export of cotton. Secretary Toombs wished the government to take the responsibility of exporting all cotton to Europe. He would have mortgaged every pound of it to France and England to pay planters and to buy the aid of the navies of France and England.

The cotton crop of 1860 had been largely shipped before the blockade was made effective, and Congress failed to support Secretary Memminger in his plan for increasing foreign credit by the sale of cotton loan bonds in Paris when they were in evident demand. President Davis remained unconvinced of the weakness in his "Cotton Famine Policy." This lack of a strong and definite policy made cotton ineffective as either a political or a commercial weapon, and it was the last of the available means at the command of the South to win its way to an equal standing among nations.

Callahan gives the following as the reasons for the failure of cotton to secure foreign influence: First, England at the beginning had large stocks of cotton and sold it at high

prices; second, after 1862 there was a steady flow of cotton to both Europe and the Northern States (England had received indirectly from the Confederate States since September, 1863, 4,000 bales per week); and, third, the United States had received cotton through Mexico and the West Indies and had captured blockade runners.

The cotton shortage in England had caused much of the trouble which the Southern leaders had predicted. Intense poverty and suffering had resulted. England's Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in speaking of the blockade, said in regard to the need: "Thousands are now obliged to resort to the poor rates for subsistence owing to this blockade, yet Her Majesty's government have not sought to take advantage of the obvious imperfection of this blockade in order to declare it in effective. They have, to the loss and detriment of the British nation, scrupulously observed the duties of Great Britain to friendly States." To the end of the struggle both government and people of the South held the faith that the influence of cotton would at last be felt and bring them freedom.

Through most of the intercourse with France and England the former had expressed a friendly attitude. There was less open opposition to the institution of slavery, and letters written to the Confederate government by Mr. Slidell were not without hope during all the four years. In the end Secretary Benjamin reviews the situation in a letter on September 20, 1864, addressed to Mr. Slidell, which shows the "contrasts between friendly professions and injurious acts," which covered the blockade question, entry of prizes, violation of the treaty of 1778, seizing of arms for Mexicans which were destined for the Confederacy, tobacco controversy, Maximilian controversy, the defeat of the Alabama due to delay in permission to dock for repairs in a French port, selling of war vessels to other foreign warring parties which had been promised to the Confederate government, and the detention of the Rappahannock. He said: "The Emperor of the French proffered an earnest sympathy for us and a desire to serve us, which, however sincere at the time, have yielded to the first suggestion of advantage to be gained by rendering assistance to our enemy." However true or false the intrigues of Emperor Napoleon were, there is no reason to doubt that the French government would have been a close follower in the movement for recognition and aid for the struggling masses had England led the way.

The "Foreign Policy of the Confederate States" executed with other countries is less important, since without the leadership of England and France little could be expected from them. President Davis commissioned John C. Pickett to Mexico, P. N. Lynch to the States of the Church, Charles J. Helm to the West Indies, Lucius Lamar to Russia, and in 1864 Jacob Thompson and C. C. Clay were sent to Canada as agents to bring new weight to bear upon England.

John C. Pickett, under instructions, attempted to form an alliance with Mexico. Like institutions were urged, but Mexico remained neutral. She even disregarded her promise of neutrality to the extent of granting permission to the United States to use Mexican territory through which to pass troops, thus giving support to the Federal cause. The commission was abandoned.

Mr. Helm in Cuba and agents in Nassau and the Bermudas furnished very valuable aid throughout the period of the war. The government of Cuba answered Mr. Helm's communication by saying that, while the Southern representative could not be officially received, friendly relations were

desired. The South was permitted to purchase arms and supplies, and ports were furnished which were used as bases for blockade runners.

Russia remained friendly to the United States and refused to receive the Confederate commissioner, whose appointment was never confirmed by the Confederate Senate. Russia's attitude was known, and the members of the Senate felt that it was inexpedient to appoint any more agents abroad until recognition had been obtained.

Privateers were licensed in Mexico, the West Indies, and in European countries. Vessels which were purchased from Great Britain were allowed to slip away without check. They were afterwards armed and commissioned for service as war vessels. The most important of these was the Alabama, which was fitted out at Liverpool. The British government ordered an investigation, but the orders were executed so slowly that the ship was ready to sail the night before the ruling demanding seizure came. The Alabama was armed and coaled at the Azores by two British vessels. This careless action on the part of the government of Great Britain resulted from the strong influence of Southern victories. Lord Russell afterwards said he felt that his only grave error in his official position toward America had been his neglect to detain the Alabama.

Reports from European commissioners became less and less hopeful. Inconveniences, trying situations, and hindrances of many kinds were met, but little profit resulted for the cause in which they had enlisted. Their instructions sent by the State Department from time to time shifted from the dignified request of Mr. Yancey to the verge of supplication. This wavering policy may or may not have been responsible for the failure. It is evident from the facts that in their position a changing policy was inevitable. "J. L. Orr, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations of the Confederate Congress, said that the Confederate States never had a foreign policy, nor did the government ever consent to attempt a high diplomacy with European powers." Not that the Confederate States had no foreign policy, but that the strength of the Union policy, backed by the opposition to a "slaveholding republic" existing in England, forced them to accept such favors, direct or indirect, as the nations pleased to give them.

Mr. Clay wrote to Mr. Seward from the legation of the United States at St. Petersburg August 3, 1864, saying: "We have a telegram to-day that the President has consented to make peace with the South upon the basis only of a restored Union and the abolition of slavery. I rejoice at this resolve (rejecting all minor terms). Let us give general amnesty, restore the confiscated lands, do anything but yield the Union and allow slavery, without the destruction of which it would be worth nothing, and all our blood would have been shed in vain."

That slavery was the fundamental cause of England's firm stand against the Southern claims is made clear in a report of a conversation held between Mr. Mason and the Earl of Donoughmore. The Earl had said that after Lee's successes on the Rappahannock and his march into Pennsylvania recognition would have been gained but for slavery. Mr. Mason asked him: "Suppose I should go now to Lord Palmerston and make a proposition—to wit, that in the event of present recognition measures would be taken satisfactory to the British government for the abolition of slavery, not suddenly and at once, but so as to insure abolition in a fair and reasonable time—would your government then recog-

nize us? He replied that the time had gone by now." It was evident to all then that the proposition would be futile, for their uncertain future was soon to become certain in a reunited country.

The moments of the Confederate commissioners in Europe had not all been discouraging. In 1862, following the successful Southern campaign in Virginia, the aristocracy openly urged their cause. Gladstone said that President Davis had "created a nation." Unofficially much aid had been given. Yet in the face of a growing certainty of ultimate failure the splendid loyalty of the South's diplomatic servants shone out. In Mr. Mason's letter of May 1, 1865, he still waits ready to remain under orders, though "desirous to be at home to contribute to our great cause, whatever it might be in my power to do there, or to give aid and protection to my (I fear) distressed family." To the very end energy and hope persisted, and failure was admitted only when the surrender of General Lee's army closed both the military and the diplomatic history of the Confederate States.

In concluding a survey of the South's foreign relations it is not possible, even after fifty years, to explain fully the cause of failure. So many conflicting elements entered into the problem that it is unjust to attempt to center the blame in any one department or policy. That the men who were the makers of the history of these dangerous times were sincere, courageous, energetic, and skillful cannot be doubted by those who study their lives. One great aim had been the goal of their efforts—that of independence. Out of their failure has grown a united country in which the right of secession employed as a remedy for any political difficulty would be impossible. North and South, East and West return to-day the same loyalty to the Federal government, and the promise of a greater future is being realized.

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LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[Correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his family in Alabama.]

CATLETTS STATION, VA., October 17, 1863.

Dear Mary: Your letter announcing the death of Hooper was received about ten days ago and would have been answered before now but for the fact that the army has been on the move ever since. On the night of the 9th instant the army broke up camp on the Rapidan and moved fifteen miles in the direction of the Blue Ridge. The next morning we forded the Rapidan at Burnett's Ford, five miles northwest of Orange C. H., and all hands then became convinced that General Lee intended making one of his masterly flank movements.

We crossed Robertson's River by fording early the morning of the 11th instant and Hazel River late the same afternoon without meeting with opposition or even seeing a Yankee. Our march met with no interruption until the evening of the 12th, when we reached Warrenton Springs, on the Upper Rappahannock. The Yankees were discovered drawn up in line of battle on the opposite side. The division of Rodes being in the advance, he formed his men as quickly as possible and double-quickened them down to the ford, and in the face of a very heavy fire the boys crossed over, and in less time than it will take for me to record the event the enemy were leaving with straight coattails for Centerville. We captured in this affair about eight hundred prisoners, while our own loss was insignificant.

Night coming on immediately after the passage of the river, we went into camp and the next morning resumed our march for the far-famed plains of Manassas; but before reaching that point we again found the army of Meade drawn up in line of battle at Bristow's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroads, and after an action of four hours the Yankees again sloped and are now without a doubt safe behind the fortifications of Washington. In this affair we took some three thousand prisoners and killed and wounded a large number. Our own loss will not fall far short of one thousand men. I know of none of your acquaintances who are injured. We are now tearing up the railroad from Manassas to Culpeper C. H. and thus far have destroyed twenty-seven miles of the track and burned the bridges. I suppose we will finish our contract to-morrow or the day after.

As General Lee has engineered the Yanks again out of Virginia, I suppose we will enjoy a season of quiet. I had a letter from William a few days ago in which he spoke of making application for a furlough in a few days. I hope he got it and is now safe at home. While in Richmond I sent you the *Whig*. Do you receive it? And do you like it better than the *Enquirer*? I also sent you the *Daily Mail* for two months. Do you also receive that regularly?

I have lost my knife. I gave Bob a handle to put blades in for me before leaving home, and I want you to see that he does so and send the knife to me the very first opportunity. I hope Maria will not dispose of Hooper's gun before I come home. I want it because it was his.

I am as well as usual, though my leg gave out on the long march of more than one hundred miles we have just taken.

P. S.—Write soon and direct as usual to Richmond. Love to all. John and Billy are both well.

BRANDY STATION, NEAR KELLY'S FORD, VA.,

November 4, 1863.

Dear Mary: Yours of the 24th ult. is the first letter I have had from you since the one I acknowledged the receipt of at Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan River. * * * I am always anxious to hear from home and particularly so when letters are like angels' visits. We are stationed so far from a railroad now that it is really a treat to receive a letter from home. * * *

We have been engaged for two weeks past in erecting houses for winter quarters, and "our mess" has one completed that is really as comfortable as any one could desire. My fears are aroused in regard to the army becoming a fixture for the winter, as rumors are flying around in camp as thick as "leaves in Vallombrosa" in regard to an early movement of Lee's forces now in contemplation by that commander. I have always been of the opinion that we had commenced our quarters too early, for the simple reason that the fall season is generally the most propitious for military operations, and if the Yankees make a move it will necessitate a corresponding one on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia. I hope, however, that we may be permitted to remain in quiet during the winter, and next spring we will be better prepared for the offensive than we are now.

Everything is remarkably quiet along our entire front, and it may be that Meade is quietly shipping off the flower of his forces to reinforce the army lately under the command of Rosecrans in Tennessee. If he diminishes his army for any such purpose, he may expect the residue to fall into the clutches of his old rival, Lee.

The army is quite healthy now. Company F has lost one man by disease since the battle of Gettysburg, Corp. Thomas N. Meriwether, who died of apoplexy on Friday last. His age was twenty years. Ewell's Corps was not engaged in the skirmish at Bristow's Station. There were only two brigades of Hill's Corps engaged in that affair—to wit, Cook's and Kirkland's—composed entirely of North Carolina troops, who behaved very badly, I learned. A. P. Hill was between the Yankees and Washington, while Ewell, with Rodes's, Early's, and Johnson's Divisions, was moving on their rear; but for some unexplained reason the former permitted them to escape, and they soon succeeded in placing themselves beyond pursuit.

BRANDY STATION, NEAR KELLY'S FORD,

November 7, 1863.

Dear Mary: I wrote you a few days ago by mail; but as Lieut. Wade McBryde leaves for home this morning, I avail myself of the opportunity to drop a line by him. I am still in good health, but do not feel quite at ease on account of a report prevailing in camp to the effect that the Yankees have defeated Bragg, and when last heard from he was rapidly falling back on Atlanta. How the report reached here I do not know, but I find a good many who are disposed to believe it. I hope there is some mistake about the matter, as a defeat in that quarter now would entail ruin on our cause.

For two weeks past we have had the most delightful weather I ever saw at this season of the year. Every one wishes for the rainy season to commence, as that would effectually suspend military movements for the balance of the year.

I find great difficulty now in getting paper to write on. The cost of a letter is getting to be quite heavy on a fellow,

as he has to pay twenty-five cents per sheet for inferior paper, ten cents for an envelope, and the postage, which makes in the aggregate forty-five cents. I have no stamps and will necessarily in future have to "frank" all my letters.

As for news, I know of none worthy of mention in camp. The Yanks are quiet.

MORTON'S FORD, ON RAPIDAN RIVER,

November 12, 1863.

Dear Ma: * * * Hugh Hardy arrived in camp yesterday and gave me a letter from Mary. She stated that you had sent me some articles of clothing and a knife by him; but as he has not yet said anything to me about them, I infer that he either did not bring them or left them in Richmond on account of difficulty in getting transportation. If the shirts are cotton, I do not need them, as I have as many now of that description as I can carry on a march. If they are woolen overshirts, they will be very acceptable, for the reason that I have no overcoat with me, and the weather is bitter cold. I will not need a jacket and pants before January; and as Mary informs me that Jule Rast will not be on before that time, you can send them by him.

I have a good pair of gloves you knit for me last winter, which will do me for at least one winter more. You need not send me a comforter, as the wool used in knitting it can be put to better use. You have sent me two since I have been in the army, and if I recollect aright I never used either half a dozen times. In the way of blankets, I have only one and a rubber cloth; but my bed participator, Dave Smith, has two heavy ones, and we therefore manage to get along "bully." I have not yet got any of my things I sent to Richmond, but suppose they will be sent for as soon as we get located for the winter. My wardrobe consists of the following articles: Two shirts, two pairs of pants, five pairs of socks, one jacket, and one blanket. In addition, when on the march I have the following burden to bear: One cartridge box with sixty rounds of ball cartridges, one bayonet and scabbard, one gun, one haversack with three days' rations, and one canteen. This is about as heavy a load as I wish to "tote," and consequently you need send me nothing before January unless it is something to feed on, which is always acceptable. If Mary failed in sending my knife by Hugh, she can do so at the first opportunity, as I am greatly in need of one; also the shirts can be sent if they are of wool.

The weather is as cold as the world's charity. I counted out on inspection yesterday thirty-one men in Battle's Brigade who did not have a sign of a shoe on their feet, yet they are compelled to perform as much duty as those who are well shod. Don't you think this state of affairs is a burning shame to our government and people? I stated to Mary in my last letter the cause of our unceremonious "change of base" from Kelly's Ford to this place, and to her letter I refer you for particulars.

Tell Mary I did not get the letter Juliet wrote me from Benton. I suppose Clayton has it in his pocket yet, and if she will search the gent she will doubtless find it.

I think we will fight here sometime before Christmas—i. e., if the Yankees attempt to cross the Rapidan. Lee has only about 55,000 and needs reinforcements. Some think the Yanks will not try this route any more, but that their next move will be made on the south side of James River. "So mote it be!" Have had no letter from William in a month.

P. S.—Since I wrote the letter Hugh has sent the shirts to me, also the knife and gloves. I am much obliged to you.

HINDMAN'S SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY.

[The following excerpts from Maj. John N. Edwards's book on "Shelby and His Men," giving two incidents which demonstrate General Hindman's ability as a strategist, were furnished by O. P. Ray, of Keytesville, Mo.]

After Hindman's arrival at Little Rock, and before he had a brigade assembled to meet Curtis, he dispatched messengers to General Bragg and to the Secretary of War with communications detailing exactly the condition of the department, the scarcity of arms, the dearth of soldiers, the panic of the people, and the threatening attitude of the Federals, expressing great fears in conclusion that should Curtis advance Little Rock would be without a garrison and powerless for defense. The documents fell into Curtis's hands, and the urgency of their appeals convinced him of their truthfulness and the utter weakness of Hindman. The Federal general squared himself around threateningly and pushed along slowly southward, gathering up, however, as he went all the cotton within his lengthy reach.

Meanwhile Hindman's great brain was stimulated by the imminence of the danger, and as a last resort he opposed finesse to force chicanery to firm lines and massive battalions. He and his chief of staff, Col. R. C. Newton, an officer of distinguished courage, devotion, and ability, formed plans suddenly thus: A mail was fixed up ostensibly to cross the Mississippi River with letters to the Arkansas soldiers beyond and dispatches for the Richmond authorities. Newton went to a hundred or more ladies and gentlemen whom he knew well and who had fathers, husbands, lovers, children, and brothers over there under Lee and Beauregard and unfolded to them privately Hindman's wishes and plans. The old patriarchs wrote to their sons and bade them be of good cheer, for five thousand splendidly armed Texans had just arrived, and Little Rock was safe. Brothers wrote to brothers describing some imaginary brigade to which they were attached and went into ecstasies over the elegant new Enfields arriving from Mexico. The young girls, true to the witchery and coquetry of their sex, informed their lovers under Cleburne and Gates in delicate epistles of the great balls given to the Louisianians and how Mary Jane lost her heart here, Annabel Lee there, and Minnie Myrtle somewhere else, importuning the absent ones to make haste speedily with the war and come home, for the Louisiana and Texas gallants would take no denial and were so nice and fascinating. Everybody wrote that could write and, under the sense of great peril, wrote naturally and well. Every letter was submitted to the ordeal of Hindman's acute diplomacy and Newton's legal acumen. Then Hindman wrote concisely and plainly that his efforts for the defense of the department were bearing healthy fruit; the people, alive to their danger, were volunteering by the thousands; the scarcity of arms, looked upon as being an almost insurmountable obstacle, had been in a measure overcome; so that with a large number just arriving and with several thousand more a Mexican firm at Matamoras was willing to exchange for cotton he had great hopes of soon attacking Curtis. Then followed a list of his new organizations and the names of many officers appointed by himself for whom he asked commissions.

To get this mail now into Curtis's hands, with all its heterogeneous contents, its paternal lectures, its schoolboy scrawls, its labored love letters, its impassioned poetry, its calm, succinct statements of military facts, was the uppermost question in Hindman's mind. Fate, which always favors

the brave and the beautiful, favored Hindman. A young Missourian, a daring, handsome, intelligent, athletic soldier from St. Joseph, Lieut. Col. Walter Scott, volunteered for the perilous mission, asking only a swift, strong horse and greenbacks enough for the journey. He had himself the rest—the nerve, the arms, the knightly valor. Toiling through swamps, swimming bayous, keeping lonely vigils about lonesome, guarded roads, he reached at last the vicinity of Curtis's army. Up to this time his beautiful sorrel mare, his petted Princess, had been led tenderly along, watched and nursed as a man waits upon a fickle beauty. Upon her fleet limbs depended the fate of a State, upon her strong sinews the life of a rider.

Bold and determined and resolved to win all or lose all, Scott rode calmly up to the nearest pickets and, alone as he was and ignorant of the country, fired upon them. It was returned without damage, and he retreated back a little to bivouac, hungry, in a swamp by the roadside. The next morning, with the dew on the grass and the song of "half-awakened birds" thrilling on the air, he rode out broad and good into the pathway and fired closely upon the head of thirty Federal Illinois cavalry coming out to pillage and to burn. They dashed after him fiercely. Princess, quivering with suppressed speed, pulled hard upon the bit and flecked her spotless coat with foam splashes. Round and round wheeled Scott, firing now at the enemy almost upon him and then dashing off, followed by a handful of bullets. The saddlebags were safe yet, and he must win. At last, feigning great exhaustion for his mare, he held her in with an iron hand, though using his spurs mercilessly, every stroke going into his own flesh. First his overcoat went, then one pistol, then another (he had two left yet, though), then his heavy leggings, then the large cavalry roll, then as a last resort the precious mail went down in the road before the rushing Federals. Potent as the golden apples of Atalanta, the Illinois men stopped to gather it up and were distanced. Scott, after turning a bend in the road, caressed his poor tired beauty and gave her the reins with a soft, sweet word. The sensitive creature dashed away superbly and carried her rider far beyond all danger, and Scott soon returned to Little Rock to receive thanks for services well and faithfully done.

This ruse had the desired effect upon Curtis, and he halted and wavered. His own dispatches captured afterwards revealed the fact, for in them were pleading supplications for reinforcements. Hindman only wanted time, and the time he gained enabled him to save the department and drive back Blunt and Curtis.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL LYTLE.

Commanding a corps at Chickamauga, Hindman was moving up to engage under a terrific fire. The evolutions of the line over a wretchedly broken country had separated two of his brigades about his center, and this center was nearest the enemy. The leader of a Federal infantry division marked the fatal gap and, instantly massing his regiments in solid column, dashed down to enter it. It was a fearful moment. The dark-blue wedge seemed driven on by invisible hands, and ahead of all, bestride a magnificent coal-black charger, the commander cheered on his men, his naked blade flashing in the sunlight, his glittering regiments conspicuous above the more sober uniform of his staff, and his clear, steady voice ringing out musically over the field.

Hindman knew his danger, and he knew the remedy. In

his flanks was a company of skirmishers armed with the Whitworth rifles, and, fortunately, not ten rods away a lieutenant of this company was operating with a dozen marksmen. Hindman called him up, ordered him to fire upon the Federal commander, and kill him if possible, well knowing the effect of his death upon the men. Coolly, as if on dress parade, the young officer stepped out with his men to the front and took deliberate aim under a galling fire. Twelve rifles cracked simultaneously. Rider and steed went down together, and the black mane of the horse waved over Lytle. Three bullets struck him, seven his horse, a wonderful fire and remarkable for terrible accuracy. This daring and gallant officer was Maj. Gen. William H. Lytle, the author of that immortal poem, "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying." His fall had the desired effect. His division, no longer inspired by the heroic example of its leader, halted and retreated in disorder, the gap in the Confederate lines was closed, and Hindman pressed on furiously during the entire day. Kind and generous to the body of his fallen enemy, he placed a guard over it, removed Lytle's saber and pistols, and afterwards sent them, together with the body, under a flag of truce to his sisters at Cincinnati.

THE CRUISE OF THE NASHVILLE.

BY DR. W. R. INGE DALTON, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT C. S. NAVY,
IN MAIL AND HERALD, SEATTLE, WASH.

On the night of the sailing of the Nashville the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, with their families, came aboard to go to England and France; but they became frightened on account of the fearful storm which was raging, refused to go, and went back to shore. It was just exactly the kind of a night, however, for our purpose, as in order to get out to sea we were obliged to pass through the enemy's fleet, which was blockading Charleston at the time. So, cheerfully singing,

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our hearts as happy and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home,"

we put to sea and steamed safely by the grim watchers, passing quite close to some mighty men-of-war, which were keenly anticipating our movements. They could not fire at first with much accuracy because of the heavy sea which prevented them from using their guns to advantage. A precise aim while the ship was rolling and pitching prevented anything like accurate firing.

We were congratulating ourselves upon eluding them completely while still in the midst of the grim monsters—some were in front of us, some on the starboard, and still others on the port side—steaming first to right and then to left and scudding along propitiously, when, to our chagrin, our smokestack lit up with a fiery glare which revealed our position to the enemy. Immediately flash after flash was seen, boom after boom of the heavy cannon was heard almost immediately, while the hurtling shells passed in close proximity to us. There was nothing else to do but cram on more steam and make a run for safety out in the open sea, which we did successfully, and by daylight there was nothing visible on the surging waters of the horizon to menace us.

About 10 A.M. we were heading south by east when we sighted a large schooner, which afterwards was ascertained to be the Gilfillan, laden with lumber and supplies for the

United States fleet, Commodore Farragut, in the Gulf of Mexico. I shall never forget the utter consternation produced on the officers of that craft when we told them we intended to burn their pretty vessel. The captain wept bitterly, averring that all he had in the world was invested in the venture, that he would be utterly ruined, that his poor wife and family in Philadelphia would be thrown upon the cold charity of the world, appealing to God "to have mercy" while vainly begging our commanding officer, Bennett, to spare his property. My heart fairly ached in sympathy for him to witness his distress, but we were obliged to obey orders. We took off the prisoners and reduced that fine schooner to ashes in a few minutes. Such are the horrors of war.

We landed the prisoners in Georgetown, Bermuda, took on more coal, and started for Southampton, England, but a violent storm overtook us. Such a storm Captain Pegram asserted he had never in all his "experience of over thirty years at sea" encountered. It was such a storm as rendered it necessary to change our course to nearly one thousand miles southward, and it was with extreme difficulty that we came near the coast of England.

When within a few hours' sail of that coast we captured the Harvey Burch, a magnificent ship, in ballast, with a cargo of fowls and birds in bewildering variety, of nearly every description. We burned that beautiful ship, and for hours the lurid flames lit up the skies. Then the crew and prisoners were landed in Southampton the next day but one. The English people were not at all pleased with our procedure, protesting with loud acclaim against our "act of piracy." We were reviled, called "pirates" and other opprobrious names; but in a few days they heard of the capture of Mason and Slidell, taken from the English steamer Trent by Captain Wilkes, of the United States navy, which changed them from abuse to a more friendly attitude toward us. In fact, they wine, dined, and toasted us on every hand as heroes.

The Prime Minister of England, Lord Palmerston, came aboard to visit us. Never at any time was war so imminent as then between England and the United States. Now, after many years since the War between the States, I thank God that such war was happily averted.

We were kept perforce in Southampton by the appearance in the English Channel of the United States man-of-war Tuscarora for nearly five months. We had no armament sufficiently heavy to cope with so formidable an adversary, as our antagonist would have blown us out of the water in short order. To us "youngsters," however (the midshipmen, there were eight of us), our stay there was a source of delight, for we went sight-seeing in England and over to Paris, where we had good times generally. Occasionally our respective crews would meet at the theaters or other places of amusement in town, when trouble arose, and fights galore ensued until the participants were restrained by the authorities and "jugged" in jail, which cooled their warlike ardor considerably.

Sometimes amusing incidents occurred by the meeting of the officers of the two ships. One of my former classmates at Annapolis, Lieutenant Preble, and I met often at a cigar store, where we "sparked" the lovely saleslady "time about." Not a word would pass between him and me, of course, but the language of our eyes was eloquent in the extreme. For instance, he would say to her: "I wish I could speak to Dalt, but we are bitter enemies, you know.

Would you give him a box of cigars?" I would thank him through the same fair source and return the treat by saying: "Please let my bloodthirsty enemy have a box to take with him." In that way we exchanged meerschaum pipes, very much to the ludicrous uncertainty of the pretty maid as to our sanity; though when she understood the situation, she was no longer mystified, but hilarious in her merriment and made all kinds of fun out of it, quite to Preb's and my discomfiture.

Those were halcyon days. But, ah! toward the close of the war Preb and I were destined to oppose each other in deadly earnest, he being in command of Fort Brady, on the James River below Richmond, near Drewry's Bluff, and I at Battery Brook, just opposite; and we engaged in fighting each other daily for several months.

On a cold night in January, 1865, after we had been engaged in an artillery duel, the firing had ceased, and all the air a solemn stillness held, when about 10 P.M. I heard the sweet strains of a flute playing a little Spanish air, "Ay Chiquita," which Preble and I were wont to play while on our first cruise to Spain, and I instantly recognized his peculiar fullness of tone and tempo. As the dulcet strains died away I took up my flute and played "Musette de Nina," to which he replied with the waltz from "Faust," which he played exquisitely. Knowing so well each other's execution and technique, we knew that "a friendly enemy" was not far away, and night after night we kept up the communication by music. When he would play the "Bar-Strangled Banner," as we derisively called the beautiful and soul-stirring song, I would reply with "Dixie" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Alas! one day, just before General Grant broke through our lines, which caused us to march to ill-fated Appomattox, I saw him fall from the top of one of his bombproofs, where, glasses in hand, he was watching the effects of his shots upon my guns. One of my gunners, who was a splendid shot and always fired with unerring aim, turned his gun upon their position, a piece of shell struck brave, noble Preble, and I saw him no more nor ever heard again his genial signal of music to me. But I heard in 1915 that he was only wounded.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MARGARET AND JESSIE.

Mr. Adams, who served with such distinction at the Court of St. James as Minister to England during the war, was far too superior in Yankee astuteness and watchfulness to take any chance with the ironclad ships which the Confederate States government had ordered to be built for our navy. We never took possession of a single one of them, and after months of waiting we were all ordered back to the Confederacy.

During those fateful years of war many amusing incidents occurred, and it was "our crowd." There were nine of us, commanded by Captain Claibourne, who had been ordered to go to Europe to officer the ironclads which were being built for us there. We had run the blockade successfully out of Charleston, S. C., and were congratulating ourselves upon having outwitted the enemy, through whose fleet we had passed, when twilight revealed a United States man-of-war, the Rhode Island, hull down, in our rear about eight miles astern. Being a fast steamer, our captain, Wilson, had no fear of capture, trusting to our superior sailing speed, and it was with a feeling of exultation that we jeered at the idea of the "Yankee" overhauling us. Our jeer was rudely

interrupted in a short time by an unearthly screeching caused by a shell fired at us from a distance of nearly seven miles. We had never known up to then that any gun could "carry" that far, though we had read in the New York *Herald* of a rifled parrot, eight-inch, which was said to "carry" six miles. Immediately after the first shot another came whizzing over us. "Great Scott!" said I, "what kind of a gun can that be?" "Moses," said Dan Trigg, who had been pointing in derision a champagne bottle at them. "The Parrot is talking, and she don't want a cracker." The effect of the last witticism served to animate us, and we increased our speed. But, alas! in our strenuous efforts the boiler became deranged and a flue stopped up, which, of course, lowered our rate of speed. The Rhode Island got closer and closer and kept us busy piling up the cotton bales around the exposed machinery. She came on us like an avenging Nemesis, raining a hot fire upon our doomed vessel.

It soon became evident that we would be inevitably captured if we did not get into the neutral harbor of Eleuthera Island, one of the Great Bahamas, belonging to England, and we succeeded by Herculean efforts in sailing into the "Light" of the uninhabited island. It was of no avail, however. The villain man-of-war "still pursued us," and finally near sundown, after we ran upon the reef at the western end of the island, she poured a whole broadside into our side, blew up our boilers, and ended the cruise of the Margaret and Jessie then and there.

Owing to having been shipwrecked upon English soil, "the enemy" did not dare to take possession, but a boat rowed to us. The lieutenant who sat at the stern, seeing me, yelled out: "Hello, Dalt. Why the devil don't you d—d pirates hoist a flag?"

So then we understood why they kept up their infernal firing upon us while we were within the required immunity of distance of three miles, as required by international law.

We were certainly a bedraggled set. A sorry spectacle we appeared when we managed to reach the island. The only boat was a small dinghy, which was not damaged by shells as the others were, in which we put an old Frenchman and his two daughters, who had been kept down below out of danger during the firing. He had a box of gold, quite heavy, which he clung to like a "sick kitten to a hot brick" and which he carried with him.

Those were the days when women wore crinoline. The young ladies, however, in the stress of excitement never once thought of donning hoops (whoops, though, were loudly in evidence during the firing); so when they landed, after having been unmercifully ducked by the waves of the surf and with difficulty carried up the beach, they seemed like Grecian statues of Venus coming out of the bath and appeared to me as if they had been chiseled out of Parian marble by some modern Praxiteles, so closely were they wrapped up in their white garments.

Ah! they were "nature unadorned," adorned the most. The loveliest one of the two, Mademoiselle Lucille, said to me in her charming Creole patois, while her eyes flashed with maidenly indignation: "You mean thing, to look at us!" "My Lord, you beautiful creature," I replied in French as I gazed still upon her classic curves, "I only regret that I have an eye wounded!" (A splinter caused by a shell striking the side of our ship had wounded my left eye.)

WITH HOOD BEFORE NASHVILLE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The battle of Franklin was fought on Wednesday, November 3, 1864, from about four o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock that night. My memory is that the end of the severe fighting was before 6:30. I remember helping to dress the wounds of Capt. R. Y. Johnson about seven o'clock, and then the firing had become scattered. During the night the Federals abandoned their works, and the next morning they were safe in the fortifications of Nashville. Our army pursued and established its lines three or four miles south of the city. Under direction of the surgeons I was busy for three days getting our wounded under shelter, utilizing residences, barns, a church, and whatever buildings could be made temporarily comfortable. In my efforts to secure places and supplies I can bear testimony to the generous spirit of the people of Franklin, who put everything at our disposal. The women especially devoted themselves to the care of the wounded. I have told in another place how hard a time I had in convincing a patriotic old lady that such a disreputable-looking tramp as I could be a chaplain; but when she became convinced, she loaded me down with apologies and good things for the boys.

It was Sunday when I got my work done and left Franklin to rejoin the fragment of our brigade at Nashville. Those three strenuous days of burying the dead, among them my own brother, of cheering the wounded, and helping to dress their wounds, are mingled in my memory like the confused events of a dream. But this was a lovely day; the sun shone bright, and the air was crisp and invigorating. There were few people passing along the road, and over all rested the holy calm of the Sabbath day. It was so in contrast with the roar and rush of the scenes of the battle day that I was forced by the very contrast to go over in mind the terrible events which in a few short days had ended the march of most of my comrades and left me marching alone. I was on my way to the few that remained of the brave and goodly fellowship with whom I started to win our homes back from an invading foe. Alas! the home they reached was a soldier's grave.

As I walked along the side of the road to avoid the dust I came upon the dead body of a Union soldier, an infantryman. He may have been wounded in the battle and, trying to go on with his comrades, had fallen by the way and been overlooked and left to die alone in the night of their hurried retreat. Or maybe he straggled from their line and was killed by a stray shot from our advancing army. It was a pitiful sight, this unburied, lifeless form, with no friendly hand to do for it the last offices of love. I could not put out of my mind the picture of some far Northern home in which loving hearts would watch and wait with longing for the coming of this son or brother or maybe husband and father, who would come no more, and they would never know his fate, as he slept in an unmarked grave. With such thoughts as these death softens human enmities, for who could cherish anger against this poor dumb and lifeless clay?

It was nearly sundown when I reached Travelers' Rest, the home of Col. John Overton. I was looking for a sheltered spot under some big tree where I could curl up in my blanket and sleep until the coming of daylight should enable me to find my comrades. General Hood's headquarters were at Colonel Overton's, and by some one there I was directed to General Walthall's division, not far away. Very soon I

was with the little handful of my boys sleeping my first undisturbed sleep for nearly a week. I have mentioned before the sense of security I felt when surrounded by the men with whom I had been so long associated, a security I never felt when away from them on some errand in the country. When men have shared common dangers and hardships they get to have a confidence in each other, which is one of the strongest elements of their efficiency in battle. It helps much to feel that you can count on your comrade. I felt as quiet in the face of an opposing army as I do now in my bed at home, for about me was a living wall of strong arms and brave, loving hearts.

For two weeks General Hood's army lay before Nashville. Part of it had been detached to make an attack on the Federal garrison at Murfreesboro. The winter set in with great severity with sleet and snow. We were scantily clothed; many of us were practically barefooted. I very distinctly remember that my own footgear consisted of a pair of socks almost footless, and the uppers and soles of my shoes were tied together with strings. My general outfit matched my shoes. It was only twenty-five or thirty miles to my home, which I had not seen in three years. I knew that my father had a good suit of clothes for me, and I applied for a furlough for ten days to go home. I had never had a furlough since my enlistment. My only absence from the army was once or twice for a short time on detached service. I felt that I was entitled to the furlough. My application was warmly indorsed by the brigade, division, and corps commanders, when, to my surprise and disgust, it came back from General Hood disapproved. I remember that we had just completed a change of position after night and were trying to make fires, sweeping away the snow. Gen. George D. Johnson, who was in command of our brigade after General Quarles was so badly wounded, sent for me and handed me the paper disapproved. He seemed indignant, and I asked him why my application was rejected. He replied that he did not suppose that General Hood had seen the paper, but that some subordinate in the adjutant general's office, whose dinner disagreed with him, had tossed it aside marked disapproved. It was the only time I was ever insubordinate. I was mad through and through, and in no measured terms I expressed my contempt for the head of our army when it was possible for a just petition to be dependent on the digestion of a hanger-on in a bombproof position. General Johnston heard me through, as did the whole brigade, but he never ordered me under arrest. I have always believed he sympathized with me. But I suppose it is necessary for a commander to be in a measure dependent on underlings, many of whom abuse their "brief authority."

We suffered from lack of meal and flour. The mills had been burned, and we supplemented our rations with parched corn. Our lines and those of the enemy being not far apart, as one of the boys said, "We were in hollerin' distance," and frequently the men would taunt each other across the open space. One evening about dusk a Yankee soldier raised his head above their works and impudently called out: "Hello, Johnnie, have you parched your supper yet?" Instantly a dozen guns were leveled at him, and with a profane expletive the answer came: "Duck, you infernal Yank, or we will parch you." And Yank ducked instantly into his hole. These dangerous little pleasantries, these exchanges of sarcastic compliments often enlivened the picket lines.

All the time that we were shivering around our camp fires or were shifted from one position to another General Thomas

was being heavily reinforced. From the high hills overlooking Nashville one could see that he was preparing for a battle. I went to the top of Compton's Hill, on the Hillsboro Turnpike, and got my first view of the city since I left it in January, 1862. When I left, the range of hills immediately south of the city was covered with large trees, many of them poplars four and five feet in diameter. Now the hills were bare of trees and were crowned with heavy forts. The Capitol stood out clear and distinct with fortifications around it.

Our brigade was encamped at the foot of Compton's Hill, on top of which was an unfinished earthwork. I don't remember that there were any cannon in this work. I have said that we seemed waiting for something to turn up. Well, on the 15th of December General Thomas, with an overwhelming force, turned up, certainly very unexpectedly to me. It was Thursday about eleven o'clock. I had slept late and was on my knees grating some corn to get meal for my breakfast, when all at once the order came to get into line at once. Away to our left, to the west, there were firing and yelling. Our barefooted men, fifteen or sixteen of our regiment and maybe sixty or seventy in all from the brigade, were ordered to the top of the hill. The remainder were sent at double-quick along the pike northward toward the city and took position behind a stone fence on the slope of a long, gentle rise. As soon as I could gather up my blanket, haversack, and frying pan I followed as fast as I could the part going along the pike. By the time I got started the artillery fire was becoming quite heavy, so I ran along on the side of the road, where it was considerably higher than the general level. This fill of the road formed a good protection to me. As I ran a cannon ball struck the surface of the road, plowing a rut through it and passing just over my head. It may be supposed that my speed was quickened until I reached the men behind the wall.

Meanwhile the Federals in their advance reached Compton's Hill. They literally swarmed up the hill and overwhelmed the little garrison, which surrendered only after killing and wounding many of the enemy. Some of our men dashed down the hill in a shower of bullets and escaped. I was told after the war the details of the surrender by one who was captured. He said that the Union soldiers rushed up the hill shouting and firing, but their shots passed over the men's heads. When they reached the top and demanded the surrender, our men threw down their arms, and some of them dashed down the hill, followed by a volley or two which overshot them. The Yankee soldiers were boasting at a great rate of their exploit, when Mike Crantz, of Robertson County, Tenn., replied to their taunt, "Well, you needn't brag; we killed more of your men than there are of us," pointing down the hill, where they lay thick. Instantly one of the Yankees ran him through with a bayonet, saying: "You shall not live to tell it." Mike was placed against a tree, and before he died he gave to a comrade for his mother a little Bible that I had given him.

This act of cowardly murder was on a par with the disgraceful assault in this same battle on Gen. Thomas Benton Smith by a creature who disgraced the uniform of the United States army. I understand that the name of this man is well known. Let the name of the man who murdered Mike Crantz rot in forgetfulness.

To return to our position behind the stone fence on the pike. The assistant surgeons had their place about two hundred yards in the rear of our line in a slight depression, where there was a little wet-weather spring. My memory is

that Quarles's Brigade was the right of the division, Reynolds's Arkansas Brigade was the center, and Shelley's Alabama the left. Then still to the left were the brigades of Deas and Manigault, from Lee's Corps.

While we were waiting for the enemy's attack I was told of a piece of daring by a Federal major. I did not see it, but was told of it by one of the men behind the stone fence. He said the major, mounted on a big white horse, came out of a strip of woods three or four hundred yards in front of us, and cantered coolly down to within seventy-five yards of the fence, where he remained for a minute, as if trying to find our exact position. A number of shots were fired at him. When he had located us, he turned and galloped back. Many of our men refused to shoot at so brave a man. We soon realized how accurately he had found our position.

Pretty soon three batteries of artillery were turned loose. The line of their fire crossed just at the little spring where I lay with the doctors. For a few minutes it was the hottest place around Nashville. We all developed a marvelous fondness for mother earth and hugged her closely. I stuck to the ground as closely as a postage stamp to a letter. In a little while Manigault and Deas gave way, our line was turned, and most of our men were captured. Reynolds was retreating in good order, firing back at the enemy.

The, only thing for the surgeons and me, if we would escape capture, was to run. So we set out to reach Reynolds as he fell back. We were thus exposed to the cross-fire of our own men and the Yankees. As we ran through a dense hazel thicket the bullets seemed to cut every twig. Three years afterwards I was passing along the Hillsboro Road, and I turned aside and went across a field to that thicket, and every bush bore the marks of that fierce fusillade. Yet we were not touched by a bullet or a shell. I think the prayer of a soldier in the battle of Shiloh would have been appropriate: "Lord, direct these bullets." He did it.

My running mate was a young doctor six feet four inches tall and very slender, a veritable "Slim Jim." I was built on far shorter and broader lines. As we toiled through the muddy fields he distanced me. I could see Dr. Gupton's feet, loaded with mud, looking like Saratoga trunks, as they rose and fell with the strides he made. As he got ahead I would call out: "Wait for me, Gup." He would stop for a moment, calling back: "Come on, Parson. Hurry!" And then a particularly vicious volley would start us again on our wild race. After we got through the thicket, we ran through a field over which Deas's and Manigault's men, a brigade, had retreated. They had thrown away or lost portions of their equipment. Among other things many frying pans were lying around loose. My old pan was about worn out. I especially coveted one with a good long handle, and here was my chance. But, alas! I was too fastidious. I would see one that I liked, and as I stooped to pick it up I would see another just ahead that suited my fancy better. But as I rushed forward to get it a sudden volley from the Yankees hurling by made me feel that I could do without that pan just then, and I continued my flight with my eyes fixed on another pan, and the former experience was repeated, until I had passed completely beyond the zone of frying pans and had failed to get one. It is not best to be too fastidious when one is too hurried for time to make a careful selection.

To this day I look back with fond regret to that assortment of cooking utensils and my failure to supply myself when they were to be had just for the taking. I could write a long article on the varied capacities of the frying pan that might

be a revelation to the housekeepers' clubs and cooking clubs of the present day. I might well call it the "soldier's chafing dish."

That day was fatal to the little band that remained of our regiment after the battle of Franklin. Our organization ceased here. We had gotten thirty-five men by calling in details and the coming in of convalescents, who were under the command of Lieut. George Elliott. Twenty-nine of these were killed or wounded or captured. Lieutenant Elliott was killed. I shall ever remember the feeling of desolation that came upon me as six of us gathered late that night under a big oak tree in the woods across the road from Col. John Overton's home and realized that we were all that remained of a thousand men. True, some had been discharged, some had deserted, but the large portion of them were in prison or disabled by wounds or were filling lonely graves far from home.

One little incident showing the noble heart that was in our boys touched me deeply. I had not eaten a morsel since the evening before, and I was ravenously hungry. I asked if any of them had rations to spare. After examining their haversacks, they found a small pone of bread and a slice of raw bacon. I declined to take it, saying that we would have to fight the next day; that they were the fighting men and would need all they had. They stepped off from our little fire and talked together a few moments, when one of them, the late Hughes Gold, of Clarksville, Tenn., came to me with the bread and bacon lying on his open palm and said: "Parson, you take this and eat it right here; for if you don't, it will not do us any good, for I will throw it down, and we will tramp it in the mud." I did as I was bidden. One can never forget such comrades as that.

On the next day we held our lines and fought stubbornly against tremendous odds until late in the afternoon, when suddenly some part of the line gave way, and as the enemy came pouring through the gap all was riot and confusion.

During the day, the 16th of December, as I had none of our brigade to look after, I strolled along the line between the Granny White and Franklin Pikes, watching the progress of the battle and seeking some field infirmary where I might be of service.

Twice during the day I had narrow escapes from bursting shells. The first was from a shell fired from Fort Negley which struck the tree by which I was standing, tore off the bark just above my head, and, glancing down, struck the ground behind me. The other experience was so peculiar that several years ago I published an account of it in Dr. D. J. Roberts's *Southern Practitioner*, a medical journal, and I shall repeat the story here. I was standing a little back of the top of a ridge, with my body partly protected by the ridge, but from my waist up my body was above the top. Behind me was a ravine in which were several ordnance wagons. As I stood looking at the moving columns of the enemy General Hood and several of his staff came on to the ridge and stopped fifty yards below me. I was impressed by the sad and anxious expression of his face. Directly the company attracted the attention of the gunners of a field battery, and they began shelling the party, and in a few minutes they moved away. Meanwhile a number of shells passed over me or struck the ground below me; but as I was deeply interested in watching the fight, I never thought that I would be hit. Suddenly I heard the peculiar hurtling sound of a shell coming toward me, and an impression as distinct as an articulate voice told me to get out of the way. I sprang

aside at once, jumping ten feet or more, and fell full length. The shell struck the top of the ridge and knocked the mud and gravel over me. I heard one of the wagoners say, "The Parson is killed," and he started toward me. I was on my feet in a moment, and I was so impressed by the incident that I went to where I had been standing. There were my tracks in the muddy ground. There was the mark of the shell on the top of the ridge, and across the ravine a sapling had been cut down by the shell, so that it was easy to trace the course. If I had stood still, that shell would have struck me squarely in the chest.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I came to a field infirmary on the Franklin Pike, not far from Colonel Overton's place. There did not seem to be much doing. I saw only a few wounded, and their wounds were not serious. The ambulances and wagons, with teams harnessed, were standing in the road. Everything wore an air of expectancy. In a little while there was a cessation of the heavy firing, and, looking up the road, I saw our men running toward us in fusion. It was plain that our line was broken and that the enemy would soon be upon us. At once the teams were hitched to the wagons and ambulances, and they moved off at a gallop. Directly the retreating soldiers were upon us. Then I realized that it was a panic. I could not find what had happened. Every man seemed only anxious to save himself. I ran with them; and as the mass of fugitives increased, the panic grew. Every man had some dreadful tale. According to these stories, the Yankee batteries would soon be in position on a rise in the road just behind us and would blow us all to smithereens, and there were at least a hundred thousand Yankees on our track. I ran as fast as I could; and the faster I ran, the worse was I scared. I could almost feel the grape and canister plugging me in the back. I had plenty of company scared as badly as I was. At length, being nearly exhausted, I had sense enough left to see that I must get out of the crowd or be run down and trampled on; so I stopped off probably twenty yards from the road. To my surprise, I became at once as calm as I ever was in my life. As soon as I got out of the panic physically I was free mentally. I began to call men to me and directly had a squad ready to make a stand.

This battle was very disastrous to us in the loss of guns and prisoners captured from us, but we lost comparatively few in killed and wounded. But we inflicted heavy loss on the enemy in the number of killed and wounded. The fighting was heavy in front of General Cheatham's position. There the boys for the first time saw negro troops make a charge. I was told that they came on in fine style as if in holiday parade, but at the first volley, when they saw their comrades falling by the score, they broke and fled. It was said that the white Federal troops were behind the negroes with bayonets fixed and forced them to go forward, and the poor creatures were shot down "like dumb driven cattle." I do not vouch for this report, but I heard the version given by an old negro man belonging to one of our neighbors. Steve had come to Nashville "to jine de Yankees," and they put him to driving a wagon; but the scenes he saw in this battle frightened him so that he ran away and didn't stop running until he got home to Charlotte, forty miles away. He told my mother his experience: "Mistis, I is done wid dem Yankees, sho'. Why, dey jes' make breas'works of dem niggers. Dey took a brogan of niggers, dem Yankees did, and driv' 'em up to dem Rebels, and de Rebels shoot 'em down; and den dey driv' up another brogan of niggers, and

de Rebels dey shoot dem down. Den I lef'. And here I is, and here I stays."

Thus ended a campaign inspired by a sense of our need, entered upon in hope, carried forward with dauntless courage against overwhelming forces, and exhibiting the most heroic devotion to a righteous cause. Our compensation for failure is that it is better to have deserved success than to have won it unjustly.

FIFTY ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS IN SOUTHERN HISTORY.

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

[Continued from the VETERAN for March, 1918, page 107.]

51. Where and under whose auspices were the first attempts made to plant an English colony within the area of the United States? What was the result?

52. Who was the real founder or originator of English colonization in America?

53. What was the maiden name of Mrs. George Washington, whose first husband was Mr. Custis?

54. On what day was the Declaration of Independence formally signed? Two of the most notable of the signers died on the semicentennial of American independence. Who were they?

55. In honor of what queen of England was the State of Maryland named? Who was the father of this queen?

56. By whom was Sir Walter Raleigh described as the "shepherd of the ocean" and the "summer's nightingale"? Why were these terms applied to him?

57. Charleston, S. C., is situated between two rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper. They perpetuate the name of what celebrated English statesman who died in 1683?

58. In St. Michael's Church yard, in this same city, is the grave of the brother of an English poet who passed several of his early years in Charleston and died in Florence, Italy, in 1861, the brother having died of yellow fever in Charleston in 1843. To whom do I refer?

59. Malvern Hill, Va., was the scene of a desperate battle fought July 1, 1862. Long before America was discovered the Malvern Hills appear in one of the most famous of early English poems. Please name the poem and the author.

60. At no great distance from Malvern Hill, looking down upon the James River and dating back to 1642, stands the home of Ann Carter, mother of Robert E. Lee. What is the name of this historic mansion? At what time did Light-Horse Harry marry Ann Carter, the wedding occurring at this same place?

61. What Virginia statesman was the probable author of the earliest amendments to the Federal Constitution?

62. Who was the first Southern astronomer to calculate the orbit of a comet?

63. The Scottish heroine who was instrumental in saving the life of the younger pretender, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," after his disastrous defeat at Culloden in 1746, lived several years at Fayetteville, N. C., and in the country adjoining. To whom does this apply?

64. In which one of his plays does Ben Jonson allude to Pocahontas?

65. Where does Spenser introduce Virginia?

66. During the War between the States the remains of one of the greatest political leaders of the South, buried in an ancient and historic city, were removed from their vault and interred in a place most carefully concealed to shield them

from desecration in the event that the city fell into the hands of the enemy. Please name the city and the statesman to whom I refer.

67. Who was the most distinguished Confederate soldier associated with Maryland?

68. In what battle was Grant disastrously defeated by Lee on the fifty-sixth anniversary of the birth of President Davis?

69. Who was the author of "The Defense of Charleston Harbor," a military classic which has won fame in both Europe and America? The writer was rector of the same Church in whose grounds John C. Calhoun was buried.

70. What part of Longfellow's "Evangeline" is associated with the State of Louisiana?

71. George Washington and Robert E. Lee were born in the same county in Virginia. Name the county. Was there another President than Washington born in this county?

72. A Maryland novelist contributed certain chapters to Thackeray's story of "The Virginians." Name the special chapters in question.

73. Among the most popular songs associated with a Southern State is "Carolina; or, The Old North State." The author was the first student who entered Georgetown (D. C.) College in 1791, the same institution at which James R. Randall was educated. Who was he?

74. On August 8, 1866, the ladies of Warren County, N. C., dedicated a monument to the memory of Annie Carter Lee, youngest daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee and namesake of his mother. Miss Lee died not far from Jones's Springs, in Warren County, in October, 1862. The monument was begun in 1864, the war being still in active progress. Was this the first memorial to their dead erected by the women of the South? Can you mention any that preceded it?

75. What was the last of the Southern States to withdraw from the Union? What was the date?

76. Who was the author of "Dixie"? When and where did he die?

77. Which of the Presidents, a foremost statesman of the South, wrote a treatise on the Anglo-Saxon language?

78. What celebrated English officer wrote a life of Stonewall Jackson which has attained the most eminent rank as a military biography?

79. Who founded the University of Virginia? When?

80. To whom did Jackson address his last command after he had been wounded at Chancellorsville May 2, 1863?

81. What poems besides the "Star-Spangled Banner" were written by Francis Scott Key? There is a well-known hymn of which he is the author. Name it.

82. Who was the author of the familiar tribute to Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens"?

83. When was an exchange of prisoners of war agreed upon between the government of the United States and the Confederate authorities? What two generals agreed upon the terms? Why and when were exchanges suspended by the Federal government?

84. Trace the line of Sherman's march from Savannah to Durham, N. C., January to April, 1865.

85. What do you know of Lee's Chambersburg order, June 27, 1863?

86. Contrast this order with the correspondence between Sherman and General Halleck in December, 1864, in regard to the contemplated destruction of Charleston, S. C.

87. "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was written within the

sound of one of the most desperately contested battles of the War between the States. When, where, and by whom?

88. Gen. R. E. Lee graduated second in his class at West Point in 1829. Who was the first-honor man?

89. When did Andersonville, Ga., become a Confederate military prison? Was it during the earlier or the closing years of the war?

90. Who was the Federal physician that wrote "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis"?

91. When was Mr. Davis released from Fortress Monroe?

92. Why was he never brought to trial upon a charge of treason?

93. Which member of the Confederate cabinet made his home in London after the close of the war and won brilliant fame as well as ample fortune in the practice of his profession at the English bar?

94. One of the foremost orators of the South, the special antagonist of Webster, retired from the Senate in order to become Governor of his own State. To whom do I refer?

95. Who was the first Secretary of the United States Navy?

96. Was Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a regularly appointed delegate or a special commissioner to the Continental Congress in July, 1776?

97. Who was the author of "Carmen Triumphale," "Ode to Spring," "Resurgam"?

98. Which of these is written in the same stanza form as Tennyson's "In Memoriam"?

99. A Confederate general of distinction and culture describes in his "Two Wars" the charm of Sidney Lanier's music and the fascination which his flute exerted over his comrades. Do you recognize the author and the work?

100. What Swedish king and general who fell in the hour of victory in November, 1632, aged thirty-eight, in character and in military genius presents a marked and impressive likeness to Stonewall Jackson?

THE SOUTH IN THE MATTER OF PENSIONS.

BY A. H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN GRAY BOOK COMMITTEE.

Money for pensions has been raised by this government through a uniform system of taxation, bearing alike upon North, South, East, and West. The man in the South has paid his share along with the man in the North, and his rate of taxation has all along been the same. Yet there has been a most marked difference in the amount of money received by the South through pensions as compared with the hundreds of millions paid throughout the North. While the Southern man has borne this burden cheerfully, complaining only when corruption was especially rank, it is important to note that this excess amount of pensions claimed by the North and paid to the North is not confined to pensions of the War between the States, but begins with the beginning of the pension system of this government.

The North early began to lay claim to large pensions and to receive them. From the year 1791 to the year 1833 this government paid out in pensions \$29,600,000. Of this sum, approximately \$20,000,000 was paid to the North, while only \$9,000,000 was distributed throughout the entire South. And be it borne in mind that these pensions were paid for wars in which all fought on the same side and in which the numbers furnished by the South compare most favorably with the numbers furnished by the North. These pensions were for the Revolution and for the War of 1812, with perhaps minor wars, Indian wars, etc.

During this period there were paid out to the States

severally as follows: New York, \$6,186,000; Massachusetts, \$3,331,000; Pennsylvania, \$2,664,000; Maine, \$2,115,000; Connecticut, \$1,942,000; Vermont, \$1,923,000; New Hampshire, \$1,697,000; Virginia, \$1,649,000; Kentucky, \$1,192,000; and no other Southern State drew as much as one million dollars for this period from 1791 to 1833. This is a very striking comparison, and the causes for it lie in the characteristics of the people.

Now, as to pensions of the War between the States, the South has received comparatively nothing, and yet the report of the Commissioner of Pensions in the year 1909 shows that there had been paid out up to that year the enormous sum of \$3,686,000,000, and of this total the South had contributed its full share through a system of uniform taxation throughout the country.

Moreover, the South has borne the burden cheerfully, making complaint only when some flagrant raid on the treasury was engineered through the Congress, such as the service pension act of February 6, 1907, where \$58,000,000 per year was added to the pension burden, already loaded with fraud, and millions paid out to Northern soldiers, so called, who had never seen a battle field nor fired a gun.

As an example of the unequal distribution of national money through pensions, take the report of the Commissioner for the year 1909, in which year \$161,973,000 was disbursed. Of this sum, the eleven States which composed the Confederacy received about \$12,300,000, and the North received the balance, proportioned among the States in part as follows: Ohio, \$16,376,000; Pennsylvania, \$15,354,000; New York, \$13,942,000; Illinois, \$11,311,000; Indiana, \$10,640,000; and the other \$80,000,000 was scattered through the remainder of Northern and New England States, with a small proportion sent abroad.

As far back as 1830 Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, complained that the pension system was being maintained as a heavy charge upon the treasury for the purpose of keeping up the system of high duties to which the South objected. He estimated that there had been distributed up to that time about \$15,000,000 to the North and West and about \$5,000,000 to the South. In Hayne's view the South was paying the greater portion of the money which supplied the treasury, while the public money was being expended chiefly in the North. So, even though the complaints of Northern politicians of this good year 1917 were true—and they are not—that the South, being in the saddle politically, was legislating to her exclusive advantage and receiving an unjust due of public money, the South could point to the past for her excuse and example.

Congressman Thomas U. Sisson, of Mississippi, said in a speech at Memphis in 1909: "If Mississippi received only one-fifth of the amount which Ohio receives each year for pensions, she could relieve herself of her present school tax and not pay one cent and yet run her schools eight months in the year." This further striking statement is made: "Kansas gets \$5,423,000 in pensions and has a population of about 1,500,000—that is, she gets over \$3.60 for every man, woman, and child in the State. If Mississippi received as much, she could run the whole State government on it each year and have over \$2,500,000 left each year. What she received each year would not only run our entire State government, but would pay all the State, county, and municipal expenses. The amount paid is taken from the report for the year ending June, 1907." Congressman Sisson takes the figures from official reports of 1900 and shows how sums are paid into the following States that would equal per head for each man,

woman, and child in the State the following: Ohio, over \$3.50; Vermont, over \$3.92; Maine, over \$4; Massachusetts, \$1.88.

It must be continually borne in mind that these sums are paid into these States from a fund levied upon all parts of the country alike; and while millions have thus been taken from the impoverished South and poured into the lap of the rich North, the South has paid it uncomplainingly and has at the same time taxed herself further for the support and aid of her own soldiers.

While thus from the beginning of this government the South has paid its share of taxes and borne its share of burdens, receiving only a minor portion of public disbursements, it has always measured up with great patriotism to the demands of the government, and in no way has this been exemplified more strikingly than in its subscriptions to the first liberty loan. Be it remembered that every dollar subscribed to this loan by the South was subscribed from a purely patriotic motive and at a sacrifice, for in this section legal rates of interest mount to eight and ten per cent, and money can be readily invested and loaned at such rates, and the buying of a government bond paying three and a half per cent is a sacrifice; while in the wealthy North, with its great surplus of wealth and call money lending as low as one per cent, it is no sacrifice to invest in a stable government security at three and a half per cent. This is not said in criticism of the North, which is measuring up to the demands of this great war, but it illustrates that, while the South from her scantier stores patriotically furnishes what she can, she does it at a sacrifice not felt in the North and should receive credit therefor, even though her aggregate subscriptions may not equal the contributions of the far wealthier section.

[The above figures are obtained from Volume V., "The South in the Building of the Nation," in chapter on "Economic Conditions," written for the series by Professor Glasston, of the Chair of Political Economy of Trinity College, who gives as further authority "Executive Documents 2d Sess., 23d Cong., 1834-35," iii., No. 89, page 32. "The South in the Building of the Nation" is published by the Southern Historical Publication Society, of Richmond, Va., with a long list of distinguished editors in chief, and the subject of "Economic History" is under the charge of Professor Ballagh, of Johns Hopkins.]

A SOLDIER IN SEARCH OF HIS COMMAND.

BY DAVID CARDWELL, PRIVATE IN STUART'S HORSE ARTILLERY.

"Ridiculous to some may seem this relic of the old régime."

In the spring of 1864 "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry corps had a so-called rest, such a rest as cavalry was accustomed to—that is, to "be ready at a moment's notice" to go most anywhere, at the most unseemly hours, in all kinds of weather; the worse, the better for the purposes of our commanders.

The horse artillery shared little better than its twin brother, the cavalry; and so "just as the spring came laughing through the strife with all its gorgeous cheer" things began to look up, and very reluctantly a fifteen-day furlough was accorded your humble servant. Just here let me remark to those who never knew that a boy soldier with a fifteen-day furlough is a boy with something more precious to him than almost anything he gets in after life. The boy has been where things were happening, where something was doing; and while the dispatches and papers told the public all that they were entitled to and sometimes much more, they did

not tell what this particular boy was doing nor what he wanted to tell those at home.

Who of you has not read of "Japhet in Search of a Father"? But I'm going to write of a boy in search of his company. Once upon a time a soldier was arrested, and when the provost guard asked to what regiment he belonged he said (for instance): "The 29th North Carolina." Then he was asked how long he had belonged to that regiment, and he said, "Eighteen months" and that he'd been in a hospital twelve months. "Where were you the other six months?" asked the provost guard. "I was hunting for the hospital," said the soldier.

As intimated, I was the boy and got a furlough in late April and went home. I went where I was enjoying my importance and springing my soldier yarns when, lo! one day I was downtown and saw a crowd at the bulletin board of the newspaper office. I went over and read that the cavalry on the right was skirmishing with the enemy. As I read that another dispatch of greater detail was stuck up. They were really fighting at the front, and, boylike, I started on a run for home to get my baggage. That baggage was not a Saratoga trunk, I assure you; but such as it was, I went for it. On my way uptown a girl I knew called to me: "David, your command is doing splendid work at the front." I felt the sting that she intended, and yet I was doing my level best to get to "the front."

Well, with a kiss from my mother and two sisters, I struck out for the old Central Depot, at the foot of Broad Street hill, and boarded the train for "the front," with only a vague idea of where "Rooney" Lee's command was. I was familiar enough with the science of war to know that the cavalry were more than likely to be on the flank, but what flank? There were at least two of them, and to take the wrong one meant to go straight away from the right one; and as it turned out later, I took the wrong one. I rattled along nearly all day and at last concluded to get off at Orange Courthouse. As I detrained it seemed to me very quiet. I looked around and saw no one. I fancied, however, that I heard the familiar sound of firing over toward the east, and later in the evening, though night it was, I "took my foot in my hand" and struck out for the sound. Well, I walked and I walked through the desolate and forsaken country, meeting not a living creature. The stillness was oppressive, and at times my heart went down, but I kept on. Not being at home nor in my own camp, anywhere was good enough for me.

I walked, and I walked, and I "suddenly continued" to walk, going down the plank road, passing the deserted towns or hamlets *en route*. I have forgotten the names of all of the except Verdierville. Gradually daylight faded, and stillness was seemingly intensified.

"The day was done, and the darkness fell from the wings of night

Like a feather wafted downward from an angel in his flight;"

but this was a raven's feather, and it got darker and darker as I proceeded.

The firing had ceased so far as I knew, and I was so tired that I began to consider the propriety of giving it up for the night, when all of a sudden I heard, or thought I heard, footsteps approaching. Stepping to one side, in the near distance I saw a solitary horseman. I went out into the road, and he approached, pistol in hand, but when he saw me he halted. Like the flight of time, through my mind passed

the thought: "Is his uniform blue or gray?" It was too dark to see, and upon the color question depended so much for me.

He challenged me, and his language was plain: "Who goes there?" It was in the kind of English that the people of Virginia used, and he was answered in kind; so he put up his pistol. He told me I was in disputed territory between the lines, so to speak, in "No-Man's Land," as they now call it, and if I went many steps farther in that direction I'd land in the enemy's lines. He said he'd been on foot inside their lines and had just regained his horse, which he had tied in the woods, and I'd better turn back, or I'd be captured.

He thought W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry was over on the right flank, somewhere about Guinea Station. He then rode on, and I stood still in the road considering what to do. I was so tired that I forgot I was hungry. I was truly a waif on war's troubled waters. "Where shall I go? If I stay here, I may go to Old Capitol Prison," I suddenly remembered; and while I had friends there, I had no burning desire to join them, so of the one chance I had I took it. I retraced my steps, wearily dragging my sore and tired feet, till I came to a deserted store facing the roadway (looking at the map, since I think this must have been Verdierville) and entered the open door. Now the moon was up, and its silvery light fairly glared in contrast with the gloom that had sped.

The store was ablaze with the moonlight, and a nice, comfortable counter seemed to invite repose. The top of that counter was not as soft as a Jefferson Hotel bed; but then I was unacquainted with much better, and I "drew the draperies of my couch about me" and lay "down to pleasant dreams." God knows I had them, anyhow, dreams no mortal ever dared to dream. I was saturated with the supernatural. Think of it! Orange Courthouse village as still as a country church yard, where there had always been so much life, my lonely walks in the evening down the long plank road, the darkness of the woods, the lonely, ghostly horseman and the question, "Under what flag, bezonian?" And sometimes I think light is more appalling than darkness—moonlight and the ride of the witches with our old friend Tam O'Shanter. Aye, the sheen of the white moonlight seemed to disclose to my disordered brain by this time all the realities of my lonely situation.

I lay down on the counter and soon fell asleep, when "my spirit chanced to sweep adown the gulf of time," and, superinduced by my recent experience, I called up the goblins of my recent childhood. I saw visions and dreamed dreams; I heard the creaking of my bed as I did when a child while the moonlight gloated o'er; I heard noises—what were they?—not the noises of war's alarms? No. I rose up on my elbow, and, in the language of the old German count who was hunting ghosts in the dim cathedral aisle, I cried out: "Rats! Rats!" It seemed to me that at the sound of my voice (and my voice startled me too) hundreds of rats ran in every direction, ran out the door, dropping down to the floor from my bed, ran in all directions, galloped and galloped like a troop of cavalry, and I thought of the prisoner of Chillon. It would take a Byron or a melancholy Dane to describe my state of mind that dismal morning. That lone hotel I left without paying my score. "Not a moment stopped nor stayed he." No, sir, in the language of the times, I "skedaddled," stood not upon the order of my going.

Upon reflection there was again a choice of one, so I took it and retraced my steps to Orange Courthouse. It was not

yet day, and the moonlight had not ceased to "gloat"; but I was not in a gloating humor. About daylight I struck the courthouse and "lay me down to sleep" on a long box on the depot platform, and there I got what I was after, a good nap. Old Sol got the drop on me after awhile and stared me out of countenance. Then I got up, and for the first time, it seems to me, I thought of the "eatless days" just passed and of the useless stomach I had. Well, I had the advantage of experience; but I thought of Napoleon's maxim, that armies move on their stomachs, and what a good move 'twould be for me to move out in the direction of some grub house. I had a little money, but that was not worth much; so I thought I'd go to a house and ask the good woman to "please give me a drink of water; I'm so hungry that I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night." That was a favorite formula for a soldier too proud to beg and who was empty. I do not remember any more about when or where I got food, but I suppose I got it somewhere, or I would not be here now.

What next to do? By the way, I almost forgot to say that I afterwards discovered that the long box on the depot platform contained the dead body of a soldier killed in one of the earlier fights in the war in that vicinity, and it was marked for his former home somewhere in the South. God rest his soul! Walking around, I soon saw the smoke of a camp and proceeded to investigate, and what do you think I found? Old Maj. Cornelius Boyle, provost marshal general (whom I had known as Dr. Boyle in Washington, D. C.), of the Army of Northern Virginia, had a detention camp over in the road, and before I knew it I had walked into his "trap." I approached men around the fires and asked them what regiment they belonged to, and nearly all belonged to different commands; so 'twas thus I found out what sort of a camp it was. As I had no idea of being sent to my command under guard in batches of ten or twenty, I sneaked out of that camp, eluding the very lax guard, and betook me to the friendly depot. And now the question was, what to do.

I did earnestly desire to join my comrades, who, I felt sure, were fighting, and there was the lanyard of a three-inch gun that I ought to be pulling, and, like Gad and Reuben (I think the gentlemen were thus named), why should I lie here when my brethren had gone to war? Few people in these "piping times of peace" can appreciate the feeling of loneliness of a soldier astray from his company. It's like a stray dog; he looks for everybody to shy a rock at him or at least suspect him.

I loafed along awhile till I thought I heard the sound of a whistle, and soon I was sure of the sound. I heard a whistle, a real railroad whistle, and a long train of cars rolled into view. Thank God! here was a way out, somewhere, anywhere.

The train stopped with many a bump and began to take on wood and water. I soon discovered that it was loaded with infantry troops, Breckinridge's Division, going to reinforce General Lee, and I loaded myself and baggage on without ceremony. There was an armed guard at each coach door to keep men in, so I had no trouble in getting in. I soon fraternized with the men in my coach, and after awhile we reached Guinea Station. Then, as all the time, I seemed to underestimate the value of my unexpired furlough as a protection against provost guards and others who might detain me, for I began to figure how I was to get away from Mr. Breckinridge when his division detrained. I knew it must do so pretty soon, as the heavy firing could be heard

easily. As we rolled on I tried to make myself as small as I could, and when we stopped at Guinea Station and the infantry began to detrain on the right-hand side I watched them from an obscure corner of the coach, and when I saw the last "flat foot" get out I slipped out on the left-hand side and ran along that side of the train toward the engine until I got clear of the line of troops. It seemed then that I was free to go anywhere, so, guided by the sound of the guns, I pushed on, hoping to find some one who could tell me where to find W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry.

I soon encountered the wounded coming back from the front, men wounded in all sorts of ways, only such, however, as could walk; men with hands tied up and all bloody, men walking as best they could with sticks, men with arms in temporary and crude slings, ordnance wagons, ambulances, all moving back. I asked man after man if he knew where our battery was, and at last one man said: "Keep straight up this road, and you'll run right into McGregor's Battery in action." I often wonder if there are any now living who ever saw the rear of a fighting army. It is "confusion worse confounded." Everything looks bad. Each wounded man, when asked how the fight was going, said: "Bad, very bad. Our regiment is cut all to pieces." This was the favorite expression. He took no middle flight, all cut to pieces, no hope. I wondered, if this were so, why only wounded men were falling back and ordnance wagons still going to the front. No, it was not going against us; 'twas only the feeling of the wounded man; he was "cut all to pieces."

All of a sudden I found that I had gotten in under the fire of the enemy, and I ran as fast as I could to the front; and, as good luck would have it, at last I ran right into McGregor's Battery in action. I was soon pulling the lanyard of my gun, and this was one of the great battles of the Wilderness. I was asked with more force than politeness: "Where in the hell did you come from?" And I was also informed that I was a d— fool of no ordinary grade. In fact, I was more different kinds of a d— fool than they could name.

What induced the writing of these personal recollections? While others are absorbed in contemplating the great war of the present, the old man's mind fails to respond to anything but the distant past, some fifty-odd years ago. With varying fortunes he has lived since his war in a land where "grew the arts of war and peace," and of the two we were proudest of the latter. We gloried in the fact that our millions followed the plow instead of the drum, that our development was along the lines of peace, and that we could feed the world and succor the distressed in all lands.

In our innocence we felt safe and feared no one, pointing to the three thousand miles of ocean as our bulwark if we needed one. O what an awakening! Here we are engaged in a war the most gigantic since "man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree brought death into the world and all our woe." God grant us a safe deliverance!

Who saw the future on his brow
Upon that happy morn?
We are a mighty nation now
Because that child* was born.
To him and to his spirit's scope,
Besides a glorious home,
We owe that what we have and hope
Are more than Greece and Rome.

—Henry Timrod.

*George Washington, born 1732.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

The Stonewall Division at Sharpsburg.—Gen. J. R. Jones says: "In this bloody conflict the Old Stonewall lost nothing of its fair name and fame. Having won world-wide fame by its valor and endurance in the splendid campaign in the valley, it entered upon another series of fights, commencing at Richmond and going through Cedar Run, Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg, entering the last weary and worn and reduced to the numbers of a small brigade, with its officers stricken down in its many fierce engagements, closing with a colonel commanding the division, captains commanding brigades, and lieutenants commanding regiments. In this fight every officer and man was a hero, and it would be invidious to mention particular names." The "Stonewall" had a fine record from start to finish, although General Branch said that they ran from the enemy at Cedar Mountain.

The Stricken Field of Sharpsburg.—"Fighting Joe" Hooker, of Chancellorsville fame, said of this battle: "We had not proceeded far before I discovered that a heavy force of the enemy had taken position in a cornfield in my immediate front. Instructions were immediately given for the assemblage of all my spare batteries which were near at hand, of which there were five or six, to spring into battery on the right of this field and to open with canister at once. In the time I am writing every stalk of corn in the greater portion of the field was cut down as closely as could have been done with a knife, and the slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a few moments before. It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battle field." General Kimball, U. S. A., said: "The loss in my command is a lasting testimony of the sanguine nature of the conflict, and a glance at the position held by the Rebels tells how terrible was the punishment inflicted on them. The cornfields in the front are strewn with their dead and wounded, and in the ditch occupied by them the bodies are so numerous that they seem to have fallen dead in line of battle, for there is a battalion of dead Rebels." This battle was the bloodiest one-day conflict of the entire war.

Green Corn and Apples.—Gen. D. H. Hill reported: "Our wagons had been sent off across the river Sunday, and for three days the men had been sustaining life on green corn and such cattle as they could kill in the fields. In charging through an apple orchard at the Yankees, with the immediate prospect of death before them, I noticed men eagerly devouring apples. Pretty tough rations, but they lived on hope.

A Southern Barbara Frietchie.—General Pleasanton, U. S. A., says: "Yesterday, below Addie, the women on the Fairfax place threw stones at my command and waved a 'secesh' flag. This was a little too much; so the officer made them give up the flag, much to their disgust." General Jackson told the mythical Yankee lady to "Let her wave"; but, then, she had not thrown any rocks.

Most Terrible Battle in History.—General McClellan wrote Halleck at 1 P.M. on September 17: "We are in the most terrible battle of the war, perhaps in history. Thus far it looks well, but I have great odds against me. Hurry up all troops possible. Our loss has been terrific. I hope that God will give us a glorious victory." As the Yankees had 87,000 men and we 35,000, the only odds against "Mac" was

that of ability, of which the Confederates had a large surplus. And it certainly was some battle, even if not the greatest ever.

Confederates "Stole," and Yankees "Took."—On October 13 Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was informed that "the Rebels are in great force in Franklin County, and they stole fifteen hundred head of horses last night." General Pleasanton, U. S. A., said on the 28th that "Numbers of Secessionists are trying to send off their horses, and to prevent this I have been obliged to take them for the government service." General Kelly, U. S. A., on the 29th, reported: "A Rebel cavalry force came into Hardy County night before last and stole a large lot of cattle." And General Milroy said: "I have just arrived on my return from Monterey, where I captured seventy-five head of cattle." A very nice distinction.

Grapevine.—General Wool, U. S. A., told President Lincoln on September 7: "Bragg is reported to be advancing through the valley of the Shenandoah with 40,000 men." General McClellan wrote General Halleck on September 15: "General Lee last night stated publicly that he must admit that they have been shockingly whipped." L. Hunt, A. A. G., said to General Heintzelman, U. S. A., on October 16: "Ten thousand Rebel cavalry are reported as having marched through Leesburg toward Washington." General Banks on the 15th reported he had been "credibly informed that those who suppose the Rebel army is not over 70,000 or 80,000 men are entirely mistaken, as it is not less than and not over 150,000." The last information was certainly precise, even if not true.

Ragged Rebels.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, wrote McClellan on September 10, saying: "I have a letter from a clergyman in which he states that one of his elders traveled seven miles through the Rebel camps and found near Frederick not less than 120,000 men. The Rebels appeared to believe their whole army in Maryland would exceed 200,000. Their soldiers are running over the country hunting something to eat, are ragged and filthy, but full of fight." He spoke a parable when he said they were "full of fight," and they were that way all the way through.

The Famous Lost Order.—On September 9, eight days before the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee issued the following order: "The army will resume its march tomorrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance and, after passing Middletown with such portion as he may select, take the road toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday morning take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. General Longstreet's command will pursue the main road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt. General McLaws, with his and Anderson's Divisions, will follow Longstreet. On reaching Middletown, he will take the route to Harper's Ferry and by Friday A.M. possess himself of Maryland Heights. General Walker will cross the Potomac and take possession of Loudon Heights by Friday morning. Gen. D. H. Hill will form the rear guard of the army and follow the road taken by the main body. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they were detached, will join the main army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown." Everybody knows that McClellan obtained a copy of this in plenty of time and that he had a preponderance of men, and yet it was a drawn battle.

Peace Proposal.—On September 8 General Lee wrote President Davis: "The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of our government to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our

independence. For more than a year both sections of the country have been devastated by hostilities which have brought sorrow and suffering upon thousands of homes without advancing the objects which our enemies proposed to themselves in beginning the contest. Such a proposition coming from us at this time could in no way be regarded as suing for peace, but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honorable peace. The rejection of this offer would prove to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest upon us, but that the party in power in the United States elect to prosecute it for purposes of their own. The proposal of peace would enable the people of the United States to determine at their coming elections whether they will support those who favor a prolongation of the war or those who will bring it to a termination, which can be but productive of good to both parties without affecting the honor of either." This never passed "J. D."; or, if so, it is not in the records.

Probabilities.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who had a very strenuous time during the Sharpsburg campaign and a very much more strenuous one about the time of Gettysburg, wrote President Lincoln on September 16: "Jackson has recrossed the Potomac, and General McClellan has engaged him with a large force near Sharpsburg. The whole Rebel army in Maryland will probably be annihilated or captured to-night. McClellan is on the battle field." The last clause is probably why the Governor's prophecy did not come to pass.

Barefooted Men.—On November 14 in General Longstreet's Corps alone there were 6,648 men without any leather covering for their feet. But, fortunately, not in the dead of winter.

A Gallant Color Bearer.—Capt. Felix Robertson, of a Florida battery, says of the Murfreesboro fight: "I take this opportunity to mention the courage of some man whom I do not know. He carried a stand of colors and halted frequently, faced the enemy, and called the 6th Kentucky Regiment; and although he did not receive much attention, he lingered as long as there was any infantry on the field and then passed to the rear, calling out: 'Here's your 6th Kentucky!' Hurrah for that man! His name should be in Kentucky's Hall of Fame.

Falling Back Slowly.—Colonel Tripp, of the 6th Indiana, when things were going badly for the Yankees in the Murfreesboro battle, says: "The 1st Ohio gave way and fell back on the Louisville Legion, which in turn fell back, and we, being closely pressed in front, gave the command to 'fall back slowly and in good order,' which was executed at a double-quick." Well, they executed the first part of the Colonel's order, at any rate.

A Leader Wanted.—Maj. Isaac Dunn, of Humphrey Marshall's Confederate army, addressed a letter to the Hon. J. R. Tucker in January, 1863, in which he says: "Had we such a man as Stuart or Forrest or Jones or any leader at all, not a man of them could have escaped." Very faint praise for Forrest, etc.

Particular about a Fit.—Captain Govan, of the 2d Arkansas, C. S. A., says that during the Murfreesboro fight "the body of General Sill, U. S. A., was brought to the hospital. Private Guest, of my regiment, got the General's gloves and said he would have taken his uniform also, but it was too large for him." A Rebel private in a Yankee general's uniform! Wouldn't that jar you?



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"They'll hear no more the tread of marching feet,
The bugle's note, the call to arms, to arms;
But underneath the grass and flowers sweet
They'll rest, nor heed our tears nor nature's wondrous charms."

DR. JOHN R. GILDERSLEEVE.

The death of Dr. John Robinson Gildersleeve at Richmond, Va., on Tuesday, March 5, 1918, occasioned deep-felt sorrow to his kindred and friends in Virginia and other States of his beloved Southland. Few men, indeed, were held in higher esteem wherever known than was this valiant soldier, eminent physician and surgeon, and cultured and genial gentleman. He was strongly endeared to his surviving comrades of the Confederate war, as he had been to those who preceded him to "the bivouac of the dead." Although his health had been somewhat impaired of late years, his sudden demise from acute heart failure was surprising to all save his closer intimates.

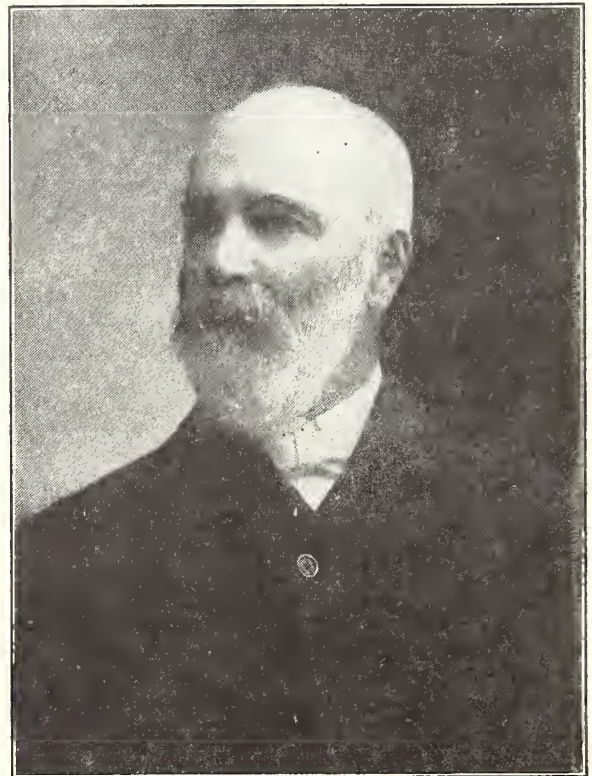
Dr. Gildersleeve was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having been born in 1842 at Charleston, S. C., the home of his ancestors. Removing to Virginia in early life, he became a graduate of the University of Virginia and of the Medical College of that State. Sometime after the war he was married to Miss Elizabeth Witten, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore. She later became a confirmed and helpless invalid and died at their home, in Tazewell, Va., two or three years ago. This was the direst misfortune of his life, as it bore upon his spirit with unrelieved weightiness to the end, for he was one of the most affectionate of men. Since her death he had dwelt in Richmond, where he had material investments and pleasant social relations. His body now rests in the sacred precincts of Hollywood, on the James.

Dr. Gildersleeve's record in the Confederate army was signalized by truest patriotic motive and whole-hearted service from first to last. In a public address he said what all who knew him know to be indisputable: "My loyalty, zeal, and devotion to the Confederate cause was never in question from the 16th of April, 1861, when I entered the service a private [in the famous Richmond Howitzers] to those sad and cruel days when the pall of darkness rested on our furled banners in 1865." On July 8, 1862, he was appointed acting assistant surgeon by Surgeon General Samuel P. Moore and first assigned to duty at Richmond in Howard's Hospital, then in Hospital No. 9, and after a short service he was ordered to Chimborazo Hospital, where he remained until January, 1864. On January 15 he was commissioned assistant surgeon of the Confederate States army and put in charge temporarily of Wayside Hospital, Bristol, Tenn., and the hospital at Abingdon, Va., and later directed the removal of sick and wounded from General Longstreet's army

to hospitals in Virginia. He was last assigned to General Kershaw's brigade, and from the Wilderness to the surrender at Appomattox he served in succession with the 20th and the 7th South Carolina Regiments. On the retreat of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army from Charleston, S. C., Dr. Gildersleeve was captured at Fayetteville, N. C., on May 13, 1865, and paroled by Capt. N. Haight, of the United States army.

Since the war Dr. Gildersleeve had been honored in many ways, notably as President of the Association of Army and Navy Medical Officers of the Confederacy, President of the State Medical Association of Virginia, and President of the Tri-State Medical Association of Virginia, North and South Carolina. His annual address as President of the Army and Navy Association during the Reunion held in Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904, was of peculiar interest and historical value. The subject of his address, "The Chimborazo Hospital," was most happily chosen, for it dealt extendedly with "the largest and best-known military hospital in the annals of history, either ancient or modern." This address appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of December, 1904.

Dr. Gildersleeve was one of four brothers who gave themselves wholly to the active defense of their native South during its brave struggle in what it believed to be a righteous cause. The elder brother, Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve, the distinguished scholar and author, of Johns Hopkins University, was an officer on staff duty in the field and was des-



DR. J. R. GILDERSLEEVE.

perately wounded in battles around Richmond; Benjamin Gildersleeve, of Abingdon, Va., was a private in the ranks of the 1st Virginia Infantry; the younger brother, Gilbert Gildersleeve, of Washington County, Va., was a captain of cavalry under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

[John L. Kirby, Nashville, Tenn.]

RHESA REED HAWKINS.

On the 18th of March, 1918, the State of Mississippi received into her bosom the remains of one of her most loyal citizens when all that was mortal of Rhesa Reed Hawkins was buried. His father and family had settled in Carroll County when he was a small child.

In February, 1862, scarcely sixteen years of age, he enlisted in Company K, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, then serving in Virginia. Although unused to anything but a life of comfort, he readily adapted himself to the circumstances of the soldier's life and by his quiet, patient submission to duty soon became a favorite with his comrades. In the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, he saw his first flow of blood, and again on the 27th of June at Gaines's Mill he was at the front in the battle line. His bravery was marked, and his comrades and officers then knew and testified to his fidelity. Again, at Second Manassas and later at South Mountain, Boonsboro, and Sharpsburg he was conspicuous in the battle until wounded. Recovering from his wounds, he rejoined his company and answered to every call to duty until the great battle of Gettysburg. When the great charge of the 3d of July was made upon the works of the Federal army, he did not falter; but, reaching the stone wall near the Bryan house, he, with a few comrades, bravely leaped the wall and were so surrounded that they could not escape capture. He was then a prisoner at Fort Delaware until the surrender. Loyalty to the South and to his principles made him refuse for a time to accept a parole and take the oath prescribed, but in July following the surrender he submitted and came home. Such soldiers as Rhesa Hawkins have made the country's best citizens. His career as a business man was marked by the strictest integrity. He was for many years a devout member of the Episcopal Church at Vaiden. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Vaiden Herring, a son, and a daughter.

[W. F. Hamilton.]

OSCAR MILLER.

Oscar Miller, who departed this life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. G. Buchanan, at Saltville, Va., on March 12, 1918, was a descendant of one of the first settlers of this county. He owned and occupied the old farm and homestead. He was a farmer and stock raiser and a director of the Bank of Glade Spring, Va. He was a plain, unassuming man, greatly beloved by all who knew him. He and his good wife vied with each other to make a visitor feel at home.

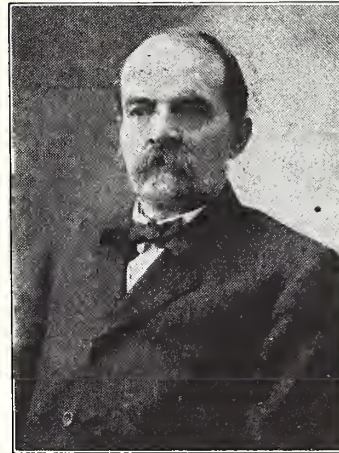
Comrade Miller was one of the sixteen-year-old boy soldiers. He was a corporal in Company G, 13th Battalion of Virginia Reserves, composed of old men and boys. They made a noble stand in the battle of Saltville, which was fought on the second day of October, 1864. Major General Burbridge was in command of the Federal forces, which were composed of white and negro troops. The object of this raid was to capture and destroy the salt works. The reserves of this action came in direct contact with the negroes' brigade and by their heroic stand checked the advance and covered the field with dead and wounded.

Comrade Miller was a lover of the Confederate soldier, an official member of the William E. Jones Camp, No. 709, U. C. V., always ready to lend a helping hand. He leaves a wife and two daughters and a host of friends to mourn their loss. Best of all, Oscar Miller was a Christian, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, an official in his class. He died in the faith.

[Thomas W. Colley.]

L. J. TIMMS.

Louis Julius Timms was born at Buffalo, Putnam County, Va., on January 19, 1842, and departed this life January 16, 1918, at his home, in Buffalo, now West Virginia, having almost completed his seventy-sixth year. He was a member of the Buffalo Guards at the time of the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry, and this company was mustered into State service on May 13, 1861, under Capt. William E. Fife, as Company A in the 36th Virginia Infantry, Col. James A.



L. J. TIMMS.

McCausland. Later he was made sergeant of his company. He was with General Floyd at Fort Donelson, but escaped at the time of its surrender. In March, 1862, on account of disability, he was discharged from the service and went South; but he was not willing to remain inactive while the mighty conflict was going on and again enlisted at Shreveport, La., in the cavalry under Colonel Polignac, Gen. Dick Taylor's command, with which he continued in active service until the

close of the war. He was paroled June 4, 1865.

Returning to Buffalo, Comrade Timms engaged in business and was elected sheriff of Putnam County. He was afterwards elected to the State Legislature, where he served with credit to himself and the State. He was a quiet, unostentatious man, aiming to discharge his duty in the different positions he occupied, and he had the confidence of those who knew him. He was a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Charleston, W. Va., and always had a kind and loving regard for his Confederate comrades. For many years he acted as agent for the VETERAN, his service being given freely for the benefit of the cause.

Comrade Timms was married to Mrs. Grace Welith, who died some eight years ago, as did their infant daughter. Since then he had lived with his sister, Mrs. Emma Henderson. He was buried in the Atkinson Cemetery, near Buffalo, with his old comrades, Gen. John A. McCausland, Ed Bronaugh, Sam A. Sterrett, William and Reece Bryan, as honorary pallbearers.

[John K. Hitner, Huntington, W. Va.]

DEATHS IN R. E. LEE CAMP, FORT WORTH.

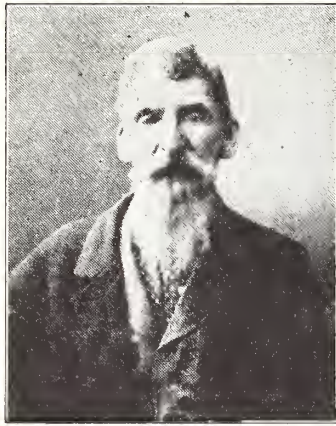
George R. Allen, Librarian, reports:

"There were sixteen vacant chairs at the annual memorial meeting of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., held at the Camp hall on Sunday, April 14, 1918, silent reminders of sixteen comrades, veterans of the War between the States, who have responded to the last roll call during the past twelve months.

"The meeting was held in commemoration of the deceased, and appropriate eulogies were delivered on each of the following comrades: W. E. Siller, W. W. Fowler, P. J. Bowdry, J. C. Scott, Rev. H. G. Nickolson, Thomas Batton, S. B. McBride, R. M. Poe, T. B. Yeates, D. T. Davis, J. W. Hackney, W. S. Perkins, Phil Greenwald, J. W. Greer, J. B. Winn, and John F. Zinn."

A. N. CRAWFORD.

A. N. Crawford died on January 23, 1918, at his home, near Lillard's Mill, aged eighty-four years. He was a son of Dr. Crawford and was born near Farmington, Tenn. His maternal grandfather, George C. Neill, was the first white man to settle at Farmington about the year 1795. When his country called for volunteers, young Crawford was among the first to answer the call, enlisting in Company G, 32d Tennessee Infantry Regiment, which won high honors on many fields of battle. The regiment was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and was sent to Camp Morton, Indiana, remaining in prison until exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in 1863, after which it was reorganized from this point and marched to Murfreesboro to take part in that bloody contest and next to Chickamauga September 19 and 20, 1863, and in the battle of Resaca, Ga.



A. N. CRAWFORD.

Comrade Crawford received a wound which caused the loss of a leg. He bore the name of being one of the bravest and most courageous soldiers who ever marched into battle. After the war he was elected trustee of Marshall County. Later in life he lost an arm from a diseased hand, making him quite a cripple, and for several years had been confined to his bed, but bore his afflictions with cheerfulness, tenderly cared for by his daughter, Miss Ella, during his declining years. Two sons and three daughters survive him.

PATRICK HENRY VAUGHN.

Patrick Henry Vaughn died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Perry Steeds, at Blair, Okla., February 9, 1918. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., in the year 1833, and when he was three years old his parents removed to Walker County, Tex., where his early manhood was spent. At the age of nineteen he professed religion, joining the Missionary Baptist Church, and throughout his eventful life continued a faithful member of that Church. At the age of forty-five he became a member of the Masonic fraternity, joining White Rock Lodge in McClennan County. When war broke out between the States, he enlisted in Burford's Regiment, 19th Texas Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade, and engaged in the many battles of that famous command. In the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., he received a wound through the left shoulder which rendered him unfit for active service for the rest of the war; but at his request he was made a guard at the penitentiary at Huntsville, where many Federal soldiers were quartered.

After the close of that memorable conflict he removed with his family to the then county of Greer, Tex., and in the year of 1867 he married Miss Jane Bennett, one of McClennan County's most estimable young ladies. Of this union were born four daughters and a son, all but one daughter surviving him, with some forty-four grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

Comrade Vaughn was laid to rest in Corinth Cemetery, Greer County, with the impressive rights of the Masonic order, to which he was so true and loyal. Several years ago this veteran soldier and Christian gentleman became blind, thus being barred from many enjoyments of life. His life had been one of varied experiences and vicissitudes, excitement and peril, yet it was ever marked by devotion to the cause of right and justice.

[F. M. Leatherman, Blair Camp, U. C. V., Blair, Okla.]

ANDREW G. PERDUE.

Andrew G. Perdue answered the last roll call January 5, 1918. He was born February 1, 1836, in Washington County, Va., where he resided during his lifetime. He was married to Miss Julia A. Minnick on February 13, 1861, and did not enter the Confederate service until the spring of 1863, when he volunteered in the 26th Virginia Battalion of Infantry, Echols's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division. This command served both in the southwestern part of the State and also with Early on his Maryland campaign in 1864, which so frightened the "powers that were" in the capital city at that time. Comrade Perdue was wounded twice during the war. The last and most serious wound was in his throat, which in his old age caused him to lose the power of speech. For some time before his death he could not speak above a whisper, and toward the last year or so it was quite difficult for him to breathe. He bore his suffering with patience. He and his wife were both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His wife preceded him to the upper world eleven years before he received the call to join her. He continued to keep house on his farm, two of his granddaughters living with him. He is survived by one son and two daughters. He was laid to rest by the side of his wife in the family burying ground.

JOHN FRANKLIN TULL.

John Franklin Tull was born February 4, 1839, in Amite County, Miss., and died in Canton, Miss., February 1, 1918. He was the second son of Dr. Porter Tull, descendant of Commodore Porter.

J. F. Tull enlisted with two other brothers, W. B. and J. H. Tull, in the 9th Louisiana Regiment, Company G, organized in Livingston Parish in 1861 and was sent to Virginia and served in the 2d Army Corps of Northern Virginia, commanded by Stonewall Jackson, during the entire war. No truer or more loyal soldier was numbered among those who fought under that great general. Comrade Tull was present at the siege of Petersburg, and his command was the last to lay down its arms at Appomattox.

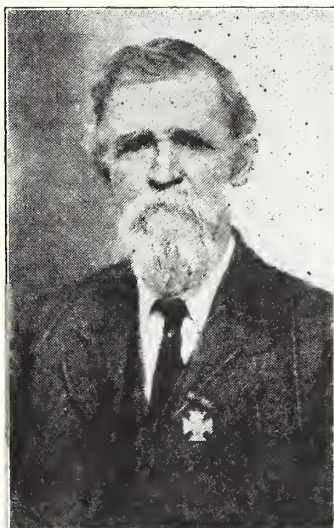


J. F. TULL.

After the close of the war Mr. Tull was one of the most active in rebuilding his wasted country. He was a member of the "Invisible Empire" and lived to realize one of his most cherished hopes in seeing the Democratic party restored to power. He was married early in life to Miss Mattie Newsom, of Tangipahoa, La., and is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters, also one brother. His death occurred just before his birthday, February 4, for which a family reunion had been planned, and the next reunion will be in that heavenly land. For more than fifty years he was a member of the Baptist Church.

JAMES HOWE MOORE.

With the night of December 30 ended the life of James Howe Moore at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. F. Shewmake, in Little Rock, Ark., and at the same time the thin gray line lost one of its best defenders. He was born in Bradley County, Tenn., on May 27, 1842, and was reared in Hamilton County. In 1861, when a boy of nineteen and a clerk in the post office at Chattanooga, he joined a company raised by Capt. J. D. Powell and was mustered into the service at Knoxville, Tenn., on the 20th of May. In June the 19th Tennessee Infantry was organized, Captain Powell's company becoming Company A of that regiment. James Moore was in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., and two days at Shiloh. He was elected second sergeant at the reorganization at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862. The command went from Vicksburg to Baton Rouge and back to Tennessee and was in the battles of Murfreesboro and Missionary Ridge, also in the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro and in Hood's campaign back into Tennessee. And James Moore was one of the seven men of his company surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.



J. H. MOORE.

In the early seventies he was married to Miss Dorothy Crowder, whose death occurred some ten years ago. For many years he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was an honest, upright, faithful citizen, true to every trust. He is survived by his children: Mrs. J. R. Stanley, of Alexandria, La.; Mrs. M. F. Shewmake, Mrs. H. G. Lenhardt, James H., Harold C., and Misses Glenn and Doris Moore, all of Little Rock, Ark. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and was buried by that order by the side of his wife at Cleveland, Tenn.

W. J. MONTRIEF.

While visiting his sons in Fort Worth the venerable W. J. Montrief, of Bridgeport, Tex., passed to the reward of the faithful on February 19, 1918. He was born in Franklin County, Va., November 5, 1839, "a Southern gentleman of the old school," and lived a long and useful life, including valiant service in the Confederate army. Shortly after his enlistment he became ill with typhoid fever and when he left the hospital was given a total disability discharge. Later on, however, he reenlisted in the cavalry under Capt. William Flood, whose company was organized under the cavalry brigade commanded by Fitzhugh Lee. Some of his most thrilling war experience was in serving as a dispatch bearer for Fitzhugh Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, and Hampton. On January 28, 1865, he was captured near Petersburg, Va.

Mr. Montrief left Virginia in 1867 and went to Missouri, where he married Miss Penelope Hendrick, of Boone County, who died some years ago, and in the cemetery at Bridgeport

he sleeps the last long sleep by her side. He was a gentle, quiet, faithful Christian and left a host of friends to honor his memory.

JOSEPH HARDIN GWATHMEY.

A faithful soldier of the Confederacy and of the cross was called to a well-merited reward in the death of Joseph Hardin Gwathmey at his ancestral home, Burlington Farm, King William County, Va., after a life of devotion to duty, marked by great kindness and courtesy, giving him a high reputation in his community. He was born July 12, 1846, of a parentage from which he could not fail to inherit worth, Dr. William Gwathmey and Elizabeth Burnley Gwathmey. His farm seems to have been owned by Gwathmey forbears continuously for about two centuries. Educated at good country schools, with a short term at the University of Virginia in 1863, he enlisted in 1864, when seventeen years of age, in the Caroline troop of the 9th Virginia Cavalry (Gen. W. H. F. Lee's old regiment), in another company of which, Lee's Rangers, was his brother, Brooke Gwathmey, who sustained a severe wound near Hagerstown, Md., in the summer of 1863 and was killed in action near Richmond a year later.

Joseph Gwathmey joined Beulah Church when a boy and was a valued member for about fifty-five years, giving to the Church, as to everything, his best, like the broad-minded Christian gentleman he was. When the surrender terminated his military service, he became a farmer and about December, 1874, married Miss Jeannette Ryland, of King and Queen County, whom he survived about three years. Five children survive the parents: Dr. William Gwathmey, Hardin and John Ryland Gwathmey, and Misses Anna and Mary Burnley Gwathmey.

ROBERT CHAPMAN MAY.

The death of Robert Chapman May in Miami, Fla., on the morning of February 16, 1918, has removed from Dade County its leading and best-known Confederate veteran. He was the inspirer and founder of Camp Tige Anderson, No. 1203, U. C. V., and practically its Commander up to his death, which occurred after an illness of six weeks. He was born in his paternal home on the 28th of July, 1842, the youngest son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Chapman May.

When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, his eager spirit took fire, and he longed to go to his country's aid; but duty demanded that he remain with his aged father, and not until that father passed away did he yield to his desire. March of 1862 found him with his command, Company D, Jeff Davis Legion, Confederate States Cavalry. He retained vivid memories of service on the Peninsula of Virginia, of Johnston's famous retreat, and of the battle of Williamsburg. He served through the war in Virginia until his command was ordered to North Carolina to join Johnston's army. He was one of the last Confederates to leave Columbia after it was fired by Sherman's orders and was paroled at Greensboro. His optimistic, cheerful spirit enabled him to endure all that the soldier is called to bear, obedient to orders and brave in battle and in camp, never shrinking from any duty, however arduous, nor complaining of any hardship. He never ceased to believe in the righteousness of the cause for which he fought and lived and died faithful to his principles, a true Confederate soldier. His wonderful vitality, sense of humor, and marvelous memory made him most companionable. He was twice married and is survived by his widow and two daughters by his first marriage.

J. W. SHERRILL.

J. W. Sherrill, a member of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., of Gatesville, Tex., departed this life at Mercedes, Tex., on March 20, 1918, to which place he had gone to recuperate his health. He was born in Perry County, Ala., December 5, 1846, and enlisted in the Confederate service in July or August, 1864, Captain Cathey's company (F), 3d Alabama Cavalry, Allen's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, serving in the Tennessee Army. He went to Titus County, Tex., in June, 1868, and was married there to Miss D. E. Suggs in 1870. He remained in that county until 1878, then moved to Coryell County and in 1891 made his home at Gatesville, where he had since resided.

Comrade Sherrill was an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, and after the religious services the burial was in charge of Gatesville Lodge, No. 127, F. and A. M. At his request he was buried in his uniform of Confederate gray, and under the Confederate flag he was laid to rest by the side of his beloved wife.

A committee, composed of W. L. Saunders and F. M. Jones, prepared for Camp No. 135, U. C. V., of Gatesville, suitable memorial resolutions, from which the following is taken:

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Sherrill this Camp has lost one of its most zealous members; and while we sadly mourn our loss, we glory in the example he has given us and live in the hope that when we come to respond to the last roll call we shall be able to say, as he did: 'We too are ready to cross the mysterious river of death and rest in peace with those of our comrades who have passed on before us.'"

GOTTLIEB TRUMAN BREITLING.

Gottlieb Truman Breitling was born in Demopolis, Ala., November 15, 1833, the son of Joseph and Christine Widmann Breitling, of Döffingen, in Wurtemberg, Germany. At two years of age, after the death of the mother, the family moved to Mobile, Ala., where his youth was spent. For a time he attended Spring Hill College, of that city. In 1861 he enlisted in the 24th Alabama Regiment, Company A, Washington Guards, Capt. William D. Smith, stationed at Fort Morgan. In May, 1863, he was discharged for disability, but a few weeks later he joined Capt. James H. Hutchinson's company (E), 2d Battalion, Alabama Light Artillery, C. S. A., under Colonel Bennett, for the remainder of the war. He was stationed at Batteries Gladden and McIntosh, where he was made commander of the battery boat, Gen. Dick Taylor, plying between the batteries and the city of Mobile. After the close of the war he spent several months in Texas and Mexico, going North in 1866. He was in Boston for several years, being later established in the merchant tailoring business in Randolph, Mass., from which he retired in 1906, going to Lunenburg, Vt., where he had since lived.

In 1870 he married Katharine Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dr. Thaddeus Thompson Cushman and Lucretia Gates Cushman, by whom he is survived, with two daughters and one son, Maj. Joseph Cushman Breitling, M. R. C., U. S. A., of Fort Sam Houston, Tex. For the past ten years he had been an invalid, and death relieved his sufferings on February 24, 1918. The interment was at Riverside Cemetery by Moose River Lodge, A. F. and A. M. Mr. Breitling was a member of Norfolk Union Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Rising Star Lodge, No. 76, I. O. O. F., of Randolph, Mass., and Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala.

CAPT. W. T. CONN.

On March 26, 1918, Capt. W. T. Conn, of Milledgeville, Baldwin County, Ga., died at the age of almost eighty-four years. He was born in Milledgeville on June 10, 1834.

Captain Conn enlisted at the opening of the war, in 1861, and was captain of Company F, 9th Georgia Regiment. His command was a part of the Army of Northern Virginia and participated in many of the most important battles of that army. He was present at the surrender at Appomattox. After the war he reentered the mercantile business in Milledgeville, Ga., and was for many years an active factor in the business life of the city. He was also active in all patriotic, civic, and religious enterprises. He served as chairman of the board of stewards of the Methodist Church for fifty years and was superintendent of the Sunday school for more than forty years. At the date of his death he was the Commander of Camp Doles, U. C. V., which position he had held for a number of years.

Captain Conn held the unqualified confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. His was one long life of service for the good of his fellow men. His was an even-tempered, well-rounded character. Under no circumstances did he ever lose his self-control. He was broad-minded, liberal, devoted to duty, and, above all, was devotedly loyal to the Confederate cause.

[Joseph E. Pottle.]

CAPT. A. B. SCOTT.

Capt. Abel Seymour Scott died on the morning of November 8, 1917, at his home, near Seymour, Champaign County, Ill. He was one of the oldest and best-known residents of the county. He was born in Hardy County, Va. (now West Virginia), August 31, 1839, the son of Alexander and Mary (Seymour) Scott, natives of the same State and county, where they spent their entire lives. He received a common school education and attended for a period of four years the Military Institute at Lexington, where he was under the tutelage of Stonewall Jackson, graduating in 1860. He then enlisted in the 13th Virginia Infantry and was later transferred to the 18th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served as a captain until the close of the war. After returning to civil life he went to Ross County, Ohio, on a visit and from there to Louisiana, where he engaged in cotton-raising one year, then going to Seymour, Champaign County, Ill., in 1867, and was married in this county April 30, 1872, to Sally J. Seymour. Four children were born to this union, of whom a daughter and two sons survive him.

Captain Scott always played an active part in Democratic politics and had held the offices of school director and road commissioner and was county supervisor from 1890 to 1901. The funeral services were under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity at his home on November 10, and he was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery beside his wife, who died in 1910.

J. A. COLEMAN.

J. A. Coleman was born and reared in Pickens County, Ala., and enlisted in Company C, 5th Alabama Regiment, in 1862, serving in the Virginia army until the close of the war. He was twice wounded and captured both times, the second time at Chancellorsville. He remained in prison until July, 1865, when he came home with a wound in his side and had to go to Mobile, Ala., for an operation, which left him in a very bad condition for nine years. He was born April 16, 1844, and died at Aberdeen, Miss., December 29, 1917.

[D. A. Beeks.]

B. R. LONG.

With the death of B. R. Long at his home, in Sherman, Tex., one of Grayson County's pioneer citizens passed to his reward after a long and useful life. He had reached his eighty-eighth year and was one of the best-known and best-beloved citizens of Sherman. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and one son.

Mr. Long was a native of Marshall County, Tenn., where he was born June 21, 1830. He moved to Texas thirty-nine years ago and, with the exception of three years' residence in Austin, had made Sherman his home since that time. Before going to Texas he lived for a number of years in Mississippi and while there served a term in the Mississippi State Legislature. He was a veteran of the War between the States, having served four years for the Confederacy. Since early boyhood he had been a stanch member of the Methodist Church.

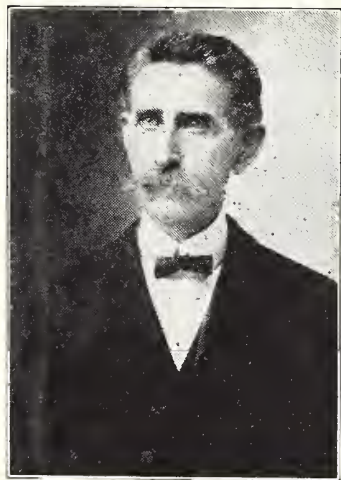
For many years Mr. Long was engaged as a road contractor, and he built many of Grayson County's best roads. He had long been prominent in county affairs and had served as county commissioner.

Wherever Mr. Long was known he was regarded as a true gentleman and a sincere Christian, faithful in the performance of his duties, loyal in his trusts, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those not so fortunate as himself.

W. M. C. DAWSON.

William McCuiston Dawson, born December 22, 1840, was a son of the Rev. William Barr and Sarah Gibson Dawson, who settled in Wood County, Tex. He died at his home, in Wills Point, Tex., on January 25, 1917.

Enlisting at Dallas, Tex., in June, 1861, as a member of



W. M. C. DAWSON.

Company H, 3d Texas Cavalry, young Dawson served continuously until paroled on the 13th of June, 1865. He took part in the battles of Camp Stephens, Elk Horn, Farmington, Corinth, Iuka, Davis Hill, Middleburg, Oakland, Thompson Station, Poplar Grove, at Vicksburg, then back to Jackson; was in many other engagements, taking part in Johnston's famous retreat before Sherman's army to Atlanta. The 3d Texas Regiment was in line of battle for one hundred and twelve days and fought ninety-six days, and there was not a better soldier in it than W. M. C. Dawson. While engaged as a scout under Capt. T. J. Towles he went into the Yankee camps dressed as a little girl, being small enough for such a disguise.

Comrade Dawson was twice married, first in June, 1866, to Miss Margaret Francis Kyser, who left two daughters. His second wife was Miss Jimmie Edmondson, of Wills Point, who survives him. He was laid to rest in White Rose Cemetery, his pallbearers being Confederate comrades and neighbors at Wills Point.

[Sim Florence, Grand Saline, Tex.]

ANDREW CURRIE.

Few men have been more devoted to home and friends and none accomplished more for the progress and upbuilding of his city and for the betterment of the entire State than did Andrew Currie, of Shreveport, La., whose earthly career ended on February 9, 1918. He had served as Mayor of Shreveport from 1870 to 1890, as State Senator from 1893 to 1896, and as Postmaster of Shreveport under the second Cleveland administration, and he afterwards served the city

as councilman at large, always taking an active interest in the upbuilding of the city and by his benefactions adding to its beauty and to the benefit of its citizens.

Andrew Currie was born on March 4, 1843, at Ibricken, Kilmerry Parish, County Clare, Ireland, the son of James and Mary Griffin Currie, and came to the United States when six years of age with one of his older brothers. He was in New York City and State until 1859, when



ANDREW CURRIE.

he came South and settled at Shreveport, La. At the outbreak of the War between the States he joined the Caddo Rifles, Captain Shivers, which company was in service in Virginia. At his request he was discharged from that company and returned to Shreveport to join the Ben River Rangers, under Capt. L. M. Nutt, with which he served to the end. He was twice captured during the war and at the close was in prison at Camp Morton, Indiana. He remained in that State, at Vincennes, until January, 1866, when he returned to Shreveport and made that his permanent home. He took an active part in politics during the Reconstruction period, and his appointment as mayor in 1876 gave that office its first Democrat after the war.

In 1876 Mr. Currie was married to Miss Annie Gregg at Marshall, Tex., who survives him with a son and daughter. He was a lifelong member of Holy Trinity Church and donated the land for the church cemetery. He also gave the property on which is located the children's playground in West Shreveport, these being some of the benefactions which are everlasting monuments to his philanthropy and patriotic citizenship.

JOHN WESLEY SEYMOUR.

John Wesley Seymour, who died at Miami, Fla., on May 7, 1917, at the age of eighty-seven years, was among the early residents of Dade County, removing from Kissimmee to Miami in 1907. He was a Georgian by birth and was a merchant at Athens for a number of years, also being widely known in his native State for his extensive farming interests. During the War between the States he served in the Confederate army as a member of Young's Company, Hannan's Brigade, Wheeler's Cavalry. At the time of his death he was a member of Tige Anderson Camp, U. C. V., of Miami. For seventy-two years he was a member of the Methodist Church. He is survived by two daughters and three sons.

HENRY S. TROUT.

Henry S. Trout, President of the First National Bank of Roanoke, Va., died suddenly at his home, in that city, during April, 1918, at the age of seventy-seven years. He had the distinction of being Roanoke's oldest native-born resident. He was born there in 1841, the son of John Trout, a native of Rockingham County. He was brought up on his father's farm, a large part of which constituted the city of Roanoke. He was educated at Roanoke College, which institution he left to enter the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, during which he served as a lieutenant in Company I, 28th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. Twice he was wounded on the field of battle, at Seven Pines and again at South Mountain. But it was at Gettysburg that he saw the smiles on glory's bloody face. He led on that day his company, a remnant of thirty-six men, up to the stone wall that barred Pickett's advance. Twenty-four of them were killed or wounded. Lieutenant Trout and eleven others remained untouched amid the storm of shot and shell. At the close of the war he was a prisoner at Johnson's Island.

With the organization of the First National Bank in 1882, Mr. Trout was elected President and served in this capacity for more than thirty years. Under his direction this institution has grown to be one of the most stable of its kind in the South.

Mr. Trout served in both branches of the General Assembly and one term as the mayor of Roanoke. He was a Mason and an elder in St. Mark's Lutheran Church. In 1866 he was married to Miss Annie Thomas, a daughter of John Thomas, of Montgomery County, who survives him with a son and two daughters.

C. J. M. DABNEY.

J. H. Hammock, of Dermott, Ark., reports the death of Comrade C. J. M. Dabney on March 22, 1918, who for twenty-five years was a subscriber to and a reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

As soon as Comrade Dabney was old enough to bear arms (in his sixteenth year) he enlisted in Company B, 2d Arkansas Regiment of Cavalry, in which he served to the close of the war. With his command he was mustered out of service at Marshall, Tex., in 1865, then returned to his father's home, in Drew County, Ark. In December, 1871, he was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Evans, who survives him. To this union was born an only child, a son, who preceded his father to the grave many years. The life of Comrade Dabney was nobly lived. He loved his home, and greater love had no man for a faithful wife than he. He was true to his country and in a marked degree loyal to his friends. The doors of his hospitable home were always open to them. He loved the cause for which he had fought and was ever loyal to its principles.

G. ROSS ROACH.

Died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nannie Tigert, in Titus County, Tex., on April 19, 1918, Comrade G. Ross Roach, who had rounded out his seventy-three years of usefulness at the time of his departure. He enlisted in the Confederate service early in the sixties near Edgefield, S. C., and followed the renowned leader, T. J. Jackson, until his death and later was transferred to Gen. A. P. Hill's command. He was in the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg and all the engagements around Richmond, except the first battle of Manassas, and surrendered at Appomattox. He was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at Colorado City, Tex., a devout

member of the Baptist Church, a good citizen, a doting father, and a kind and loving husband. Peace to his ashes, love to his memory!

[P. A. Blakey.]

CHARLES KIMBROUGH PENDLETON.

"Only the forgotten are dead," and so we cannot say that Charles Kimbrough Pendleton is dead, but that he answered "Here" to the last call on February 10, 1918, at Ashland, Va. He was a son of Dr. Madison and Elizabeth Barret Pendleton, born November 30, 1835, at the Hermitage, Louisa County, Va., an old colonial homestead owned by the Barrets from the Revolutionary period and still in a fine state of

preservation. He was the third of five sons who fought for the Confederacy.

Charles and his brother, Dr. E. S. Pendleton, joined the Goochland Cavalry, Company F, 4th Virginia Regiment, Wickham's Brigade. William B., who graduated under T. J. Jackson at the Virginia Military Institute and who had been with the Virginia cadets at the hanging of John Brown, was adjutant to General Taliaferro and lost a leg at Cedar Mountain. John Barret was killed



C. K. PENDLETON.

at Laurel Hill. Phil, the youngest son, lost his life at Bloody Angle.

Sergeant Pendleton followed Stuart and Fitz Lee on every field until captured in the battle of the Wilderness. He was confined in Fort Delaware fourteen months, existing on two rations a day of stale food and salt water in preference to taking the oath, which gave the liberty of the island and better food. Although never wounded, Sergeant Pendleton carried a stiff joint through life, due to rheumatism contracted while a prisoner.

On March 11, 1875, he was married to Lucy Turner Chandler, of Caroline County, Va., at whose home Stonewall Jackson died, he having been taken there after he received his fatal wound at Chancellorsville. Though adversities crowded thick and fast his later years and doubtless never free of pain, none ever saw him with clouded face. His motto seemed to be: "Share your joys, but not your woes." One of the most cherished pleasures of his life was to meet and greet his old comrades at the reunions. Though visibly failing the past year, and notwithstanding his advanced age and lameness, he marched with head erect and martial step at the Reunion in Washington in 1917, refusing the urgent request to ride with others of his years. The accompanying picture shows him with Miss Ruth Blakey, of Ashland, in a costume of the sixties as they marched in the Confederate parade.

Sergeant Pendleton was a true type of the old-time Southern gentleman, of charming courtesy and culture, genial and sociable, never happier than when talking of his Southland, and well might it be said: "Wherever he met a stranger, there he left a friend."

MAJ. B. J. ALLEN.

Maj. B. J. Allen, of Fort Payne, Ala., whose death occurred recently, was born in Mississippi, and for many years was a prominent resident of that State. He was born in Neoshoba County April 25, 1844, a lineal descendant of Ethan Allen, of Fort Ticonderoga fame. He entered the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 41st Mississippi Infantry, Hindman's Division, having responded to the first call of the South for troops, and he gave four full years of service. He rose from private to first lieutenant, and was in command of his company at the close of the war. He was wounded at Chickamauga.

After the war Major Allen was in the service of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad for twenty-eight years, and was later with the Mississippi Cotton Oil Company at Meridian. He established the Southwestern Cotton Oil Company of Oklahoma in 1897, and was active in business until his retirement, in 1902, when he went to his plantation in DeKalb County, Ala., and had since resided among the scenes most loved. Four generations of Allens are buried in the old cemetery there. "Hiram Allen, 1792," is a name and date on one marble slab. This Hiram Allen went among the Cherokees in 1840 and founded the Allen home. His son, William F. Allen, "1817," succeeded him, and he in turn was succeeded by his son, Benjamin Jacoway Allen, whose mantle falls to the son, B. J. Allen, Jr., who has long managed the great plantation.

In February, 1871, Major Allen was married to Miss Miami Meador of Marion, Miss., and he is survived by two daughters and a son. His oldest daughter married a nephew of General Longstreet, Charles B. Ames, of Oklahoma City. Three sisters also survive him and a brother, W. F. Allen, of Macon, Miss.

H. P. HOUSE.

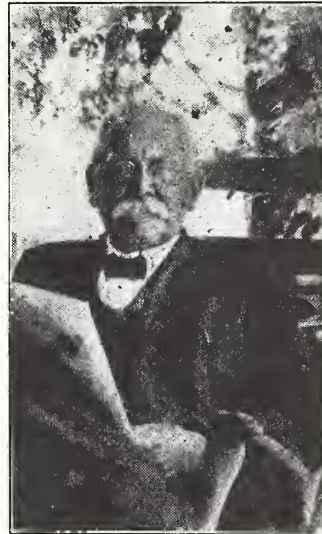
At the age of eighty-one years, H. P. House died in Franklin, Tex., on March 31, 1918. He was born near Tuscaloosa, Ala., October 29, 1836. He moved to Mississippi when seven years of age, living there until the outbreak of the War between the States. He enlisted at Louisville, Miss., in John Bradley's company, on the 1st of May, 1861, and was mustered into the Confederate service at Corinth, Miss., in Company A, 13th Mississippi Regiment. His command went to Union City, Tenn., was ordered to Richmond, Va., and took part in the first battle of Manassas under Col. William Barksdale. Comrade House was in thirteen battles before the fall of Richmond; was wounded and left on the battle field in Gettysburg. He returned to his command near Richmond in January, 1865, and was captured at Amelia Courthouse, Va., three days before Lee surrendered. He arrived home July 14, 1865. He moved to Texas in December, 1866, and several years later was married to Miss Sallie A. Reynolds, of Wheelock, Tex., who preceded him to the great beyond seven years ago, leaving an only child, Mrs. Kittie V. Davlin, who resides in Franklin, Tex. He leaves to his loved ones the heritage of a stainless life.

COMRADES AT MENA, ARK.

Deaths in Pat Cleburne Camp, Mena, Ark., during the past year were as follows: John T. Randolph, F. M. Holman, J. A. Norris, M. S. Bates, T. J. Hansard, L. M. Reynolds, E. T. Lambert, R. M. Anderson, F. E. McDaniel, C. P. Raburn, and — Broom.

J. C. LITTLE.

Like autumn leaves before November's chilling winds, the veterans of the sixties are falling thick and fast beneath the weight of increasing years. On November 5, 1917, James Cain Little left the swiftly thinning ranks of gray to join the comrades gone before. He was born on a farm in Jefferson County, Ga., near the town of Louisville, on February 7, 1846. At the age of seventeen he answered his country's call to arms and enlisted in the Confederate service in Com-



J. C. LITTLE.

pany F, 8th Georgia Cavalry, under Captain Jones, Griffin's Regiment, Dearing's Brigade, Hampton's Division, and fought under Gen. R. E. Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. When the star of the Confederacy went down at Appomattox, he, like all true Southerners, laid aside his gun and sword, returned to his home, and began anew the task of rebuilding his wasted and impoverished Southland. Still in his teens, he accepted a clerkship in the general merchandise store of Judge L. C. Warren at Louisville, Ga.; but very soon he

formed a partnership with Maj. William A. Wilkins, and the mercantile firm of Wilkins & Little began a business career which, under the changing names of Hopkins & Little, Little & Co., Little & Clark, Little, Clark & Co., carried on for more than forty years the best-known and most popular merchandise and supply business in this section of Georgia. He was active and prominent in building the Louisville and Wadley Railroad, contributing to it very largely of his means, and was for more than thirty years consecutively its honored President, being still such at the time of his death. He was a loyal and consistent member of the A. R. Presbyterian Church and a ruling elder therein for more than twenty-five years prior to his death. He was twice married and leaves surviving him four children by each marriage, all of whom have families of their own, except the three youngest, two of whom are sons, and both of these have tendered their services to their country in the present war with Germany. One of them is now somewhere in New York in the Aviation Corps ready for departure to France.

Truly he was one of nature's noblemen, loyal and true as steel to every interest he espoused, whether of business, Church, or State. He was noble, honorable, brave, and true. As a citizen he acknowledged no superiors; as a friend he was without reserve or dissimulation; as a man, without guile; his whole life was an open book, on every page of which one reads a catalogue of high endeavor, honest deeds, and upright living; peculiar alone to the highest type of true Christian manhood. In his death is recognized the loss of a devoted and affectionate husband and father, a loyal, faithful, and consistent Church member, an exemplary citizen, a noble and upright character, an honest man, "the noblest work of God."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

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[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

War Relief Work.—A third U. D. C. hospital ward in France! In the May VETERAN I notified you that we were twice blessed in completing the endowment of two wards in the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, France, by Easter Day. It is now my happy privilege to announce to you the completion of the endowment of our third ward in this hospital on April 24 and that work has begun on the endowment of a fourth ward. In my May letter I gave you the names of the endowed beds in the first two wards. The following are the beds which compose the third ward: Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn., in honor of Gen. N. B. Forrest; Texas Division, a tribute of love and honor to Hood's Texas Brigade, officers and men behind the guns, "glory enough for all"; Missouri Division, in honor of Gen. Sterling Price; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dreyfuss, Shreveport, La., in honor of "our boys," in appreciation of their loyalty; Maryland Division, in honor of and to the heroic memory of our Maryland boys of 1861-65; Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash., a tribute to the men of Camp Lewis; North Carolina Division, in memory of North Carolina heroes of 1861-65; Ohio Division, in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, "in death a hero, in life a friend"; R. E. Lee Chapter, Denver, Colo., in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee; Georgia Division, in memory of Alexander H. Stephens, statesman, patriot, and Vice President.

That this work is appreciated and recorded for our great organization as patriotic service is shown by the following letters, which I feel are the property of every U. D. C. who has helped in this hospital work:

"AMERICAN RED CROSS MILITARY HOSPITAL NO. 1.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE,
March 29, 1918.

"Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, President General U. D. C.—*Dear Madam:* In the name of the American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1 I beg to thank you for your kind and generous donation of a bed to be named 'The United Daughters of the Confederacy; a Tribute of Honor and Devotion to Jefferson Davis.' A plate bearing this inscription has been affixed at once over your bed. Assuring you again of our great appreciation and gratitude for your goodness and generosity, which will help the sufferings of many wounded soldiers, believe me,

"Very truly yours,

FRANCIS J. OTIS,
Special Secretary."

Another letter from the same hospital in France, dated April 18, acknowledges the receipt of the South Carolina

Division and the Virginia Division beds, and the two Arkansas beds and adds: "News of the occupants of these beds will be sent very soon."

Another letter from America reads:

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, NOW AMERICAN
MILITARY HOSPITAL NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICAN COMMITTEE, NEW YORK CITY,
April 11, 1918.

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: At the last meeting of the American Committee, American Military Hospital No. 1, held on Tuesday, April 9, it was moved by Mrs. Henry W. Munroe and seconded by Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn that the formal thanks of the committee be extended to you and your organization for your wonderful interest in the work of the hospital and the great generosity which the members of your organization have shown in providing to date funds for two wards. This resolution was carried unanimously, and I was instructed to write you to this effect.

"Yours very truly,

RICHARD C. POWER,
Executive Secretary."

Under date of April 22 Mr. Power writes again to your President General: "I should like to say to you a word of personal admiration not alone for the splendid interest which your organization has shown in the work for this hospital, but also for the wonderfully efficient manner in which your organization functions. You certainly have the spirit of co-operation and teamwork exemplified in a marvelous degree, and I am sure that the United Daughters of the Confederacy could readily accomplish tasks which less efficiently organized association could not even undertake."

These words from so far away should encourage us to keep up our standard of perfect organization in all our work.

Your President General would call attention to the list of individual Chapters endowing these beds—namely: Ward 1, Shreveport (La.) Chapter. Ward 2, Bakersfield (Cal.) Chapter; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Washington, D. C.; Richmond (Va.) Chapter; Philadelphia Chapter. Ward 3, Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn.; Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash.; R. E. Lee Chapter, Denver, Colo. These eight Chapters have undertaken a splendid task for their war work, and their achievement adds prestige to their names and record in the U. D. C.

Hospital equipment is only one part of your war relief program, remember. As President General I issued a circular letter to all State Presidents on May 1 urging them to stress in their Divisions, besides this hospital work, increased efforts for Red Cross coöperation and advised subscription to the third liberty loan as Divisions, Chapters, and individuals, and continued interest in these government loans as they are announced in the future as a part of their patri-

otic service to-day. The need for cantonment service for men encamped in our midst was reviewed, together with the plan to keep Chapter records of men of Confederate lineage who enter the military or naval service of their country to-day. This cantonment work bears especially heavily on the U. D. C., as so many of these cantonments are located in the South in those sections where our membership is most extensively located. In every case I cannot repeat too often the request of your General War Relief Committee that you keep an accurate record of all Red Cross work, liberty loans, and cantonment service rendered by your Divisions, Chapters, and individuals, and file this record with your War Relief Director in time for her to give her report to the general committee for their report at the Louisville Convention, November 12-16, 1918. As your President General I am being constantly called upon to give statistics of what you as a U. D. C. organization are doing in patriotic service to-day, and if you will keep these records and file them in proper order we can make these statistics and so place you and your organization on the high plane among women's organizations which your devoted and unselfish service entitles you to occupy.

Monthly, by request of the director, I file with the Division on Woman's War Work Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C., a record of your war work up to date, and thus you see my reason for urging records and more records and complete records of your war work.

Our Honorary President of the U. D. C., Mrs. N. V. Randolph, was given a public ovation when on April 29, her seventieth birthday, the Richmond Chapter, whose only President she has been for twenty-one years, gave a reception in her honor. The Virginia Division poured out its love in messages and flowers for this splendid woman who has been an inspiration and example to Southern womanhood of to-day wherever she is known. Every Chapter in Virginia remembered her on this gala occasion, and Mrs. Flournoy, the Virginia State President, was present and made an eloquent presentation of the purse of "threescore ten in gold," the birthday gift of the Chapter to their beloved President. The Richmond press was most complimentary in tributes to Mrs. Randolph as a public-spirited citizen as well as a great Confederate worker. As one of the Honorary Presidents of the U. D. C. she has always been a benediction to our organization whenever she speaks and wherever she serves, and we rejoice in her personality and influence and hail her as one of our greatest leaders and an inspiring example of what a Daughter of the Confederacy can be.

Louisville Convention, November 12-16.—The Seelbach Hotel has been selected as the headquarters hotel for the Convention, and all sessions of the Convention will be held in its large auditorium, so the Convention will be "all under one roof." The local committees are at work on their plans, and further details will be given from month to month in this department.

Changes in Chairmen of U. D. C. Committees.—Mrs. Nathan D. Eller, of Lynchburg, Va., has been appointed chairman of the committee to assist in preparing reading matter for grandsons of Confederate veterans, vice Mrs. Odenheimer, who was obliged to resign because of unusual home duties this year.

Chairmen of all general U. D. C. committees printed in the Chattanooga Minutes are requested in this message to send to the President General during the month of July some brief word as to how their committee work is organized

and is progressing. I make this request to keep my office in touch with all your splendid work, and I feel sure this message will come under your eyes and that you will respond to this earnest request of mine.

Confederate Commemoration Days.—Remember the days of yore. We cannot live by material things alone. Hold fast to your Confederate ideals as an inspiration for patriotic service to-day. April, May, and June are the months in which to hold Confederate Memorial Days. As you gather to lay your loving tributes of orations, odes, and flowers on the graves of the Confederate heroes of 1861-65, let their examples inspire you to live up to your heritage of devotion to country. In the myriad calls of the hour pause for a brief moment to remember the past and be worthy of it in the present. Love of country is the basis of your organization's life, and it must cover the past, the present, and the future.

Education looks to the future. Your General Committee on Education is trying to raise a \$50,000 endowment fund as a foundation for loan scholarships to worthy descendants of Confederate veterans. How much are you giving to this fund to be reported at Louisville in November? Make it possible to establish one of these scholarships for 1919. Send your contributions at once, certainly before you disband for the summer, to the Treasurer General, Mrs. Little, and notify Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C., member in charge of this fund, of the amount you have sent, and make it as generous a gift as you can. Remember the needs of the children of the boys in khaki and the grandchildren of the men in gray.

My closing word to you in this letter is: Remember it is June and half our year for work is gone. Report your work to the various departments under which it should be recorded, and let us have a mighty record of deeds accomplished to file away in our Louisville Convention Minutes.

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

The Missouri Chapters are deeply interested in all war relief work, and many of them have been quite active in the thrift stamp campaign and liberty bond drive. The hospital bed fund has been completed.

Robert E. Lee Chapter at Blackwater realized sixty-six dollars from a sale of fancywork, one-half of which was given to the Red Cross.

Hannibal Chapter reports many faithful workers in the general workroom, as well as in the surgical dressings department of the Red Cross. This Chapter also reports paid-up pledges to the hospital bed and to the camp mother funds.

Mary Major Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, has filled a bank for the Jefferson Davis Memorial, made a comfort for a French baby, and is knitting for the Red Cross.

At each of its meetings Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, has a selection read from the *VETERAN*. It has bought smileage books, contributed to the educational work and to the hospital bed, and has placed the *VETERAN* in the public library.

Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, has a business meeting once a month, when splendid reports of knitting, sewing, and surgical dressings work for the Red Cross are read. Fifty dollars has been given to the hospital bed. All pledges have been paid.

Confederate Veteran.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH.

What is the latest news? A rush order for Red Cross work. The headquarters of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of New Orleans, now designated as "Branch 23, American Red Cross," was the scene of great activity during the week of doing its share of the order for eighty thousand emergency bandages. The four-thousand quota of the U. D. C. set the sewing machines buzzing, and the greatest interest on the part of every member, old and young, was shown in getting the number of hospital garments ready.

The efficient Chairman, Mrs. Arthur Weber, ably assisted by the Vice Chairman, Mrs. S. D. McEnery, widow of one of our best-beloved Confederate soldiers and statesmen, Senator Samuel D. McEnery, now has complete charge of Branch 23, and they bring into the work a personal magnetism and patriotic love of service that cannot fail to bring success to any cause and efficiency in all work for which their country calls them. Mrs. Weber has a noble example, an object lesson in true patriotism in the personal history of her venerable father, W. A. Patterson, who fought four years under the Confederate banner. Although an Englishman, he espoused the Southern cause and, having the courage of his convictions, surrendered only when Lee met Grant at Appomattox. He is still living and wears his honors easily.

"No woman should sit at home idle in these times, when the country and its soldiers need so much. The best is none too good for them," so said Mrs. Henry Daspit, retiring President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter in her report. The honor of singing the praise of their gifted and beloved Historian, Mrs. John Dimitry, went to Mrs. E. M. Harnett, who received a vote of thanks for her successful efforts to memorialize the work of the Chapter's past Historian. Mrs. Dimitry's historical sketches were compiled and published, the proceeds of their sale netting sufficient to erect a monument at her grave.

On January 25, at a reception held in the City Hall to welcome the French visitors, Le Marquis et la Marquise de Polignac, Dr. Charles E. Russell, on behalf of New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., presented a beautiful bouquet of red and white carnations to La Marquise de Courtivron, daughter of Prince Camille de Polignac. The Daughters of the Confederacy were largely in evidence, and at a happy moment Miss Gautreaux, the President, invited the distinguished guest to become a member of the New Orleans Chapter. The Marquise expressed her pleasure at the invitation and most graciously accepted. The application for membership was forwarded to her, properly filled out, and returned with the following letter:

"I am the daughter of Prince Camille de Polignac, who was lieutenant colonel of infantry and served under General Beauregard, Gen. Braxton Bragg, Gen. Richard Taylor, and Gen. Kirby Smith. My father was promoted to the rank of brigadier general on January 10, 1863, and major general on April 8, 1864. After the battle of Mansfield he took part in all the Red River campaign against General Banks and was on leave of absence to promote the cause in France when the Trans-Mississippi Department surrendered. It was his desire that the sword presented by Governor Allen, of Louisiana, should be returned to Richmond, Va., which was done, and the sword is now among the relics in the Confederate Museum. AGNES DE POLIGNAC, MARQUISE DE COURTIVRON."

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. A. G. EAKINS.

The efforts of the women of the U. D. C. Chapters of the Oklahoma Division seem centered on war relief work, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. for the soldiers, smileage books, adoption of French children, endowing beds in the U. D. C. wards of the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, keeping up the educational funds, finishing Gen. Stand Watie's monument, located at the old territorial capital, Tahlequah, and many other necessary and imperative things.

When the magnificent State Capitol was finished, our Governor and legislators designated a room to be known as the "Confederate Room." The room is furnished by the State, but the Daughters are to furnish the home touches. We will have here a welcome and resting place for any Confederate visiting our capital, also for Confederate relics. This room is to be dedicated June 3, Jefferson Davis's birthday. The Shawnee Chapter, No. 1443, plans to have an old-time basket dinner, and the Governor and Attorney-General are to be our guests. Our Governor and legislature had a sum of money set aside to mark the graves of our veterans wherever they are authentically located.

The Oklahoma Division has sent out the official call for the Annual Convention, which will meet in Altus June 4, 5, 6. We are wide awake to a realization of our responsibilities, to our God, to our government, and to the boys we have sent over.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the \$50,000 U. D. C. Endowment Fund for loan scholarships are slowly coming in. Treasurer General Mrs. R. E. Little has received the following:

California: San Diego, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$2.

Minnesota: Minneapolis, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2.

Illinois: Chicago, Chicago Chapter, \$2; Chicago, Raphael Semmes Chapter, \$2; Chicago, Stonewall Chapter, \$2.

Philadelphia Chapter, \$3.

North Carolina: Fayetteville, J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$2; Wadesboro, Anson Chapter, \$2.

New York: New York, James Henry Parker Chapter, \$2.

South Carolina: Abbeville, Abbeville Chapter, \$2; Bamberg, Francis Marion Bamberg Chapter, \$2; Batesburg, Batesburg Chapter, \$2; Bishopville, Lottie Green Chapter, \$2; Camden, John D. Kennedy Chapter, \$2; Charleston, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, \$5; Cross Hill, B. W. Ball Chapter, \$4; Ellenton, Ellenton Chapter, \$2; Florence, Ellison Capers Chapter, \$5; Florence, Maxcy Gregg Chapter, \$2; Gaffney, Moses Wood Chapter, \$2; Denmark, Graham Chapter, \$2; Greenville, Greenville Chapter, \$2; Johnston, Mary Ann Buie Chapter, \$2; Ninety-Six, Mary Carroll Brooks Chapter, \$2; Sumter, Dick Anderson Chapter, \$5; Sumter, Mrs. W. L. Saunders, \$5.

Tennessee: Chattanooga, Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, \$2.

Texas: Corpus Christi, Corpus Christi Chapter, \$2.

Virginia: Portsmouth, Stonewall Chapter, \$2.

Total, \$73.

Every Chapter in the organization is requested to send something to this fund before July 1, 1918, in order that the first year's contribution may be placed at interest and make available a loan to a student in September, 1919.

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Committee on Education, U. D. C.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, President of the Alabama Division and Chairman of the War Relief Committee, U. D. C., spent a week during April as the guest of Mrs. J. T. Beal in Little Rock, Ark. While there Mrs. Rountree delivered an address to the U. D. C. Chapters on "How the U. D. C. Co-operates with the Red Cross."

Mrs. Rountree is Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee on War Relief, and much has been accomplished by her and her associates. Endowment has already been secured for two entire wards in the hospital at Neuilly, France, and a third is nearly completed. Mrs. Beal is a member of this committee also. She entertained at a reception in honor of Mrs. Rountree during her visit.

The special interest of the Alabama Division now is the Annual Convention, which will be held at Talladega May 1-4. It is to be a most interesting Convention, and a large attendance is expected.

Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, State Historian, is arranging a most interesting historical album which she will have on exhibition at the Convention. It will contain autographed pictures of the women who have been prominent in the work of the Alabama Division. After the Convention it will be placed in the State Department of Archives.

Several Chapters in the Division have bought liberty bonds. The Selma Chapter has put the money which it had on hand for marking Selma's historical spots into bonds, which is a splendid and patriotic thing to do.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

The twenty-second Annual Convention of the Tennessee Division, held at Nashville May 8-10, had patriotism as its keynote, and this was emphasized by the sending of a telegram to President Wilson, tendering the services of the Division in whatever capacity needed, as one of the first acts of the Convention. Interest centered largely in reports of the war work accomplished, and the address of the President, Mrs. B. A. Owen, was inspiring in its review of what had been accomplished along that line during the year. With all this work absorbing the interest of the membership, Mrs. Owen did not fail to give a word of warning against losing sight of the true aims of the organization when she said: "Let me ask of you in these exacting hours not to let the appeal for the young and the new divert your attention and your sympathy away from the needs of the Confederate veterans. The call of our needy Confederate women is even stronger, because to whom shall these women look in their declining years if not to the women of their own lineage, civilization, and ideals? In memory of our mothers let us see to it that no Confederate woman shall need comfort and sympathy where a U. D. C. Chapter exists. The hour for present-day patriotism has struck, and the U. D. C.'s have their opportunity to show that they are worthy daughters of the men and women of the sixties. In this crisis of our country's life we must give our best, and a best worthy of our Confederate lineage."

A fine report was made by the Division Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Hargrave, showing receipts to have been \$1,389.60, with expenditures of \$948.55, leaving a balance of \$441.05 in the treasury. Of the seventy-five Chapters of the Division, fifty-three had paid their State tax for 1918.

This report did not include the large sums raised by the Division for war relief work, which was reported by Mrs.

E. O. Wells, of Rockwood, Director of the War Relief Work. During the year the Division has given one ambulance, costing \$785; one kitchen trailer, \$607; three hospital beds, \$1,800. Mrs. Wells reported that the third bed to the credit of this Division would be named for Gen. Felix K. Zollcoffer. Chapter reports showed \$4,473.64 expended for Red Cross and other relief work, and seven French orphans are being supported at a cost of \$252.50, making a total of \$8,918.14. The report on liberty bonds and thrift stamps was not complete, but these have been purchased liberally by Chapters and individual members.

The State Historian, Mrs. W. J. Barton, reported a falling off of interest in this historical work, though some splendid work had been done by a number of Chapters. The banner again went to Nashville Chapter, No. 1, for the best historical work, and the medal was awarded to Miss Nora Lee Harrison, of Memphis, for the best essay on "The Confederate Flag."

The report on the Confederate Girls' Home was made by Miss Marguerite Dozier, who succeeded her mother, the late Mrs. N. B. Dozier, as chairman of that committee. There has been paid on this to date \$3,043.23; pledges unpaid, \$2,503.20; pledged by the State, \$10,000; total, with interest on amount paid, \$15,546.43.

Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, Director of the Cunningham Monument Fund, reported the receipt of \$58 additional on that fund.

One of the most important actions of the Convention was the raising of sufficient funds to endow another hospital bed in France, this to be in the hospital that is under the direction of Miss Emmeleen Childs, granddaughter of Gen. William B. Bate, for whom the bed will be named. Of this fund, Clark Chapter, of Gallatin, pledged \$165, and the William B. Bate Chapter, at Nashville, will give \$100.

Officers for the following year are: President, Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, Jackson; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. L. Manire, Memphis, Mrs. Owen Walker, Franklin, and Mrs. E. O. Wells, Rockwood; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mark Harrison, Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. B. Patton, Jackson; Treasurer, Mrs. Percy Patton, Memphis; Registrar, Mrs. William Lowry, Knoxville; Historian, Mrs. L. F. Beaty, Nashville; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. B. Romine, Pulaski; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. A. H. Rhodes, Whiteville.

Mrs. C. R. Handly, of Nashville, was appointed Regent for the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., succeeding the late Mrs. Grace M. Newbill.

The initial entertainment in honor of this meeting of the Division was the handsome luncheon given by Mrs. John C. Brown, General Chairman, to the executive officers and the local Chapter Presidents on Tuesday, the 7th, at the Nashville Golf and Country Club. Mrs. Brown led in a toast to President Wilson and to the President General U. D. C., Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, whose certificate of membership in the organization was signed by Mrs. Brown twenty years ago when she was President General.

On Tuesday evening was given the welcome entertainment, when Governor Rye extended the hospitality of the State and city. An interesting feature was the presentation of flags, and special applause was given those flags bearing a star for every human contribution that had been made by a Chapter member. After the luncheon given by the affiliated Chapters of Nashville on Wednesday, a trip to the Confederate Home and the Hermitage was made by way of

Mount Olivet, where wreaths and flags were placed on the graves of Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, first President U. D. C., and of other charter members of the organization. A short stop was also made at Tulip Grove, one of the handsome old homes near the Hermitage. A luncheon at the Hermitage Hotel and a barbecue at Glendale Park were the offerings of the Confederate veterans of Nashville. The D. A. R. Chapters of Nashville entertained at tea on Friday afternoon.

Among the prominent attendants of this Convention were: Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Historian General U. D. C., who made an inspiring address on Historical Evening; Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, daughter of Admiral Semmes, and Mrs. Lizzie Bate Williams, a niece of General Bate, both of Memphis; and Mrs. H. N. Leech, of Clarksville, former President of the Division.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1918.

GEN. BARNARD ELLIOTT BEE.

Born July 3, 1823, in Charleston, S. C.; died July 22, 1861, killed at First Manassas; buried in St. Paul's Church yard, Pendleton, S. C.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

1. What honor did his native State of South Carolina confer upon Captain Bee for his gallant conduct in the Mexican War?

2. Tell of his service with Albert Sidney Johnston in the Utah campaign.

3. Show how much valor was compressed within his brief service in the Confederate army and how he entered "Fame's eternal camping ground" from his field headquarters.

4. What immortal name did he bestow upon Gen. T. J. Jackson and his brigade?

Poem to use: "Manassas," by Catherine W. Warfield, in Simms's, Mason's, and Wharton's "War Poems of the South."

Reference: "Confederate Military History."

GEN. DANIEL HARVEY HILL.

Born July 12, 1821, in York District, S. C.; died September 24, 1889, at Charlotte, N. C.

"Here wrestled Arthur and his knights."

1. Tell how his native State regarded him as one of the three bravest survivors of the Mexican War.

2. Show the marked similarity he bore to his distinguished brother-in-law, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, in his life as college professor, strength of character, and religious convictions.

3. Show how he made great soldiers out of his North Carolina cadets, as Jackson did with those of Virginia.

4. Relate the marvelous development of military genius which enabled the former professor of mathematics with four thousand men to hold the pass at Crampton's Gap in the face of McClellan's army.

Poem to use: "The Gap," by Francis Orray Ticknor.

Reference: CONFEDERATE VETERAN for August and September, 1917, articles by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.

GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

(The "Wizard of the Saddle.")

"He was not taught at West Point, but he gave lessons to West Point."

Born July 13, 1821, in Bedford County, Tenn.; died October 29, 1877, in Memphis, Tenn.; buried in Elmwood.

1. Sketch in its entirety the wonderful career of this civilian who entered the Confederate service as a private, but with an intuitive sense of warfare which enabled him to become, according to European authorities, "the most magnificent cavalry officer that America has produced."

2. What might have been the results had General Forrest's advice been followed both at Shiloh and at Chickamauga?

3. Tell of the exploits of Forrest's Cavalry, and why did it "cost something to ride with Forrest"?

4. Describe the personal fearlessness of the cavalryman, who was one hundred and seventy-nine times under fire during the four years of the war and who took 31,000 prisoners.

5. Why did General Sherman say, "I think Forrest the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side"?

Poem to use: "The Wizard of the Saddle," by Virginia Frazer Boyle.

References: "The Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," by Gen. Thomas Jordan and J. T. Pryor; "The Life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest," by John A. Wyeth.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1918.

HARRY LYNDEN FLASH.

This gifted poet was a Confederate soldier and fought as well as sang. He was born July 20, 1835, in Cincinnati, Ohio, his parents being from the West Indies. He was brought to New Orleans when he was four years old, was educated at a military institute in Kentucky, and later lived in Mobile, Ala. He traveled and studied in Italy and published his first volume of poems in 1860. He served in the Confederate army under Gen. W. J. Hardee and Gen. Joseph Wheeler. He fought at Perryville and in the battle of Chickamauga.

Miss Mildred Rutherford has a fine sketch of him in her book, "The South in History and Literature."

Poems to learn: "Zollicoffer," "Stonewall Jackson." Both of these are found in almost every collection of Southern poetry and in the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS FOR ANNA ROBINSON ANDREWS MEDAL, U. D. C.

1. Give the names of the vessels which brought over the colonists to the first permanent English settlement in North America, date and circumstances of departure from England and of arrival on North American Continent. Fifty words.

2. Show how Capt. John Smith's representations of his fellow colonists have caused this first colony to be misunderstood and belittled up to the present time. One hundred words or less.

3. Tell of the workings of the communal system at Jamestown and at Plymouth Rock. One hundred words or less.

4. Tell something about Thomas Hariot at Roanoke Island, of John Martin, George Percy, George Thorpe, and George Sandys at Jamestown. One hundred and fifty words or less.

5. Is it correct to say that the first negroes imported in 1619 were imported as slaves? If not, why not? When and where was the first slave-carrying ship in America built? One hundred and twenty-five words or less.

6. Give circumstances of the calling of the first representative assembly in America. Fifty words or less.

7. Give name and location and chief purpose of the first college established in America; also the name, location, and date of the founding of the oldest college now existing, location and founding of the first college for women. Two hundred words or less.

8. Compare the humanitarian motives behind the establishment of the colonies of Pennsylvania and Georgia. One hundred words or less.

9. Show how the democracy of the Carolinas rejected the "Grand Model" of John Locke. One hundred words or less.

10. Tell something of the life of Eliza Lucas. One hundred and fifty words or less.

11. Give an account of the reasons for and the proceedings of Bacon's rebellion in 1676. Two hundred words or less.

12. Compare the "tea parties" of Boston, Annapolis, Charleston, and Edenton. Which of these methods of handling the imported tea resulted in the greatest profit to the Americans? Two hundred words or less.

13. Compare the battles and the results of Bunker Hill and Fort Moultrie. Two hundred words or less.

14. Compare the battles and results of Saratoga and King's Mountain. Two hundred words or less.

15. Give an account of the career and service of Gen. Daniel Morgan. Two hundred words or less.

16. Tell of the great service in the acquisition of territory for the American Confederation of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and George Rogers Clark. One hundred and fifty words or less.

17. Under what leadership—sectional, personal, and political—were all the continental additions to the United States territory acquired, from the Louisiana Purchase to Alaska? Two hundred words or less.

18. Tell of sectional opposition to much of this expansion and the reasons for it. One hundred words or less.

19. Tell of nullification expressions and the reasons for them, from the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions to the resolutions regarding the provisions of the fugitive slave law. Three hundred words or less.

20. Show how nullification and secession ideas arose directly out of, and were similar to, the principles of local self-government which formed the basis for colonial resistance to George III. One hundred and fifty words or less.

21. Many of our "standard" histories and textbooks teach that the ideas of Calhoun and other Southern leaders about nullification were "ridiculous" or "absurd" and that the "cause of the South was an unworthy one." Show that the principles maintained by the South were essentially the same as those previously upheld by the North and that, therefore, these terms are misrepresentative and false in perspective and proportion. (This point involves a repetition of much of 18, 19, and 20; but it should be taken up separately, as the matter is of fundamental importance.) Two hundred and fifty words or less.

22. Explain the effect of tariff laws on the Southern States prior to 1860. Show how this might have led to war in 1831 in connection with the opposition of South Carolina if the Federal government had not compromised the matter. One hundred and fifty words or less.

23. Show how the abolition of slavery was an incidental outcome of the War of Secession and not the direct cause of the conflict: (1) By the expressed purpose of the Federal administration, (2) the disgust of the violent abolitionists over Lincoln's attitude, and (3) the terms of the Emancipation Proclamation itself as not applying to Federal-controlled territory, etc. Two hundred words or less.

24. Compare the views on slavery of Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, and Abraham Lincoln. Two hundred words or less.

25. Since the outbreak of the great war in Europe, the Northern press and Colonel Watterson's *Courier-Journal* have been full of comparisons between German's position or attitude and that of the Southern Confederacy. Show how this analogy is utterly without foundation: (1) As to the preparation for war. (2) As to comparison between "the right divine of kings" and "the right divine to hold slaves." Show proportion of nonslaveholders in the South and the emancipation sentiment there, to show how, if the war had broken out at other periods over threats of secession, the matter of emancipation might have come in a similar fashion as an aftermath of the conflict. (3) Show that the Confederate conduct of the war in no wise compares with that of the Prussians. (4) In the matter of aggression, show original opposition of South Carolina, the first State to secede, to the threatened domination of a wholly sectional party as the culmination of a long series of sectional legislative acts, the promise made and broken as to the evacuation of Sumter, and the Federal attempts to reinforce the fort in January, 1861, and again in April, the latter offensive act bringing on the bombardment of Sumter as a defensive measure. Four hundred words or less.

In general, it may be said that the briefer the answers to the above, the better will be the chances for the prize, provided the replies are properly comprehensive.

THE ANDREWS MEDAL OFFERED TO THE U. D. C.

The Andrews Medal is to be given for the most correct answers to the "Test Questions in History." This medal is given by the author, Matthew Page Andrews, as a memorial to his mother, Anna Robinson Andrews. The following are the rules:

1. All answers must be sent to State Historians, who will select the three best lists of answers sent to them and send them to the Historian General not later than August 1, 1918.

2. All lists or answers must be typewritten before sending to the Historian General and must bear the name of the Chapter, Division, and writer.

3. Only three lists may be sent from a Division or Chapter where there is no Division. In case of a tie, the list first received by the Historian General will have precedence.

4. Answers must be expressed in as few words as will make the meaning clear.

References to use for the Andrews Medal contest:

1. "Brief History of the United States," by Matthew Page Andrews, A.M.

2. "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession," by Beverly B. Munford.

3. "Dixie Book of Days."

IN WINTER QUARTERS AT DALTON, GA, 1863-64.

BY FRANK S. ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our brigade, Gen. John K. Jackson's, Maj. Gen. William H. T. Walker's division, Lieut. Gen. William J. Hardee's corps, was encamped about two miles east of Dalton on a slightly elevated plateau sloping generally in every direction, thus affording good drainage. Our cabins were built of split logs, the cracks being "chinked" during the severest weather with red clay, thus making a very comfortable house (?) indeed. An ample chimney was constructed of sticks "chinked" in the same manner as the house; and when the fireplace was piled up with wood and set going, we had as comfortable quarters as to warmth as one could wish. Our bedsteads (?) were four posts with end and side pieces nailed to them, and boards were placed so as to give us room to fill in with straw, and over this our quilts and blankets were spread.

I occupied a cabin with my brother Charlie, who was adjutant of the sharpshooters, 2d Georgia Battalion. We were as comfortable as the proverbial "bug in a rug." Our mess was composed of Adjutant Roberts, Color Sergt. (afterwards Orderly Sergt.) William Mulherin, Sergts. Martin V. Calvin and Henry Miller, Corps. Charlie Cheesborough and Mike Roulette, and Privates Tommy Brennau, Jimmy Robinson, and myself. Being a very large mess, our ration came in a good-sized chunk, especially beef. Sergeant Miller was an excellent cook, and he could bake or roast our ration of beef to "a turn," and, believe me, it was good. At times we had potatoes, which were "powerful" good with the savory gravy he made. Corn bread was our stand-by in that line. This was baked in a big old Dutch oven about fourteen inches in diameter, two bakings of three pones each being required at each of our three meals per day. We used liberally of the little Mexican red peppers for seasoning, which was a most healthy tonic for us. (Just here I shall digress to say that when we passed through Dalton in October, 1864, on our way into Tennessee, the previous winter's camps could be located by the sea of pepper plants full of peppers that covered the country from the seed that had fallen on the ground.) Occasionally bacon, with some kind of green vegetable, varied our bill of fare. We ordered a five-gallon keg of Georgia cane sirup (it cost us only \$300), which went splendidly with our corn bread for dessert. I can now hear dear "Billy" Mulherin say: "Please pass me those molasses." He was a noble fellow, as true as steel. In fact, you could hardly get together a nobler band than our mess at Dalton was. Martin Calvin was correspondent for one of the *Augusta* (Ga.) papers, and for many years after the war he represented Richmond County, Ga., in the legislature. He and I are the only survivors of that mess, and I know of but two other members of our company (C) that are living. They are Capt. George F. Lamback and W. H. Hendrix, of Augusta, Ga. I met these two at the Reunion in Washington in June, 1917. It had then been fifty-three years since I saw Hendrix as he was leaving the field in front of Kenesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., Sunday, June 19, 1864, with blood streaming down his neck from a wound in the head. Except that he was older and grayer, he had not changed since I last saw him. In this skirmish Sergeant Miller also received a severe wound in the leg, and I never saw him again after he was taken from the field. He died, several years ago.

Not long after I joined the command at Dalton I was ordered to brigade headquarters to assist Capt. S. A. Moreno,

adjutant general, in the clerical work of his office. This operated to relieve me of all camp duty. I had then done only one or two tours of guard duty. It came in mighty handy during the hard weather in January and February.

Our life in camp had its pleasant side, singing being the chief feature. I had a high, clear falsetto voice, and, knowing all the popular songs of the day, I was constituted leader of the gang. Buchanan (dear old Buck!), one of our musicians, had a sweet tenor, my dear friend "Griff" (Orderly Sergt. W. A. Griffin) had a lovely voice, and my brother Charlie held up the bass end of the line. One of our songs was "Annie Darling," which began,

"The watchdog is snarling for fear, Annie darling,
Some Yank would come and steal her away";

and the refrain was,

"Come, come, come, rain, come, come, flow to the top of my boots;

O come, and I'll thank ye to keep back the Yankee until our ranks are filled up by recruits,"

and that beautiful song, "Silence, Silence, Make No Noise Nor Stir." Many were the nights we sang these songs and many others, and hundreds of the boys from the adjoining camps came over to hear us sing. And now that is only a sweet memory.

About the end of February, 1864, we were called from our quarters by a demonstration in force in our front at Rocky Face Ridge, near Dalton, which was vigorously met and frustrated, Gen. M. A. Stovall's brigade taking a very active part in the defense of the position. After remaining there a few days, we were ordered back to our camps. However, I had developed a fever and was put in the hospital at Dalton, sent from there to Marietta, Ga., and placed in a ward there on the square which had been the store of Mr. D. M. Young, whom I had known in the fifties, when I was a small boy. I remained there until the early part of April, returning then to camp at Dalton. Shortly after my return another demonstration was made on our right over near Spring Place, in Murray County. Our division (Walker's) was sent over there to see what it meant, but we returned to camp in a few days and settled down to our usual duties. But it was not to be for long. About the first of May General Sherman "got busy," shortly after sending General McPherson down to Snake Creek Gap to attack us at Resaca. General Johnston was alive to his tactics and at once made disposition to meet him, which was done at Resaca on May 14-16, 1864, inflicting heavy loss on Sherman. With this began the heavy and continuous fighting that ensued for nearly one hundred days, until General Johnston was taken away from us, which worked disaster to us to the end.

A sad and pathetic accident occurred in April, 1864. The brigade which had occupied the camp next to ours moved out, and a brigade of General Walthall's division moved into it; I cannot recall whose brigade it was. They busied themselves in getting the camp in thorough order, and by Saturday this was done. That night the men were gathered together holding a prayer meeting by the light of the camp fires. During the clean-up a fire had been built at the foot of a large dead oak tree, and this had burned until it was standing with only a shell at the base. Suddenly in the midst of the service this old tree swayed and fell with a crash into the midst of the worshippers. Nine men were killed and a number injured, casting a terrible pall over the

camp and the surrounding ones. The next evening, Sunday, as the sun was nearing its setting, three army wagons moved from the camp, each bearing a coffin with a body in it. The procession moved across our drill and parade field, headed by one of our finest bands playing that beautiful funeral march, "Pleyel's Hymn," to a grove of oaks, and there as the sun was sinking they were laid to rest. Three volleys were given, and then "taps" was sounded. It was the most beautifully sad sight I ever witnessed as the war-worn veterans, with bared heads and tear-dimmed eyes, paid this last mark of love and respect to their dead comrades, left to their rest far from home and loved ones.

THE BATTLE OF SCARY.

BY C. L. THOMPSON, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

The War between the States having begun, there was much excitement in the early days of 1861 all over the State of Virginia, especially in the western part of the State, which bordered on the Ohio River, Brig. Gen. Henry A. Wise having been sent out to Charleston, Kanawha County, by Gov. John Letcher to organize a military force for the protection of Virginia's western border.

Volunteers were crowding to enlist for the defense of their State, and all the counties were sending companies to the training camps. So it was that in May and June, 1861, there were assembled at Camp Tompkins, in Kanawha County, for drill and instruction six companies of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and a two-gun battery of artillery.

The captains of the infantry companies were: George S. Patton, Kanawha Riflemen; A. R. Barbee, Putnam County company; Gus Bailey, Fayette company; Captain Waite, Monroe company; John S. Swann, Kanawha company; B. S. Thompson, the company of militia; and Capt. James Sweeney commanded a small company from Wheeling. The cavalry was commanded by A. G. Jenkins, Border Rangers; Capt. Irving Lewis, the Kanawha Rangers; and Captain Corns, Sandy Rangers. The artillery was commanded by Lieuts. William A. Quarrier and James Welch.

Camp Tompkins was situated about a mile and a half below Coal River, on Tackett's Creek, some twelve miles west of Charleston, the county seat of Kanawha County, Va. All of the troops above mentioned were volunteers of the State of Virginia and were commanded by Capt. George S. Patton, who was the ranking officer.

Captain Patton was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, of Lexington, Va., and a very efficient and capable officer.

During the month of June and up to the 17th of July these volunteer troops were drilled in the manual of arms, instructed in maneuvering, and taught the duties of a soldier. This was quite an undertaking, as all of the men were raw recruits from the farm, the shop, and the school; and Captain Patton, assisted by one or two cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, had his hands full trying to make soldiers out of these green country boys and men.

From early morning until late in the afternoon, with but little rest, it was drill, drill, drill, drill. The men were sick and tired of the monotony of the work and longed for a change.

About the middle of July the camp was thrown into excitement by rumors that the Yankees were coming up the Kanawha River in great force. Pickets were thrown out several miles down the river and on what was known as the

Bill's Creek Road. A company of State militia, under command of Capt. B. S. Thompson, was sent to occupy the top of Coal Mountain, a strategic point on the old James River and Kanawha Pike. Some three miles west of Coal River cavalry scouts were sent out on all the roads, and active preparations were made to meet the invaders of Virginia and give them a warm reception. On July 16 the cavalry scouts reported several steamboats, with troops on board, coming up the Kanawha River and landing at Poca River, on the north side of the Kanawha. At this point the Federal troops left their boats and went into camp about four miles below the mouth of Scary Creek.

Early on the morning of July 17, 1861, the drums began to beat the long roll, and soon the command, "Fall in!" could be heard in all the companies at Camp Tompkins. There was but little excitement; the men formed quickly, but quietly. All appeared to realize that the most solemn hour in their lives and in the history of their beloved State of Virginia and of the country had come and that the crisis must be met with the same courage, dignity, and fortitude which characterized their forefathers in the Indian wars and the War of the Revolution. Every man in that little army knew that he was going forth to meet an invader, to fight, and, if need be, to die in defense of his home and loved ones.

By ten o'clock in the morning the column was formed and on the march down the Kanawha River. On reaching the mouth of Scary Creek, about one mile west of Camp Tompkins, our cavalry scouts reported the Federal troops on the march to meet us. Our column was halted and a line of battle formed along Scary Creek on the east bank. In disposing the troops for battle Captain Patton was greatly aided and assisted by John K. Thompson, a youth of some eighteen years, a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, who had been detailed by Governor Letcher to drill the volunteer troops. Thompson was a son of Dr. John J. Thompson, upon whose lands the Federal soldiers encamped when they first landed on the soil of Virginia, and he was quite familiar with the ground upon which we were to fight. The two iron six-pounder cannon were placed on a spur of the river hills which juts out about two or three hundred yards from the banks of the Kanawha River and forms a bluff almost perpendicular to the edge of Scary Creek. This high ground was about on a level with the bluff, which rises sharply from the Kanawha River some eight hundred or a thousand yards to the west and nearly opposite to where our guns were placed.

From Dr. Thompson's place, where the Federal troops first landed, there are two roads leading to the mouth of Scary Creek, one following the river and the other going up Bill's Creek. This Bill's Creek Road comes out on the bluff referred to above and almost directly opposite the position occupied by our two-gun battery. About two o'clock in the afternoon our pickets on the Bill's Creek Road fired and were driven in by the enemy's cavalry. Before the men at the outpost could reach our lines, a squadron of cavalry dashed up and stopped just in front of the dwelling house of Mr. Robert M. Simms, on the brink of the hill.

Captain Patton gave the order, and our two little guns opened fire. A few shots dispersed the Federal cavalry, and in a short time a splendidly equipped battery of field guns came up at a gallop, unlimbered their guns, and began to send their shells at us. Soon the lines of bluecoats could be seen coming down the hill and deploying across the little bottom which lay between us and the Federal artillery on the hill.

When the infantry came within range of our rifles, we opened with every gun that we had, and the battle of Scary was on in earnest. The loud-mouthed cannon, bursting shells, crashing small arms, and "shouting captains" made a royal tumult which tested the nerves of the raw recruits from the field and from the shop; but they stood their ground like veterans and gave shot for shot. The superiority of the enemy's artillery was quickly shown, for our guns were cut down by their fire. Lieut. Jim Welch was killed and our battery silenced. This was a serious loss to us, for the full force of the Federal artillery was now concentrated upon our infantry, and the shells came fast and furiously. The fight was kept up without much change in the lines until late in the afternoon, when the Federals could be seen forming for a charge to carry the bridge which spanned the creek near its mouth. While the Federal commander was pressing this assault for the capture of the bridge Captain Corns, with his Sandy Rangers dressed in red shirts, and Captain Thompson, with the militia, reached the field from Coal Mountain and brought with them a piece of artillery. The Sandy Rangers went into action singing a ballad called "Bullets and Steel," and their song could be heard above the roar of the battle. Our new gun opened with telling effect.

The gallant 12th Ohio charged valiantly. Their colonel (Norton), leading them, was wounded and fell near the bridge he strove so bravely to capture. After the fall of their colonel, the assaulting column gave way and retired to the high ground, where a stand was made to cover the retreat of their main body.

By sundown the fight was practically over, the enemy having retreated over the same road he came. The battle lasted nearly five hours and at times was hotly contested. The loss on the side of the Virginia troops was small, some five killed and twenty or thirty wounded. The Federals left twelve dead on the field; the number of their wounded was thirty, as ascertained from a diary of one who was on the ground at the time of the battle.

Among the dead was the gallant Jim Welch, who was killed early in the action by a shell. Among the wounded was our commander, Capt. George S. Patton. We captured Colonel Norton, who was badly wounded, Lieutenant Colonel De Villiers, Lieutenant Colonel Neff, and two captains. Captain Patton and Colonel Norton were taken to the home of Mr. Beverly D. Tompkins, some half mile from the battle field, where our surgeons dressed their wounds and made them as comfortable as the circumstances would allow.

The Virginia troops engaged numbered about nine hundred. The Federals had two regiments of infantry, besides cavalry and artillery; and their force was estimated at nearly two thousand, of all arms of the service. The disparity in numbers was made up in some measure by the strong position in which our troops were placed by Captain Patton, who was an exceedingly able and capable officer. Our right flank rested on the Kanawha River, and our left followed the bend of Scary Creek and reached a bunch well up on the high river hill. After his recovery from the wounds received in this battle, Captain Patton was made colonel of the 22d Virginia Regiment of Infantry and commanded it until killed in battle at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. Lieutenant Colonel De Villiers and the officers captured with him rode into our lines sometime after the battle when it was dark. Some one set fire to a small outbuilding standing on the river bank, and these officers, seeing the blaze, rode in great haste along the river road to offer their congratulations to

Colonel Norton and his troops on their victory, not knowing that their friends and comrades had met with defeat and were in full retreat on the Bill's Creek Road. Instead of congratulations, there was grief at finding their commander wounded and a prisoner like themselves.

The battle of Scary Creek was fought four days before the first battle of Manassas and, in comparison with later battles during the same war, was a small affair; but to the men engaged on that fateful 17th day of July, 1861, it was the biggest thing of their lives and proved the mettle in them. When the battle was fought, the men had not entered the Confederate service; they were Virginia State troops, and the companies had not been assigned to any regiment. The men were poorly armed, most of them with squirrel rifles and shotguns. Only one company, the Kanawha Riflemen, had army guns, and they were old and out of date—Belgian rifles.

Some weeks after the battle the infantry companies engaged were made part of the 22d Infantry, and the cavalry companies were assigned to the 8th Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, Captain Corns, of the Sandy Rangers, becoming colonel of the regiment. Capt. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, of the Border Rangers, was made a brigadier general of cavalry, with Lucien ("Cooney") Ricketts on his staff. "Cooney" was a boy only fourteen years old and rode a mule, but he was the gamest little chap that ever followed a flag.

As stated, Captain Patton, after recovering from his wounds, was made colonel of the 22d Infantry and Capt. A. R. Barbee lieutenant colonel of the same regiment. Cadet John K. Thompson was elected captain of Barbee's company and remained with it until the end of the war. He was wounded five times in as many different battles and lived to return to his home with the reputation of a good officer, a brave soldier, and the loss of an eye.

The writer of this sketch was a private in the ranks of the Kanawha Riflemen, and his opportunity for observation was necessarily limited. In addition to this, the gentlemen from Ohio in his front fully occupied all his time and attention. This being so, there must be great allowance made for errors and omissions.

This account is written entirely from memory fifty-six years after the events detailed and is believed to be fairly accurate and correct as to the salient points of the battle and incidents connected with it.

Capt. John K. Thompson, mentioned in the narrative, although of the same name, is in no way related to the writer; but the Capt. B. S. Thompson, who commanded the militia company, was my father.

CORRECTION AND COMMENDATION.—Dr. Milton Dunn writes from Colfax, La.: "In the VETERAN for January the article on the Tom Green Rifles by Val C. Giles states that Gen. Tom Green was killed at Yellow Bayou, while the fact is that he was killed at Blair's Landing, on Red River. Another writer gave the place as Pleasant Hill, which is several miles from Red River. * * * To Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md.: 'You have said what I wanted to say for fifty-one years. All honor to you.' In Dr. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, Tenn., we have one of the noblest defenders of the South. No matter what the cause of the war, our sacrifices make it sacred to us. If we are not all lifetime subscribers to the VETERAN, we ought to be."

ODE TO THE HEROES WHO SLEEP.

BY ELOISE BERNHEIM BURKHEIMER, POET LAUREATE OF
NORTH CAROLINA VETERANS.

Sing o'er in song and story
The deeds of gallant braves
Who peacefully now are sleeping
In hero graves.
Camp fires of love still burning
Above each sacred mound,
While mem'ry's garlands verdant
Twine hearts around.

Furled is the gory banner,
Its beauty gone and worn,
Yet those who died to save it
In love we mourn.
Unfurl and proudly hail it,
As those who long ago
Hailed and bled and bore it
And loved it so.

Past is the din of battle,
And through the hill and plain,
Where fell in countless numbers
Hosts of the slain,
There rings the swelling echo,
Resounding from above,
Past foes and friends united
In peace and love.

Life's swelling tide rolls onward,
Mem'ry's leaves turn with age,
But hearts long since united
Warm each dead page
And keep with sacred passion
Love's most holy fire,
A holy inspiration
To son and sire.

Dedicated to our Confederate heroes, this poem has had a splendid mission. Its composer is an ardent member of the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy. The sale of this poem brought in several hundred dollars for various causes, one hundred dollars going to the Arlington Monument Fund, and it aided in furnishing a room at the Fayetteville (N. C.) Confederate Woman's Home in honor of Mrs. Burkheimer's mother. It has been published in other languages and was referred to by critics as one of the "Southern gems." Mrs. Burkheimer is editor for the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and has contributed to State publications many historical sketches, short poems, and stories.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The fifty-sixth anniversary of the battle of Shiloh drew quite a gathering of veterans of that battle from the North, Col. E. T. Lee, of Minneapolis, representing the Shiloh Battlefield Association, going with a party of sixty-five veterans and their wives by the steamer St. Louis and reaching Shiloh on the morning of the 6th of April. The day was devoted to viewing the battle field and locating the positions of the various commands taking part in that battle, and on the next day, Sunday, services were held at Shiloh Church. Various stops were made on the way going to and returning from

Shiloh, the party being entertained by the official bodies of those towns.

The first Shiloh Battlefield Association was organized April 10, 1893, through the efforts of Col. E. T. Lee, of Minneapolis, with Maj. John J. McClernand as President; Col. E. T. Lee, Secretary; and Dr. J. W. Coleman, of Illinois, Treasurer. The Vice Presidents were selected from both South and North and were among the prominent men of those sections, as follows: Senator Isham G. Harris, Memphis, Tenn.; Gen. A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnati, Ohio; Gen. D. C. Buell, Paradise, Ky.; Capt. Lee Howell, Evansville, Ind.; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Alabama; Gen. Basil Duke, Louisville, Ky.; Gen. R. J. Oglesby, Elkhart, Ill.; Col. William Preston Johnson, New Orleans, La.; Capt. Robert C. McMechan, Evansville, Ind.; Col. Charles Manderson, Crawfordville, Ind.; Gen. J. R. Chalmers, Memphis, Tenn.; Gen. A. P. Stewart, Rossville, Ga.; Gen. John Glynn, New Orleans, La.; Maj. E. C. Dawes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ex-Gov. J. D. Thayer, Nebraska.

The officers of the present Association are: George W. Washburn, of Ottawa, Kans., Commander; Isaac Yantis, of Findley, Ill., Senior Vice Commander; F. M. French, of Chicago, Junior Vice Commander; E. V. Sayers, of Ottawa, Kans., Adjutant; and Rev. J. N. Cummings, of Webb City, Mo., Chaplain. Col. E. T. Lee is the only surviving member of the original Shiloh Battlefield Association.

Before leaving Savannah, Tenn., the party visited the old Cherry mansion, where General Grant made his headquarters during the battle and where Gens. C. F. Smith and Wallace died. It seems that in stepping into a yawl when he went to see Commodore Foote about the gunboats proceeding down the river General Smith skinned his leg, and blood-poisoning set in, causing his death. General Wallace, in trying to extricate his command from a very perilous position at the "Hornet's Nest," was wounded and lay upon the battle field all night. His wife was on a boat caring for the wounded. He was taken to Savannah and died at the Cherry mansion. The house and all of the furnishing are just as they were when General Grant was there. Mrs. Cherry was in the act of handing him a cup of coffee when the first gun of Shiloh was heard. Grant did not drink the coffee, but set it down and said to his staff: "The battle is on, and we must away."

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT SHILOH.

When the handsome Confederate monument at Shiloh was completed, a considerable surplus of the fund raised for that purpose was left in the hands of the U. D. C. Shiloh Committee, and that surplus has been used to place a large boulder to mark the long, long line of Confederate dead buried on that battle field. On May 17 this marker was dedicated with impressive ceremonies. It was presented to the United States War Department by Mrs. A. B. White, former Chairman of the Shiloh Committee, and accepted for the government by DeLong Rice, Superintendent of the Shiloh National Park. U. D. C. Directors from several States were present, and flowers were sent by many Chapters in different States. W. H. Kier, of Corinth, Miss., was the orator of the day.

The article by A. H. Jennings, on page 255 of this number, is the fourth paper in the series presented by the Gray Book Committee and should have been so marked.

THE MEMORIAL AT TEXARKANA.

BY MRS. J. T. ROSBOROUGH.

There has been erected in Texarkana, U. S. A., since the opening of the year one of the most beautiful monuments to the Confederacy that has ever been placed in this section of the South. This work of art is constructed of the flawless Dorian granite of Georgia. One of the most striking features of the memorial is the exquisite tribute to the women of the sixties. At a proper elevation four pillars protect the figure of a Southern mother, under which is quoted the beautiful inscription:

"O great Confederate mothers, we would paint
Your names on monuments that men may read
Them as the years go by and tribute pay
To you who bore and nurtured hero sons
And gave them solace on that darkest day
When they came home with broken swords and guns!"

This is the last stanza of Mary H. Southworth Kimbrough's wonderful poem, "Women's Part in War." The monument is surmounted by the glistening white figure of a soldier at rest arms. The two statues, executed by a noted sculptor in Italy of the purest Carara marble, are of the most finished, artistic workmanship, and are remarkably effective.

On the afternoon of April 21 on State Line Avenue, which connects the two cities of Texarkana, Tex.-Ark., and where this imposing memorial stands, a large assemblage of people gathered to listen to the presentation of the monument to the two cities in most appropriate and patriotic addresses, interspersed with national anthems and closing with a benediction.

HOW A PREACHER AVOIDED SAYING BAD WORDS.

During the war of 1861-65 one of the finest towns in the South was occupied by a Federal regiment. The population was intense in its sympathy with the Confederacy and had sent its full quota of soldiers to the Southern armies. Among these Southern sympathizers was a Presbyterian preacher, an Irishman, with the wit and humor of his race, and he had wide influence in his community.

The Federal colonel concluded that the safety of the Union required him to force the leading citizens to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government or to be banished to the South or go to prison. He had quite a squad of citizens arrested and brought before him. The most prominent figure in the ranks was a distinguished lawyer of rather touchy temper; next to him stood the preacher. The colonel proceeded to explain the requirements, and the first question was to the lawyer: "Will you take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States?" The answer came with an explosion: "No! I would see you in h— first." Then the question was put to the preacher, and with a twinkle of those eyes he answered: "Well, now, I could not say I'd see you in h— first, for I'm quite near-sighted, and I'd have to get too close meself. But I'll be as far from taking that oath as me friend here. He speaks for me."

The colonel had a saving sense of humor, and I understand that he dismissed the squad, urging them to go home and be good.

J. H. MCNEILLY.

THE GOOD OLD TRUNKS OF THE SIXTIES.

W. G. Whitaker writes from Milledgeville, Ga.: "Seeing my sister with whom I am living fixing up boxes of good things to send to her two boys in the army, one at Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, and the other on the coast below Savannah, makes me think of the old trunk sent to us in Virginia while we were in winter quarters on the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. Not being allowed to send boxes, they had to look up old trunks, in which were packed boiled hams, sausage, cakes, pies, etc., and the trunks were sent when any one was at home on furlough. They also sent shirts, drawers, socks, and sometimes homemade coats and pants, all of which were gladly received, and especially the eatables. Once while on picket on the Rappahannock when not on post I caught a long string of fish; and as we did not have any grease or salt, we had to boil them. I found where a covey of quails roosted in a brier patch, set a trap there, and caught nearly all of them. A Macon, Ga., boy wrote to his mother that he had not pulled off his clothes in nineteen days, but I can beat that, for I expect I went two years without pulling mine off except at night for a little while to hold them over the fire to make the graybacks drop off."

Capt. W. W. Carnes, who served with Cheatham's Division, writes from Bradentown, Fla.: "Reading what the May VETERAN publishes from Dr. L. A. Wailes, of New Orleans, under the heading 'Potato Pone,' an old Confederate wonders in what army he had flour as the only bread ration. If any of that portion of the Confederate army known as the Army of Tennessee got any flour ration during the last two years of the war, there were a lot of us who never knew it. We had corn meal only, and many times had to use that unsifted, with only water to mix it for cooking, sometimes without even salt."

Mrs. Mary Polk DuBose, San Francisco, Cal.: "I look forward with great pleasure to the VETERAN each month—so much of interest to me in each number. My two brothers, Capt. James H. Polk and Capt. Rufus K. Polk, served each four years in the Confederate army. I have two sons who volunteered in the United States army soon after war was declared. My son, George Polk DuBose, has received his commission as major, and Julius J. DuBose enlisted in the aviation corps and is in camp at Fort Omaha."

Leon Hozier, Norfolk, Va.: "It gives me great pleasure to renew my subscription for such valuable reading matter as the VETERAN, and I look forward for each number with much real pleasure. As I am writing these lines to you I am looking out on Hampton Roads, where fifty-six years ago our grand old ship Virginia (Merrimac) destroyed the Federal fleet. The writer is the son of a Confederate soldier, having been born after Appomattox."

Two million dollars in good old Confederate money wanted to pay off the Confederate veterans at the Tulsa Reunion in September. Send your donation to J. M. Williams, Paymaster-General U. C. V., 587 Linden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

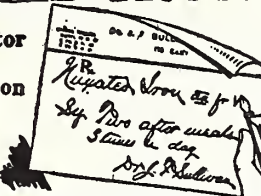
IMPORTANT.—In the Historical Department U. D. C. of May Veteran, page 226, reference to the Anna Robinson Watson medal should have been the Anna Robinson Andrews medal, a mistake in copying.

NUXATED IRON

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"Say Doctor
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Ask the first hundred strong, healthy people you meet to what they owe their strength and see how many reply "Nuxated Iron." Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron to quickly enrich the blood, make beautiful, healthy women, and strong, vigorous iron men. To make absolutely sure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous run-down folks in two weeks time, in many instances."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good druggist, with or without a physician's prescription on an absolute manufacturers' guarantee of success or money refunded.

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THE ECONOMY OF VICTORY.

No matter what this war costs the government and the people of the United States in the way of money, it is going to be much cheaper to win this war than to lose it.

The commercial and financial losses that would follow a German victory are not to be calculated. All that we spent would be lost, indemnities beyond calculation would have to be paid, and along with these losses would come a continuing loss in foreign commerce that would spell disaster.

With these material losses we would lose our national liberty and independence, our power to secure our international rights, our right to live in a world ruled by the dictates of humanity and civilization.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

Lieut. Henry Abbitt in a letter to his father, the Rev. G. C. Abbitt, of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes that the other day at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., a rookie who couldn't read asked an officer to decipher for him a letter from home. It follows:

"Dear Son: I hated to see you go to war; but now you are in it, give them damn Yankees hell. I said fifty years ago we would have to fight them Yanks again. DAD."

On a par with the letter was the remark made by a North Christian County farmer to some women at one of the warehouses when they asked him for a bundle of tobacco for the Red Cross sale. "Take it and welcome, ladies," he said; "but I don't reckon it'll be hard to whip a little country like Cuby."—*Courier-Journal*.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—*George Washington*.

Mrs. N. D. Goodwin, of Gulfport, Miss., writes: "My father and five of my uncles were in one company, called the Hoskins Battery, and my uncle, James A. Hoskins, was the captain. I should be so glad to hear from any of the veterans who were in that battery and to get some additional facts to add to the history of it, which I am trying to write."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

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often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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GOOD WISHES.—An old negro woman, standing by the grave of her husband, shook her head and said mournfully: "Poor Rastus! I hope he's gone where I 'spec' he ain't."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Mr. B. J. Coopwood, Watson, Ark.: "I am sending you \$2.50. Enter my name on your book for life. I will be ninety years old September 12. I would like to get a card or letter from survivors of Rock Island Prison, especially from S. W. Abby, of near Nashville, Tenn., and J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, La."

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Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ring Worm, Scald, Barber's Itch, Or Your Money Back! Pimples and other itching and parasitic skin diseases with my GRAUSZ OINTMENT—a noted M. D.'s prescription. Send \$1 for box postpaid. The Grausz Drug Co., Incorporated, Box Owensboro, Ky.

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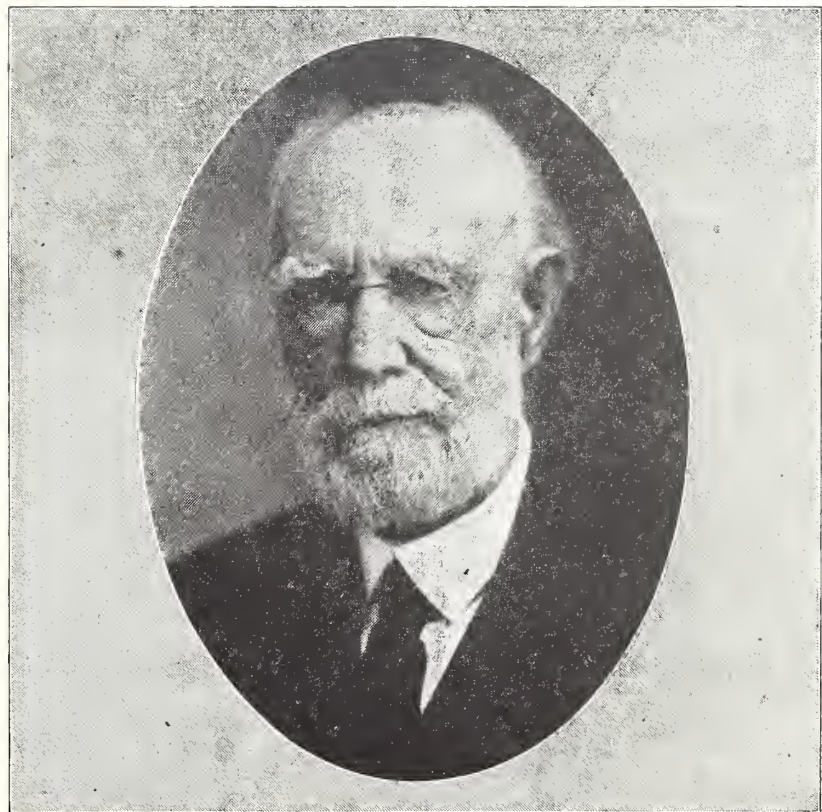
Confederate Veteran.

Apr 19
Tenn

VOL. XXVI.

JULY, 1918

NO. 7



COL. JEHU A. ORR, OF COLUMBUS, MISS.

Only survivor of the Provisional Congress which met at Montgomery, Ala., 1861,
and organized the Confederate States of America. (See page 285.)

FOR THE ORGANIZATION
OR SOCIAL USES
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useful in helping
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their requirements.

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Headquarters for U. C. V. Uniforms.

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WHAT WILL WIN THE WAR?

The New York *Tribune* recently said editorially that "Victory is a question of means," and then it went on to list the means. These are:

1. The raw materials.
2. The plants where raw materials are converted by industrial processes into sinews of war.
3. The labor to act upon the raw materials.
4. The fighting man power in uniform.
5. Transportation.

Labor and materials, in other words, are what are necessary to win the war. What, then, is the duty of all of us? Obviously what we must do is to produce all that is possible and consume as little as necessary and give the government our utmost financial support.

If we follow this creed, we shall leave for the government more labor and materials for strictly war purposes, and we shall accumulate savings for investment in war savings stamps. Thus we shall help both the government and ourselves.

J. G. Wylie, of Carthage, Ark., makes inquiry in behalf of an old negro, Belton Gump, who belonged to Fielding Gump and went into the Confederate service as a cook and servant to Sam Wood, a nephew of Fielding Gump. They enlisted near Charleston in 1862, Captain Manny commanding the company. This old negro is trying to get a pension and wants some one to establish his claim.

J. P. Courtney, of Amarillo, Tex., was a member of Company B, under Capt W. F. Stevens, 61st Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Pitts. He enlisted at Rogersville, Tenn., in August, 1862, and would like to hear from any comrade who can help him to establish his record in order to secure a pension.

Mrs. L. W. Rikard, of Peterman, Ala., wants to learn something of the record of her father, Joseph S. Brantley, where he enlisted, etc. He was born and reared in Conecuh, Ala., but went to Texas before the war and enlisted from there. She doesn't know his company nor his regiment.

Frank Delbrel, 2229 Caroline Street, Dallas, Tex., has copies of the *VERE* from 1900 to 1914, bound in cloth, which he would like to dispose of.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
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Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1918.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE VETERAN.

At a late meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Chicago, William C. Vaughn, Commander of Camp 8, U. C. V., was called upon to "say something for the veteran," and he responded as follows:

"You ask me to say something for the veteran or about the veteran. I can say something about the veteran, for I know him. I knew him from Fort Sumter to Appomattox, from Texas and Florida to the shores of Virginia, and I knew him all through the intervening years down to the present time. I have drilled with him, marched with him, fought with him, and run with him when discretion became the better part of valor. I know him. I have lain with him in a military prison, where he lived on oleaginous pork and inhabited hard-tack, where he had nothing to drink but pestiferous water from an odoriferous well, and where the infinitesimal, animated creatures were many thousands to each prisoner. But he never squealed. I have slept with him blanketless on fence rails when the ground was wet, and I have slept with him blanketless on the bare ground when it was not wet. But he never squealed. I have eaten with him when there was anything to eat, and with him I have lived on hope, anticipation, and horse corn until the next ration day came around. But he never squealed. He did not squeal because the Southern mother that bore him and nurtured him and brought him up to maturity built into him a type of manhood that had no squeal in it. I know him. The veteran was all alike, from Texas, Florida, and all over the South, and part of one compact body, animated by the same desire, bound together by a tie of common brotherhood. It was a part of him who, by command of the lamented Pickett, charged the Round Top at Gettysburg, charged with a vim, virility, vigor, valor, and velocity that made all previous deeds of daring seem as insignificant as Don Quixote's assault on the windmill. It was a part of him who, led by the intrepid Forrest, ran over a battle line of hostile infantry and charged the back door of the historic "Hornets' Nest," and he got the nest with the hornets in it. It was a part of him who, with Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Hill, defended the State of Virginia against overwhelming numbers; and if he

fell, he went down with his back to the field and his face to the foe.

"Go on and build your monuments to exalt the great, chisel their names high up out of reach, immortalize them if you will; but the one who bore the burden, the one who stood behind the gun and manned the breastwork, the one who sleeps in some lone, unmarked grave, that one is my hero; and my heroine is the mother, the wife, the sister, and the sweetheart who preserved the Southern home in its purity while my hero was on the battle field."

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

(Air: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

BY W. R. INGE DALTON, SEATTLE, WASH.

North and South together stand,
America, America.

Heart to heart and hand in hand,
America, America.

Ye sons of Jackson, Grant, and Lee,
Vie with your sires in chivalry
In serried ranks across the sea,
America, America.

Rise from the tomb, thou Stars and Bars,
America, America.

Blend with Old Glory in the wars,
America, America.

Then as one flag exultant fly,
A gleaming emblem in the sky,
To greet a friend, the foe defy,
America, America.

Our guidon keep without a stain,
America, America.

Our shield exalt on land and main,
America, America.

Let "Forward, march!" be our refrain
On France and Belgium's gory plain,
Till peace sublime be won again,
America, America.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

HOW TO HELP THE VETERAN.

An interested friend suggests that the VETERAN could be made more attractive by the use of more illustrations, such as battle scenes, etc., which brings about some explanation as to why that feature has been neglected of late. For some years very few pictures of the kind have been received by the VETERAN, and the fact that the paper used at present is not of the quality which reproduces engravings to good effect has prevented any special effort being made to procure them. With the cost of paper still about double what it used to be, though inferior in quality, a change in that cannot be considered at present. We have tried to make the reading matter of the VETERAN so interesting that the lack of illustrations would not be so much felt. But friends who have such pictures will confer a favor by contributing them, and they will be used to the best advantage.

Since the beginning of this world war there has been a tightening of purse strings in many directions, and the VETERAN has received communications like this: "There are so many demands on me now that I feel it necessary to cut down my list of reading matter and will ask you to drop my name. Later on I hope to have the VETERAN again." And the bad part is that this comes often from those who are known to be well fixed financially.

Now, if it were possible for the VETERAN to exist without any support, there would be no need of concern about the withdrawal of a prop; but every subscriber counts much in its continued existence, for it is one publication which gets its support from subscriptions and not advertising. Even the little advertising it carries must now be limited to five per cent of the space or it will be subject to the zone rate of postage, which will add to its expense considerably. Of course we are all being asked to give more, but we have not gotten to where "it hurts," and it is not exactly fair to withdraw from the VETERAN the very little that it asks of each one in order that it may continue its work of recording the history of four momentous years.

So, friends and well-wishers, you are asked to give the VETERAN the benefit of your continued support and to help make it more interesting and attractive by your contributions of articles and pictures which you think will be appreciated generally. By referring to the label on your copy the date of expiration may be seen, and your prompt renewal will save the VETERAN the expense of sending out a notice.

Gen. R. Don McLeod, Crawfordville, Fla.: "I am seventy-one years of age, but I read the VETERAN through and through without glasses and find it so interesting that I feel I cannot do without it. * * * I have been so continuously pressed with official duties and other extra duties required of me by the United States government as Chairman of the Legal Advisory Board of Wakulla County and also as captain in command of Company A, Wakulla County Guards, consisting of one hundred and twenty-seven men, that I am trying to get in proper training for duty. My sons are in the United States army fighting for their country."

TRUTH HURTS.

The following letter was received during 1917 and should have had earlier the consideration asked. The VETERAN has always been such a conservative publication that it has held friends in the North as well as in the South; yet it has always sought to present the truth, for in that way only can it serve the future historian who will refer to its pages for much historical data that cannot be found elsewhere. Verily truth hurts, but this young Northerner is rather too sensitive. He writes:

"Can your far-famed Southern hospitality be extended far enough to include granting a little space to an upstart Yankee? For, sad to relate, I was born north of Mason and Dixon's Line; and, sadder yet, I am Northern to the core.

"I am a young man, a teacher, and have been greatly interested in your magazine, because through its pages I can better comprehend the spirit which animated the 'Old South.' Yet I am moved to protest against what seems to me to be but a needless reopening of old wounds. We of the younger generation have no quarrel with each other. In view of the terrible times approaching, we must forget all sectional differences.

"Now, why should our feelings be harrowed by articles such as 'Why the South Lost,' in the March VETERAN, or 'Reconstruction Days in Texas,' in that of April? What good can result in recalling the disgraceful orgies of carpetbaggers and negroes? We of the North have never upheld the carpetbagger; we're ashamed of him. Why 'rub it in'? Our plea is for silence. 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' and let our children grow up forgetting those things which can serve only to arouse bitter feelings.

"Again, what is the use of vituperation? Think you I can sit in silence and calmly read such as 'Why the South Lost'? My grandfather was an officer in the Union army, and he was a gentleman if there ever was one. How do you suppose I enjoy seeing him compared to Attila, the Duke of Alva, or even the latest exponents of 'kultur'?

"Naturally it arouses me. Now, what good purpose does that tend to? I like Southern people; I respect their principles; I honor their bravery. And, lo! they respond by calling my friends and relatives 'savages veneered with New England Puritanism.'

"And so I rest my case. Doubtless both sides were not above reproach. You taunt me with Sherman's march, and I answer with Andersonville and Fort Pillow. But what good has been accomplished?

"Let us rather unite in giving reverence to those who offered their all upon the altar of the right as they saw it and offered their lifeblood to vindicate their belief. And in honoring them let us lay aside partisanship and sectional feeling, giving reverence to those who obeyed the summons to duty and forgetting whether they wore blue or gray."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$3,269.90 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., from May 15 to June 15, 1918.

J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark., writes: "The VETERAN is golden, but, like the old-fashioned gold dollar, there is not enough of it. You are doing sublimely with it."

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

Of that great body of representative men which met in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861 at the call of their States to organize the Southern Confederacy, there is now known to be but one survivor, the venerable Jehu A. Orr, of Columbus, Miss. The front page of this number of the *VETERAN* presents a good picture of him as he is to-day at the age of ninety years. In the quiet retirement of his home at Columbus, where he has lived for over fifty years, a home made beautiful by the love and care of devoted wife and children, he is spending the evening of life, marred only by the shadow of blindness; but out of that shadow stretches the vista of a long life filled with varied experiences connected with interesting events and incidents which had important bearing upon the generations through which he has lived, and the halo of memory brings light into the darkness.

It was in Anderson County, S. C., on April 10, 1828, that the eyes of Jehu A. Orr opened upon a world in whose affairs he was destined to have such an active part. His grandfather, Capt. Jehu Orr, was a patriot of the American Revolution and one of its heroes of stainless record; and his father was Christopher Orr, who married Martha McCann, also of Anderson County. Of the two sons of this marriage, the elder, James L. Orr, became celebrated as a member of Congress from that State who was Speaker of the House, and later he was a Senator in the Confederate Congress, a Governor of South Carolina after the war, and died in St. Petersburg in 1873 while serving as United States Minister to Russia.

The younger brother, Jehu A. Orr, became a Mississippian at fifteen years of age, and at the age of seventeen he made his entry into public life when in 1845 he was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention at Jackson. In 1859, some four years after his first public service, he graduated from Princeton University and began the practice of law at Houston, Miss. In that year he formed a law partnership with Hon. W. S. Featherstone which continued to 1857. In 1850 he was made Secretary of the State Senate for two years and following that was elected to the State Legislature as a State Rights Democrat. From 1854 to 1856 he served as United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Mississippi and in the latter year was made a presidential elector, casting his vote for James Buchanan.

When in January, 1861, Mississippi held a convention to consider secession from the United States, Jehu A. Orr was a member of that body, and his name was affixed to the ordinance of separation. To that action, for which leaders in different States have been criticized, Judge Orr made the following reference in a speech delivered at Columbus on Memorial Day in 1909: "Have I not the right to interpret my own conduct? Did I not know my own motives when I, with Judge Thomas Wood and M. D. L. Stephens, my lieutenant of the 31st Mississippi Infantry, annexed my name to the ordinance of secession withdrawing Mississippi from the Federal Union? Did I not know the solemn purposes and wishes of my inner soul when I gave myself to the cause of the South on every battle field where Featherstone and his brigade fought for more than two years and on the field of Harrisburg, where Lee and Forrest led, and as a member of the Provisional Congress and afterwards of the Confederate Congress? I thought that I knew the principles of my grandfather as they came to my youthful mind in the legends woven around his fireside and hearthstone when he led his

company at the battle of Cowpens, and I know that it was not his motive to avoid the payment of the pittance of tax demanded by the British government, but to secure to his country a constitution which would insure self-government; and I know equally well that I and the men who made the Confederate war were controlled by the same lofty and patriotic purposes."

While a member of the Provisional Congress and the sole survivor of all the Confederate Congresses, Colonel Orr was not a member of that first Congress, which met in Montgomery in February, 1861. He was elected in April, 1861, by the legislature of Mississippi as a successor to Hon. William S. Wilson, resigned, and took his seat on May 1. He was a member until February, 1862, when he resigned and raised a regiment of fourteen hundred gallant Mississippians for the Confederate army and commanded it until he was elected in 1864 to the second Confederate Congress, where he served until the end of the war. Despairing of success by force of arms, he affiliated with those who advocated peace negotiations to bring about a cessation of hostilities; and as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations he made the report in January, 1865, which undoubtedly was an important factor in bringing about the famous Hampton Roads Conference.

After the war Colonel Orr resumed his law practice, and in 1870 he was appointed by Governor Alcorn as judge of the Circuit Court of the Seventh Judicial District, over which he presided for six years with marked success and satisfaction. He was always an ardent advocate of education, an upholder of the schools of his State, and for thirty-five years he served as trustee of the University of Mississippi, giving faithful attendance and practical value in his service. He is a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was ruling elder in Columbus for many years. His study of the Bible so impressed him with its divine inspiration that he prepared a lecture on "The Bible as a Text-book for Lawyers," which he delivered in many cities before large audiences. As a Mason he has held high station in the order, having been Master of the Lodge and a High Priest of his Chapter, 1854-58.

Judge Orr has been twice married, his first wife living but a short while. In December, 1857, he was married to Miss Cornelia Van de Graaf, who for over threescore years has filled his life with love and his home with happiness. Only three of their seven children are now living, a son and two daughters, one of whom adds her devotion to that of the wife in making the home a place of light and beauty.

In his long and useful career of public service, extending through threescore years and remarkable in many respects, his character shines out as that of a man of ability, zeal, and energy, and as a humanitarian who exercised that greatest of all commandments, to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Sustained and soothed by the promises to those who love the Lord and serve him, he serenely awaits their fulfillment when he shall hear the "Well done" which is welcome to the faithful to that larger and better life.

"Because they fought in perfect faith, believing

The cause they fought for was the just, the true,
And had small hope of glittering gain receiving

While following, with standard high in view,
Where led their single-hearted, dauntless chief;
Therefore doth Glory stand beside our grief!"

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY H. T. OWEN, RICHMOND, VA.

The National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, S. C., on the 23d of April, 1860. It was a stormy gathering, from start to finish, of the ablest leaders of the party from the thirty-three States then comprising the Union. Sectional feeling ran high, and it was the second day, after great wrangling, before an organization was effected, with Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, for chairman. The main subject of contention was the question of slavery in the territories, the Northern delegates claiming that the question of slavery should be left to the settlers whenever they became numerous enough to organize a State government. The Southern delegates denounced that proposition as "squatter sovereignty" and stigmatized the fugitive slave law as a fraud, a cheat, and a swindle.

Many resolutions were offered, some very foolish ones. Among these was one requiring the United States government to acquire possession of Cuba, Mexico, and the Central American States. We were at peace with Spain, Mexico, and other countries; so this resolution was calculated to provoke a declaration of war or create an ever-increasing suspicion and hatred of the people and institutions of the United States.

On the fifth day of the convention three platforms were presented for its selection. The majority platform represented seventeen States; the next, minority platform, represented fifteen States; and, lastly, Hon. B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, presented one represented by himself alone. Fiery speeches and long debates ensued on these platforms, and great confusion prevailed; but on the vote being cast Ben Butler's platform was adopted. He had written it four years before for the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in 1856, and on it Buchanan was elected President, and he offered it now without omitting the cross of a "t" or the dot of an "i."

I think it well to state here that Ben Butler wrote every platform for his party from Andrew Jackson in 1832 to Grover Cleveland in 1884.

When nominations were in order, a dozen names were offered, but some were withdrawn and others substituted; and fifty-seven ballots were taken before a selection was made by a final vote, thus: Douglas, 151; Guthrie, 61; Hunter, 16; Lane, 16; Dickinson, 6; Jefferson Davis, 1. On every ballot Butler voted for Davis.

Ben Butler was considered one of the most prominent lawyers in the United States, an able debater, a profound logician, and capable of employing great eloquence and deep pathos in his speeches whenever the occasion made it necessary or useful. In nominating Jefferson Davis he reminded the convention that they were standing in the presence of the most appalling danger that ever befell any people. They were on the eve of threatened civil war, of which no man could foretell the end nor foresee the dire results. If they would select a candidate for President that the whole country would respect and trust, the sectional disputes would be delayed or postponed for four years, and in that time some plan to settle our differences would be agreed on to the satisfaction of all parties. He would present the name of a man whose whole private and public life was without reproach. As a soldier in the service of his country he had made a brilliant record. While watching the enemy's advance he seized the critical moment to make a dashing charge at the head of his cavalry upon their flank which checked their progress, led to their retreat, and changed our impending defeat into the splendid

victory at Buena Vista. In the United States Senate he was the peer of the ablest talent of that intellectual tribunal. As Secretary of War he was the best and, he could safely say, the only one we had ever had thoroughly fitted for the office. "If you will nominate this man, he will be elected President, and there will be no war. I present the name of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi."

But this speech had fallen upon deaf ears, and Butler had as well thrown handfuls of feathers in the sea to feed fish as attempt to stem the tide bent on war. But when this speech had time to soak in, the people of Charleston selected Davis for President of the Confederate States. It was Butler's eulogy that elected him. After the war Butler wrote a book of above a thousand pages, very interesting reading, in which he says Davis proclaimed him an outlaw, and for this he would have hanged Davis if he could have caught him; but he did not regret his course at the convention in Charleston. He believed then, as he still believed, that if Davis had been nominated he would have been elected, and there would have been no war. Butler was unfortunately very badly cross-eyed—in fact, doubly cross-eyed—and altogether a very ugly man. Brick Pomeroy, who wrote sarcastic criticisms of Butler in the Detroit *Free Press*, said that some man on being introduced to General Butler complimented him on his good looks and handsome appearance, and Butler pulled out a fine gold watch and said, "Let me make you a present of this"; to which the man replied, "No, General, I could not think of depriving you of so valuable a timepiece." And Butler rejoined: "It's of no consequence. I have a struck flour barrel full of them at home." It is said that some one showed this to Butler, who smiled and said: "I have been charged with all kinds of crimes and called all sorts of names, but no man has ever yet called me a fool."

THE SOLDIER PASSES.

A soldier is passing our streets to-day.

Honor him now!

He lies so still who once was gay

As he journeys forth on the long, long way;

His lips are pale and cold his brow.

Pause while we may.

Their arms reversed, and with solemn tread

His comrades go.

Flag that he loved o'er him they spread,

And their tears will fall on the narrow bed

When taps they sound and lay him low,

So early dead.

Just a moment's pause in the marts of trade

For one so brave.

All that he had, and unafraid,

For the land he loved on her altar laid;

Service first, then his life he gave,

And record made.

With fife and drum,

They come, they come.

Salute to-day

While yet you may—

His life he gave!

For never again

In sun or in rain

Passes this way

The soldier brave

Who once was gay.

—Anne Bachman Hyde.

"HIDING OUT."

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

The above was a common saying during the sixties. I was more than once sent out with details to round up men who were "hiding out" to avoid being conscripted into the Confederate army (that was in East Tennessee in the counties nearest the Cumberland Range); but in so far as our immediate success was concerned, we never succeeded in rounding up a single shirker. They had invariably been "tipped off," "scented" us, or had caught sight of us first and had crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after them. I recall one case in which the "outer" had neglected to prop up the roof of his "hole." During one night of tempest, while he was no doubt soundly sleeping, the water-sodden roof caved down and buried the unfortunate under two tons of earth and boulders, and he left a widow and several children to mourn their loss and his ignoble exit.

But the "hiding out" in mind was of a different kind. In the January number of the *VETERAN* Will T. Hale gives an experience of James H. Fite. He was not the only one to "hide out" under somewhat similar circumstances.

During the middle of January, 1864, Crew's 1st Georgia Brigade of Cavalry was camped at or near Kimbrough's Crossroads, about midway between Morristown and Dandridge, in East Tennessee. Our picket post was about a mile in advance toward Dandridge, where a road branched off to the right and crossed Bay's Mountain to Mossy Creek and Talbot's Station, on the Knoxville, E. T., and Bristol Railroad. Our videttes were stationed on each road about a quarter or third of a mile in advance during the daytime and at night still farther forward to where another road branched off at right angles and crossed the ridge. During the day we could watch that road from our post on both roads, as we were posted at the corners of a field which allowed a full half mile of open space on each road. But at night it was necessary to have a vidette at the intersection of the roads, some five hundred to six hundred yards distant from our day post. Behind this field and to our picket post was a wedge-shaped piece of timber and underbrush, filling the space between the two roads and at the fork merging into a body of timber which extended from Bay's Mountain across the road to another and lesser ridge.

On that particular day I was on vidette duty with my chum, Dick Murdock, he on the Bay's Mountain road and I on the Morristown-Dandridge road, each at the corner of the field; but a slight rise between the roads, but which terminated in the middle of the field at a little run, prevented our seeing each other, though from my post there was a full and clear view of the intersection and the road across the mountain until it was lost in the woods near the crest. About 10 A.M. we saw a troop of bluecoats, some forty to fifty, emerge from the woods and ride leisurely toward the main road. Orders were to shoot on sight and fall back to the post at the fork. Dick did not wait for them to get close, but fired after calling to me: "Look out! They're coming." As it happened, I was looking in that direction at the time and saw them as soon as he did. I had a feeling that if there was trouble at all it would come from that direction. As soon as they came in view I started across the field at a gallop, and just as I had reached the crest in the center Dick fired and turned toward camp.

I was riding a four-year-old sorrel, as gentle as a lamb; but if anything more fidgety and excitable under fire was ever called a horse, I never saw one. More than once before she

nearly ran away with me in a direction I always took good care to avoid—*i. e.*, toward the enemy. It was all the same to her—get away. When she saw Dick gallop away, she wanted to go too. I didn't, and I held her back with difficulty. The bluecoats had reached the road and turned in our direction at a trot. I wanted to get in a shot that would count, but my mount became frantic every time I put the gun to my shoulder or tried to. By this time the blues were less than four hundred yards distant and coming fast. I determined to risk a shot and got my excited mount turned straight toward the enemy, threw my rifle to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger. Then things began to happen. Seeing the flash just above her eyes and with the report in her ears, my horse threw her head down, quivering in every limb and, as the sailors say, "from stem to stern." I had not dropped my bridle rein when I threw up my rifle; but before I could take up the slack she had bolted "to starboard" and started down the incline toward the oncoming bluecoats, then less than two hundred yards from the corner where Dick had been posted. There was no time to plan or lay out a course of procedure. All my efforts were centered on getting in the slack of the rein and then guiding my frenzied mount back toward camp, and I succeeded just as she dashed under a low-branched tree which lifted my hat. When once in full possession of the rein, I found that she had the bit firmly clamped between her teeth, and from previous experience I knew that meant a hard fight for control. In the open, with time, I knew I would have come out ahead; but the suddenness of her bolt in the wrong direction among trees and brush gave her an advantage I could not overcome in the time at my disposal just then. Bucking and rearing like a wild broncho, it was as much as I could do to keep my seat.

After a bit of wild careering, she started and crashed into a second growth of sourwood saplings, one of them striking the butt of my rifle and sending it whirling behind me. Leaping sidewise over a dead pine top into an old road just as I succeeded in getting both hands on the rein and pulling her head "to port," she came down on her side, almost crushing my leg with her weight. By this time she was more than frantic; and as for myself, matters had become somewhat serious. She scrambled to her feet and started down the incline toward the bluecoats, leaving me without hat and gun to shift for myself. I shifted.

Getting on my feet in the quickest time possible, and it was quick time, I started in the opposite direction, limping a bit, but still in pretty good running order. As I rose I had the satisfaction (?) of seeing my mare join the enemy in the road at the corner of the field not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant and meekly submit to capture. In fact, I considered that she had deliberately deserted, and she Southern born and bred!

I thought surely that some of them would detach in my direction, and the fear of capture (I always feared capture more than bullets, and they nearly scared me out of several years' growth) lent wings to my feet. But O such wings! The night before the ground had frozen, and the warm forenoon's sun had thawed the surface, making the ground as slippery as a cake of wet soap. The yellow Tennessee clay lost none of its adhesive qualities, and I soon had half a ton of clay and leaves hanging to each foot, impeding my progress toward safety and making speed impossible. Every second jump I would kick off the accumulated mud, only to annex as much, if not more, in the next two or three jumps. But I was going downhill, fortunately, toward the Morris-

town road and an open field beyond in which stood a small farmhouse. The distance was less than two hundred yards to the road, which at that point was about twenty to twenty-five feet wide and pure mud of the most adhesive quality. Before I got across the road I had enough on each foot to make at least two bricks, and it was an effort to drag the load to the fence on the opposite side and hoist myself over, where I cuddled up to the bottom rails like a rabbit, expecting every moment to see a Yankee trooper looking for me.

But none came. They had other matters to attend to more important than looking for a dismounted and much-disgruntled and mortified Rebel. It was the only time in all my service that I found myself unarmed. I lay there hugging the fence until I heard firing in the direction of the camp. Then, feeling that the coast was clear for a while, I arose and made my way across the field and to the woods on the ridge at the top of the field and possibly four hundred yards from where I had involuntarily dismounted, passing near the house on my way. The housewife came out, and in passing we spoke to each other, but I cannot recall a single word. My mind was too much occupied with my predicament. But I recall faintly that I used some expressions not found in prayer books, berating myself for being such a "damphool" when I might have been with Dick and the rest of the boys and have retained my self-respect.

The firing was not of long duration. Our picket, some twenty-five men, gave them a volley, though ineffectual, and fell back on the camp, which was ready for them with a squadron out in advance on each side of the road to cut them off if they should have the temerity to advance far enough in following the picket. But they were not to be caught in such a trap, and after skirmishing at long range they retired. I never could understand why they were not pursued, but were allowed to retire unmolested by the way they had come, seeing which I "prayed" some more, especially as I could plainly see my mare calmly tramping along beside her captor. I sat on the fence and watched them go. Two troopers detached themselves some distance back and rode through the woods to the spot where I had been dismounted and there circled about, looking for me, as I supposed. Would they find my hat and gun? I would not mind so much losing the hat, but my old Enfield, my "Old Reliable," which had made more than one of the enemy take to shelter at any range from three hundred to eight hundred yards! I was in an agony of apprehension lest they find it and disgrace me. Whether they saw me or not, I cannot say; at least they paid no attention to me and soon rode off, overtaking their command near the run. I waited until they were near the woods on their way back across the mountain, then I dropped off the fence and trudged across the field and road, gathering real estate, title free, at every step, and was soon in possession of my hat and trusty Enfield. I found that when the sour wood had catapulted the gun from my hand it shot straight forward and struck "head on," the muzzle plugged with about four inches of sticky clay. I had quite a task getting it out. Nor did I return to camp immediately. I did not fancy facing the "boys" right away, though I must say they acted decent. But I feared more the reproaches from Capt. Jack Lay. Instead he procured for me another mount, and Richard was himself again.

"But far away another line is stretching dark and long,
Another flag is floating free where armed legions throng;
Another war cry's on the air as wakes the martial drum."

HOT SHOT AT PORT HUDSON.

BY W. R. CAMPBELL, ROGILLIOVILLE, LA.

In the *VETERAN* for March, 1917, there is a communication from C. W. Trice, of Lexington, N. C., on the battleship *Mississippi*. He comments on Secretary Daniels's remarks at the launching of that superdreadnaught as to its being the third vessel of that name and that the first ship of that name had an engagement in Mobile Bay and sank a Confederate gunboat. That is a mistake, as there was no fighting in Mobile Bay that early in the conflict; but the *Mississippi* did take part in the subjugation of the forts below New Orleans and in the capture of New Orleans.

On the evening of March 14, 1863, the Federal fleet advanced on Port Hudson, some twenty or twenty-five miles above Baton Rouge; not "sixty miles," as Mr. Trice states. I know, for I lived in the vicinity; and my regiment, the 4th Louisiana Infantry, was the very first to occupy Port Hudson and assisted in the work of fortifying the place. The Federals advanced their mortar boats to within four miles of the fortifications and kept up a constant shelling with ten- and twelve-inch mortars all the afternoon and well into the night. About eight o'clock the fleet began to draw in, and at nine o'clock the fight began. The flagship *Hartford* led the advance. Next came the *Albatross*. Both ships received severe damages. But for our guns being mounted on a bluff some fifty feet high, they could not have passed; but the elevation was so great that we could not depress our guns enough to do the damage we should have done. The topmast of the *Hartford*, with a small howitzer mounted on the crosstrees, was shot away.

The historic old *Mississippi* came next and, as Mr. Trice states, was farther out in the stream. When the hot-shot gun, a long twenty-four-pounder steel gun, got the range (the furnace full of shot was kept hot all the time to be ready for an emergency), the first shot that struck the vessel cut the steam pipe, disabling the ship; but immediately afterwards the hot shot set the vessel on fire, and it began drifting downstream. The crew abandoned the ship at once. Lieut. Commander George Dewey was said to have been the last to abandon the ship. Some seven or eight other vessels which were bringing up the rear immediately turned and began a retreat, as the flames and bursting shells on the *Mississippi* were too dangerous for them to remain in close proximity.

As the vessel floated downstream, on fire from stem to stern, with a constant explosion of shells on deck, it was a magnificent sight. The vessel floated downstream about seven miles to the head of Prophet's Island, ran aground, and burned until the magazine exploded, about two o'clock in the morning. A part of the wreck still lies there—or did some five years ago, as I saw it then, almost buried with sand and dirt.

As Mr. Trice says, the night the fleet advanced was one of the most stupendous noise I ever knew. On the bluff we had some fifty guns, ranging from twenty-four to one-hundred and eighty pounders, and with the fleet of fifteen or twenty guns firing all guns available, the noise was simply terrific. My home was about twenty miles from Port Hudson, and my people said the reverberation was so great it seemed that the glass would be shaken out of the windows. We received scarcely any damage, and no one on our side was killed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(June Third.)

The world has never given him his due

Because he was the chosen chieftain of a cause that failed.
Had high success crowned that adventure, through
The ages would his name as hero have been hailed.

But on himself he took the burden sore,

The obloquy, the blame for all his people dear;
And now the children of his own land evermore,
And they alone, his memory honor each recurring year.
—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

THE MISREPRESENTATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN HISTORY AND FICTION.

BY MRS. MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Bacon has declared that history "should neither dare to say anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true." It is hoped that nothing herein will be construed as an attack upon any one. The truth cannot be brought to light without specific and detailed treatment of each case discussed.

The subject of this article is so vast and important that we may apply to it the language of the English historian, Percy Greg, who says of these and other misrepresentations that "only a professional critic of American literature can form a conception of their number and grossness. * * * None of the Republican libels which blacken the record of the sectional conflict more glaringly reverses the truth than the suggestion that the Southern leaders sought in a separate Confederacy higher honors than they could hope for in an unbroken Union." And, further, we read from the Englishman: "In 1860 no office in the Union was beyond the recognized claims and legitimate aspirations of Mr. Davis." And, further, Mr. Greg writes: "Jefferson Davis had as good a chance of the presidency as any of his contemporaries, but he knew it too well to covet it and had forbidden his name, the most respected in the South, to be put forward in the Charleston convention."

Possibly the most far-reaching in effect of the slanders against Mr. Davis is that which charges him with responsibility for the repudiation of certain debts by the State of Mississippi, the Union Bank bonds and the planters' bonds. This question is still discussed, even across the sea. Many leading men of the State who favored the repudiation sought to justify their action in the fact that no profit accrued to the State from the issuance of the bonds. The legislative act refusing to pay the Union Bank bonds was passed while Mr. Davis was yet a private citizen and had never held any political office. His personal influence, which was extensive, was exerted in opposition to the repudiation. The similar act relating to the planters' bonds was passed by the Mississippi Legislature in 1853, and then Mr. Davis endeavored to have the bonds paid by private subscription. Several years ago a writer in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* observed that "the idea of attaching any share of the responsibility to him for the repudiation of the bonds was of later origin."

This accusation against Mr. Davis was made first when, during the war, an emissary was sent to Europe to spread the false report in order to injure the credit of the Confederacy in foreign markets. Then, while Mr. Davis was in prison after the war, General Scott wrote his own memoirs,

in which he included the slander. From that it has been copied by writers of various so-called histories. The cause of the animosity of General Scott toward Mr. Davis is not generally understood. Julian Hawthorne, historian, writes of Scott as a fine military man, but "arrogant and domineering, jealous and ambitious, and his ambition had long aimed at the presidency." Jefferson Davis was a son-in-law to General Taylor and won the victory at Buena Vista, thus arousing the enthusiasm which soon swept Taylor into the President's chair, although Scott was a candidate at the same time. Further, during the settlement of affairs after the war General Scott was stationed in Mexico to collect funds for a war indemnity from the people. Gen. W. H. Carter, recently Adjutant General of the United States army, wrote of this in *Munsey's Magazine*, June, 1903: "General Scott, as commanding general, appropriated as his personal perquisite a generous percentage of all moneys collected," etc. Hon. Dunbar Rowland, State Archivist of Mississippi, says: "The animosity of General Scott to President Davis is well known and grew out of the refusal of the latter, when he was Secretary of War, to allow his claim for back pay as lieutenant general when it was conclusively shown he was not entitled to it." Davis, then Secretary of War, naturally objected to this.

The marriage of Mr. Davis to Miss Sarah Knox Taylor was not an elopement, as has been alleged. General Taylor had no objection to young Davis as a suitor of his daughter; but the General and Lieutenant Davis disagreed about a court-martial upon which they were both engaged at Fort Crawford, Wis. Taylor gave vent to his temper in a way to disrupt relations between himself and Davis, though the engagement with Miss Taylor was not broken. After two years the young lady announced to her father that she would marry Davis in any event. The General (Colonel Taylor then) regretted his hasty words, but was too proud to acknowledge his fault. However, he did not object to his daughter's going by boat to Kentucky to the home of his sister, who was known to be in sympathy with the lovers. Lieutenant Davis resigned from the army in June, 1835, and went to Kentucky. In the home of Miss Taylor's aunt, in the presence of many members of the family connection, the couple were married, going immediately to the home of the groom's brother, Mr. Joseph E. Davis, near Vicksburg, Miss. Late in the summer they went to visit Mr. Davis's sister at Bayou Sara, La., where the young wife died of fever after scarcely three months of married life. Several years subsequently Mr. Davis and General Taylor met on a boat going down the Mississippi River, when General Taylor made overtures for a reconciliation, and the two were ever afterwards devoted friends.

We still hear in some quarters that at the Hampton Roads Conference Lincoln invited the South to come back into the Union and do as she pleased, with no questions asked and all past differences forgotten, and that Mr. Davis refused the remarkable offer. This in spite of the statements made by the Conference Committee for the Confederates, of which Mr. Stephens was chairman, that the Federals offered nothing except unconditional surrender of their armies and all the South had contended for, with no promise of fair treatment. This matter has been fully discussed by Hon. John H. Reagan in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*; and the Historical Committee of the Veterans and their conventions have made at least two deliverances on this question, the last being at Washington, D. C., in 1917. It would seem that we should now begin to consult reliable sources of information.

The ignorance of Gen. Viscount Wolseley, as shown in his bombastic vaporings in regard to the East India fleet, was exposed in the *North American Review* by Mr. Davis some years before his death. This is in painful contrast to the impressions recorded by Colonel Freemantle, commander of Queen Victoria's bodyguard, who visited the armies of the Confederacy. Colonel Freemantle writes: "During my travels many have remarked to me that Jefferson Davis seems in a peculiar manner adapted to his office. People speak of any misfortune happening to him as an irreparable evil too dreadful to contemplate."

Much criticism has been made of the appointment of General Pemberton and also misrepresentations of Mr. Davis's judgment and intentions in retaining him in command. Pemberton was of Northern birth and associations, having relinquished a large estate and a commission in the United States army that he might come with the Confederacy, because he believed in the justice of her cause. His appointment was approved by his fellow officers and his superiors. When, during the siege of Vicksburg, he learned that he was suspected of disloyalty, he said to his troops: "You have been told that I would sell Vicksburg. Follow me and learn the price at which I will sell it." After the fall of the city, at his request the investigation of the case was very searching, and he was completely exonerated. He asked to be given his original rank, lieutenant colonel of artillery, which was done, and he served faithfully to the end.

General Hood had been a most highly esteemed officer of the Virginia armies and was not unfaithful or incompetent, as some have said. Gen. Isham G. Harris, who was with General Hood in his campaign, said that he could not see where General Hood had done anything amiss or neglected in any wise the things which seemed necessary or favorable for success; and that if others had done their part as well as Hood performed his duty, the results would have been different.

We are told that Mr. Davis lacked the necessary knowledge of human nature for a successful public man. How can this be true of one who attended school from his fifth year—first in a private school, a country academy, a college, a university three years, West Point Military Academy four years, then served seven years as an officer in the United States army and managed a plantation of negroes, for eight years, during which period he enriched his mind by further study, then sprang into the public arena, like Minerva, "full-fledged from the head of Jove."

Some have ventured to say that Mr. Davis was deficient in tact. Tact is a much-abused term, easily confused with insincerity. A characteristic of Mr. Davis's personality was exquisite delicacy of feeling and ready compliance, or the reverse, as the case might be. He was, however, too honest to deceive with promises those who made requests which he knew could not possibly be granted. His gracious dignity invited confidence, but not familiarity. One of his maxims was: "Never be haughty to the humble nor humble to the haughty." He could judge fairly even those who denounced him most bitterly. Some writers aver that Mr. Davis had no sense of humor. Mrs. Davis shows in her book that he was fond of a joke and says he was "full of mirthful suggestions until the fall of the Confederacy, but never afterwards." An ordinary criminal is allowed to repeat his own story in court, and his friends tell all they know in his behalf; but many persons attempt to judge Mr. Davis who have never read his account of his service in the "Rise and

Fall of the Confederate Government" nor his "Memoirs," written by his wife.

The expression, "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to give you," was used by Mr. Davis in answering those who demanded the removal of Gen. A. S. Johnston after the disasters in Tennessee. The language has no application as alleged by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in her book, "In Peace and War." But why should we linger more over the petty criticisms of our grand, pure, and, until the day of Woodrow Wilson, incomparable leader? Wilson is moving along the same lines of mental endeavor under more favorable circumstances.

Our subject is "Misrepresentations in History and Fiction." Does it not appear that history as given to us is largely fiction? We will note one instance of the latter, the ill-savored "Man without a Country," an example of egotism, poor English, and imaginings of a mind filled with hatred. In the edition of 1896 the author avows his desire to visit upon Jefferson Davis the outrages which a diseased imagination had invented for the leading character in the work, of which a leading newspaper says: "It reveals a low and vulgar nature and should not be placed before the boys and girls of any section." Poetry, garbled history, the words of the prayer book, and language of Scripture are used to hold attention to a narrative the groveling details of which are unworthy of human nature. But this book is listed with the supplementary reading for our schools.

Time and space would fail in reviewing the misrepresentations of Mr. Davis in current literature. It is hoped the instances cited will serve to awaken a spirit of discrimination in addressing ourselves to the task presented by the teeming press issues of to-day.

THE DAVIS OF OUR FATHERS AND OF HISTORY.

On a letterhead printed in 1861 there is a couplet in which occurs this expression: "We will trust God and Davis." An editorial from a newspaper of that period says: "Our people are willing to obey their rulers, and with one accord they would heed Jeff Davis." When there was some criticism as to certain movements of the troops, the reply was: "Jeff Davis knows all about it, and that is enough." Miss Phoebe Edmonds, in the *VETERAN* several years ago, wrote of Mr. Davis as "the almost idolized man." This lady was at the hotel where Mr. Davis spent the first few weeks of his residence in Montgomery after he was elected to the presidency, and she describes in glowing terms the inspiring scene as he sat at the table with the eminent men of his cabinet around him. At the time when the capital was being removed to Richmond General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery, C. S. A., wrote the President urging him to come to Richmond, saying: "Your very presence will almost suffice. Do not delay; come at once." Hon. J. W. Dubose sometime ago mentioned the advantage of Mr. Davis's name and fame to the Confederacy. These remembered the time when in Congress and the Senate he stood in the breach, pleading with the sectionalists on the other side (all were not such), beseeching them not to provoke his high-spirited people.

They recalled the words of the Duke of Wellington after Colonel Davis's famous movement at Buena Vista, "That is a great soldier; I wish I might see him," declaring the formation to be new and masterly. And memory brought to mind the imitation of this by Gen. Lord Colin Campbell, an English commander in the Crimean War. The lamented Hon. S. A. Witherspoon, late Congressman from Mississippi, delighted

to call Mr. Davis the greatest of Americans, saying that his enormous and continued self-sacrifice and his multiplicity of achievements, unequaled by any other, proved him to be such. Capt. C. B. Denson, addressing the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, said: "Jefferson Davis stands alone in a niche of his own in history. His life is without a parallel. In genius, in character, in attainments he was almost illimitable." At his funeral, as imposing and unique as his career, crowned with myriad flowers, it was said: "His life was as pure as any lily laid upon his bier." Governor Nichols, of Louisiana, in announcing the death of Mr. Davis to the people of his State, wrote: "His fame stands impregnable. To it the tributes of his loving friends can add no luster. From it the calumnies of his enemies cannot detract." Let us teach our children more and more to read his life and take to heart its wonderful lessons.

President Davis was criticized during the war of the sixties, as is the case with President Wilson to-day. Should the present war go against the United States, these fulminations will go down as history, and lovers of truth will refute them.

THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL, VA.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On June 10, 1861, the first engagement on land in the War between the States was fought at Big Bethel, in the State of Virginia, on the peninsula between the York and the James Rivers.

It is not without diffidence that I refer to it, because it was of little consequence. It would not be mentioned as a skirmish at the present time, but it was the beginning of the triumphs and final defeat of that great army which for four years maintained the cause of a people against mighty forces. In doing so I have no thought except to celebrate an anniversary and to tell of an incident which illustrates the value of discipline and organization.

The Federal forces consisted of four regiments commanded by General Pierce, who was sent from Fortress Monroe by Gen. B. F. Butler. The Confederate force consisted of two regiments commanded by Col. J. B. Magruder, senior colonel.

The Federals began the movement during the night of June 9, 1861, and it was designed to surprise the Confederates before daylight; but a New York regiment which followed Duryea's Zouaves and a Vermont regiment which followed Bendix's regiment became separated and marched far from the scene.

General Pierce ordered Bendix's regiment to the flank of the Confederates, while Duryea's Zouaves were to attack in conjunction; but the Zouaves, unsupported, moved into a woods and opened fire on the 1st North Carolina, which was commanded by Col. D. H. Hill, just as that regiment entered the woods. It was a great shock to the North Carolinians, who were unaccustomed to being shot at, and they fell back into the field.

The 1st North Carolina, which was afterwards known as the Bethel Regiment, was composed of ten companies and a corps of cadets, who had followed Colonel Hill from Charlotte to Raleigh and there entered upon the work of drilling the big fellows from the mountains. Lieut. Col. Charles C. Lee, who had been the commandant, and Maj. J. H. Lane, who had been professor of mathematics at the institute, along with Col. D. H. Hill, composed the field officers of the 1st North Carolina.

When the Bethel Regiment advanced to meet the Zouaves, the cadets were held in reserve under command of Lieutenant Colonel Lee. He had often drilled the corps at school in skirmish drill, and the boys were obedient to his every word and command. We were lying down in broom sage grass; and Colonel Lee, observing the regiment giving way, gave the order: "Attention, cadets! Forward! Guard center! Deploy as skirmishers!" Every boy was in his place instantly. "Double-quick! Charge bayonets!" And then and there the first Rebel yell was sounded. The enemy was doubtless misled by the bold and impetuous charge (which may also have been audacious) of the cadets and regarded it as a blind to mask the movement of a reinforcing column, because they hurriedly retired. Pushing steadily the advantage gained, Colonel Lee, keeping the cadets well in hand, advanced some distance through the woods and emerged upon open ground over which the Federals were falling back. In the meantime Colonel Hill had rallied the big fellows of the Bethel Regiment, and they came back like maddened tigers. The Federals soon sought cover under their gunboats, and the battle was over. The Federal loss was one hundred killed and wounded, while the Confederate loss was seven killed and eleven wounded.

The confidence born of education and military discipline was put to the test, and the result confirmed the highest expectations. It has been said that a well-bred game cock which has been without food until nearly starved, if placed in the presence of another game cock and a supply of food, will fight before he will eat. That was the case with the cadets. It would have been a great disappointment if they had not been allowed to fight.

Without in any way referring to the merits of other commands, I do not believe that the courage, determination, and efficiency of that corps of cadets who fought the battle of Big Bethel have ever been surpassed. There were about two hundred of them, and from the list eighteen became colonels, nine lieutenant colonels, and sixty-seven captains and lieutenants in the Confederate army. So far as I have been able to learn, only two survive—Col. Shakespeare Harris, of Concord, N. C., and myself. I was the youngest boy and was just sixteen when the battle of Big Bethel was fought; but I remember with great distinctness all the events leading up to our departure from the institute, as well as the incidents of the battle, and this is the fifty-seventh anniversary of the battle. The affair had a considerable moral effect upon the Southern troops.

Nothing is more difficult than to indicate in precise terms that blending of qualities, passions, prejudices, and illusions that make up what is called the morale of an army, but a great military writer said: "The morale is to the physical as three to one." After the battle of Big Bethel the morale of the 1st North Carolina was of the highest order, and I firmly believe that the conduct of the cadets in that battle created it. The North Carolina Military Institute Cadets acted, moved, and were governed like machinery.

Col. D. H. Hill became a lieutenant general and survived the war a few years. Colonel Lee became a brigadier general and was killed at Gaines's Mill June 29, 1862. Maj. James H. Lane surrendered as a major general and passed, many years after the war, as president of a college.

KILLED AT FRANKLIN.—Major General Cleburne had been distinguished for his admirable conduct upon many fields, and his loss at this moment was irreparable.—*John B. Hood.*

STUDIES IN SOUTHERN HISTORY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

At no very great period after the tragedy of Appomattox my immediate relation to the South ceased to exist; for Sherman had left in his trail only a carnival of desolation, so that I removed from North Carolina and established myself in Baltimore in order to engage in the profession of teaching. Nothing remained to me but memories and ruins. "Chaos had come again," as to every son of the South. It will be observed that my story does not contemplate a chronological order nor aspire to a mechanical consistency. Events tracing back to the dawn of clear memory are chronicled as they rise from out the vanished years. I may pass by sudden transition from an episode or incident of the childhood period to the battle of Gettysburg or a description of a season in Oxford, Edinburgh, Geneva, Florence, and the inspiration derived from contact with the lords of culture in its historic centers both in literature and science. Many characteristic features and many experiences portrayed are long subsequent in years to the limits assigned to this chapter, 1851-1865. My purpose has been to illustrate the earlier period by the light reflected upon it from a later stage of development. In more than one regard the reader will not fail to discern the retroactive aim and significance of the narrative. In less than a score of years every Confederate soldier and all that retain personal knowledge of the ancient South will have entered into rest. The monthly *VETERAN* never fails to bring its melancholy and revealing roll of the dead. Shall we suffer "our great Southern story" to "wither in the vast" as the commentary upon our own apathy and our own indifference?

To portray the South which passed from us in April, 1865, or, adapting the language of Macaulay in his notable introduction to his "History of England," to present to the generation which is now in the vigor of manhood "a true picture of the life of its ancestors," is my only definite—I may add my only conscious—purpose. The record of the Confederate navy, so inadequately preserved and so thoroughly unappreciated, oftentimes comes back to memory like an inspiring voice from out the days that are dead. Raphael Semmes was not only one of the foremost lights of all time as a lord of the waves; but his intellectual culture was comprehensive and critical, his knowledge of international law would have rendered him a recognized power in the sphere of diplomacy, and he was master of a lucid, vigorous English. As the Alabama was sinking into her ocean grave, June 19, 1864, he cast his sword into the deep; and, like the magic brand, Excalibur, of the blameless king, it left its halo of glory as it passed into the guardianship of the inviolate sea.

From the dawn of conscious memory I recall John Newland Maffitt, the brilliant and heroic commander of the Florida. During my childhood days Lieutenant Maffitt, then in the service of the United States navy, was accustomed to visit Fayetteville when on leave of absence, as the ancient and hospitable town was the home of an honored family to which he was intimately allied by ties of blood. When not more than eight years of age I saw Mrs. Maffitt leading the dance at a child's party given by her husband's cousin, Mrs. Eliza Hybert, and was one of a group of boys upon whom the future commander of the Florida descended, as, in his judgment, we had lingered longer in the bounteous supper room than was becoming or appropriate. His daughter, Miss Florie Maffitt, who married Capt. Joshua Wright, of Wilmington, was reckoned among the rare beauties of her day. I saw her

for the last time in Wilmington in March, 1883. Captain Maffitt assumes rightful rank among the foremost heroes of naval warfare. In resourcefulness, phenomenal daring, boundless skill in supreme emergencies, the power to triumph over a seemingly invincible fate, who, amid all the monarchs of the watery main, has risen to a loftier height? When I reflect upon his career, the image of Sir Richard Grenville and Tennyson's "Revenge" rise spontaneously from out the past. The story of Maffitt and the Florida would have furnished an affluent theme for another "Ballad of the Fleet."

I was never brought into contact with Admiral Franklin Buchanan, like Semmes, a native of Maryland. His career in the Federal navy was honorable and may be described as even notable in character. Captain Buchanan, as he was at the time, commanded the ship *Susquehanna* during the Perry expedition to Japan in 1852-53; and in Dr. Hawks's narrative, published under official sanction in 1856, Buchanan is specifically named as the first of the fleet who touched the soil of the flowery kingdom. (Volume I., page 254.) Two of the foremost lights of Southern statesmanship were essential factors in assuring the success of a movement which in far-reaching results has affected the development of all subsequent history. The expedition traces its definite origin to the creative and comprehensive brain of William A. Graham, of North Carolina, who as Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of Mr. Fillmore retired from office upon receiving the nomination for Vice President in June, 1852, Gen. Winfield Scott being the candidate for the presidency. The expedition was dispatched from Norfolk, Va., November 25, 1852, under the direction of John P. Kennedy, who assumed charge of the naval administration of the government from June, 1852, until the accession of President Pierce in March, 1853, at which time James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina, became Secretary of the Navy. Those who recall the idyllic fragrance of "Horseshoe Robinson" can never fail to lament the attitude of Mr. Kennedy in relation to the South during the period of our national conflict. The treaty with Japan became an accomplished result in March, 1854, and may be justly assigned a place among the foremost achievements of Southern genius in the sphere of diplomacy and statesmanship. In his diary under date of June 14, 1855, the poet Longfellow makes the following entry: "We drove to Charlestown, Mass., to see the launching of the *Merrimac*, taking the boys with us. A beautiful sight, with all the boats, the flags, the sunshine." Nearly seven years after the date of this record, March 8, 1862, the *Merrimac*, transformed into the Confederate Virginia and commanded by Buchanan, began her memorable combat with the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads. The New England laureate, who had looked upon her launching, lived to glorify in verse, not untouched by malignity, the valor of her antagonists. When the *Merrimac* was built, James C. Dobbin was Secretary of the Navy and Jefferson Davis Secretary of War. Both retired from office at the close of Mr. Pierce's administration, March, 1857, Mr. Dobbin dying on the 4th of August, following his colleague, Mr. Marcey, to the grave by an interval of exactly a month. The supreme tragedy of the Confederacy was in reserve for Mr. Davis.

The versatility of genius that marked the history of the ancient South has never been surpassed by any era or period in the development of the modern world. In oratory, statesmanship, jurisprudence, generalship, diplomacy, its record is almost unique; and, despite the inveterate disparagement of Southern creative power in the field of literature, four Southern poets—Poe, Timrod, Lanier, and Randall—reveal

the loftiest flight attained in this sphere by American art or effort, while not far after comes Ticknor, then Wilde with his matchless chant, "The Summer Rose," illustrating in perfect measure what Matthew Arnold fictitiously described as the "Celtic magic" in our native speech and eliciting almost unqualified praise from the critical oracles of New England. The master artist who is to portray the typical women of the South that is dead has not yet been "substantialized in flesh and blood." "Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." How many in this contemporary day can recall the celebrated retort of a Charleston woman, Mrs. King, a daughter of a father who stood in the foremost files of the Southern bar during its palmy period? She rests by the side of Mr. Petigru in the historic grounds of St. Michael's Church. While Thackeray was engaged in one of his lecture tours in America in 1852-53 he visited Charleston and was entertained in the bounteous fashion characteristic of the olden time. Upon being presented to Mrs. King at a dinner party at which he was an especially honored guest, the novelist addressed her in these terms: "O Mrs. King, I am very glad to meet you. I have heard that you are a very fast woman." To which she immediately rejoined: "O Mr. Thackeray, we ought not to believe all that we hear. I heard that you were a gentleman." The author of "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians" maintained an unbroken silence during the remainder of the evening. His tactless and unfortunate speech had its origin in the current comment of the time regarding Mrs. King's reputed imprudence or indiscretion; but it serves to illustrate how utterly he failed to appreciate, or even to apprehend, the spirit of a woman of the South.

It is said that William H. Trescott, of Charleston, reduced the omniscient Macaulay to quietude by pointing out an error in one of his statements regarding a question of history. Mr. Trescott was Assistant Secretary of State during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, 1857-61; and his work upon diplomacy is rich in suggestiveness and instruction, as well as charm, clearness of style, and manner of presentation. The incident to which I refer occurred in London and is based upon the authority of Dr. G. E. Manigault, an accomplished and devoted researcher in the field of biology, who was for many years curator of the Museum College of Charleston and a gallant soldier whose cavalry saber hung upon the wall above his bed until he passed from us in 1898. For once Macaulay was attacked by "a brilliant flash of silence" such as was ardently desired by Sidney Smith as essential to the perfection of his intellectual character. The museum traces its origin to the inspiration of the elder Agassiz and was expanded and developed by professors such as Hume and John McCrady, but above all by the invincible zeal and energy of Dr. Manigault, until it attained rank, not among the most extensive, but among the rarest and most valuable collections of its class in the United States.

As the fame of McCrady in the sphere of biology became assured beyond the Atlantic, so our characteristic Charleston lyricist, Henry Timrod, found a measure of sympathy and appreciation in the eyes so acute and discerning as Dr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, who not long before his own death, in 1886, paid a gracious tribute to the Southern poet by a happily drawn parallel between him and Gerald Massey. Dr. Ingleby, like James (now Lord) Bryce, was at variance with the political attitude of the South, but for each the nobler creations of Timrod seemed imbued with an especial charm, illustrated in the instance of Bryce by his glowing

praise of that "wonderful poem, 'Dreams.'" Masters of the ancient world have commended the finely touched spirit of his classical allusions, but in Timrod's youth Latin and Greek were recognized features of instruction in the schools and academies of the South. Even the Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles, in New Testament Greek, formed part of the requirements for admission to the freshman class in the University of North Carolina. I was gratified to discover that even "Uncle Remus" was not unknown to Prof. Robinson Ellis, of Oxford, one of the foremost lights of Latin learning, and that our Southern ideal of folklore in its peculiar field had been applied as a means of illustrating certain types or phases of character revealed in the drama of the antique world. In marked and unenviable contrast stood Mark Pattison, the famous rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, with boundless acquirement in varied spheres of scholarship, who expressed a genuine surprise that one associated or identified with the South should cherish even a rational interest or display an intelligent appreciation with regard to any form of literary culture.

Time and again I have dwelt upon the preëminence of the ancient South in oratory, sacred as well as forensic and political. Hayne's reply to Webster in 1830 assumes a foremost rank in its sphere; the influence of Burke's incomparable rhetoric reveals itself in clearest light; and no more generous or discriminating eulogy was ever heard in Westminster Hall than that pronounced by Burke on the Southern colonists in his memorable address upon "Conciliation with America" in March, 1775. Among lords of language no more brilliant and continuous array has ever been presented in all records than that illustrated in Hayne, Legaré, Preston, Gaston, Dobbin, and Badger. Not untouched, it may be, by an element which suggests the florid and the flamboyant, how grateful is the contrast of their diction to the petrific elegance, the marmoreal chill that is the unfailing badge of Edward Everett and the characteristic school of New England oratory! In a preceding connection I have not failed to refer to the part played by the South in the development of physical science. Names such as Maury, Wells, Gibbes, McCrady, Le Conte, and Bachman at once rise up from out the past. Bachman's "Warbler" has won a celebrity almost unsurpassed by Shelley's "Skylark," and the researches of Wells into the origin and nature of dew are mentioned in terms of respect by Canon Church in his "Life of Bacon, English Men of Science." American statesmen have in rare instances manifested the aptitude for the acquisition of science or the ambition to promote its progress which was displayed by Lord Brougham and by Lord Salisbury, whose specialty, I learned in Oxford, was applied electricity. William A. Graham, John P. Kennedy, and Joel R. Poinsett may be in a measure regarded as exceptions to this comprehensive generalization; and John C. Calhoun is perhaps entitled to recognition in my list of qualifications.

Had Prof. Ralph Graves lived to attain the maturity of his powers, he would have assumed rank as one of the foremost of American mathematicians. Nor this alone, for his potentialities far transcended the ranges of pure mathematical development. His creative faculty seemed to take all science for its province. Apart from the profession of the law, he may be pronounced, with no touch of exaggeration, the richest genius ever contributed to the world by North Carolina. Saddest of all, however, as with Pettigrew and Ramseur, so with Graves—

"His leaf has perished in the green;
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been."

Perhaps no army that has been set in array since war attained the character of a science and acquired its modern form and organization has represented a richer range of versatile attainment, affluent culture, and heroic emprise than that commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee from June, 1862, until April 9, 1865. Henry Lee ("Light-Horse Harry"), who died on Cumberland Island, Ga., at the home of Mrs. Nightingale, daughter of his former chief, Gen. Nathaniel Greene, March 25, 1818, was probably the most accomplished gentleman associated with the colonial army, as well as one of its most capable and daring soldiers. His "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department" may be justly ranked with the works of Napier and Henderson in a similar sphere of literary activity. In June, 1869, Gen. R. E. Lee issued a revised edition of his father's "Memoirs," with an introduction marked by his unvarying urbanity and clearness of expression. This was his sole essay in the field of authorship. Twice Lee visited the grave of his father in far-off Georgia—once in January, 1862, and again during the spring of 1870, the season of his last tour of the South. Upon the latter occasion he found the scene of his death waste and desolate and the home of Greene destroyed by fire. Within recent years (1913) the ashes of the elder Lee have been conveyed to Lexington, Va., and laid not far from those of his more famous son.

One special motive resulting in General Lee's final trip to the South was to gratify a long-cherished desire to see the grave of his daughter, Anne Carter Lee, namesake of his mother, who had died in Warren County, N. C., far from all of her own name and blood, though tenderly and devotedly nursed by the loving hands of Southern women. Her death occurred in October, 1862, at no great distance from Jones Springs. As early as 1862 the ladies of Warren County took definite measures having for their object the erection of a monument to the memory of Miss Lee. A stonemason named Crowder was detailed by General Bragg, at the time in local command at Richmond and himself a native of Warren County, for the execution of their purpose; and on August 8, 1866, a simple but graceful shaft marking the place of rest was dedicated with solemn and impressive ceremonies. I am not able to speak with absolute certitude, but I am strongly inclined to believe that this tribute of love to the memory of Lee's daughter was the first in the long array of monuments still springing to life and beauty by the invincible heroism and fidelity of Southern women.

NOT A GOOD SAMPLE.—In April or May, 1863, Cheatham's Division and Wheeler's Cavalry made a reconnaissance in front of Murfreesboro to ascertain what the enemy was doing. The Federal pickets fell back, and the command pushed forward on parallel line through a section of country that for months had been in the enemy's hands. The citizens were delighted to see the gray pickets once more. One lovely young girl came down to the road and inquired who was in command, and, being told "Cheatham," she said she would like to see him and kiss him for bringing the boys back again. A long, gaunt, ugly, hungry-looking soldier stepped out of the ranks and plaintively said: "Miss, won't I do?" Amid a peal of laughter the young lady hurried back to the house.

THE SOUTH IN WAR.

[The suggestion embodied in the following letter, sent to the author of a late book on the war now raging in Europe, is commended to the people of the South as well, who are rather given to overlooking the treasures of their own household in accepting much that is brought to them from afar off. This letter was written by Lloyd T. Everett, of Ballston, Va.]

Permit me to offer a suggestion, to prefer a request in connection with your book, "Three Years' War for Peace," which I have been reading with much interest.

In that book you have justly condemned German trickery and "frightfulness" and graphically contrast the German policy of blood and iron with the more enlightened and humane principles of the liberty-loving nations now engaged in mortal combat with Prussianism. At the opening of the book is reproduced a passage from Abraham Lincoln's widely quoted Gettysburg address. I write to ask that in any future editions of your book you include also one or more extracts from another great American patriot.

Let me here reproduce a few extracts from your book and then show, as briefly as possible, how Americans of a certain section of the broad United States are, from their own past history, peculiarly qualified to heartily indorse your sentiments:

1. "The Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, in the Reichstag engraved on eternal brass the infamy of Germany: 'We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. * * * We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments.'"

2. "'We worked for peace,' declared Sid Edward Grey on August 3 in the House of Commons, 'up to the last moment and beyond the last moment. How hard, how persistently, and how earnestly we strove for peace, the House will see from the papers that are before it.'"

3. "The British have gone wrong when, as with the North American colonies, a nonrepresentative ruler (like our North German drill sergeant, George III.) has held the reins and driven counter to the national conscience."

4. Quoting Kitchener's message to his troops starting for the front: "Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. * * * Do your duty bravely; fear God; honor the king."

5. "To recall and record the story of the reign of 'frightfulness' in Belgium would be to chronicle the incredible were not the facts overwhelmingly substantiated in all their details. In that verified record we see * * * that savagery is reduced to a science."

Now to refer (in parallel columns, as it were) to certain occurrences in American history:

1. The plea of "military necessity" was urged by the North, in the War between the States, to support much that was done of most questionable constitutionality or that was plainly contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. For example, the Emancipation Proclamation (framed, by the way, to apply only to designated portions of the country, not to the negroes as a whole race); Butler's execrable course in New Orleans; Sherman's campaign of deliberate "frightfulness" in Georgia and South Carolina (see further, under 5).

2. After long-continued sectional agitation that threatened the Southern States with servile insurrection, an agitation supported by influential Northern sympathizers (the

Declaration of Independence charges George III. with having "excited domestic insurrections" against the colonists); after the legal but sinister choice of a minority and strictly sectional President; after such last-hope Southern olive branches as Virginia's peace congress; after secession (separation) as the last hope, as in the case of Abraham and Lot, for brotherly peace; after the refusal of Lincoln to meet the peace commissioners from Davis; and after the forcing of the issue by the attempt to supply the hostile garrison at Fort Sumter—after all this—

"We protest solemnly in the face of mankind," President Davis wrote, April 29, 1861, to Congress (Volume I., "Messages and Papers of the Confederacy," page 82), "that we desire peace at any sacrifice save that of honor and independence. We seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession of any kind from the States with which we were lately confederated. All we ask is to be let alone, that those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms."

And the record sustains him in this declaration.

3. That Abraham Lincoln was "a nonrepresentative ruler" for the Southern States is shown by the practically solid and unanimous vote against him in the Southern States and by the majority of nearly a million against him in the whole United States out of a total vote cast of about 4,662,000 (*i. e.*, the popular vote for Lincoln was rather less than forty per cent of the whole vote cast), by the same token, by the strictly Northern, anti-Southern vote given for him. Thomas Jefferson, the far-seeing statesman and the author of the Declaration of Independence, forty years before had decried the sectional "antislavery" (in truth anti-Southern) agitation, then beginning, as something that roused him "like a fire bell in the night and portended bloodshed, disunion, and the undoing of the work of 1776" (Volume IV., "Writings of Thomas Jefferson," A.D. 1829, pages 323, 324.)

4. Lord Kitchener's message to his soldiers suggests General Lee's orders to his army when advancing into Pennsylvania (General Orders No. 73, June 27, 1863; Volume XLV., "Official War Records," pages 942, 943):

"The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. * * * It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject."

Gen. A. L. Long in his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," page 273, quotes Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, on the strict observance of this order; and Major Stiles ("Four Years under Marse Robert," page 199) remarks that he was constantly told by the people of Pennsylvania that they suffered less from the Confederates than from their own troops

and that if compelled to have either they preferred to have the "Rebels" camped upon their lands.

5. To recall and record the story of the reign of "frightfulness" in Georgia, South Carolina, and elsewhere would be to chronicle a long list of incredible atrocities. Let one direct reference here suffice. Mayor Calhoun and two of the Council of Atlanta wrote to General Sherman, asking a revocation of his order for the removal of the population from the captured city ("Official War Records," Volume LXXVII., page 417). They styled the order as unprecedented in severity and pleaded in particular for women in a peculiarly delicate condition. Sherman wrote in reply:

"I have your letter * * * in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I * * * give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it and yet shall not revoke my orders, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case. * * * My military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. * * * War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it."

To sum up, permit this extract from my recent pamphlet, "Davis, Lincoln, and the Kaiser" (copy inclosed), page 11:

"The issue must not be obscured by insisting that in the course of the war of 1861-65 cruelties were practiced on both sides. It is inevitable that this should be so. But the things which individuals or even nations do under provocation and in violation of their own standards are not to be compared with the outworkings of a ruthless system founded upon 'manifest destiny' and logically buttressed by 'military necessity.' Such, in the last analysis, is the difference between a centralized government from the top and decentralized government by the people under written constitutions or charters of government. When seeking for historical comparisons from American annals to shame German barbarities in the war of 1914, Northern papers (and I may here add Theodore Roosevelt) turned to Lee in Pennsylvania and Semmes on the seas, not to Butler in New Orleans with his unspeakable Order No. 28 ("Official War Records," Volume XXI., page 426); not to Sheridan with his torch in the Shenandoah Valley, nor to Sherman with his torch in Atlanta and Columbia and his deliberate depopulation of Atlanta; not to Halleck in his official suggestion that Charleston be razed and sown with salt; not even to the policy adopted by Lincoln's administration by which medicine itself was made contraband of war against the beleaguered South (*Congressional Record*, Volume IV., page 347; "Confederate Military History," Volume I., pages 487, 495, 496; *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, July, 1915, pages 302, 303), thus condemning to wasting disease and lingering death not only countless sick or wounded soldiers, including Northern captives in Confederate prisons, but also many women and little children among those 'enemies' which Scripture commands that we feed and minister unto in their distress."

The above is written not to "revive sectionalism" at this juncture in the common warfare of English-speaking and liberty-loving peoples against Prussianism, but it is written to show that the Confederates battled only for home and native land against a war of invasion and conquest. To quote again from the pamphlet above mentioned:

"It is regrettable that such issues as these should be thrust upon us in the midst of the common struggle of South and North against a European foe. But when the situation is thus taken advantage of to draw an attempted parallel by

which the invading hosts of the sixties are made to stand for the cause and underlying principles of our present allies and the invaded South of the sixties is made to represent our ruthless enemy of to-day, we of the South must insist on being heard in a solemn appeal to the record. God helping us, we can do no other."

The humane warfare of the Confederates was that of defense against invasion. The barbarous warfare of the North was that engendered by the spirit of aggression, coercion, and conquest—a spirit which, carefully nurtured by several generations of intense and systematic militarism, brings forth its perfect work in the Prussianism of 1914.

A little reflection will, I trust, convince you that patriotic Southrons can but feel outraged when the present crisis is unjustly turned against them in the manner above indicated. So in the next edition of your book, if you wish to retain a quotation from Lincoln, I earnestly request that you include one from Jefferson Davis also, say, one of the following:

"No man was born (to use the language of Mr. Jefferson) booted and spurred to ride over the rest of mankind."

"Not in hostility to others, not to injure, * * * but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children."

"We will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear."

"Putting our trust in God and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may."

"Moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others, anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations."

"It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart, * * * where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor and right and liberty and equality."

"Obstacles may retard, but they cannot long prevent, the progress of a movement sanctified by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people."

Yours for the truth of history and for true harmony amongst the liberty-loving peoples of to-day.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

Yankee Panic at Murfreesboro.—The following extracts from reports of various Union commanders go to show that all Bragg needed to have gained a decisive victory at this time was "more meat" to drive his attacks home:

"The regiment, like the rest of the retreating troops, much increased its speed, so that by the time it had passed out of the woods into the field the march had degenerated into a run."

"I remained in this position but a few minutes, until another stampede of mules, negroes, fugitives, and cowards of all grades were seen swarming to the rear."

"I at once changed the front of my brigade to the rear, preparatory to starting in the new direction, but had not proceeded far before the crowd of fugitives became so numerous and the fleeing mule teams and horse men so thick that it was impossible for me to go forward with my command without its becoming a confused mass."

"The scene was one of disorder and panic. Regiment after regiment swept through our lines in the greatest confusion."

"When in this position the action commenced, and in an incredibly short time I found hundreds of fugitives and numerous wagons and ambulances fleeing in confusion."

"A short time before we were attacked a large number of the 2d Tennessee (Union) came running by my column, running away from the front, stating that our forces were in full retreat. I halted every one of them, but at the breaking out of the skirmish they ran again like sheep."

"About two hours after the battle started I discovered several cavalymen approaching with great speed from our front and very soon discovered that a large cavalry force, together with infantry, were in the most rapid retreat, throwing away their arms and accouterments, and many of them without hats or caps and apparently in the most frightful state of mind, crying: 'We are all lost.'"

"About one o'clock a squadron of scared negroes came charging at full gallop from Murfreesboro with such impetuosity and recklessness that over one hundred passed before I could check their progress. This was the advance of what seemed the whole army. Cavalymen with jaded horses, artillery and infantry breathless and holding on to wagons, relating the most incredible defeats and annihilation of the army and their regiments, came streaming down the road and pouring through the woods. In vain did my small guard try to check this panic. Officers drew their revolvers, but the fugitives heeded them not. They crowded in thousands and at one time pressed closely up to the bayonets of my men. I determined to fire if the crowd did not move back, seeing which many took flight to the front."

And still another Union victory!

The Private Soldier of the Confederacy.—General Bragg in his report of the battle of Murfreesboro says: "To the private soldier a fair meed of praise is due; and though it is seldom given and so rarely expected that it may be considered out of place, I cannot in justice to myself withhold the opinion ever entertained and so often expressed during our struggle for independence. In the absence of the instruction and discipline of old armies and of the confidence which long association produces between veterans, we have had in a great measure to trust to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldier. Without the incentive or the motive which controls the officer, who hopes to live in history; without the hope of reward and actuated only by a sense of duty and of patriotism, he has in this contest justly judged that the cause was his own and gone into it with a determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all. No encomium is too high, no glory too great for such a soldiery. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, the leaders in our struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due, to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward and with no other incentive than a conscientiousness of rectitude, has encountered all the hardships and suffered all the privations." To which I am sure all will say "Amen."

Surplus of Arms in the Confederacy.—On November 3, 1862, General Bragg wrote Gen. Samuel Cooper: "For the first time in the war we have had to complain of a want of men to handle our arms. We have now a large surplus." From this time on east of the Mississippi men instead of weapons were the problem.

THE THIN GRAY LINE.

Thinner with every passing year,
Fewer at roll call answering "Here."

There's a gap to-day where none replies,
And the sergeant misses a coat of gray,
While the captain, looking with misty eyes,
Bows his head as he turns away;
None to answer, and he knows why
As the thin gray line goes marching by.

Thinner with every passing year,
Fewer at roll call answering "Here."
One by one where the shadows creep
Under the sod for which they fought,
One by one they must fall asleep
Where love and the lilies a couch have wrought;
And the south wind carries a comrade's sigh
As the thin gray line goes marching by.

One by one from the year's gray toll
The line thins out as the war drums roll;
One by one and they march away
Where Lee and his legions keep the guard;
One by one and the coat of gray
Rests where the roses crown the sward;
Yet from the street comes a ringing cry
As the thin gray line goes marching by.

Thinner with every passing year,
Fewer at roll call answering "Here."
And the day is ahead when the South shall weep
And turn to the sod where her heroes sleep
As the grizzled sergeant calls in vain—
Calls where the silence settles deep
Around dim mounds on hill and plain;
And "Dixie" turns with a saddened sigh
Where the thin line passed as a dream must die.
—Grantland Rice, in *Nashville Tennessean*.

OUR MEMORIAL DAY.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JUDGE W. W. FAW AT THE DECORATION
OF GRAVES IN MCGAVOCK CONFEDERATE CEMETERY,
AT FRANKLIN, TENN., JUNE 2, 1918.

[In this hallowed place, which is under the care of a board of trustees, there are buried 1,487 Confederate soldiers killed in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864.]

Soldiers of the Confederacy: We are here to place our tribute of love and respect upon the graves of your comrades who died on the field of honor. They were moved by a spirit of patriotism as deep and sincere as ever possessed the heart of mortal man. So far as the immediate issues of the war were concerned, their cause was lost, but their sacrifice was not in vain. Impartial history has vindicated their motives, and their superiors as soldiers have never been seen, their enemies themselves being judges.

It has been truly said that "no life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby." And so it is that the Confederate soldier who was unsuccessful in the struggle for his people occupies a place in their hearts which no victor ever had. The world is purer and stronger to-day because he fought so heroically

for the right as he saw it, and it was better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all.

This same sentiment and principle—for it is both a sentiment and a principle—has carried the United States into the front line of the present great world war. In his "war message," delivered to Congress on April 2, 1917, President Wilson set forth in his forceful style the reasons why this great peace-loving nation should enter the most terrible and disastrous war the world has ever known. He summed up the whole case in the statement that "the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we always carried nearest our hearts." I fancy that this exalted sentiment from the lips of our great President seems to you, soldiers of the Confederacy, like an echo from the stirring days of '61. If I have read history aright, there were some in those days who counseled submission rather than war, and all preferred peace, but not "peace at any price"; and the answer rolled back from the Southland: "The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts."

How well that pledge was kept is a story that will never die as long as men love heroism, chivalrous daring, grim determination, and devotion to duty. The achievements of the Confederate soldier were magnificent; his deeds are immortal.

My friends, although the banner of the Southern Confederacy was furled forever more than a half century ago, the Confederate soldier is the source whence comes in large measure one of the mighty inspirations that will make the American soldier invincible and eventually bring victory to America and her allies in the frightful war now in progress.

It has been said by one who speaks with authority and from first-hand information of things pertaining to the present war: "Vital as are armament, ammunition, ships, aeroplanes—all the stupendous furnishings of a conflict—there is one indefinable, incalculable thing that none of them can assure: it is the immortal thing that makes arms invincible, that wins in the face of hunger, pain, death itself—the spirit that we call morale, that springs from consciousness of right coupled with confidence, buoyancy, and consequent courage. Without it the war is lost."

But, thank God! our soldiers are not without this spirit; they are filled with it. It has become a part and parcel of our national ideal—this thought, this conviction, that "the right is more precious than peace."

For some years following the War between the States and up to the breaking out of the present war it seemed, on the surface and to a casual observer, that America was money-mad and was fast becoming possessed with a spirit of sordid commercialism. But events have proved that the great heart of the nation still beats true to its ideals, and our sympathy has gone out in great volume to those magnificent armies of different nationalities which are fighting as one against a common foe, against the heartless Hun, the synonym of slaughter, rape, pillage, vandalism, and frightfulness. For him there is no moral restraint. To him nothing is sacred. Lofty cathedrals, monuments to a nation's pride and devotion, crumble to dust in his pathway. Age and feebleness are no protection against his bayonet and torch. His bloody hands sully the chaste garments of Europe's womanhood. Even little children cannot escape his hatred and vengeance.

To crush this ruthless foe of liberty and human rights a million of the flower of our manhood have already "gone across," and thousands more are on the way, while millions are making preparations to go, and all actuated by that high

resolve which moved the Confederate soldier to say in 1861: "The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts."

The blood of the Confederate soldier courses through the veins of thousands upon thousands of Pershing's men who are fighting under the Stars and Stripes on the shell-torn, blood-soaked fields of France and still other thousands who will soon be "over there." These young men glory in the deathless valor of their ancestors and are inspired by a high purpose to emulate their courage and heroism, but above all do the thoughtful ones among them glory in the fact that the South was true to her convictions of right through four long years of fiery trial and sacrifice. But the influence of the example of the Confederate soldier does not stop with his descendants, for it is the common heritage of our reunited country.

The Confederate soldier fought in obedience to the dictates of duty and honor; and when the time came that no military resource remained and his great leaders recognized the impossibility of making another march or fighting another battle, he bowed his head in submission to that power which makes and unmakes nations and accepted for all time the fact that the unity of the American people had been irrevocably established. However, he was not immediately credited with sincerity in his avowal of loyalty to the Federal government, and for years after the war he rested under suspicion in the minds of many people at the North. The ready response from the South to the call for volunteers during the Spanish-American War practically convinced the world that the South was loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and whatever vestige of distrust there was remaining has been completely swept away by the splendid manner in which the South has rallied as one man to the support of the President and the government in all measures for the prosecution of the existing war.

A large majority of the great training camps have been located by the government on Southern soil, and there Southern soldiers and Northern soldiers are commingled without distinction and without friction and with no thought of sectional lines. They have together braved the terrors of the submarine and are keeping step, shoulder to shoulder, under the folds of "Old Glory" on the fields of France. They stand side by side in the trenches; together they go "over the top" and across "No Man's Land" into the awful hell of gas and shrapnel and machine gun fire. There is no difference between them in the training camp, on the transport, at the front, in the trenches, or in the "casualty list." There is no North, no South; they are all American soldiers who are ready to give their lives, if need be, in defense of a common cause and a common country.

To you, the survivors of the great conflict of 1861-65, the events of the year just passed have no doubt brought stirring recollections of the days when you too, in the pride and vigor of young manhood, were, in response to the call of duty, going out to fight for your homes and your native Southland.

Paraphrasing the words of an eloquent American, I fancy that "the past rises before you like a dream. You hear the sounds of preparation, the music of boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. You see numerous assemblages and hear the appeals of orators. You see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men. And in those assemblages you see the dead whose graves we have covered with flowers to-day. You see them enlist under the banner of the Confederacy. You see them part with those they love.

Some are walking in quiet places with maidens they adore. You hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part, perhaps forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men; some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear.

"You see them part. You see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms, standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves. She answers by holding the child high in her loving hands. And now he is gone. You see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war, marching down the streets of great cities, through the towns and villages, along the country roads, on to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the right.

"And then you go with them as the bloody drama unfolds. You are by their side in the awful shock of battle, in the hospitals of pain, on the weary marches. You stand guard with them in the wild storm and again under the quiet stars. You are with them as they lie wounded between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the lifeblood slowly ebbing away among the withered leaves. You see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the siege of forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

"And then the scene shifts, and you see the home when the news comes that they are dead. You see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. You see the white-haired father and mother bowed with their last grief.

"These heroes died for their native land, for the things nearest their hearts. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they defended with their lives, beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may tremble and run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the Confederate soldiers, living and dead: 'Cheers for the living and tears for the dead.'"

REUNION OF HAMPTON'S LEGION.

SPEECH OF BRIG. GEN. M. W. GARY AT COLUMBIA, S. C.,
JULY 21, 1875.

Comrades, I have endeavored in the past to respond to every call that has been made upon me by the Hampton Legion, whether made in the bivouac or on the field of battle; but no response was ever made with a sadder heart and a readier will than the one of speaking for the dead of the Hampton Legion. I can scarcely realize that fourteen years have passed since that glorious flag was first baptized in blood upon the field of Manassas and that the first life offered up in its defense was that of the gallant Lieut. Col. B. J. Johnson, who fell so soon after he entered the battle that he scarcely had time to draw his maiden sword; and close by his side lay Lieutenant Yeargin with the beauty of youth upon his heroic brow. The modest but chivalrous Maj. J. H. Dingle fell in the bloody charge at Sharpsburg, in which the flag was shot down five times, and when it last fell it was being borne to the front by the lamented Dingle. I was a few paces in his front when I cast an eye upon three stands of colors of the enemy, who were in the cornfield

near the rock fence close by, and was in the act of charging again when the intrepid Dingle was shot down. He fell with the flag in his hands; and when I stooped over him to raise it again it was with difficulty that I wrenched it from his grasp, so fondly had he clutched it in death. Fifty-six out of seventy-seven, rank and file, of our comrades who participated in that battle had fallen under the folds of our flag. In the bloody track of the legion lay the fearless Captain Smith, who was shot so near me that his lifeblood spattered my sash. There too fell Capt. R. W. Tompkins, covered with glory; and Lieutenant Aixcum, in the bloom of manhood, was resting among the bravest of the brave. The noncommissioned officers and privates, wounded and dying, were stretched side by side, the peers in dash and courage of any soldiers who ever fell upon any battle field. It was amidst such havoc and death that, while unfurling that flag against the storm of battles, its staff was struck by a musket ball and its beautiful folds rent by a shot of cannon. It was then that I too hoped to find a soldier's grave; but the talisman I wore gave me a charmed life, and I passed the terrific danger unharmed, and I am here to-night to give this feeble tribute to their imperishable fame.

It was under the shade of the Seven Pines that the genial, popular, and intrepid Clinch fell. In the campaign in Tennessee Lieutenants Henning and Black offered up their lives. At Riddle's Shop, Va., the brave Captain McNeely and dauntless Huff were summoned from the field of glory. The names of Captain McCord, Lieutenants Haynesworth, Stenhouse, Thomison, and Williams are all inscribed upon the roll of honor of the dead. "Brief, brave, and glorious was their young career."

Those that I have mentioned are but the representative men of their commands. Neither time nor memory will permit me to give to each fallen comrade his just tribute. That will be the pleasing office of the historian of the Legion. When I look upon that tattered flag and the faces of you who so long followed it, it revives a new love for the principles it symbolizes and keeps alive a sentiment that has been clothed in classic language: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Those who fought and those who fell under that flag contended for constitutional liberty out of the Union. Since the fate of war has placed us again under the old flag, so long as it symbolizes constitutional equality and union, and not policy, higher than the principles contained in the Constitution, will we who fought against it yield an allegiance to it second to none in the country of Washington. But should the same or similar political status arise in the future that existed in the past, I for one—and I only presume to speak for myself—am ready to draw my sword again for constitutional liberty in the Union. While I am willing to acknowledge our defeat upon the battle field, I am not willing to admit that the principles for which we fought have been settled or destroyed. They are the life of this republic. When they are ignored or forgotten, this republic will have degenerated into an empire. Nor do I agree to the proposition that the loss of our cause is a blessing in disguise. Aside from the political principles involved in our struggle, as a corollary flowing from it has been the contest of two systems of civilization—the one of the North, the other of the South; one the offering of the Puritan of New England, the other the child of the colonies of the South; the Puritan mind based upon materialism in which everything is tried in the crucible of *cui bono*; a civilization that is stimulated by a *sacra fomes oui*, a civilization in which every moral and

social virtue is limited to the perimeter of the almighty dollar; a civilization that recognizes redress for woman's wounded honor only in the courts of law. It is a civilization more to be dreaded than the simoon of the desert, destroying, as it does, the courage of man and blasting the virtue of woman. Let the South cling to her past civilization; let her social laws still govern her citizens; let her men still preserve the code of honor; let the civilization that is based upon truth, honor, honesty, courage, and virtue be sacredly preserved and transmitted to our posterity.

The principles for which the living and dead of the Legion fought are true. They are as true to-night as they were when the cannon opened its roar at Manassas fourteen years ago. I feel it a grateful privilege and honor to speak in vindication of those principles to-night and am content to live for what our comrades so nobly died. I trust that our fair women will continue to revere and love their memories and that they will ever weave garlands of immortelles with which to adorn and beautify their heroic and patriotic graves.

[The copy of this address was sent the VETERAN by E. H. Acker, of Toney Creek, S. C., who wrote: "I am inclosing the address of my brigadier general, M. W. Gary, at the first Confederate reunion I ever attended, and at that reunion there were present the following officers who served in the Hampton Legion: Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Brig. Gen. James Conner, Brig. Gen. M. C. Butler, Brig. Gen. M. W. Gary, and Brig. Gen. T. M. Logan. All were present and had fought under the flag that General Gary spoke of in his address, and every one had shared the fate of battle except General Gary. I cannot help but speak about that reunion, for it was the first I ever attended. I have attended many since. It was a glorious meeting that we had; for many had not met since parting at Appomattox, and many never met again after the farewell at Columbia on the night of July 21, 1875. And that glorious flag of which General Gary spoke, it too was never seen by many after our meeting, for, alas! it was burned in Columbia when General Hampton's house was burned, and this cast a gloom of sorrow over many who loved and cherished its tattered and blackened stripes."]

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Brave "ends" may consecrate a cruel story
And crown a dastard deed;

Brave hearts are laureled with eternal glory
That held another creed.

Who knew the end? or in what record written
The crowned results abide?

The volume closed not with an Abel smitten
Or Christ the crucified.

How poor and pale from yonder heights of heaven
Our Cæsar's pomp appears

To those who wear the purple robes of Stephen
Or Mary's crown of tears!

So let us watch a single pale star keeping
Its vigil o'er the tide—

No truth is lost for which the true are weeping,
Nor dead for which they died.

—Francis Orray Ticknor.

PLANTERS OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

Among a lot of books gathered from old book dealers I once found a small volume of seventy pages bearing the title "Miss Cooper's Mount Vernon Letter." This letter, signed "Faithfully your friend and countrywoman," is dated November 19, 1858, and is written in that elegant and pious style of an old-time preceptress addressing her pupils, of which an excerpt from the first pages offers an example:

"*Dear Children:* You have all been taught from your cradles to honor the name of George Washington. Many of you already know that Mount Vernon was his home, where he lived and died. Far away in the good State of Virginia an odd gray stone house, with tall piazza and peaked roof and overlooking cupola, stands on an elevated bank, which is beautifully shaded by different trees, while the broad Potomac River flows grandly below. This is Mount Vernon. Good men love their homes. General Washington loved Mount Vernon very dearly." * * *

And on through the following pages the preceptress gives a patriotic account of the master of Mount Vernon until that day in December, 1799, with clouds gathering over the banks of the Potomac and the plantation of Mount Vernon, "and it was the will of Providence that those clouds should become to George Washington the shadow of death. He was abroad, as usual, in the fields directing the farm work—work of the plantation. His long, gray locks, falling about his throat, were wet with rain. * * * He returned home, passing the remaining hours of the day in his accustomed peaceful manner at the family fireside. During the night he became alarmingly ill." * * *

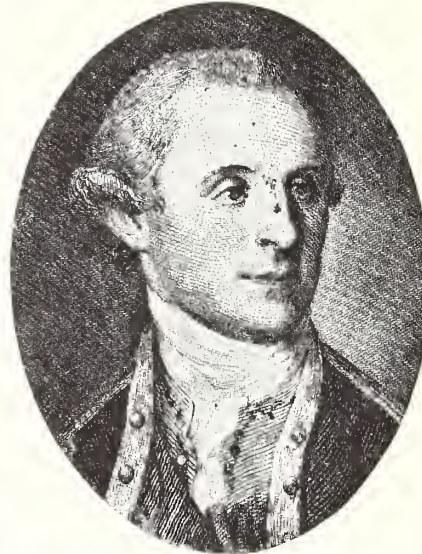
The quaint wording of this naïve little treatise is informing in a comparative study of the sections of country divided by that politico-geographical line dating from the Missouri Compromise. The description of Mount Vernon as offered by Miss Cooper hardly fits the frontispiece engraving—"tall piazzas," "peaked roof," etc., betray the Northern viewpoint, limited in range to the architecture of the traditional New England manse and stranger to the white colonnaded galleries of our colonial mansions. There is also absence of "local color" in the "laborers" on Washington's "farms," extending for miles along the bank of the Potomac. This letter leaves one to infer that the laborers differed not from the hired men familiar to the New Englander, completely obscuring the fact that Virginia plantations were tilled by negro slaves and that Washington, the impeccable patriot, the model of sterling Christian manhood and integrity, as founder and exemplar of the American character, is fervently depicted without disclosing the fact that the father of his country was also the master of slaves; that the laborers in the fields, among whom he walked and rode daily when at Mount Vernon, were not hired white men nor indentured white servants, but negroes held as chattel slaves, of whom this "great and good man" was master in every possible sense of the word. On the Virginia plantation, where "as a gentleman of one of

the first fortunes of the continent," as observed John Adams, "he enjoyed delicious retirement with family and friends" from earliest infancy, when a black hand rocked his cradle, Washington had owned and been served by slaves. As by his preëminent qualities of Christian gentleman, soldier, and statesman he established an American character, he at the same time established the character of the Southern planter. But Miss Cooper in her letter to the children of America, memorializing every noble trait attributed to Washington,

fails to instruct with clear understanding the real conditions of life at Mount Vernon under that peculiar institution which was in 1858 being so grossly misrepresented by Harriet Beecher Stowe and abolition propaganda used to embitter the people of one section against the land of Washington and his people. And this is where, because of ill education at the North, a great wrong led to a great madness which destroyed the finer civilization and the republic founded by Washington. Historians have made plain this fateful destruction of the principles of representative constitutional government as established by the fathers. Gifted pens have depicted faithfully the life of the Old South. And yet, now and then, there comes to the calm student a wonder that the word "slavery" should have been allowed to misrepresent the most peculiar and admirable institution ever known to any civilization. The type of Southern planter established by Washington and exemplified throughout the eleven seced-

ing States has no parallel in the history of human experience, and for comparative study we seek in vain for any condition of life approximating its manners and usages. No wonder Europeans were misled by abolition propagandists, for there were no relative facts to be found in all the pages of history.

In 1797, when Miss Edgeworth gave to literature that little classic, "Castle Rackrent," all English-speaking peoples learned of the evils of landlordism in Ireland; and when "Absentee" was published, in 1800, in the character of Colambre was given the remedy in the humane landlord. But Washington, walking as overseer among his laborers on the bank of the Potomac, belonged to a class absolutely distinct. No half-starving, servile tenantry ever tilled the broad acres of a Southern plantation. The happy, singing negro slaves paid no rent for their comfortable cabins. They lost nothing in wages when sick and helpless, but were as well cared for according to their needs as were the children of their master's household. In return for the physical labor required of them they received in housing and food and clothes, religious instruction, manual training, and care in sickness and health a richer reward than possible to be earned by the most thrifty and industrious Irish peasant, and never, as the humble peasantry, depended on the good grace of the landlord and his own toil for a roof over his head. Idle or industrious, faithful or worthless, the negro's temporal wants were assured; and the so-called slave felt a joint ownership in the plantation with the family to which he belonged. "Peculiar institution" which led a gentleman of South Carolina, as quoted by a Northerner, to judiciously declare that for comfort and contentment he would choose rather to be the good slave of a



GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-FIVE.

good master than the good master of a good slave.* And in that saying lies the crux of the whole matter, worthy the profound consideration of all sociologists.

So the faultless delineation of the evils of absentee landlordism by Miss Edgeworth had no application to the régime of Southern plantations. Our English cousins had not the privilege of learning from a novel of plantation life in Virginia until John P. Kennedy wrote "Swallow Barn" (1829), a work which should at once have been placed beside that of Miss Edgeworth and kept in view of the general reader, so that a preceptress like Miss Cooper could have intelligently presented to the children of America a right understanding of the social life of Mount Vernon and the plantation homes throughout the Southern States. Could the young Yankee mind have been made to conceive of that type of rural manhood, so different from the frugal New England farmer with his hired help, there might have developed a broader perspective, honorable to both mind and conscience, for dealing with questions of constitutional government. Our New England compatriots might have been educated to recognize a type, exhibiting not the shrewdness of the Yankee, yet clever and forceful; high-bred, yet of a caste strange to the kind and condescending Colambre. The Irish tenantry, ignorant and subject by enslaving circumstance of fortune, was of racial gifts marked and potential when free in expression, shown in the marvelous enrichment of English literature and historic achievement traceable to the genius of the "Celtic strain," in every way a contrast to the black slave brought from Africa to be saved from savagery by bondage to a white master and amenable only to such forms of civilization as may be acquired from tutelage and discipline, not from development of inherent qualities and traits after that process by which superior races gain civilization.

The Southern planter was not a "country gentleman" of the English kind, but rather an aristocrat with democratic principles and chivalric manners, a sturdy cavalier walking among his laborers as master, with an economic interest in agriculture and all its values which was left by the English country gentleman or Irish landlord to agents, unaffected and unpretentious in tastes, and devoting time and energies to the problems of his domain; providing for his household, white and black; caring humanely for all creatures intrusted to him, from his horse to the humblest bedridden slave in the quarters; lavish only in hospitality; administering to the human needs of less fortunate neighbors without organized charity to urge; and performing the duties of citizen without enforcement of legal enactments found on the statute books.

Such a planter was George Washington, and how well the character was maintained throughout eleven States of the American Union is a matter of historic record among the highest claims of the Caucasian race. Now that the civilization of the Old South has passed away and politicians and propagandists are employed with other destructions, all the world may learn in reviewing American history what has been "the plantation product in men" since Washington established the character. A Georgian who loves the warm, opulent soil which so generously mothers the lives of her children cannot but feel a thrill of pride in contemplating the type of manhood presented in our planter class. Always

distinctive, virile, and independent, our grand commonwealth yields place to none in the monumental record. From the seacoast to the foothills of the Blue Ridge were the rural communities described by Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., the "Macaulay of the South," when memorializing his birthplace in Liberty County:

"While there were few who could lay claim to large estates, the planters of this community were in comfortable circumstances. They were industrious, observant of the obligations, humane in the treatment of their servants, given to hospitality, fond of manly exercise, and solicitous for the moral and intellectual education of their children. The traditions of the fathers gave birth to patriotic impulses and encouraged a high standard of honor, integrity, and manhood. * * * With influence exerted in the causes of liberty, morality, education, and religion, and with the names and deeds of those who, having received their training here, went abroad in the land to illustrate whatever was of good repute in the stations of clergyman, teacher, lawyer, physician, jurist, statesman, missionary, scientist, senator, representative, minister plenipotentiary, and planter."

Note the name "planter" among the recognized professions and avocations, and so placed the title of planter has the true Washingtonian significance. In the old days professional men were most frequently plantation-bred; and those who by their own industry and enterprise accumulated property in the practice of a profession invested in land and slaves, as did William H. Crawford and Alexander H. Stephens, and thus acquired plantation homes. But the planter as a citizen who depended upon agriculture for a living and served only his country, State, or community in a public capacity as duty demanded, often at a sacrifice of personal interest, who as representative, senator, or chief executive was neither a lawyer nor politician, professional soldier nor publicist, serving in such capacity as called upon to serve and returning to his plantation when not in requisition, belonged to a separate class. Forming the bulwark of our civilization, yet to this class rarest justice has been done. Devoid of personal ambition, with no craving for power or place, these citizens chose retirement and voluntarily relinquished public emolument unless strongly urged by the exigencies of the times. This was the planter class of the Washington type of whom a Georgian, Richard Malcolm Johnston, has written:

"In war and in peace they were the peers of the men of any age. * * * The main reliance of leaders in all great movements, those tillers of the fruitful earth, those silent but cheerful contributors to a prosperity that overflowed with plentifulness, who led lives which for all reasonableness in living, in the accumulation and in the handling of goods around and within their reach, in their support of sovereign institutions, in their domestic rule, in their ungrudging and unrestrained hospitality were never outdone in this world. * * * They grew old, died, and were buried in the family graveyards wherein seldom even a carved stone was set to mark the place of the grave. Great public actions done by the most distinguished were put upon official records, but no more. * * * They coveted for their own names no mention on historic pages. The immortality they hoped for, besides being unforgotten of the nearest and dearest, was that on that great day in the hereafter when final judgment of human actions shall be announced theirs would be that their gifts had been employed in habitual loyalties to what was just and honorable and charitable. Humbly trusting that such would be their reward when their hour grew near, without complaint they 'looked around and chose their ground and took their rest.'"

*Author of "The Planter; or, Thirteen Years in the South," by Rev. David Brown, Lambertville, N. J., a Northern man (1853). Written to answer the "infidel philosophies and licentious levities of the abolition authors and senators," this book is a complete refutation of such propaganda as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and is so just and fine in spirit and intelligent in composition as to merit reprinting and a place in every library where Mrs. Stowe's pernicious work is known.

IN THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY DAVID B. MORGAN, SAVANNAH, GA.

I read with marked interest the article in the *VETERAN* for December, 1917, from Comrade J. T. Crawford, Pampa, Tex., with the caption, "The Army of Tennessee." I have noticed that there is little said in our dear old friend, the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, about that grand old army; but I know the blame should not rest on it as a journal, but rather on our men who constituted this army and still survive, and I plead guilty myself. I knew that army intimately only under Generals Joseph E. Johnston and J. B. Hood, its last two commanders, in the year 1864. My regiment, the 5th Georgia Cavalry, under Col. Robert H. Anderson, which had been doing duty on the coast of Georgia and South Carolina, reporting direct to the War Department, was sent to Florida early in January or February, 1864, to repel the Federal forces which were trying to get into the interior of that State, thence into Georgia, I surmise, to attack both Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., by land. We were hurried down by way of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad (or Albany and Gulf, as it may have been called at that time); but the special train bearing men and horses was delayed because the fuel gave out, and we had to get out in the forest and cut wood to fire the engine before we could proceed. However, we reached Valdosta, Ga., and, disembarking, we marched across the country the day after the battle of Olustee, or Ocean Pond. We immediately reported to General Finnegan, department commander, and engaged the enemy at Three-Mile Branch and other places, remaining there on duty until he finally went back into Jacksonville, his fleet of gunboats protecting the city approaches by water and land. The duty becoming monotonous to us, and the commanding general feeling that he had sufficient force to prevent any more such movements on the part of the enemy, Colonel Anderson petitioned the War Department for orders to join our regiment to the Army of Tennessee. It was granted, and we immediately received marching orders.

Moving across Florida into Georgia, stopping in Atlanta only long enough to receive additional supplies for the hardships before us, then on up into Tennessee we proceeded. On meeting Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army we were formed into a brigade with several regiments of Tennesseans and (I think) Texans under command of our colonel as brigadier general and assigned to Allen's Division, Joe Wheeler's Cavalry. And from that time until the sun of the Confederacy went down I was closely identified with the Army of Tennessee. This event occurred on April 26, 1865. Though but a youth of eighteen years and having seen the very hardest service of any part of the army, for none could have been harder than that under Wheeler, my observation is that no part of the Confederate army did nobler work, suffered greater hardships, or did more fighting in proportion to its numbers than did the Army of Tennessee; and we were capable of judging, because we were in its front and rear and on either flank, as occasion required. Sometimes Johnston's men were a little restless for a drawn battle with Sherman and his cohorts; but Johnston's movements were frequently strategic, and my information is that he was recognized as foremost among the strategical leaders in either the Confederate or Federal army. I believe historians grant him this; and I am sure from personal observation that he frequently gained victories over the enemy, killing great numbers and capturing hordes of the enemy, also wagon trains with sup-

plies of all kinds, as well as arms and ammunition, without losing any considerable number of men. I believe that if Johnston had not been removed from command at the Chat-tahoochee River, Sherman would not have taken Atlanta and the miserable blotch on the American people would not have gone into history such as Sherman's march to the sea. The march of the Germans through Belgium hardly exceeded it in cruelties, for it was a war on helpless women and children and an endeavor to excite our slaves against them. That they did not succeed is to the everlasting credit of the black race.

Gen. J. B. Hood was a brave man. No general ever led his army with greater dash and energy; but he had not the tact of Johnston, and consequently his army suffered heavier losses under his leadership. I think Johnston's ability was equaled only by that grand old hero, Robert E. Lee. We can never say too much for him, and our love can never be too great. On the 19th of January the Southland paid honor to his memory, and I trust the day may never come when less honor will be accorded him. And more of our heroes of the sixties should be thus honored.

When Johnston was removed from the army his soldiers almost mutinied; not that they did not trust Hood, but their love for Johnston was so great, and they knew he had such consideration for their welfare, that they felt no one else could take his place. But he appealed to them to continue to be the soldiers under Hood that they had been under him. That was enough. They went forward to their duty and did it nobly. Well do I recall the day he was restored to his old command. I had been on detail duty at Charlotte, N. C., and was on the march to rejoin Wheeler, only a few miles ahead. We came upon General Johnston sitting on his horse by the roadside, his infantry marching by in columns of twos. He was assuming the control of but a fragment of one of the grandest armies on the continent, not the army full of spirit and push of which he had surrendered command only a few short months before, but only a remnant, footsore and tired, poorly clad, with greatly decimated ranks; and as he sat his horse that afternoon, with bared head, perfectly erect, and tears tracing their way down his cheeks, I seem to hear him say through this lapse of over fifty years: "My poor, poor boys! Where are the others?"

After our return home and several years after the close of the war General Johnston came to this city of my abode and opened an agency for the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company. He came with his wife into the store where I was employed as a junior clerk. Recognizing him, I asked the privilege of waiting on them. I made myself known, telling him I was one of his and Wheeler's men. He said, "Joe Wheeler was one of the bravest," and, taking me by the hand, he turned to Mrs. Johnston and said: "One of my boys. Always come to him for anything you need in his line, and I know you will get the right kind of treatment." I never passed him on the street without taking off my hat to him, and he always returned the salute in the same way.

Now let me join with Comrade Crawford in urging the survivors of Johnston's army to make history for it through the *VETERAN*. It has been too long neglected. I am constantly being asked by young friends with what part of the Confederate army I served. They say, "Were you with Lee in Virginia?" not even knowing that there was more than that. Replying, I say with pride: "Johnston's army." While I would not detract one iota from that noble band, the Army of Northern Virginia, let it be known to future generations that there were other armies of the South.

ON SCOUT DUTY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY E. ARNOLD WRIGHT, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In the winter and spring of 1864 General Ransom's North Carolina Brigade was mobilized in Martin County, N. C., about two miles south of Hamilton, the county seat. While camped there the brigade was constantly engaged in making raids on Norfolk and Suffolk, Va., and Elizabeth City, in the northeastern part of North Carolina, and having fights with the Federals intrenched in each of those seacoast cities. The town of Plymouth, N. C., was located on the Roanoke River in Washington County, which joins Martin County on the east; and this town was also occupied by the Federals under Gen. W. H. Wessell, whose troops numbered about seven thousand, including infantry, cavalry, and heavy artillery. He had under him in Plymouth at least one regiment of cavalry, which he sent out daily to make raids in Washington County to gather in booty and commit depredations upon the Confederate sympathizers in that section. Within a radius of ten or fifteen miles there was a large element of disloyalists known as "Buffaloes." In order to checkmate these daily raids as much as possible General Ransom selected from the 35th North Carolina Regiment First Lieut. Orin C. Venters, of Company A, and Second Lieut. E. Arnold Wright, of Company I, and had us two detailed as scouting officers. Each was to have twenty picked men for scouting duty in the territory mentioned. Lieutenant Venters, with his twenty men, would go into this territory one week and stay on scouting duty all that week, and I would follow the next week with my scouting party. We had to march about fifteen miles to get into this disputed territory, meeting at a certain place on the bank of Conoby Creek, which divided Martin and Washington Counties. We were engaged in this scouting for about two months and a half, and every week that we were in the territory we met the Yankees in companies, mounted, coming out from Plymouth on raids, and we always drove them back behind their breastworks.

The country was rolling all about Plymouth in the direction of the territory where we operated, all hills and hollows, and when we selected a place of rest for the night it would be a ravine between high hills as far as we thought safe from the public road. We could not have blazing fires, for fear the raiding Yankees might see the light and capture us. The country was covered thickly by an evergreen bush known as the yaupon, a native of Washington County. I have never seen a bush like it in any other section where I have traveled, and I have been over more than eight States in the South.

All the time we were doing duty in this territory the weather was very cold, with rain, snow, and sleet. One bitter cold night, after I had gotten to my resting place in the ravine and put out the pickets, I spread one blanket on the ground and wrapped the other around my body, with my folded coat for a pillow, and lay down to sleep as near the bed of coals as I could get. The next morning I awoke to find that I was under snow, which was two or three inches deep on my covering. Just before I lay down one of my men, James Myers, had come to me and asked permission to go to a house about a mile from camp to attend a dance. This was at the home of a Mr. Cooper, who had three or four grown girls. The whole family was Confederate, and, according to my recollection, Mr. Cooper had two sons in the Confederate army. His home was on the public road leading from Plymouth to Hamilton. I said: "Jim, I am afraid to let you go, for fear the Yankees will catch you."

He promised to be very careful and watchful and not let the "Yanks" capture him. The next morning Jim did not answer to roll call, and I have not seen nor heard from him from that day to this. I was informed that day, as I marched my men by the Cooper home, that the "Yanks," some eight or ten, surrounded the house and captured Jim and took him to Plymouth. Whether they shot him or sent him to prison, I do not know. He was a splendid soldier. When I went back to brigade camp I had to report one man short. General Ransom sent for me to make an explanation, and when I told him all about the matter he gave me a sharp reprimand.

I had several skirmishes with the Yankees sent out from Plymouth and drove them back behind their breastworks. At the week's end (on Saturday) I fell back with my brave boys to the meeting place agreed upon with Venters, who said to me: "Lieutenant Wright, I don't intend to go out this day, for I have received by 'grapevine telegram' the information that a Yankee cavalry company is coming out to-morrow (Sunday) to remove a deserter's family into Plymouth. I have learned the route they will march and the time of day they will be near here, and I have concluded to form you and your men with my men and give them a fight." He also said he had selected the place of attack. So I crossed the creek, and we took up our march together toward the place selected, a distance of about three miles from our meeting place. When we got within about a half mile of the place we halted and bivouacked for the night. A little before day-break the next morning we moved forward and hid ourselves in the thick yaupon bushes, Lieutenant Venters on the east side and I on the west side of the selected place. This was near a large swamp (Green Swamp), and on our side of it was a steep hill with a hollow, about six or seven feet deep, going down to the water in the swamp. At this point the yaupon bushes were densely thick, a splendid place of concealment. My men and I lay down flat on our side of the ravine, and Venters and his men were on the other. Venters was the senior officer, and we were all to obey his commands. The Yankees had to pass through the hollow between us in going out or coming in, the deserter's family being on the other side of the swamp. The Yankee company passed through about 10 A.M. and did not suspect that any "Johnny Rebs" were near. They were about one hundred strong. At 1 P.M. we heard them coming back by the clatter of horses' feet and the rattling of sabers. They were also singing their usual war songs, "Yankee Doodle," etc., and we heard the splashing of the swamp water as they passed through. Venters and I had agreed not to move nor fire until the main body of the Yankees was between us in the ravine. Just as the main body of the Yankees was in this position Venters and his men arose, and we did so at the same time. As Venters gave the command, "Aim; fire!" I repeated it, and forty rifles were opened upon them. Many were killed and many more wounded. After the conflict was over we counted fifteen killed and ten wounded, but some of the wounded made their escape. We captured eight, but we could not tell accurately the number of wounded.

The remaining Yankees put their horses into full speed and ran up the road in the direction of Plymouth about two hundred yards, dismounted, and formed a line of battle across the road facing us. This was near a church house. Venters formed his men and mine in battle line facing the Yankees and gave in a loud voice the command: "Fix bayonets; double-quick, march! Give the Rebel yell," which was carried out

very rapidly. At the same time Venters shouted as loud as he could, with trumpet sound: "The 24th North Carolina will move up on the right, the 35th North Carolina on the left." These two regiments were at brigade camp, fifteen or twenty miles away; but as soon as the Yankees heard this command their captain ordered his men to mount and retreat as fast as their horses could run, "for," the captain shouted, "these woods are full of Rebs." The deserter's wife and children were not hurt and were ordered by Venters to return to their home and stay there, assuring them that they would never be molested as long as they behaved themselves. We buried the dead as neatly as we could, wrapping them in blankets and depositing them in nicely prepared graves, each with a head and foot board. Lieutenant Venters took the prisoners with him when he returned to brigade headquarters. Thus ended this brilliant episode, in which our forty men whipped at least one hundred boys in blue and drove them back to Plymouth behind their strong breastworks.

I remained in the scouting territory the rest of the week, during which time we had skirmishes with two or three raiding squads of the enemy. This skirmishing was kept up during January, February, and a part of March, 1864, until we were called to go with our regiment to attack Plymouth, which had been occupied by the Yankees under General Wessell for about two years. They were strongly fortified, the breastworks extending from the bank of the Roanoke on the west to the bank on the east, with heavy artillery batteries about fifty yards apart on top of the breastworks all along the line. We did valiant service for our glorious cause during this (to me) ever-memorable period of soldier life in behalf of our Confederacy, for which my "ardent love will never die."

A BATTLE WITH SNOWBALLS.

BY THOMAS PERRETT, FAISON, N. C.

After the battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, I was laid up for repairs for about four months; and after a perilous trip to Richmond and about thirty days in Camp Winder Hospital, I was granted a furlough to visit my home, in Central North Carolina. Remaining there till in the early part of November, I returned to the Army of Northern Virginia, finding the 26th North Carolina Regiment, to which I belonged, located near Orange Courthouse. I found the regiment in much better shape than I had expected after the great loss sustained at Gettysburg. Many of the wounded had returned to duty, and quite a number of new recruits had been added, which gave it much of its old-time life and morale.

We were soon on the move and bivouacked at several places during the next months, our moves usually caused by raids of the Federals. During the latter part of November the Federals crossed the Rappahannock in considerable force, advanced up the turnpike in the direction of Orange Courthouse, and were met by the Confederate forces at a place we afterwards called Locust Grove. No regular engagement, only skirmishes, took place, and after a few days they retreated and left us in possession of the field. During our stay, however, we had to be constantly on picket duty, and on one occasion I had charge of a part of the picket line in the woods about five hundred yards from the Federal line. While on duty there one day a flock of wild turkeys got between the Federal and Confederate lines, which excited the boys very much. As the turkeys came near our line the boys turned loose a volley at them. The turkeys then made a

get-away in the direction of the Federal line. In a few minutes the Federals let loose a volley, and the turkeys again headed in our direction. This sport was kept up for some time. One of our boys finally killed one of the turkeys. This sport was positively against orders, but so many of us were in it that no one got punished.

The latter part of December our camp was moved to a large wood about four miles northeast of Orange Courthouse, and we were assured that we would have this as winter quarters. The weather was extremely cold, and we had no tents; so it was up to us to do the best we could under the circumstances. I selected three partners, and we at once went to work to build us a "shack." The ground was frozen hard, and we were too cold to sleep. The moon was shining brightly, and we began cutting poles and setting them up, and by day we had the structure ready for the roof and chimney; and by night the roof was on, a stick chimney built, and the cracks daubed to keep out the cold. We moved in and had a regular "house-warming." We remained here through the winter, but were called out occasionally to meet some threatened raid or do picket duty on the North Anna River.

A little friction had developed between the brigades of General Kirkland and General Cook, which were located near each other, the whole trouble starting by making raids on each other in fun, which had grown into bad feeling. The boys must have something up all the time to keep them in good humor, and about everything was tried that would afford any sport. When not on drill they would play cards, drafts, make and fly kites, and occasionally made a raid at night.

Early in 1864, at the first heavy snowfall, a challenge was passed for a battle royal between the brigades, snowballs to be the weapons. The challenge was duly accepted, and the rules of battle agreed upon. The brigades, under command of their respective officers, met in a large field, facing each other on opposite sides of a ravine. At a given signal the battle began in earnest. At first the men contented themselves with using ordinary snowballs, and all was fun and frolic; but the battle had not progressed very far before we discovered that quite a number of Cook's men had brought along their haversacks and filled them with snowballs dipped in water and pressed as hard as a ball of ice. On making this discovery we captured a number of them and relieved them of their haversacks and snowballs. As the contest waxed more animated, each side struggling for victory, the passions of the combatants became aroused, and the excitement of actual battle seized them. Hard substances, frequently stones, were used with telling effect, in a number of cases doing serious damage. At one stage of the battle about twenty-five of Cook's men made a charge to capture the colors of the 26th Regiment and were met at the colors by about an equal number of our men. The fight that followed was terrific for a few minutes. We broke the flagstaff into several pieces, fought with these pieces, fists, or anything we could get, but finally routed them and carried off the colors in triumph. I happened to be one of the men engaged in the fight over the colors, but escaped without any serious damage. Colonel McRae, in command of one of the regiments, was pulled from his horse and roughly handled; and the combat ended only with the exhaustion of the men, each side agreeing that it should be considered a drawn battle.

This affair caused some bitterness between the brigades which it took time and comradeship, battles, privation, and

suffering to destroy. This battle was not compulsory with the men, but most of them engaged in it for the fun. On returning to camp a few slackers who had refused to take part in the fun got to guying the boys about being such fools, when they were taken down and covered up in the snow as a "leveler."

THE RETREAT FROM TENNESSEE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE.

My memory fails me in the attempt to recall the events of that sad night of retreat from the battle field of Nashville. There is only a confused recollection of weary plodding through mud and slush, and thousands of fugitives without order hurrying to escape the supposed pursuit of the Yankees. One thing I remember is that when the first panic was over the great object was to get together again and make a stand, and the question asked over and over was: "Where will we make the stand?" There was discussion as to who was responsible for the break in our lines. Some charged it on one brigade, some on another, but I heard no talk of giving up. It is true that none of us then realized the extent of our disaster, and we thought of some rallying point in Tennessee.

We reached Franklin in our disorganized condition, and I determined to try to get some clothes to replace my rags. I heard that an old friend of mine was living a few miles southwest of the town, and I started out to find him. After walking three or four miles I came to a considerable stream. It was much swollen, and there was neither bridge nor boat to help me across. I could not swim, and so my way seemed barred. But my needs were urgent, and the prospect of clothes overcame my fears. I waded in. As I stepped cautiously along, the water came higher about me until it reached my armpits. I was about to give up and turn back when another step brought me into shallower water. I was soon on the other side, dripping with almost icy water. I walked fast to keep from freezing, and I soon reached my friend's house. The welcome I received was most hearty, and the whole family set about making me comfortable. My wet clothes were removed, and I was arrayed in a shirt and pair of trousers belonging to the old gentleman, head of the household. The trousers, of black doeskin, were shiny from long wear, but they were fine compared with my ragged toggging. They took my old clothes to dry and mend and gave me a good supper, and I expected to spend the night with them and have a good talk; but just as I settled down and was feeling quite comfortable we heard musketry-firing not far away, which I took to be from the Yankees in pursuit. I at once prepared to "skedaddle." I concluded that I could get along very well without new clothes and that, as time was pressing, there was no use to mend my old ones. It might interfere with ventilation if they fitted too tight. So I put on my jacket, bundled up the rest of my duds, and started to go out to Spring Hill, where I hoped to catch up with our army. The night was intensely dark, and I had to guess my course without a single star to guide me. My friend directed me to a little creek or branch near by and to follow its course until I came to a main road, which led to Spring Hill. I made my way by the gurgling of the water. I was walking in a lane. For a hundred yards or more there was a high rail fence on each side, probably the only piece of rail fence in the neighborhood. I heard a squad of horsemen coming behind me. A bird could not have gone over that fence more lightly than I did. Fear lent me wings, but my agility came near landing me in the brook.

After beating about in the dark for a time I came in sight of numerous camp fires, but whether ours or the Yankees I could not tell. Making my way cautiously to the nearest one, I came upon a company of half a dozen men sitting around a fire on one side of a dense thicket of bushes. Whether they were Confederates or Federals was still the unsolved problem. The light was too dim to distinguish them clearly, and their voices were too indistinct for me to recognize their quality. So I got down on my hands and knees and crawled stealthily through the thicket until I came within a few feet of them, when I heard one of them say: "Well, we did give them Yankees the devil, anyhow." And he spoke of the attack on his division. I knew then that I was among friends, and I stepped out and found the men were of Walthall's Division. I made myself known to them, when one of them said: "Parson, if we had known you were in there, we could have scared you badly by pretending to be Yankees and threatening to shoot into that thicket." I replied: "Yes; and if I had rushed out pretending to be a Yankee and ordered you to surrender, you would have done it or skedaddled." He said: "I reckon that's so." I camped with them until morning, when I soon found the remnant of Quarles's Brigade.

On the road from Spring Hill to Columbia the rain poured down incessantly, drenching us to the skin. The mud was liquid and had easy access to our dilapidated footgear. The boys, of course, noted my black doeskin trousers, which fitted so close to my shanks, and my "biled shirt," and they guyed me unmercifully about coming out in party dress on such a day. What a blessing it is that men can find fun in the most discouraging circumstances and that one can see the ludicrous side of their misfortunes!

One fellow walking behind me had a face of funereal solemnity. He seemed to be always in a deep study and gave his whole mind with grave consideration to any subject that engaged his attention. His gaze was fixed on the big round hole in the back of my jacket, which I have already mentioned. With great solicitude he asked me: "Say, Parson, did a shell hit you there?" I wasn't in a good humor, for I had been the butt of many jokes, and a man doesn't like the intimation that he has been shot in the back, so I answered rather gruffly: "No, you fool. Where would I be if a shell had hit me there?" With serious earnestness he replied: "Well, now, I really don't know. I never thought of that. In heaven, I reckon."

This fellow had picked up the frame of an old umbrella. There was scarcely a square foot of cloth clinging to the bare ribs. When the rain poured he would spread that ghost of an umbrella and look with pity on the rest of us. The moment there was a little let-up he would carefully lower his umbrella and tuck it under his arm, only to spread it again when another shower came on.

When we reached Columbia we were told that we must go on across the Tennessee River. To us Tennesseans it was a sore disappointment, for it was thought by many that we would make a stand at Duck River and hold our part of the State at least. We had come in with such high hopes, and now we were going back and leaving our homes to the invaders.

On the 20th of December General Hood ordered the formation of a rear guard to cover the retreat of the army until it should get safely across the Tennessee River. General Forrest was put in command of this rear guard. General Walthall commanded the infantry. The cavalry was under Generals Jackson, Buford, and Chalmers. I saw more of the division of General Jackson. It was composed of the brigades

of Armstrong and Ross. My memory is that the artillery was commanded by that prince of artillerists, Capt. John W. Morton.

From this time until December 27, just one week, the conditions can be summed up in a few words: "Retreating, fighting all day; retreating, with little rest, all night." I have always felt more pride in having been in that rear guard than in any other part of my war experience.

Inasmuch as there have been various statements as to the composition and the strength of this force, I will give here the official facts and figures, which I have from an authentic source.

I quote from an article published in the *Southern Bivouac*, September, 1885, a magazine published in Louisville, Ky., by B. F. Avery & Sons. The article was written by Maj. D. W. Sanders, acting adjutant general on the staff of General Walthall on his retreat, and is from official papers in his possession. He says:

"The deplorable condition of Hood's army as it bivouacked about Columbia was so apparent that he abandoned all the right of a defensive line south of Duck River. His army was wrecked, and with him the great question was, Could he protect his rear and escape across the Tennessee River? General Hood convinced himself that the successful retreat of his army rested solely on the reliability of the troops constituting the rear guard."

On the morning of December 20 General Hood sent to General Walthall a request that he should call at army headquarters immediately. Hood said to Walthall substantially as follows: "Things are in a bad condition. I have resolved to organize a rear guard. Forrest says he can't keep the enemy off of us any longer without a strong infantry support. He says he can do it with the help of three thousand infantry, with you to command them. You can select any troops in the army. It is a post of great honor, but one of such great peril that I will not impose it on you unless you are willing to take it; and you had better take troops that can be relied on, for you may have to cut your way out to get to me after the main army gets out. The army must be saved, come what may; and if necessary, your command must be sacrificed to accomplish it." Walthall in reply said: "General, I have never asked for a hard place for glory nor a soft place for comfort. Give me the order for the troops, and I will do my best. Being the youngest major general in the army, my seniors may complain. * * * That is between you and them." And Hood said: "Forrest wants you, and I want you." General Forrest rode up during the conversation and said: "Now we will keep them back." And Hood gave verbal orders for Walthall to take any troops he wanted.

General Walthall selected eight brigades, estimated at three thousand effectives, as follows: Brigadier General Featherstone's, Col. J. B. Palmer's Brigade; Strahl's, commanded by Col. E. W. Heiskill; Smith's, commanded by Col. O. Olmstead; Maney's, commanded by Col. H. R. Field; Brig. Gen. D. H. Reynolds's; Ector's, commanded by Col. D. Coleman; and Quarles's, commanded by Brig. Gen. George D. Johnston.

These brigades reported to Walthall, who had them inspected and a report of effectives made. The eight brigades numbered 1,623.

Major Sanders then gave General Walthall's general order consolidating these brigades: "Featherstone and Quarles, under Brigadier General Featherstone; Ector and Reynolds, under Brigadier General Reynolds; Strahl and Maney, under Colonel Field; Smith and Palmer, under Colonel Palmer. The

command will stand in line—Featherstone on the right, then Field, Palmer, and Reynolds, in the order named."

The field returns of this command were: "Featherstone (effectives), 498; Reynolds (effectives), 528; Palmer (effectives), 297; Field (effectives), 298. Total, 1,621."

Major Sanders states that General Hood in his report and in his book incorrectly reports the names of the brigades, omitting Featherstone, Reynolds, Olmstead, and Johnston, and naming Granbury's Brigade as part of the rear guard. Also General Forrest reports incorrectly, mentioning Granbury's Brigade.

Major Sanders's article continues: "The composition of this rear guard, its subordinate commanders, and its strength have been the subject of much misstatement, and the heroic gallantry which it displayed in covering Hood's retreat and the admiration which its splendid soldierly qualities elicited from General Thomas have so often been applied to other commands that the truth of history demands its correction."

The article quotes from the report of General Thomas, the Federal commander and one of the ablest of the Union generals. "Hood had formed a powerful rear guard made up of detachments from all his organized forces, numbering four thousand infantry under General Walthall, and all his available cavalry under Forrest. With the exception of this rear guard, his army had become a disheartened and disorganized body of half-armed and barefooted men, who sought every opportunity to fall out by the wayside and desert their cause to put an end to their misery. The rear guard, however, was undaunted and firm and did its work bravely to the last."

General Thomas's statement as to our army's deserting in such numbers is as far from the fact as is his estimate as to the number of infantry in the rear guard. I shall have occasion to show that, though the army was in a measure disorganized, it was ready to reorganize as soon as it got on ground where it was possible, and it went to meet General Sherman in North Carolina with the same indomitable spirit that it showed in its campaign against him in North Georgia.

The rear guard was the force that stood defiantly between the overwhelming legions of General Thomas and General Hood's shattered and decimated brigades and repulsed every attack; and it crossed the Tennessee River only after every ragged, barefooted, hungry comrade had gotten safely across. No truer, braver men, no abler, more devoted leaders ever held up a sinking cause for a time on their bayonets and with their sabers and guns than that little band of patriots, who, preferring death to dishonor, saved the army of Tennessee from annihilation. The world will yet give them the honor which is their due.

Can it be wondered at that every man who was in that rear guard is very jealous for its honor? Therefore have I taken pains to give the official facts and figures.

SOME CORRECTIONS.

In my reminiscences of the battle of Franklin I failed to mention that one of the divisions of Lee's corps took part in the battle. It was an oversight, because they came up and made their assault in the latter part of the engagement. A letter from Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, U. C. V., called my attention to some points in the description of the battle. He wrote:

"My Dear Comrade: You do not know how much I appreciate your 'Reminiscences,' which you so kindly send me. I am pasting them down on leaves and will have them

bound for permanence when completed. As to that of the 29th of July, let me say that your description is true and realistic. And with great diffidence I point out two mistakes:

"First, Johnston's Division of Lee's Corps was there. We reached the field last and were put in on the extreme left. We got it bad enough, but it was child's play to what you on the right and also in the center got.

"Second, The loss was far greater than in Pickett's deservedly famous charge at Gettysburg. In that the loss was only twenty-two per cent more than half in prisoners, leaving for killed and wounded not over eleven per cent. Whereas at Franklin the loss in the entire army in killed and wounded alone (for practically there were no prisoners) was between thirty-three and forty per cent. No reports were made; so absolute data are not obtainable, and we have to rely on estimates. * * *

"Our loss at Franklin in killed and wounded was three times as great as Pickett's at Gettysburg."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[Correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his family in Alabama.]

MORTON'S FORD, ON RAPIDAN RIVER,
November 19, 1863.

Dear Mary: * * * In answer to your question in regard to clothing I have to say that at present I am in need of nothing. The pair of pants ma made me last spring I have not worn since my return to the army; and as they are in a good state of preservation, they will do me for some time to come. My jacket is good and will suffice till spring. Underclothing I am not at present in need of; but if Jule Rast returns by January, he can, if convenient, bring me a dark cotton shirt and one pair of pants. My hat is getting somewhat dilapidated; and if the material can be had, I would be pleased for you to make me one like the one Aunt Lizzie made for Billy when he was at home. I don't want a regular Hoosier concern, but a real nice one that will do to wear anywhere. The articles ma sent by Hugh Hardy were delivered after my letter to her was written, and I want you to express my thanks to her, particularly for the overshirt. The flannel shirt I have but little use for, as I don't ever intend wearing one next my hide again. If Jule Rast comes on by January, that will be time enough to send me the pants and hat. If I need anything else, you shall know. It might be as well, however, to include a good warm jacket among the above articles.

I have slept but little some nights past. The 3d Alabama has seen more hard service the past two weeks than it ever has since its organization, and in consequence the men are pretty well worn down.

Company F last week spent two days at Mitchell's Ford, which is some miles from our extreme right, on picket in the worst weather I ever saw; and as soon as we regained camp the whole command was put to work throwing up fortifications from Morton's Ford to Verdierville, a distance of eight miles. Our regiment finished its proportion of the work last night at three o'clock, and I feel safe in asserting that if the Yankees attempt to dislodge us from our position the disaster to them will be greater than it was at Fredericksburg last year. Our works are of the strongest character, and all hands pray that the rascals may come, as we feel the utmost confidence in our ability to whip them clean out of Virginia.

Picket duty is not very funny just about now, for the reason that a fellow has to keep his eyes open to keep from being shot. We have picket-firing daily, but very seldom any casualties occur. If a fellow on either side pokes his head out from behind a rock or a tree, bang! goes a gun, which causes him to withdraw his carcass from observation in a hurry. I shot at two rascals on horseback Sunday, but could not tell with what effect, as they made about the "fastest time on record" getting away from the river. They do not venture very near the river now, but the boys shoot at them anyhow when they come in view. It is the impression that there will be no fight this winter. I hope the impression may be correct, as I want a winter of quiet, if possible.

I am very well. John and Billy ditto. "Lying Jeems" and "Little Jimmy" are doing bully. Have had no letter from William since I was at Warrenton, Fauquier County, the 14th of October last. What has become of him?

I am afraid I will not be able to write you as often now as I could wish on account of the scarcity of paper. It is now almost impossible to procure any at all, and for what little we do get we have almost fabulous prices to pay. One package of envelopes costs from four dollars to five dollars and one sheet of paper twenty-five cents, and ink can't be had at all. The boys manufacture almost all used in camp. The total cost of a letter now is half a dollar, which is quite a tax when it is taken into consideration that eleven dollars per month is the sum total of a private's pay. Occasionally we get stamps from some sutler, but most of us frank our letters.

Preaching in camp has about "played out." We got into a little row with the Yankees a few days ago; and our parson, no doubt deeming that "discretion was the better part of valor," took to his heels when the shells commenced flying, and I have not seen him since. In a late paper at Tuskegee he stated that the morals of the 3d Alabama were far behind its reputation. It is his place to improve them and teach the boys how to die in a Christianlike manner; yet at the first appearance of danger he ran away.

P. S.—Paul Rast being exchanged, I suppose he will be here shortly. The things I wrote you about in my last as being lost have been found and returned to me. If I get a chance, I will send them home for safe-keeping. The hat Ed Pierce has, his mother says, belongs to Johnnie. That is a dratted unlucky hat, anyhow. It has, since it was brought to Virginia, had a half dozen owners, and the real one is yet unknown. How is Maria getting along? I have been wanting to write to her a long time, but don't know how to begin. That I have not done so long ago is not because I do not feel for her and her little boys. I love her as a sister, but am afraid to write her, for the reason that I am such a poor hand at giving consolation I am afraid of doing more harm than good. I expect Johnnie is having a "bully" time at home. How I wish I were there! Do write soon.

COLUMBIA.

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall grow.

—Sidney Lanier.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"The flight of years can bring no rust
To dim his fame in song and story;
The grave that holds his hallowed dust
Has not entombed his deeds of glory."

CAPT. WILBUR FISK MIMS.

The lives of good and useful men are ever a source of interest, instruction, and inspiration. Capt. Wilbur Fisk Mims, the eldest born of Mr. Shadrach Mims and Mrs. Elizabeth Dowsing Mims, first saw the light of day at Old Vernon, in Autauga County, Ala., April 3, 1836. He died in his native county March 22, 1918. He came of Christian parents, whose guidance and example began at a very tender and plastic age to mold a noble character. Scarcely had he entered upon a business career ere the tocsin of war summoned the sons of the South to defend a newborn nation. April, 1861, he was mustered into the Confederate service at Pratt, Ala., as a noncommissioned officer in the Prattville Dragoons. This company was commanded by Capt. Jesse Cox, of Mobile, Ala. Two brothers of Captain Mims, Alexander D. and Shadrach Mims, were also enrolled in the Dragoons. Henry F. DeBardlaben was color sergeant. This young man a few decades later became a pioneer developer of Birmingham, Ala. The company was sent to Pensacola for training, and after ten months of active preparation it became Company H, 3d Alabama. The regiment was then transferred to Corinth, Miss., becoming a part of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army. While doing vidette duty in Corinth they received their first baptism of fire and brought in as a trophy of war a real Yankee soldier. On April 6, 1861, at Shiloh, they did yeoman service; and with their comrades they cheered that day as victorious, sleeping that night where the night before the enemy had slept. As the 7th of April dawned they were assaulted by a reinforced army, and their laurels of yesterday were willows of to-day.

The army retired to Corinth to rest and reorganize, and here Captain Mims's company did scout service. Later they were sent to Chattanooga, where they followed the intrepid Wheeler into Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. Their ranks became much worn and thinned as duty called them hither and yon. As time and battles went by Captain Mims steadily won promotion, until in 1864 we find him commanding the company.

Although snowfalls helped to blanket him, corn shucks at times served for shoes, three times horses were wounded under him, and his hat was bullet-pierced, his four years of war life were void of sickness or wounds. As Appomattox rang the knell of the short-lived Confederacy he and his comrades turned weary footsteps homeward. To the South

country they came, their hearts heavy, their spirits animated by a love for the old, old home, and they began to build anew the broken walls and to make green again the seared fields. The South of Henry Grady's vision, the South of to-day, is the result of this conquered band of the unconquerable spirit.

In 1868 Captain Mims married Miss Orlene Graham Mc-Lemore, and nine children blessed this union. In the seventies he and his father were associated in business with Mr. Daniel Pratt, and still later he conducted a mercantile business for his old comrade in arms, Henry F. DeBardlaben. He was a merchant until the years weighed too heavily upon him to continue in business. The sunset of life went down not far from his place of birth.

Captain Mims was for about twenty years the vigilant and enthusiastic Commander of W. W. Wadsworth Camp, No. 491, U. C. V. For many years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was not sectarian. His was a broad love, a sympathy which reached beyond creed, a hand that was extended to all alike. The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, was his religion. What he did was well done. His position in politics, religion, morals, and society was well known. He was ever on the side of righteousness. He was modest to an extreme. He was a true, chivalrous Southern gentleman. His forethought, love, and tenderness for his wife and children were beautiful. He loved animals. He promised Old Molly, his war steed, that if she carried him safely through a trying season in the sixties he would ever keep her and give to her a burial at last. Years later she lived upon his bounty, and at last he placed her beneath the protecting sod. When age had robbed him of many pleasures, Old Jack, the dog of the home, was the recipient of much love and care; and in truest gratitude the dog was faithful to the end.

Captain Mims's business associates found him ever loyal to employer and considerate of employee. He was honesty itself. "His words are bonds, his oaths oracles, his love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, his tears pure messengers sent from his heart, his heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

DEATHS IN U. C. V. CAMP AT VERNON, TEX.

Samuel Armstrong, died February 3, 1917, a member of Company D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.

A. J. Matthews, died March 25, 1917, a member of 11th Texas Cavalry, Company B.

T. H. McArthur, died May 28, 1917, a member of Company H, 7th Virginia Cavalry.

A. T. Roger, died August 29, 1917, a member of Evans's Battalion.

S. E. Swim, died January 29, 1918, command not known.

L. H. STALCUP, *Adjutant Camp Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V.*

CAPT. THOMAS WILLIAM BUGG.

Capt. Thomas William Bugg, a Confederate veteran and former sheriff of Sebastian County, Okla., one of the most beloved citizens of the county, died at his home, in Oklahoma City, April 4, 1918. He was seventy-three years of age. Captain Bugg joined Company B, King's Regiment, the second year of the War between the States and served with distinction. He was elected sheriff of Sebastian County in 1896 and served three terms. To know him was to love him.

MARION McDONALD MORRISS.

Marion McDonald Morriss, son of William Lewis and Annie Earp Morriss, was born at Danville, Va., on March 4, 1845, and died at Glade Spring, Va., on January 6, 1918. In 1861 young Morriss joined a company which was later disbanded, and in March, 1862, he united with Ringgold's Battery, and a little later he was made first general sergeant of the second section, A. Whitlock Hoge commanding. When the army reached Charleston, W. Va., he was detailed as ordnance sergeant to Maj. Lawrence S. Mayre, chief of ordnance, on the staff of Major General Loring; but when the army returned to Virginia, he was ordered to his original command in January, 1863, and in June he was elected orderly sergeant, serving thus until the surrender at Appomattox.

In December, 1865, Comrade Morriss was married to Miss Elizabeth A. McSpadden, of Washington County, Va., who died in 1882, leaving nine children. His second wife, who was Mrs. E. V. Jones, of Appomattox County, survives him with one son.

A friend writes of him: "He more nearly than any other citizen interpreted the social life of the community and was its spokesman upon the issues of the day. He stood for the cleanest ideals in his moral and social environment and countenanced nothing that could not measure square with his high Christian ideals."

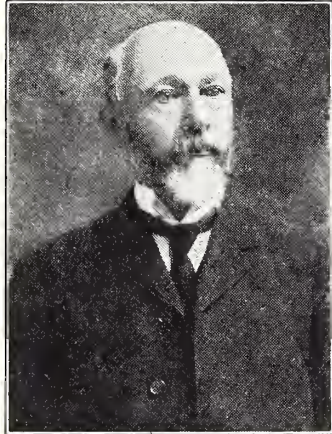
Comrade Morriss organized the bank of Glade Spring, Va., and was its cashier until his death. He was one of the constituent members of the Baptist Church there and prominent in the Church associations of Virginia. His last active service was in the campaign to raise funds for the Red Cross, spending for that cause his failing energy and his means. As a member of Camp William E. Jones, No. 709, U. C. V., he was prominently identified with his Confederate comrades, who miss his influence.

JOHN W. JONES.

John W. Jones, who died in Paris, Tex., during April, 1918, was about seventy-seven years of age. He enlisted as a soldier in Judge H. S. Bennett's company, Ector's Brigade, and made a faithful soldier. He participated in several battles before being wounded on the 19th of September in the battle of Chickamauga, which disqualified him for service for the rest of the war.

He was a devout Christian and had enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace. He served his country and his God faithfully. In his death the Camp of Confederate Veterans at Paris has lost one of its most useful and loyal comrades, the community an honored citizen, and his family a devoted husband and father.

[Committee on resolutions: J. M. Long, P. M. Spears, Charles P. Matthews.]



M. M. MORRISS.

W. S. JOHNSON.

After a short illness, W. S. Johnson, a Confederate veteran, died near De Queen, Ark., on April 27, at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

He leaves a widow, five daughters, three sons, forty-six grandchildren, forty-two great-grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn his passing.

Comrade Johnson was born December 23, 1834, in Johnson County, Ill., and in 1858 moved to Texas, first settling in Lamar County and afterwards locating in Denton County. In 1872 he removed to Logan County, Ark., and in 1902 he made his home at De Queen.

Comrade Johnson professed faith in Christ while yet a young man and lived a consistent Christian throughout his long and useful life. In early manhood he joined the Masonic order and remained a loyal Mason to the end. For twenty-two consecutive years he was treasurer of Elizabeth Lodge, in Logan County, and for the past twenty years was an honorary member of this Lodge. He entered the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war and served to the end in Company B, Burnett's Texas Battalion. He was proud of having been a soldier of the South and for many years was a member of John H. Morgan Camp of Confederate Veterans at De Queen.

He was buried in Logan County with impressive Masonic honors, at his old home among his old friends. At his request, he was buried in his Confederate uniform, and his gray casket was draped with the Stars and Stripes.

[J. B. Dyer, Commander John H. Morgan Camp, U. C. V.]

JOHN J. NEVITT.

Mr. John J. Nevitt, a well-known architect of Savannah, Ga., died in that city April 21, 1918. He was born in Savannah September 22, 1848. During the early sixties his family moved to Athens, Ga. In 1863-64 he was a cadet at the Confederate Military Academy, Milledgeville, Ga.; and at the age of fourteen he and the other cadets of his class were called into service. He was a member of Company B, Georgia Cadets, under the command of Major Capers. They were engaged in the battles around Atlanta and were highly commended. They were under fire from Sherman's army during his famous march to the sea and evacuated Savannah with all the other Confederate forces under General Hardee. From Savannah the cadets went to Hardeeville, S. C., thence to Charleston and from there to Augusta, Ga., and camped on the Sand Hills until the close of the war, when they were honorably discharged. Young Nevitt then entered the University of Georgia, graduating in 1869. He was buried in Oconee Cemetery, Athens, Ga. Among the many beautiful floral tributes sent by friends was a large Confederate cross. He is survived by a brother (Dr. R. Barrington Nevitt, of Toronto, Canada) and three sisters (Mrs. Wyatt Owen, of New York, Mrs. C. D. Flanigen, of Athens, Ga., and Mrs. E. F. Oates, of Pittsburg, Pa.)

RANSOM NEWTON HAWKINS.

G. C. McSwain, of Boiling Springs, N. C., reports the death of Ransom Newton Hawkins, who was nearly eighty years old. He was a faithful soldier throughout the War between the States, never missing a roll call in the four years' service. He was a Baptist minister of some note for the last fifty years of his life, establishing several churches in the surrounding counties. He served with Company H, 28th North Carolina Regiment, Lane's Brigade, and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., in 1865.

JOHN P. BROOME.

At the Centerville Hospital, after a long illness, John P. Broome died Thursday, December 27, 1917. He was born in Centerville, Tenn., March 15, 1843, and enlisted in the Confederate army on December 14, 1862, as a member of Robert Whitson's Company (D), 9th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, under Maj. J. N. Akin, and this regiment was attached most of the time to General Wheeler's command and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865. He participated in many hard fights and was in the battle of Fort Donelson and Thompson Station. He bravely bore his part, whether on the march, in camp, or on the battle field, ever ready to share the burdens of a soldier's lot. He was a great lover of the South and her history, coupled with a reverent affection for her traditions, and his love for his comrades in gray who fought in the struggle with him were some of his chief traits of character. He attended reunions with enthusiastic enjoyment.



JOHN P. BROOME.

Returning home when the war ended, he engaged in farming, but later entered the retail grocery business in Centerville with his brother, Samuel T. Broome. After several years he returned to the farm, near Centerville, and there lived until his death. He was married in 1870 to Miss Matilda Clagett, his wife preceding him to the grave in 1913. The following children survive him: Stanley C. and Thomas Broome, of Centerville; T. H. Broome, of McMinnville; Mrs. P. A. Heaton, of San Antonio, Tex.; and Mrs. Annie L. Hutcherson, of Crystal Springs, Miss. Early in life he joined the M. E. Church. He was a member of the order of the Golden Cross and received the degree of the golden star on the 26th of August, 1890. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Centerville, the funeral procession being led by Confederate comrades as honorary pallbearers, their flag draped in black, while the active pallbearers were sons of Confederate soldiers.

ROBERT CASTLEMAN PAUL.

Robert Castleman Paul was born in Winchester, Va., April 22, 1842, and moved to Georgetown about 1850. He lived there and at Washington, D. C., until 1855, when he removed to Alexandria, Va. He joined the Old Dominion Rifles in 1861 and in May left for Manassas to join the Confederate army, 17th Virginia Infantry, of Longstreet's Brigade. He was in the battle of Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861, also at Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battles about Richmond. He was captured at Frazier's Farm and was a prisoner at Fort Warren, near Boston, about a month, being exchanged in time for the Maryland campaign. He took part in the battles of Boonsborough and Sharpsburg and there was captured with eleven others, was held for a few days, and then paroled, going home to Harrisonburg, Va., until exchanged. Later he was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Manassas Gap, Flat Creek, Drewry's Bluff, Manchester,

and Cold Harbor. He was elected first lieutenant of Company I on December 24, 1863, and served with this company until four days before Lee's surrender, being wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse. He was under General Longstreet all during the war and was in command of Company I at the end.

Comrade Paul was in business at Harrisonburg, Va., for about ten years after the war, then went west and settled at Mexico, Mo., in April, 1880, where he was in business until his death, April 14, 1918. He leaves a wife, four daughters, and five sons.

MARCUS L. DEAN.

At his home, in Centerville, Tenn., Marcus Lafayette Dean died December 25, 1917, after a long illness. He was born in the second district of Hickman County, Tenn., September 22, 1846. He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1864, in Company D, Tennessee Cavalry. Tom Easley was his captain, under General Forrest. He remained in the service until the close of the war and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865. He returned to Hickman County, where he engaged in farming. In 1886 he sold his farm and moved to Centerville, where he engaged in the sawmill business under the firm name of Dean and McFarland, later selling his interest in the mill and entering the retail grocery and hardware business, which he followed until 1910. As a husband and father, where could his equal be found? His whole heart was in the Southern cause, and he loved it to the end of his life. Mr. Dean was married three times, his first wife being Miss Martha Bratton, of Little Lot. Three children were born to this union. His second wife was Miss Atlantic Anderson, of this county; and his third wife was Miss Mollie J. Thompson, also of this county. Four children of this union survive. He joined the M. E. Church several years ago, and his funeral was conducted from that church. A platoon of Confederate soldiers with flag draped with black acted as honorary pallbearers.

T. M. PRESLEY.

Born in Putnam County, Ga., in 1835, T. M. Presley went to Texas in 1860, where he enlisted in the Confederate army in the spring of 1861 at Tyler as a member of Company K, 3d Texas Cavalry, with which command he served continuously until the close of the war, and was in its every engagement. He was brave and courageous, never known to shirk a duty, always obedient to his superior officers. I know whereof I speak, having slept under the same blanket with him during the war.

Comrade Presley was twice married, first to Miss Rosa Tunnell, who died about the close of the war. His second wife was Miss Belle Pounds, whom he married in 1866, and to them were born four daughters and three sons. His death occurred at Fort Worth, Tex., on the 18th of December, 1917. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-two years.

[Sim Florence, Grand Saline, Tex.]

COMRADES AT SHELBYVILLE, KY.

W. H. Bemiss, Adjutant, reports the following deaths in John H. Waller Camp, U. C. V., at Shelbyville, Ky., in the past few months: Virgil A. Lewis, 8th Kentucky Cavalry; Richard A. Lawson, 8th Kentucky Cavalry; J. T. Kent, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; Shelby W. Jones, 1st Missouri Infantry.

JAMES MADISON PEARSON.

James M. Pearson, who died recently at his home, near Rosebud, Tex., was born in Wilson County, N. C., on February 27, 1844. He went to Texas with his parents in 1849, and Texas continued to be his home except during the War between the States.

Comrade Pearson enlisted as a private in Company C (Capt. E. Smith), Young's Regiment, 8th Texas Infantry, on March 26, 1862, but was later attached to Walker's Division. He was in every engagement participated in by Walker's Division—viz.: first at Yellow Bush, Ark.; and later, on the 8th and 9th of April, 1864, he helped defeat Banks at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La. His father, James A. Pearson, who was also a Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Milan County, Tex., from a severe case of the measles while at home on a furlough.

James M. Pearson served as a faithful soldier from March, 26, 1862, until the spring of 1865. His regiment was disbanded at Hempstead, Tex., at the same camp grounds where he enlisted in the army.

When the conflict was over, Comrade Pearson returned to the old homestead to begin life anew with limited means. He purchased the old homestead and made it his home until he died. In 1867 he married Marcella Varner, who survives him. They reared to maturity two boys and two girls—Hilrey A. and W. L. Pearson, of near Rosebud, Tex.; Mrs. Lela Gilstrap, of Wheelock, Tex.; and Mrs. Audie Nobles, of Marlin, Tex.

Comrade Pearson was a brave soldier, a devoted husband and father, and a good citizen. He leaves a large number of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. He was buried in the family cemetery on the old homestead, where his father and mother, several brothers and sisters, and some of his own children are buried.

His funeral was under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge, of which he was a faithful member, having served as Master of the E. M. Wilder Lodge, No. 339, for several years.



J. M. PEARSON AND WIFE.

He visited the Confederate Home at Austin very frequently and did his part in contributing to the comfort of the old soldiers, donating money to the needy and words of consolation to his old comrades, all of whom will soon pass to the land "from whose bourn no traveler returns."

[Tribute by his brother, H. S. Pearson, of Plainview, Tex., who was a soldier in the same regiment and company.]

JAMES S. MASON.

No braver or truer soldier ever drew sword in defense of a righteous cause than James S. Mason, who died at his home, near Marshall, Va., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. When Virginia called the sons to her colors Comrade Mason was one of the first to respond, enlisting in the 17th Virginia Infantry. At the second battle of Manassas he was severely wounded and lay helpless upon the field all night. After recovering from his wound he received a commission in the Signal Corps; but, believing he could be more useful in some other branch of the service and wanting to be on the firing line, he joined Company D, 49th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, under Col. John S. Mosby, where he rendered most efficient service to the end of the war. While with Mosby he was shot in the hip, charging, on horseback, a lot of Yankee infantry in a blockhouse in Fairfax. He was in the last fight of Mosby's men, in April, 1865, when, with a detachment of the men under Captain Baylor, they were attacked by a large force of the enemy, outnumbering them at least four to one.

Comrade Mason was a man of fine mental ability and of liberal education. He represented Fauquier and Cowdon Counties for two terms in the Virginia Legislature and held other important positions in his county and by his faithful and conscientious attention to the duties of each position gave great satisfaction to his constituents and people. He was a man of spotless integrity, which, with his courteous demeanor and exemplary life, won him the affection and respect of all who knew him; and he was an earnest, consistent Christian, full of charity and good works. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters.

J. WESLEY RAWLINGS.

On the 25th of March, 1918, Comrade J. Wesley Rawlings was buried in the beautiful cemetery near Middleburg, Va., in the presence of many who loved and esteemed him in life and sincerely mourned him in death. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, and a true and faithful friend. His kindness of disposition, his straight, square dealing gave the very best reasons for having many friends. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company B, 8th Virginia Infantry, and gave a good account of himself in every fight he was in with this regiment. He took part in the fatal charge by Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, being then in a company commanded by Capt. John T. Ashby, Col. Eppa Hunton's 8th Virginia Infantry, Garnett's Brigade. This company lost every man but two, the brave captain and one private, all others either killed, wounded, or captured. Among the wounded was Comrade Rawlings, who was shot through the thigh. While lying helpless upon the field a ball ripped the sole from one shoe and cut off his big toe. He lay on the field all that day and night and the next day in the hot sun without food or water, suffering torture before receiving assistance.

Captain Ashby was literally covered from head to foot with the blood, flesh, and brains of men torn to pieces near him by shell and shot, had his scabbard shot from his side, but himself escaped unhurt.

Comrade Rawlings died in the eighty-third year of his age and is survived by two sons. I have known him for many years, and my respect and esteem increased with my lengthening acquaintance.

[C. M. Smith, Delaplane, Va.]

GEORGE W., JOHN A., AND WADE H. NOWLIN.

The Nowlin brothers were sons of the late David K. and Caroline Martin Nowlin, of Weakley County, Tenn. George W. was born in November, 1836, and fell on sleep February 4, 1918, aged over eighty-one years. His home was at Greenfield, Tenn. John A. was born in November, 1840, and was called away in March, 1918, aged above seventy-seven years. His home was at Sharon, Tenn. Wade H. was born in October, 1844, and passed away at his home, in McKenzie, Tenn., in March, 1910, aged a little over sixty-five years.

These patriotic brothers promptly responded to the call in 1861 for service in the War between the States. George W. and Wade H. enrolled in Company A, 31st Tennessee Infantry, E. E. Tansil captain and A. H. Bradford colonel, in July, 1861. In May, 1862, E. E. Tansil was elected colonel. Previous to enlistment, at the age of twenty-five, George W. Nowlin had received instruction in pharmacy under Dr. Edwards, of Dresden, Tenn. In the organization of the regiment Drs. Edwards and Rodgers were elected physician-surgeons, and George W. was assigned to the medical corps and made hospital steward. This was a highly important and responsible office, demanding constant service. Besides acting as assistant to the surgeon, the hospital steward had to provide comfortable beds, soft pillows, warm blankets, fresh water, delicate food, and also to chase away the dark, grim visage of often gruesome surroundings with gracious words, tender touch, and cheerful smile. Bruised bodies, torn and mangled from shells, bullets, and bayonets, not only demanded skillful surgeons, but also tactful, sympathetic, and skillful stewards to give relief to the suffering in body and mind and to prolong life. Colonel Tansil says: "George W. Nowlin as hospital steward proved a veritable evangel of mercy in sympathetic ministration to all who came under his care. His devotion and tender ministries were of such a high order as to merit a diploma of efficiency and honor. He was a true patriot and a loyal Confederate veteran. In April, 1865, he was granted a discharge of unsullied honor." After the war George W. Nowlin was a successful druggist for over fifty years.

Wade H. Nowlin from the time of his enrollment in July, 1861, at the age of seventeen, was a gallant soldier in the line of battle. Perhaps few more valiant, fearless soldiers ever faced an enemy. He worthily won an enviable place in the galaxy of the chivalrous veterans. He exhibited a high type of heroic courage at Perryville, Ky., where he received a slight wound, at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, and in other engagements. On his return to Tennessee after the fierce, bloody contest at Franklin, the last of November, 1864, because of the hardships and exposures in marches and in camp, he contracted rheumatism. On account of this physical disability he was granted an honorable parole. He married and located in McKenzie, Tenn.; and though suffering from rheumatism all his life, as his health would permit, he engaged in the insurance business.

John A. Nowlin, at the age of twenty-one, in the fall of 1861 enrolled in Company H, 7th Tennessee Regiment, under N. B. Forrest, the fearless, daring cavalier of the Confederacy. In a multiplicity of perilous adventures as a scout and a patrol he gallantly took part in fierce skirmishes. In the battle at Brice's Crossroads, at Guntown, Miss., in the first charge he received a severe wound in the thigh. Rev. L. W. Travis, an old comrade friend, says: "John A. Nowlin and I enlisted at the same time and were enrolled in the same company. We ate, slept, marched, patrolled, skirmished, and

fought in battles together. We faithfully followed the irresistible and heroic Bedford Forrest through thick and thin during the entire war. John A. was often appointed on perilous patrol duties, which were promptly performed and frequently at the hazard of his life. Whether in the tent, on the march, or in the carnage of battle, he was found in the front lines an unwavering, valiant soldier. In April, 1865, after the surrender, he was discharged with untarnished honor." After the war he became a successful farmer.

No more sacred principles ever inspired human hearts than thrilled the souls of these patriotic brothers, who bravely and conscientiously fought for State independence, State sovereignty, and self-government in the defense of their beloved Southland, to repel from their homes an invading and relentless foe bent on pillage and subjugation. Their love for the Southern cause was proverbial; it entered into the warp and woof of their beings. To live in the hearts of survivors is not to die. It is a memorial more enduring than bronze or granite. The going away of these noble brothers leaves vacancies in the ranks of the Confederate veterans, vacant seats in the sanctuary of God, and vacant chairs in the home circle. Hope inspired of love crowns them with blood-bought seats in the heavenly bivouac in the home of the soul.

[An appreciation by D. C. Johnson, M.D., Martin, Tenn.]

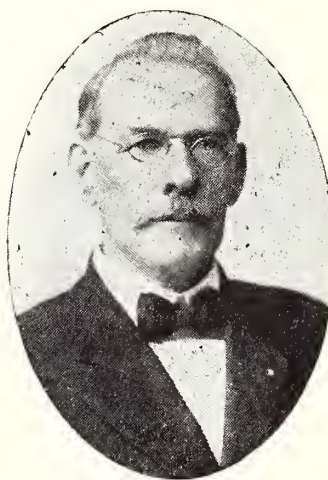
MATTHEW HENDERSON COUCH.

M. H. Couch was born near Paris, Coweta County, Ga., February 14, 1837. He loved his country with a deep devotion; and when the war cloud broke upon the country in 1861 he took his place under the beautiful Confederate flag and remained true and loyal unto the end. He was a member of the Spalding Grays, of Griffin, one of the first companies that

went out. Strong in purpose, fearless in his assertions of right, indomitable in courage, sincere in patriotism, and unselfish in love of country—these were some of the distinguishing characteristics of our noble son of Georgia.

On March 2, 1872, he and Miss Henrietta Cook were happily married by Dr. J. H. Hall. His wife and three daughters survive him.

Soon after his return from the war he engaged in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful. He was several times mayor of Senoia, Ga., serving continuously from 1877



M. H. COUCH.

to 1885, and was president of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank from the time of its organization, a period of about twenty-two years. He was a prominent Mason and held many positions of honor in the fraternity, having belonged to that good order for more than sixty years.

In 1907 he was elected to the Georgia Legislature, where he served his county and State for four years, rendering most faithful and efficient service. When only a youth, he joined the Baptist Church and was always willing and ready to do his part in every good work.

Now our gray-haired veteran is gone, the places that knew

CAPT. JAMES D. PICKENS.

From a memorial prepared by the committee appointed by Henrietta (Tex.) Camp, No. 172, U. C. V., on the death of Capt. James D. Pickens, Secretary of the Camp, the following sketch of his life is taken:

James D. Pickens was born in Lowndes County, Ala., September 2, 1843, and moved to Ouachita County, Ark., when a young man. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Camden, Ark., as a member of Company E, 3d Arkansas Infantry. Shortly after the organization of this famous regiment it was ordered to Virginia and placed in Hood's Brigade, remaining in that command until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. From members of his own company we have learned of his gallantry in every action and of his unwavering devotion to the cause of the Southland. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg in 1863 and also in the battles around Richmond in 1864. After recovery he returned to his command and served until the close of the war.

The resolutions prepared in honor of Captain Pickens state that "in his death Henrietta Camp has lost a devoted member, the community a useful citizen, the family an affectionate and loving husband and father; that we cherish his memory and strive to emulate his example, knowing that in his death we have lost a true friend in whose heart there was ever a warm place for every worthy Confederate comrade."

[Committee: C. B. Patterson, J. C. Dyer, J. T. Williams, M. B. Brazil.]

WILLIAM LEE COLEMAN.

Whereas on the 12th day of March, 1918, it pleased our Heavenly Father to call to his eternal reward our much-loved friend, William Lee Coleman, we, the members of the Mary Ann Buie Chapter, U. D. C., of Johnston, S. C., desire to express our high esteem and love of his beautiful life and character; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in his death our Chapter has lost a valued helper, a wise counselor, always faithful and loyal.

2. That we will always hold in memory his bright and cheerful disposition, his kind words and smiles.

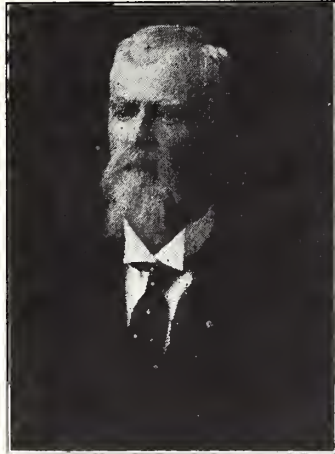
3. That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father and that our hearts go out in love and sympathy to the bereaved wife and children, praying that God's blessings may rest upon them wherever they are.

4. That a page in our minute book be inscribed to his memory, a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and a copy sent to the VETERAN.

[Committee: Beulah Stewart Boyd, W. Bessie Bean, Fannie Payne Turner.]

G. S. STEPHENS.

A worthy citizen was lost to his community in the death of G. Sidney Stephens on February 5, 1918, at his home, on



CAPT. J. D. PICKENS.

Beaverdam, near Centerville, Tenn., at the age of seventy-two years. He was a veteran of the Confederacy and a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, a man who had the confidence and esteem of his fellow men, and left the world better for his having lived in it. He was married four times and is survived by his last wife and twelve children, six sons and six daughters.

LUDWELL HUTCHISON.

At "Peach Orchard" farm, near Aldie, Va., just as the day was closing, March 25, 1918, Ludwell Hutchison passed peacefully beyond the "curtain." He was in his seventy-eighth year, he and his twin brother John having been born at "Peach Orchard" on November 20, 1840.

At the breaking out of the War between the States Ludwell Hutchison, with his brothers Benjamin and John, was among the first to enlist in a company called the "Champ Rifles," which was organized at Aldie. The Champ Rifles afterwards became Company D, 8th Virginia Regiment, and when that company surrendered at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, there were in it, besides the captain, only five men, one of whom was Sergeant Ludwell Hutchison. After his capture he was marched to City Point, where, after standing all night in the mud, he was put on board a vessel and taken to Point Lookout, where he was in prison two months, being released on June 14.

Ludwell Hutchison took part in the battles of First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Second Cold Harbor, Hatcher's Run, and Sailor's Creek. In the last-named battle he was wounded twice, but not seriously. When the 8th Virginia Regiment went to Gettysburg he went with it as far as the Valley of Virginia, where he was taken sick and was unable to continue the march.

On June 4, 1864, he was married to Miss Frances R. Skinner, who survives him. On the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary the 8th Virginia Regiment Chapter U. D. C. presented them with a \$10 goldpiece.

The tribute of an old comrade seems an appropriate closing to this little sketch: "There was never a better soldier than Ludwell Hutchison."

WILLIAM H. SPILLER.

William Hickman Spiller passed peacefully to rest at Wytheville, Va., on April 27, 1918, aged seventy-one years. He was one of the Cadet Corps of the Virginia Military Institute which fought at Newmarket and won imperishable renown upon that famous field. Seldom has a sweeter or more beautiful life blessed any community or one richer in its influence for good. In 1870 he married Cynthia Boyd. Their home was one of ideal happiness; and the crowning joy of their later years was the affectionate care of their two lovely daughters and eight noble sons, three of whom are in the service—Col. Kent Spiller, Capt. Edwin Spiller, and Lieut. Ernest Spiller.

Comrade Spiller took a deep interest in all that pertained to the welfare of Wytheville and was a devoted member of St. John's Episcopal Church. His sincere piety, his inflexible principle, his firmness, tempered with gentleness, genial humor, and social charm, formed a rare combination which endeared him to a wide circle of friends and made him the most beloved citizen of Wytheville.

AUGUSTUS FRANKLIN EVANS.

Augustus F. Evans was born near Mooresville, Limestone County, Ala., July 24, 1838. He enlisted in the 35th Alabama Infantry, Company G, March 3, 1862, with the rank of second lieutenant, and in September, 1863, was promoted to first lieutenant. He was engaged in the battles of Corinth, Baker's Creek, Vicksburg, and Enterprise, Miss., those near Bolivar and Lagrange, Tenn., Resaca, Atlanta, and Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., Decatur, Ala., and several others, and was never wounded. He was paroled by General Wilson at Macon, Ga., in May, 1865, but was captured and imprisoned for a short while in Dalton, Ga., then sent to Chattanooga and afterwards taken to Nashville, where he was compelled to take the oath of allegiance before being allowed to go home, which he reached on May 12, and then had to report daily to the provost marshal before being finally released. He engaged in mercantile pursuits and served as tax assessor of Limestone County for some time. He also served as postmaster at Elkmont, Ala., under President Cleveland. He was a member of Thomas Hobbs Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Athens, Ala., and an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at that place, also a Mason of high rank. On December 19, 1872, Comrade Evans was married to Miss Octavia Garner near Florence, Ala. Five children blessed their home, two of whom survive him, a son and a daughter.

Some years ago Comrade Evans moved to Huntsville with his two children to make their home and became a member of Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357, Confederate Veterans. He died in Huntsville, Ala., April 11, 1918, and was buried with Masonic honors by the side of his dear wife in the old family graveyard near Athens, Ala. He was a man of strict probity, conscientious scruples, and was never happier than when he could do good.

FRANKLIN S. GULLETTE.

Franklin Scott Gullette, a Confederate soldier, than whom there was none more dauntless, died at his home, in Newport, Ark., February 1, 1918, aged seventy-two years.

Severely wounded in the fighting around Little Rock in September, 1863, he refused to quit fighting, and for some time after receiving his wound he remained on the firing line until admonished by his officers that his wound would prove fatal if surgical aid was not immediately obtained. These words came well-nigh proving true, for he lingered between life and death many weeks in the hospital.

He belonged to Company B, 32d Arkansas Infantry, under Col. Lucien C. Gause, a gallant and meritorious officer and a lawyer of great ability.

Comrade Gullette was born in Lonoke County, Ark.; but his citizenship, of which there was none more exemplary, was spent in Jackson County, where his remains now repose. He served the cause unto the end, his parole being dated

June 5, 1865, the date of capitulation of the Confederate army at Jacksonport, Ark.

CAPT. WILLIAM STEWART POLK.

Capt. William Stewart Polk, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Baltimore, died in that city on the 7th of September, 1917, at the age of ninety years. He belonged to one of the oldest families in America, his ancestors having settled in Somerset County, Md., in the early colonial days. The members of this family distinguished themselves as officers in the army and navy of the United States during the wars of this country, and one of them became President. William Stewart Polk was a son of David Peale Polk, a descendant of the Peale family, which is noted for its artists. He was born in Washington, D. C., April 22, 1827. As a young man he held a commission in the United States navy; but he had attended the Virginia Military Institute with Stonewall Jackson and other noted Southern leaders, so it was natural for his sympathies to be with the Southern Confederacy when the sections became separated. Resigning from the United States navy, he joined the Confederate forces, was assigned to the Virginia Military Institute, and placed in charge of the quartermaster's department. Later he was commissioned a captain of engineers in the Confederate army by Governor Wise, of Virginia, and in this capacity served to the end.

Captain Polk then went to Baltimore and engaged in the insurance business, with which he was connected for nearly a half century. He was a man of large information through his association with historic events and his wide reading. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lou Ellen Anderson, of Tennessee, two sons, and a daughter.

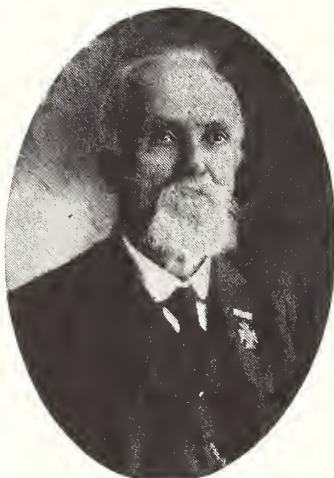
The following tribute is from his devoted friend, Maj. William M. Pegram:

"On Friday, the 7th of September, there passed away to the great beyond a man who was noted for all those attributes which go to make up the true Christian gentleman apart from the superb qualifications which gave him a marked place in the business sphere in which he was engaged.

"William Stewart Polk was a man *sui generis*. As has been stated, he was without a flaw in his dealings with men in his business career of more than a half century in this community. But it is to the Christian character of this gentleman that special attention is called. For the said half century he had been a devout follower of his divine Master, holding fast to those tenets of Christian faith which are alone satisfying to the devout believer and are so necessary to that salvation wrought out for all by Him who died that they might live.

"Mr. Polk possessed that charity for all men which utterly precluded his judging any man falsely. He was modest in his personal demeanor, always willing to defer to others what he might have arrogated to himself in the decision of important matters. He was full of brotherly kindness, which drew men unto him in their dealings with him, they knowing full well that everything would inure to the best interest of all concerned.

"He was a devoted student of Holy Writ. It was his greatest pleasure to study the Bible, and within the period of his Christian life he had read it through, word for word, sixty-five times, so arranging that the last verse in Revelation would be read on his birthday. It is questionable as to whether a similar record can be shown. It can be very well surmised that the life of such a man was a benison to all who came closely in contact with him.



A. F. EVANS.

"That he will be missed by all who knew him goes without saying. The loss to his family cannot be estimated, as it is irreparable, and it is too sacred a subject to suggest comment. But they know in whom he believed and are persuaded that He will hold him in His hands until that day when all shall be reunited in that blessed home forever and ever.

"In thus reviewing the life of his friend and its peaceful ending the writer feels that the thought uppermost in his mind should be: 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!'"

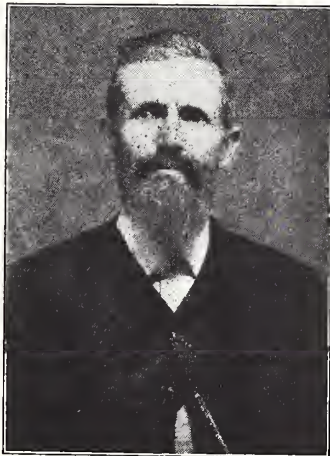
F. M. Cox.

On the 19th day of April, 1918, one of our most worthy comrades and citizens, F. M. Cox, passed away at his home, near Middleton, Tenn. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, volunteering in the first company of Middleton Tigers, one hundred and eighteen strong and one of the grandest companies that ever went on the battle field. It was a part of the 9th Tennessee Infantry. On April 6, 1862, the company was almost destroyed, Mr. Cox being one of the few who escaped death at that time, and his recent death removes the last survivor. After that battle he returned home and joined the 14th Tennessee Cavalry, Company A, under General Forrest, and remained with this company until the surrender. He was a true and faithful soldier, and Hardeman County knew no better law-abiding citizen. He was a Master Mason, having been a member of Adams Lodge, No. 264, something like forty years. He is survived by two daughters, both married.

[R. F. Talley.]

DAVID C. LOVE.

David C. Love was born near Crawford, Miss., March 13, 1837, and died February 19, 1918. He was reared on the farm, received a primary education at the Bethel township school, and graduated with honors at Davidson College, in North Carolina, in June, 1860. He graduated from the law department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in May, 1861, and then joined Company E, Prairie Guards, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, which later formed a part of Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He participated in most of the battles of his command and was several times wounded, seriously at Petersburg, Va., in October, 1864, which disabled him for service. After passing through the Reconstruction period he settled down to the uneventful life of a farmer. While unusually retiring in disposition, he always manifested a deep interest in questions of Church and State and was ever ready to cooperate in any good work. He was a ruling elder in Bethel Presbyterian Church and a member of the Confederate Veteran Association. His scholarly attainments and practical knowledge, with his readiness to communicate, made him an interesting and instructive



DAVID C. LOVE.

associate, and his high character and kind consideration for others enabled him to number his friends by his acquaintances. At the request of survivors of his company he wrote a history of its four years' service, which was published and distributed. He was never married.

JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS.

In the death of Judge C. C. Cummings, in Fort Worth, Tex., May 17, the community has lost a valued citizen.

This veteran soldier, judge, and historian was born in Mississippi in 1838 and went to Fort Worth in January, 1873, when the village on Trinity Bluff was just beginning its phenomenal expansion. He was always a factor in the intellectual and material growth and development of Fort Worth and Tarrant County.

Judge Cummings was a Southern soldier and a Christian gentleman. He enlisted in April, 1861, in the 17th Mississippi Regiment and was in all the battles of his command till shot at Gettysburg, where he lost an arm.

He went through the first law class after the war at Lebanon, Tenn., and began to practice in Memphis, then in Mississippi, his native State; and having practiced in Fort Worth since 1873, he was the city's oldest practitioner in point of active connection with the bar. He was the finest county judge under the present constitution, serving two terms, from 1876 to 1880. He administered as the first superintendent of the schools of both city and county by virtue of his office as judge, this being before the city assumed jurisdiction.

Judge Cummings was always a conspicuous figure at the various Confederate reunions. He seldom missed attending. The many noble traits of character and his loyalty to his friends will be an enduring monument. He was a man of large vision and read well the meaning of life. He knew the value of service and gave himself unstintedly. Possessing a mind of rare attainments, he added much valuable data to early Texas history. He was widely known as a writer on current issues and was Historian of the Texas State Division, U. C. V., for many years, holding this office at the time of his death. Being a pioneer himself, he knew what the early settlers in this part of the country endured and fought for to make Fort Worth what it is to-day.

Truly his life was an inspiration and his death a benediction. "A braver soldier never couched lance; a gentler heart did never sway in court."

[Mary Daggett Lake.]

SIDNEY ALX PLUNKETT.

Sidney Alx Plunkett was born on Hailey's Creek, near Centerville, Hickman County, Tex., in 1838, and died near the place where he was born, February 2, 1918, succumbing to injuries received in an accident during 1916.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Comrade Plunkett cast his lot with the South and in 1861 enlisted in Robert Whitson's Company (D), 9th Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865. On his return home he engaged in farming. "Uncle Alx," as he was familiarly known, never gained much of this world's goods, but he was a good worker, and by the record he made as a soldier he was honored with a pension, which added much to his comfort in his declining days. Through his honest dealings with his fellow man and his trust in God he won for himself a reward greater than money can buy, a "permit to heaven," where he will be pensioned with joys and pleasures that will continue forever. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
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.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: July marks the midsummer period of the United Daughters of the Confederacy work. Chapter presidents are urged to go over their books carefully and see that all pledges for general and State work and their *per capita* tax have been paid in by this time. The Treasurer General reports these *per capita* taxes coming in steadily, and that speaks well for the systematic working of the Chapters. She also reports that some pledges for Mrs. Trader have passed through her hands and have been sent on to Mrs. Trader.

War Relief Work continues to hold the foremost place in all United Daughters of the Confederacy communications and reports. The endowment of the fourth ward in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, is well under way, five beds having already been placed in it. As soon as this ward is completed it will be announced in the daily press. In my letter to the May VETERAN, in mentioning personal gifts to the ward, I failed to draw attention to the fact that the hospital bed at Neuilly endowed by the Richmond (Va.) Chapter in honor of Stonewall Jackson was a personal gift from Mrs. Charles H. Senff, given through that Chapter. Mrs. Senff's generosity is highly appreciated, especially as it put the Richmond Chapter's name in the second ward. Mrs. Senff is the sister of Mrs. Newton MacVeigh, one of the most prominent members of the Richmond Chapter.

A Bed at Neuilly in one of our United Daughters of the Confederacy wards, endowed in honor of those "women who nursed Confederate soldiers at home or in the hospitals during the War between the States," is a plan which the six members of the Central Committee on War Relief, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have undertaken, with the approval and consent of Mrs. Rountree, Chairman of the Committee, and of the President General. Those desiring to honor some heroine of the sixties may do this by sending to their State Director of War Relief any amount, accompanied by the name of the woman and an account of her services as a Confederate nurse, with the request that it be forwarded to any one of the six members of the Central Committee, the checks being made payable to the Treasurer General, U. D. C. The sketches accompanying the donation will be typed and bound for the entertainment, and perhaps the education, of the various occupants of the bed. The hope is that those who loved and admired the Confederate women who nursed in their day may so honor their memory that the spirit of the Confederate nurse may stand beside the Red Cross nurse to-day, no less a moving power for peace, although their gentle hands have long been folded to rest. The ladies collecting this fund are: Miss Nellie Preston, Seven Mile Ford, Va.; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galves-

ton, Tex.; Mrs. Jacksie D. Thrash, Tarboro, N. C.; Mrs. J. L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. J. T. Beal, Little Rock, Ark.; and Mrs. C. C. Clay, Oakland, Cal. All are members of the General U. D. C. Committee. This work will stand beside the other two great coöperative U. D. C. beds, the first given out of the treasury of the General U. D. C. to honor Jefferson Davis, the second being now raised by the scattered Chapters and small Divisions as a united offering to "the private soldier of the Confederacy," and now this third bed undertaken by the Central Committee to honor the Confederate woman nurse.

The Confederate Pin mentioned among those personal gifts in May found an owner in Mrs. Julius F. Cassell, Registrar Virginia Division, U. D. C., as it was purchased by the Staunton (Va.) Juniors, that brilliant band of young workers in Confederate interests, and presented to Mrs. Cassell by them as a token of their love and admiration for her as their director, leader, and registrar. The sum of ten dollars which they sent has opened a war relief fund in the General U. D. C. treasury; and Mrs. Eunice Hopkins Smith, the donor of the pin, can feel that her treasure has fallen into hands that will appreciate it, and the money for it will go to relieve suffering in this present terrible war. It has been suggested that this fund be the nucleus for the U. D. C. bed at Neuilly which the General War Relief Committee will endeavor to endow as a tribute to Confederate women who nursed in homes and hospitals during the War between the States.

All State Presidents are advised to secure pledges at their State conventions in the autumn to continue the upkeep of their various beds at Neuilly for the coming year. Let these pledges be the first work for war relief.

The Third Liberty Loan as taken by Divisions, Chapters, and individual U. D. C.'s is being tabulated, and the committee will soon announce the sum total.

Red Cross Work done by U. D. C. Chapters must be recorded in detail and these records sent to your State War Relief Director if your Division is to get full credit for the war work it is doing. The Central Committee is preparing a blank to be filled out for each Chapter, covering all these different heads of work. Be sure that your Chapter, when it receives this blank, fills it out completely and returns it to your State Director.

The Roster of Confederate Descendants enlisted in the United States army and navy is also provided for in these blanks. Attend carefully to this department, as it joins up the war work with our historical work, and the Youree prize in the Historical Department this year is offered to the State which files the greatest number of Confederate descendants in the United States service.

The American Creed, published on the cover of the May VETERAN, will interest the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as it was written by a Southern man, William Tyler Page, of Maryland, a descendant of President Tyler and of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We may point with pride to the fact that the national creed and the national anthem have both been presented to the nation by Southerners.

Invitations.—Without desiring to be personal, I feel it is your right to know of the invitations that your official head receives from time to time. Your President General was asked to represent your organization as a patroness at the Southern Relief Society's annual ball, held in Washington February 4, 1918; also to act as a patroness for the fifteenth annual Dixie ball given by the R. E. Lee Chapter in Washington, D. C., on Monday after Easter. Again, I was asked to represent your organization at the Congress of National Service held in Chicago, Ill., February 21-23, under the direction of the National Security League; and also to represent you at the convention of the League to Enforce Peace held in Philadelphia, Pa., May 16-18.

Invitations to be present at the following U. D. C. State conventions have been gratefully received by my office: Alabama, at Talladega; Florida, at Miami; Louisiana, at New Orleans; Mississippi, at Meridian—all of which I regretfully declined because of the exacting duties of my office during these first six months of the administration of its affairs. By invitation I spoke on "The War Relief Work of the U. D. C." before the Charleston City Federation of Women's Clubs at their open meeting in February.

The following State Divisions have sent the office of President General their latest convention minutes: California, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Texas, and Virginia. I appreciate this courtesy and would advise all Divisions to make it their habit always to send a copy of their minutes to the President General's office, as they inform her of the work of the Division in detail and enable her at her leisure to familiarize herself with the personal and active working force of each Division.

Membership.—Make the summer months a time for an active drive for new members for your Chapters. The opportunities which summer leisure offers for this work are great. Get your membership papers in order and let the Chapter rosters in October show a growth from this sort of U. D. C. work. Do not overlook the need for new members. Our association must keep on growing to fulfill the large tasks before it. In these days of inspiration to patriotism there is no greater help than an alliance with a patriotic association whose achievements are connected with a great and noble past. Make this appeal to the younger generation and make your Chapter's life stronger and more constructive by an influx of young, active new members.

With love and appreciation for all your kindness and loyal support to me in my efforts for the strengthening and up-building of our beloved organization.

Yours faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

"Not all the darkness of the land
Can hide the lifted eye and hand;
Nor need the clanging conflict cease
To make Thee hear our cries for peace."

ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions for the \$50,000 U. D. C. Endowment Fund for Loan Scholarships stood as follows at the end of May:

Previously acknowledged	\$ 75 00
New York: Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter.....	2 00
New York City Chapter.....	2 00
South Carolina: Charleston, Charleston Chapter.....	15 00
Chester, Chester Chapter.....	2 00
Ninety-Six, Mary Carroll Brooks Chapter.....	2 75
York, Winnie Davis Chapter.....	2 00
Texas: Amarillo, Will H. Miller Chapter,.....	1 00

Total\$101 75

All Chapters in the organization are urged to send contributions to this fund as early in July as possible, in order that the first year's contributions may be placed at interest and make available a loan to a student by September, 1919.

ARMIDA MOSES, *Vice Chairman,*
Committee on Education, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EDITOR.

The Alabama Division met in convention in Talladega in May. It was a most interesting and profitable meeting, all officers' reports showing great activity and much accomplished during the past year.

Perhaps the war work is of greatest interest, next the care of our beloved veterans. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, President of the Division, is also Chairman of the General War Work Committee. Mrs. A. L. Dowdell is director of the work for Alabama, and her report showed the great interest taken in this work by the Alabama Division.

Mrs. Rountree has made a splendid officer and was again elected President for another term. The other officers were all reelected, except the treasurer and historian, who had already served two terms.

A feature of interest at the convention was a historical album containing pictures of Alabama Daughters who have done special service in the work of the Division. This was the work of the historian, Mrs. Aderhold, and was presented by her to the Division. It will be of great interest in the years to come.

The birthday of our honored Jefferson Davis was fittingly observed on June 3; and with this meeting the Chapters adjourned till fall, when the work will be taken up with renewed interest.

THE WASHINGTON DIVISION.

BY MISS JULIA W. FLETCHER, PRESIDENT.

It is with much pleasure and some pride that I make this report of the war relief work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Washington. Sometimes, when our Southern women seem lukewarm and unresponsive, I think that in this atmosphere of Western materialism they have lost the spirit and the idealism for which our people have been noted and which is the grand characteristic of our great President, Woodrow Wilson. However, since they have responded so nobly in this work for the hospital beds, I am convinced that they only need an awakening and a clear call to the work by our U. D. C. Commander in Chief. The notice concerning the endowment of the hospital beds was presented and put before each of the three Chapters in

this State at their regular meetings in February. On March 30 a check for \$600 was sent to the Treasurer General by Dixie Chapter, Tacoma; on May 2 Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, reported \$707 for another bed; and I am hoping that the Mildred Lee Chapter, of Spokane, will not fall behind her sisters in the work.

So, with only seventy-seven members in the whole Division, I commend them as worthy daughters of worthy men in a grand and great cause. We are expecting Miss Poppenheim to place Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma, with thirty-three members, and Robert E. Lee Chapter, with thirty-five members, on her honor roll beside the Beauregard Chapter, in Louisiana.

As State Director of War Relief I find that the Daughters are all doing the work that comes to them. Investing funds for thrift stamps (\$100) and liberty loan, giving to and working for the Red Cross, entertaining the soldier boys at Camp Lewis, besides, the greatest of all, giving their loved ones for the defense of democracy. And we pray that there may come to the people of this great country a finer and purer spirit that will turn us to higher thoughts and aspirations by this great sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma, helped at the bazaar for the Armenian and Syrian Fund with a booth of children's clothes, beautifully made (118 garments), donated by members and their friends, from the sale of which was realized nearly \$511.

THE BOSTON CHAPTER.

BY NILAH K. LINCOLN, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Although small in size, having only forty-one members, the Boston Chapter began the year 1918 promisingly, and its accomplishments speak well for its patriotic spirit and desire to do what it can to help win the war and at the same time bring comfort to our soldier boys.

Since the beginning of the year Boston Chapter has, among other things, devoted itself to war and charitable duties, as follows: Bought a liberty loan bond; contributed to the community fund; purchased thirty dollars' worth of wool, with which we knitted eighteen sweaters, three pairs of socks, and three caps, which we distributed to soldiers in Southern training camps. In addition to the above, we donated twenty-five dollars for relief work among the veterans and also gave many of them subscriptions to the *VETERAN*.

The Boston Chapter sent the Treasurer General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy fifty dollars as its share toward a bed in the American hospital at Neuilly, France. Thus summer the Chapter will give what time it can to making surgical dressings for the Red Cross. During the liberty loan campaign some of our members gave the best there was in them and sold thousands of liberty bonds in one of the Boston department stores. The Chapter likewise helped to collect money in the second Red Cross war fund drive.

When the third liberty loan campaign opened, the Chapter held a special meeting, and addresses were made to us by Mrs. Francis B. Sayre and Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston. Mrs. Sayre's address was devoted to the help and assistance which we could render to American and allied prisoners in Germany. Mr. Quincy spoke interestingly on the liberty loan and the titanic struggle in Europe.

The Boston Chapter sent twenty-five dollars to Richmond, Va., for the purchase of Christmas turkeys for the Woman's Confederate Home and gave the same amount to the second Red Cross war fund.

A service flag with five stars has been dedicated by the Chapter.

Besides our regular monthly meetings, the Chapter holds knitting parties each week or goes to social gatherings given by its members. Members who are ill are always remembered with flowers, as are friends of the Chapter. Each January we have a large ball for members and their friends.

So the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., though quite remote from Dixie and the greatest number of sympathizers, is very active and devoted to the cause, and many good times are enjoyed by its members.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. NETTIE STORY MILLER.

On Wednesday, May 15, at the beautiful city hall in Meridian, the Mississippi Division met in its twenty-second annual convention, with Mrs. Lillian Crawford Perkins, President of the Col. H. M. Street Chapter, presiding. The rostrum of the hall was attractive with flags, Confederate and American, and with vases and baskets of cut flowers. Mrs. G. Q. Hall, in the name of the Winnie Davis Chapter, the "mother Chapter" of the Division, told of exchanging their vast experiences for the experiences of the vigorous progressiveness of the younger Daughters; and as the Daughters had come home, she bade them welcome: "We are yours to command." Mrs. Perkins reiterated these words of welcome in behalf of the Col. H. M. Street Chapter. Mrs. H. L. Quinn, President of the Division, responded to these cordial words of welcome. A pretty thought of the John M. Stone Chapter, of West Point, of which the President is a much-loved member, was in sending to her a lovely bouquet of cut flowers in the three colors, which were presented by Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price.

The report of the President was read by Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, Editor in Chief of *The Heritage*. This splendid report showed much work accomplished along all lines. Three new Chapters have been organized—at Louisville, Ackerman, and Clarksdale—with three others awaiting applications. One of the important announcements in the report of the President was that Clifton Rose, son of our late beloved Historian General, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, has awarded to the Mississippi Division a scholarship, to be known as the "Laura Martin Rose Scholarship," in memory of his mother.

Wednesday afternoon the regular routine of business was taken up, and splendid reports were given from officers and Chapters. Mrs. Yerger's report as chairman of the maintenance fund secured numerous pledges for this worthy cause, to make life more comfortable for the veterans of the army in gray, now so fast passing. In the afternoon the Winnie Davis Chapter entertained with a delightful musicale at the Stonewall Club. Mrs. Price ably presided on Historical Evening in the absence of the State Historian, Mrs. N. D. Goodwin, of Gulfport. The features of the evening were an address by Mrs. Daisy McLaurine Stevens, former President General, on "The Past and the Present," and the melodrama set to music by Mrs. M. R. Grant, with reading by Dr. Abram Brill, the composer, at the piano, "The Last Stand of the Biloxi," typical in historical telling. The prize essay was read by Miss Hattie Hilliman, who won both medals. Other prizes for historical and reminiscence were presented.

The session of Thursday morning was featured by a war council. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, President of the Alabama Division and Chairman of the War Relief Work, U. D. C., made a splendid address, and at its close

time was given to war relief discussion, the convention resolving itself into a war council to consider the suggestions made by Mrs. Rountree. In a short time \$530.75 was pledged for a hospital bed in France to be named in honor of Jefferson Davis.

The afternoon session was devoted to the "Hour of Remembrance," when Mrs. Daisy McLaurine Stevens gave a short but beautiful memorial to the Daughters who have "crossed over the river." She was followed by Mrs. Lillian Crawford Perkins in a memorial of love to Mrs. S. E. F. Rose; and Mrs. Price gave a touching memorial to Mrs. McGregor, Director of the Children of the Confederacy. A vacant chair beautifully decorated in the colors of the Confederacy was a silent tribute to these officers who had answered "the one clear call." On Thursday evening the Col. H. M. Street Chapter gave a brilliant reception and musical, which in every way added to the enjoyment of the convention.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, PRESIDENT.

The Missouri Division, always in the fore ranks of all undertakings, has responded in a most splendid way to the many war calls. We are proud to record the endowment of a bed in the American military hospital in France. The inscription reads: "In loving memory of Gen. Sterling Price, from Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy." We have also a substantial fund on a second bed in the hands of our worthy State Chairman of War Work, Mrs. Margaret Somerville, of Columbia, who is now busily engaged in compiling the names and records of our Missouri boys enlisted for service in this war.

The Missouri Division also invested one thousand dollars in liberty bonds in the third liberty loan. And so in all lines of work—Red Cross, cantonment service, and caring for French wounded—the Division has ready workers. Interested as Missouri is in all this, at the same time it is not unmindful of its organization obligations. The care and comfort of the men and women of the sixties are being looked after by an able committee, of which Mrs. W. E. Owen, of Clinton, is chairman.

June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, was observed by Missouri Daughters in a home-coming at our Confederate Home in Higginsville. Scholarship work, too, is being looked after and encouraged under the leadership of Mrs. Elmer Ealy, of Cape Girardeau. So, as President of the Missouri Division, I am delighted at the splendid record being made by all Chapters in all activities.

The St. Louis Chapters are very alive to war conditions and needs. A recent card party netted them \$1,068. The Confederate Dames Chapter, of St. Louis, has paid its hospital bed pledge, given to the Soldiers and Sailors' Club one hundred dollars in money and subscribed ten dollars a month for a year, has given twenty-five dollars to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and bought two liberty bonds. The members have sold \$121,600 of third liberty loan bonds and \$515.53 worth of thrift stamps and have knitted up sixty-five dollars' worth of wool and given to the boys where needed. The Chapter is planning a big carnival in June for war relief work.

There must be inspiration in the name "Confederate Dames," for another Chapter of that name of Webb City, although yet in its infancy, sends the following report: "Regular work every week at Red Cross rooms; made at home ten complete

layettes, valued at six dollars each, for French and Belgian refugee babies, and sent through local Red Cross Chapter. We have also bought a fifty-dollar liberty bond and will give a picnic to the veterans on Jefferson Davis's birthday, when several crosses of honor will be bestowed."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: After receiving bids for the printing of a yearbook, I find that the increased cost of paper and printing is such that I cannot conscientiously put the amount of funds involved in such work, important as it may seem, when as an active organization we need every dollar we can give for actual war relief.

We are making history now and must sacrifice our own interests and pride in our own literary work as far as possible. It is a disappointment personally not to put in a permanent yearbook the data gathered about our Confederate leaders and poet soldiers; but just now, with the calls for Red Cross and hospital funds, I cannot, I dare not, spend the money.

If every Chapter will subscribe for at least one copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to be placed in the public library for the use of the Chapter Historian, our programs will be carried on without interruption, as all details are published in that organ.

The historical contests for 1918 are as follows:

1. Raines banner, awarded annually to Division or Chapter where no Division exists which sends the best report for historical work during the year. This banner is given in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines. Reports must be in by September 1. All reports are to be typewritten.

2. Rose loving cup, offered by Clifton Rose, of Mississippi, in memory of his mother, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose. Subject, "Southern Ideals."

The rules governing this contest are as follows:

(1) Essay must not contain over two thousand words, and number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page and must be typewritten.

(2) It must have fictitious signature attached and have real name and address in a sealed envelope accompanying essay, with fictitious signature on outside of envelope.

(3) Essay will be judged according to historical data and fullness of treatment rather than by rhetorical finish.

(4) Essays in each State must be sent to the State Historian, and she sends them to the Historian General.

(5) Only two best essays from each Division or Chapter can be sent to the Historian General to compete for the loving cup.

(6) Essays must be sent to the Historian General by September 1, 1918.

3. The Anna Robinson Andrews medal, offered by Matthew Page Andrews in memory of his mother, full details of which appear in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, 1918.

5. The Youree prize of \$20 in gold, offered by Mrs. Peter Youree, will be given that Division sending in the largest list of Confederate descendants engaged in the present war.

The Historian General was allowed the privilege of selecting the work for which this prize is given and takes pleasure in placing the award with Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., Chairman of the War Relief Committee U. D. C., who will arrange details, and correspondence concerning this contest should be with her.

6. The Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal, given for the best historical report, is open to all Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters, and to Chapters where no Division exists, but is not to be given unless some special effort is made along historical lines. This medal will be awarded to the winning Chapter or small Division at the next Convention. The medal is given by Miss Rutherford and is to be passed from State to State as the Raines banner. Reports must be sent in by September 1.

This identifies our historical work with present war activities and honors the memory of our Confederate ancestors. It is my earnest plea that we stand by these brave descendants of a brave race and help to win this war.

I am, with sincere regards, ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1918.

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT FEATHERSTON—"OLD SWET."

Born August 5, 1821, in Rutherford County, Tenn.; died May 28, 1891, in Holly Springs, Miss.; buried in Hill Creek Cemetery, "a rare garden of heroes."

1. This courageous soldier gave early proof of his patriotism, as he left the schoolroom to enter the service of his country in the Creek War.

2. What prominent position did he attain in Mississippi before the War between the States?

3. Tell of his honorable service in the first battle of Manassas and at Leesburg, where "the Mississippians had their full share of both suffering and glory."

4. Describe the actions of his troops in the Atlanta campaign, when more than half the brigade was lost at Peach Tree Creek, and tell of their valor in the battle of Franklin.

5. Show how this distinguished man was honored by the State of Mississippi after the war.

Poems: (1) "Our Left at Manassas," in Simms's, Mason's, and Wharton's "War Poems of the South"; (2) "Wearing of the Gray," in Mason's "War Poems of the South."

Reference: Volume VII., "Confederate Military History."

GEN. JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER—"PRINCE JOHN."

Born August 15, 1810, at Winchester, Va.; died February 19, 1871, in Houston, Tex.

1. Describe his early service in the war with Mexico.

2. What was his immediate action when the War between the States was declared?

3. Tell of his success at Big Bethel and his remarkable strategy shown in opposing McClellan's army.

4. Narrate the brilliant exploits of the Texans under General Magruder in the recapture of Galveston and the picturesque equipment of the cotton-clad gunboats.

5. By what strange turn of military fortunes did he become a major general under Maximilian in Mexico?

Poems: (1) "Imogen," in Wharton's "War Poems of the South"; (2) "Song of the Texas Rangers," in Simms's, Mason's, and Wharton's war poems.

References: Volume III. of "Confederate Military History" and Thrall's and Wooten's histories of Texas.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, AUGUST, 1918.

CAPT. WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

(Soldier, Poet, Man of Letters.)

Born August 4, 1841, in Richmond, Va., of distinguished ancestry, Gordon McCabe was a student at the University of Virginia when the tocsin of war sounded, and he left those classic walls to enter the army as a private, as so many of our young men are doing to-day. By the end of the war he was a captain of artillery, after four years of hard service. But even "war's rude alarms" could not stop the graceful pen wielded by this young soldier; and one of our sweetest war lyrics was written by him in the Petersburg trenches in 1864, called "Dreaming in the Trenches." Another beautiful poem is "Christmas Night of '62." These poems were published in a little volume called "Ballads of Battle and Bravery" and also appear in the "Library of Southern Literature."

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

("Father Ryan," "Laureate of the Confederacy.")

This much-loved man was born August 15, 1839, in Norfolk, Va., and died April 22, 1886, in the Franciscan monastery, St. Bonifacius, in Louisville, Ky. He is buried in Mobile, Ala., where a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory. Father Ryan entered the Confederate army as a chaplain, but he sometimes served in the ranks and was with his comrades throughout the war and upon more than one battle field. He was a war poet and voiced both the pride and anguish of his people when in the poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee," he sang of the glory of the cause and in "The Conquered Banner" chanted the dirge of the Confederacy. His poems were published in 1880, and there have been several editions. When "The Conquered Banner" was first written it was signed "Moina," and it appears thus in early collections of Southern poetry.

JOHN PEGRAM.

(Fell at the head of his division February 6, 1865; aged thirty-three years.)

What shall we say now of our gentle knight?

Or how express the measure of our woe

For him who rode the foremost in the fight,

Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell?

That good blade now lies fast within its sheath.

What can we do but point to where he fell

And, like a soldier, met a soldier's death?

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,

For he was pure in heart as brave in deed.

God pardon us if, blind with tears, we grope

And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet, O foolish and of little faith,

We cannot choose but weep our useless tears.

We loved him so! We never dreamed that death

Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

He is not dead, but sleepeth. Well we know

The form that lies to-day beneath the sod

Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow

And pour their music through the courts of God.

—William Gordon McCabe.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilcox
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

(Presented to the Red Cross Memorial Building, Washington, D. C., by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.)

While the Memorial Building was still under construction and sculptors, masons, and artisans were busily engaged in their several crafts toward the completion of this beautiful architectural monument the Memorial women of our fair Southland were contributing to a fund suggested by Mrs.



THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

Cross. The beautiful mahogany furniture selected harmonizes with the decorations of the room and was designed by the same firm that made the White House furniture.

The chair, which is the gift of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, is patterned after the Old English guild chairs. It stands five feet high, is well proportioned, hand-carved, and is upholstered in Spanish leather. Just back of the Red Cross emblem, the symbol of neutrality and humanity, a plate bears these words:

"Donated
to
The Red Cross Memorial Building
by
The Confederated Southern Memorial Association.
Deo Vindice,
1917."

On the corner stone of the building is the following inscription:

"A Memorial
Built by
The Government of the United States
and
Patriotic Citizens
to
The Women of the North
and
The Women of the South.
Held in Memory
by

A now united country, that their labors to mitigate the sufferings of the sick and wounded in war may be forever perpetuated, this memorial is dedicated to the service of the American Red Cross."

W. J. Behan, their patriotic President General, for the purchase of a chair to be placed in the assembly room and occupied during sessions of the American Red Cross by the President of the United States, who is the head of the Red

"CARPETBAGGERS" AGAIN.—An old-time ducky stopped in front of the Grand the other day and saw a number of the good women going in with their knitting bags to work for the Red Cross, making bandages and things. He stood looking at them with his spectacles lowered below the bridge of his nose and then exclaimed: "Hit look lak de cyarpitbaggers done come back, cep'n dey's wimmen folks dis time."—*Bridges Smith, in Macon Telegraph.*

LACK OF CO-OPERATION AT SELMA, 1865.

BY W. F. ROSS, PECAN GAP, TEX.

I well remember that, late in the day of the 1st of April, 1865, we (Armstrong's Brigade) were on a march some twenty-five miles north of Selma and were halted all at once. General Armstrong was at the head of the brigade, but when we halted I noticed that he and his staff came riding back down the line as though something was up. He had received a message that General Wilson was getting in ahead of us toward Selma, a short distance to the rear of our brigade. He found General Chalmers and his staff at a spring; and after reporting the message he had from a courier and some parleying and disagreeing, General Armstrong marched us all night, and we got into Selma about nine o'clock the next morning, Sunday, April 2.

It will be remembered that Chalmers and Jackson both had very large divisions. In our general reorganization some brigades were thrown together to make regiments. Our brigade was put together and constituted the 11th Missouri Regiment, about one thousand strong, and we were then in as good fighting condition as later on in good running condition. Let me say here that either Jackson or Chalmers could have given General Wilson all he wanted. It was plain that General Forrest wanted to throw Chalmers's Division and Kentucky Brigade in front of Wilson and Jackson in the rear. We sure would have given him as good a licking as he gave our brigade.

Soon after General Armstrong reached Selma he and General Forrest had a short consultation. Forrest called for a lieutenant and some ten men who had the best and swiftest horses. One of our company, Elijah Mettow, was on that detail, and the message was to tell General Chalmers to get into Selma as quickly as possible with the rest of his division. When the dispatch was delivered to General Chalmers he remarked: "Let us stop and feed our horses."

About four o'clock Wilson massed his troops together, some six lines deep, and charged us. Our brigade was placed behind the breastworks where the Summerfield Road crossed the works. I suppose our brigade and what was left of the Kentucky brigade did all the fighting. We fought there at the breastworks about one hour, and they broke our lines at the Summerfield Road, crossing at the point where our regiment and the 1st Mississippi joined, and we began to fall back as we saw Federals crossing our works. General Armstrong came galloping down our line trying to rally his men, and I suppose he got about twenty-five per cent of our regiment back. When I got back to the breastworks it was a general mix-up, hand-to-hand business. I could plainly see that was no place for me, and I want to say I ran more Yankees that evening than I ever did before—but I was in the lead, and such a stampede never was seen before. I believe what Rodgers's men said about those Yankees—that they were the outchargingest Yanks on earth. They captured nearly all of our brigade. I was always worse scared of Yankee prisons than I was of their bullets. I got hemmed in down where a stream flowed into the Alabama River. There were about eight hundred men in that hem, mostly State troops or militia. The river was very high. The water in the stream was not swift, but was backed up high, and the officer who seemed to be in charge surrendered the bunch. I persuaded one of my company, J. E. McShaw (a Presbyterian minister now, who lives at Verona, Miss.), that we should throw our clothes away and swim the stream to keep out of a Yankee prison. I carried only my hat and shirt, while Brother McShaw swam

across with shirt and drawers. We were two of the happiest boys you ever saw when we got across that water, and it was very cold April weather. About two miles from Selma we went up through a field to a house where there were a young man and several young ladies. We called for clothes, and they gave me a pair of U. S. pants that had been dyed with walnut hulls. They were about six inches too long for me, so I borrowed a knife the next day and cut them off. All this trouble was caused by one man, General Chalmers, not doing his duty. This is the way I see it; but I suppose it is best, for if we had annihilated Wilson's command, we still would have lost in the long run.

THE EAGLE BIRD.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

We are sending France and England two million men or more

Of the flower of our manhood and the pride of our vast shore;

And when they hit the trenches and start to buck the line,
It's good night for the "Hellion" who lives beyond the Rhine,
And

It's good night for the "Hellion" who lives beyond the Rhine.

Sons of men who fought with Meade and those who died for Hood,

With followers of Sherman, Forrest, Rosecrans, and Wood,
And those who went with Hooker, McDowell, Stuart, Vance
Will nail the skates onto the "Huns" and kick them out of France,

And

Kick them out of France.

Sons of those who tied to Stonewall, Schofield, and old "Pap" Price

And those who held to Gardner, Sedgwick, Van Dorn, and Rice,

With those of Turner Ashby and others of easy search,
Will put the screws to Vulture "Fritz" and knock him off the perch,

And

Knock him off the perch.

Sons of soldiers of Joe Johnston, McClellan, Hardee, Parke
And those of "Black Jack" Logan, Gordon, Thomas, Wheeler,
Clark

And those who stuck to Kearney, Longstreet, Porter, Shoup
Will put the wings on "Heines" all and make them fly the coop,

And

Make them fly the coop.

Sons of those who followed Burnside, Beauregard, Sykes, and Pickett,

With Grierson, Wheeler, Granger, Polk, Sheridan, and Rickett,

And those who stayed with Grant and our immortal Lee
Will hand in hand in German land stroll "Unter den Linden" tree,

And

Stroll "Unter den Linden" tree.

AN APPEAL FOR EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

[The following letter to Secretary of War Stanton from a Northern father was copied from the New York *Round Table* and in the *Daily Press* of Nashville, Tenn., January 21, 1864.]

Mr. Stanton—Sir: I am an old man and have but a few more weary years through which to struggle; but it is not for my age or infirmities that I ask you to listen to what I have to say. I have a stronger claim upon your attention, and you cannot, I am sure, treat with disdain the appeal of one who has given three sons, and his only ones, to the service of his country.

The oldest and the healthiest, as we always thought him, is fairly out of harm's way now. He is sleeping somewhere under the sod on the banks of the Rappahannock. There came one day the news of a battle, and I said: "If John was there, he has done his duty." Two days after there came a list of the killed, and I had not far to look; his name was the third from the top. He was a private, and God only knows where he lies. I am not rich enough, even if I were strong, to go on the search for his grave; nor indeed have I any desire to bring to the light again my poor boy's shattered body. He may lie undisturbed until we are all judged. His suffering is over.

But there are two others who lie in the prisons of Richmond. The name of only one of them was in the list, but they are both there. I have suspected it a long time, and now since the surgeons have come back I know it. One of these gentlemen was kind enough to drive over to my home and tell me of my boys.

Charley, he says, is in the barracks on Belle Island, and George, who was by far the strongest (and a noble lad, if I do say it), had gone three days before the surgeon left to the hospital, where fifty of the poor fellows went with him.

The surgeon told my boy that he was coming home and asked him if he had any message to send. And Charley, so the surgeon tells me, could not speak for a while, and the tears came into his eyes (I know all that; it was his mother's way). Then he said: "Tell father we're alive. George has gone over to the hospital. The fare was too rough for him, and the cold it shook him down dreadfully. But so many were worse that they wouldn't give him a pass for the hospital until he grew a little wandering. They say they've better fare over there." And at this he stripped up his tattered coat sleeve and showed the surgeon his arm, how he spanned it in the biggest part with his finger and thumb. "But for God's sake," said he to the surgeon, "don't tell the old man that; it'll kill him."

Now, sir, I am told (I do not know how justly) that you are the only man to whom I can make an appeal with any hope of success. Mr. Stanton, will you give me back my boys?

I am told (I do not know how justly) that the exchange of prisoners, which for a long time went on so fairly and which cheered me whenever I read of captures, is blocked only by the offended pride of the officials who had it in charge. Surely, sir, you will not permit the offended pride of any man, not even your own, to go on murdering fifty of our imprisoned soldiers a day.

Then I am told by others that the Rebels have made bad count; but, good heavens, sir, shall the lives of my poor boys and those of all others wasting there pay for a mistake of count?

Sometimes I read in the newspapers that the difficulty all springs out of unexpected differences between the high contracting parties. Differences! And are there not differences at the very bottom of the war? And shall we help to mend the larger by multiplying the lesser ones?

Again I am told (I know not how justly) that if we exchange we shall strengthen the opposing army without materially adding to our own. And shall we, therefore, leave these poor fifteen thousand to stagger on into their shallow graves, emaciated, hopeless, despairing, wiping out a paltry disparity by the starvation of our sons?

Again, sir, I am told that by an exaggerated show of mercy to the black soldiers no exchanges whatever will be allowed until the blacks are counted on the lists with the whites. God knows I believe in mercy to all men; but could not all the rights of these adopted soldiers be protected as effectually by choosing from out our thousands of Rebel prisoners an equal number with the captured blacks to serve as hostages? Or must we on this black punctilio seek to wrest from the South the admission of an equal status for a thousand captured negroes by devoting ten thousand of our sons to a lingering and certain death?

I am told sir, that, whatever difficulties may beset the question, with you chiefly rests the power to brush them aside by a stroke of liberal and Christian policy which will delight the hearts of tens of thousands of loyal and afflicted fathers and mothers and children, and that with you too rests the power, if it so seems good, to fasten them and deepen them by an unrelaxing band of iron, whose grip, be assured, sir, will be felt in the hearts of ten thousand mourners.

Mr. Stanton, will you give me back my boys?

I recognize, sir, and respect your energy and your devotion to the cause in which you are engaged. I know, too, full well that your unflagging attention to the general conduct of the war forbids any considerable diversion of thought to minor interest and personal suffering. It is well, perhaps, that your ear should be closed to the wail that comes from the battle field.

But it is from no bloody ground of a fairly fought battle that I appeal to your sympathies; it is from the chill and damp dungeons that only your hand can open. My poor boy may die, may even now be dead, and that grief pass; but believe me when I say that the lingering death which is staring fifteen thousand of our best and bravest in the face, which is even now gripping their vitals with relentless clutch, is no small affair. It is no harrowing incident which you and I may grieve over and forget; it is an awful enormity whose ghastliness will shock every succeeding age except these sufferers be snatched from their fate. Humanity is a larger word than strategy. You and I will one day reckon the crisis at its value, one day when we stand together in the great court of appeals, you with your exchange roll smeared with blood and I with my sacrificed sons.

Sir, will you save them?

I know what disease is on the sick one—typhus. I pray God you may never see it in a child of yours. Night after night, over dreary distance, I see his haggared cheeks (they were as full as a babe's when he went into the service) and his sunken, rolling eye, and the pinched hand, clutching in his tossings at the coverlid, and he mutters in his dreary sleep: "Home, for God's sake, home!"

Mr. Stanton, will you give me back my boys?

[But even this did not move the iron heart of Stanton nor the "kind" heart of Lincoln to lift a hand to save those boys.]

SECTIONAL PREJUDICE AT PRESENT.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

On the body of a dead German in France was found the following letter:

"A traitor has just been shot—a little French lad belonging to one of those gymnastic societies which wear the tri-color button. The poor little fellow, in his infatuation, wanted to be a hero. A German column was passing along a wooded defile, and the boy was caught and asked whether the French were about. He refused to give information. Fifty yards farther on fire was opened from the cover of the wood. The prisoner was asked in French if he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and he did not deny it. He went with firm step to a telegraph post and stood up against it, with a green vineyard behind him, and received the volley of the firing party with a proud smile on his face. Infatuated boy! It was a pity to see such wasted courage."

Among a minority in this country there still exists a feeling of a somewhat similar unhappy partisanship, although, of course, in lessened degree than that of the fearfully misguided Hun. With the above expression of the Hun may be compared, in some features at least, the following reference to a book of Southern songs recently brought out under the name of "Echoes from Dixie" (the italics are the writer's):

"We are not yet able to comprehend the purpose of keeping alive the memories that rankled in the days of the Civil War. [*Sic.*] Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? Why retain such *stuff* as 'Davis, our loved President,' and similar *hogwash* that has no place in *our* patriotic song? There have been *loyal versions* of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

It is difficult for one calmly to comment on this sectional spirit of misunderstanding in reference to the sentiment of a brave people who fought in defense of a worthy cause. Of course such an expression from this Chicago reviewer is based on ignorance, at least three-fourths educated ignorance and one-fourth natural partisanship. The reviewer has undoubtedly been taught from youth what most of our American school histories are teaching—viz., that "the cause for which the South fought was an unworthy one"—that is, for the "right to lash and shackle human beings," etc. This reviewer and his ilk would like the Southern people to change the words of their fathers to the "loyal" version of those who fought against them. In the same way doubtless the Hun would, upon the overrunning of France, insist that the Marseillaise be altered and good German words substituted therefor. Of course no comparison is here meant between the Hun and the Yankee, albeit innumerable comparisons have been made during the war between the Allies and the North on the one side and Prussia and the South on the other.

There is some basis for comparison between the bigotry of this reviewer of Rebel songs and the misguided Hun who lamented the "misplaced courage" of the poor little French boy who was stood up against a telegraph post and shot. Fortunately, however, the majority of the Northern people would themselves resent such criticism of the South, although Chicago is the city where books of Southern songs have been produced properly censored by a patriotic (?) committee, who painstakingly substituted in many cases the *loyal* words for the original. On the other hand, the majority of the Northern people will not acquire a true view of the good and the bad on either side until they learn history in a very different way from that which has been and is now so generally taught them.

THE TEXAS CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME.

BY MRS. CLARA W. DABNEY.

"To thank God for every bit of material and spiritual sunshine which enters your life is the surest and best way to increase the amount." Byron says:

"All who joy would win
Must share it: happiness was born a twin."

So I would give a pen picture of the great joy that has come to me and to all of the old ladies in our Confederate Woman's Home. A year ago this Home appealed to me as a refuge in threatened paralysis. I came thinking to find that only. Incredible the true conditions! My first letter to a dear old friend said: "This ideal mansion home is beyond description. Only the largely gifted mind of Miss Katie Daffan, our superintendent, her loving, generous heart, and her indomitable, absorbing energy could have brought this institution to its zenith of attainment."

Our comforts, day and night, she meets in every detail—clothing made for us each changing season, lovely rooms full of sunshine and warmed with steam heat from early fall until late spring. Our meals are served every five hours. They are excellent, bountiful, and just such as are best suited for our health. As a result I, among many others, have apparently lost my ailments, so that I can always answer the morning inquiry, "How are you?" with "Well and as happy as a big sunflower."

We are cared for in sickness or helplessness by the attentions of the day nurse, a night nurse, and special extra nurses, when needed, to sit beside those who have become critically ill. Our kind, cheerful doctor shakes hands with us, numbering about ninety. He inquires after our health and prescribes when necessary. He comes to us at any and all hours when needed.

We have a large parlor, piano, extensive library, and the daily papers for our entertainment. Frequently Miss Daffan arranges with friends of the Home to give us a treat, such as the automobile ride to the loyalty rally on Monday after Easter or special Mothers' Day service. She also often invites some gifted orator who may visit Austin to come to see us, as Hon. Thomas Heflin, member of Congress from Alabama, who entertained us with a beautiful oration.

We are at liberty to go when and where we like, only mentioning our whereabouts to some one in charge. Our superintendent procures railroad transportation for us to visit any portion of our State and return at our pleasure, finding our rooms always ready to receive us. We have Thursday prayer meetings in the parlor and Sunday afternoon services. Our considerate and thoughtful superintendent avoids laying down other rules of conduct for us than that we shall "deserve to be treated as ladies." When we commit any slight fault or hurt the feelings of another, it is mentioned to us privately and kindly.

One of the most surprising of many surprises is the personal magnetism and hourly watchfulness that hold together the large number of officers and employes, the young ladies who take care of us old ladies. My name for them—superintendent, nurses, housekeeper, stewardess, and attendants—is "ministering angels." Good old Uncle John, the driver and janitor, and the old-fashioned, well-trained cooks are also kind, polite, and obliging.

But the most deeply touching phase of our life is at its close. When God's voice calls one of his old children, a reverent silence pervades these large buildings. No dinner

gong sounds. Our dear old flag waves at half-mast, while another drapes the casket containing the body of the widow or the wife of a soldier. Grateful tears well up at the thought of a hallowed past bearing as its fruitage this grand Texas Confederate Woman's Home.

THE ENEMY HAD HORNS.

BY G. B. HARRIS, JACKSON, TENN.

In the fall of 1864, just about the time that Sherman's army left Atlanta on the march to Savannah, Ga., I was ordered by my commanding officer to take charge of a few men and go to Millen, Ga., to round up a lot of beef cattle there which belonged to the government and drive them to Savannah. Millen was about forty miles distant from Davisboro, where we were at the time. We left immediately and found at Millen about four hundred head of cattle which had been gathered there for the Confederate army. Our orders were to drive them to Savannah as quickly as possible, for fear the Yankees might get them. There was only a small squad assigned to this duty, and we were on the road about three days and constantly on duty. I had charge of the squad and found it very hard to get food for the cattle and oftentimes for ourselves as well. The country was in a terrible state of excitement on account of the reports of Sherman's army marching to Savannah; but we finally reached the picket lines, some miles out from that city.

We had just gotten to the edge of the forest, which was on rising ground and where there was an open field for more than a mile. We were on the lookout for the pickets, and across the field I saw what appeared to be a considerable body of men moving about apparently under very great excitement. Knowing that our mission was peaceful, and not thinking of being disturbed so near, we continued to advance for some time. Then there was a swift movement. A company of cavalry was sent out, also artillery. They were dashing toward us, when suddenly they drew up and stopped, then all turned back toward their lines, and of all the yells and laughter! It beat anything I ever heard. We drove in and asked an officer what caused the commotion. All were so full of laughter that they could hardly talk. I finally learned that the drove of cattle had been mistaken for the Yankees, and for a few minutes the soldiers were considerably stirred up.

I believe this was one of the most amusing experiences that I had during the war.

CHIVALRY OF THE SEAS.

Naval history is full of instances of the sailorman's chivalric humanity. When the captured Chesapeake was taken to Halifax, her captain, Lawrence ("Don't give up the ship!") was buried with military honors by those against whom he had fought. A British officer who was one of his pallbearers later commanded the Boxer in her fight with our Enterprise. Mortally wounded, he sent his sword to the dying American captain, who died with it in his hands. And then all the people of Portland, Me., reverently received both bodies and buried them with equal honors, side by side.

And there was Perry, after the battle of Lake Erie, visiting the commander of the British squadron and offering sympathy and every available comfort. And at the subsequent funeral of the officers killed in action on both sides their messmates, British and American, walked two and two, while

the drums and fifes of both squadrons, victor and vanquished, played the "Dead March," and the minute guns of all the ships sounded the requiem.

In others of these happenings the very humor of them best shows the humanity. Captain Hull, of our Constitution, and Captain Dacres, of H. M. S. Guerriere, were friends before the War of 1812. One day in bantering one another over the merits of their respective ships Dacres bet Hull a hat that if the two vessels ever should meet the British frigate would prove the stronger. Strangely enough, they did afterwards meet in battle. Dacres came alongside the Constitution to deliver his sword. There he found Hull at the side ladder, who grasped his hand and helped him on board. "Give me your hand, Dacres," said Hull. "I know you're hurt. No, I don't want a sword from one who knows how to use it as well as you do. But, Dacres"—by this time both had reached the quarterdeck—"Dacres, I'll just trouble you for that hat."

The surgeons of the Constitution went on board the shot-riddled hull of the Guerriere and helped the wounded until the water rose high within her, and the boats of the victor took off every one before she sank.—*New York Independent*.

AN ECHO OF WEST POINT.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradentown, Fla., replies to the inquiry on page 191 of the May VETERAN about the old song called "Zollicoffer," sung by the Confederates confined in Johnson's Island Prison. He says:

"Any West Pointer will tell you that the verses are in the main paraphrased from a song very familiar to all who have been through the West Point Military Academy as 'Benny Havens O.' I cannot name the air, but it is the same as that to the first four lines of the well-known song, 'The Wearing of the Green,' with repetition for the chorus.

"The first and third stanzas sent to you are almost exactly those of the 'Benny Havens' song. As I remember the first stanza, it was in these words:

"Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
For sentimental singing we are going for to go.
In the army there's sobriety; promotion's very slow;
We'll sigh our reminiscences at Benny Havens O.
At Benny Havens O, at Benny Havens O;
We'll sigh our reminiscences at Benny Havens O.'

"The other stanza above referred to is remembered as follows:

"Here's to Veni, Vidi, Vici, old Scott, the brave hero;
He's an honor to his country and a terror to its foe.
May he long live on his laurels and sorrow never know,
But live to see a thousand years and Benny Havens O!
See Benny Havens O, see Benny Havens O,
But live to see a thousand years and Benny Havens O.'

"Benny Havens kept a place of entertainment in West Point outside the Academy limits, which was a favorite resort for the cadets when they got outside either on regular leave or 'on French,' and any graduate of West Point of the olden time can tell all about it.

"As Johnson's Island was a prison for officers, there were doubtless some West Point men there who probably adapted the old song to existing conditions."

THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

The death of Mrs. Eliza Ann Broughton at her home, near Towson, Md., marks the passing of the oldest Confederate mother, she having reached the remarkable age of one hundred and one years. She was born in Baltimore in 1817. A sketch of her appeared in the *VETERAN* for October, 1915, when she was in her ninety-ninth year, and the picture accompanying it showed the sweetly refined face of the old-time Southern woman, wonderfully preserved from the touch of time.

Mrs. Broughton had been given the title of "Mother of the Confederacy." Her soldier son, James W. Broughton, of Hallwood, Va., is now seventy-four years old. He enlisted when only seventeen and served with Company C, 24th Virginia Cavalry. Of her eight children, there are six survivors, two sons and four daughters. She was actively about until some three weeks before her death, busy with her knitting, sewing, reading, etc., for she was never idle. At the celebration of her hundredth anniversary, March 28, 1917, all her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren were present.

SOME FORGOTTEN GRAVES.

Graves of eight Confederate soldiers, forgotten for more than half a century, who died in Pittsburgh while prisoners of war, will be marked by the Pittsburgh Chapter, U. D. C. This will be perhaps the first Confederate memorial to be erected in Pennsylvania outside of Gettysburg battle field. The graves were discovered by members of the Sons of Veterans' organization in Pittsburgh while preparing to decorate the graves of Federal soldiers on Memorial Day. The matter was reported to the Pittsburgh Chapter, and at the same time the Sons of Veterans placed markers and flags upon the graves and planted flowers in the plot. Union veterans in Pittsburgh have offered their coöperation in placing a permanent memorial on the spot.

Thus far no trace has been found of the burial records. The Pittsburgh Chapter is seeking to establish the identity of the eight soldiers and asks any reader of the *VETERAN* who may have information which may assist in its work to communicate with Mrs. John Pryor Cowan, President, 307 South Charles Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. The graves are in the Uniondale Cemetery, and there is a tradition among the employees of the burial ground that the interments took place in 1864.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—As a contribution to the Jefferson Davis memorial being erected at Fairview, Ky., Col. Philip F. Brown, of Richmond, Va., will donate half of the proceeds from the sale of his "War Reminiscences" to that undertaking. These reminiscences have been printed attractively in pamphlet form, and a copy will be mailed to any address for twenty cents, postpaid. Of these reminiscences Gen. Bennett H. Young says: "They are written with a great deal of modesty, in pleasing style, and carry on their face absolute correctness, and they appeal most eloquently and thoroughly to the soldier heart. I want to say that very few war papers have given me more pleasure. The truth is, I have read your Reminiscences twice." Send for a copy and help along a good work.

J. R. Pow, Jr.: "My father served in the 7th South Carolina Infantry. I intend to remain a subscriber to the *VETERAN* as long as I live."

WHAT FRIENDS THINK.

Rev. E. N. Joyner writes from Lenoir, N. C.: "It is a privilege to renew this subscription to our most excellent—indeed, unique—journal. There is nothing else like it. There are some of us doubtless who feared, when its founder, Captain Cunningham, having fought a good fight and kept the faith, crossed over to hear his chief Captain say, 'Well done,' that the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* would suffer in other hands, if not, indeed, go under. But not a bit of it. The heroic, judicious personality which began the journal seems to have leavened its management. His spirit is abiding with his successors; and it is, I know, venturing much to say that it has wonderfully sustained the standard he lifted it to. As I read it, month after month, through and through, apart from the information, historic and current, there seems to linger an inspiration exclusively its own. With this three-year renewal goes the abiding confidence that it will live on in usefulness and honor until it has finished its course."

Joseph N. Gully, of Miltus, Va., who served in the 19th Virginia Cavalry, writes: "I am sending one dollar to keep up my subscription to the *VETERAN*. Long live the *VETERAN*! We are by the grace of God fighting in the world war for the same principles, true democracy, that we Confederates fought so valiantly for from 1861 to 1865."

D. H. Chapman, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "The *VETERAN* so links the memories of the past to the present that I await with anxious interest each issue and eagerly search the 'Last Roll,' the list of inquiries, and other matter. It has aided me in the matter of inquiry, and I feel that I must have it till the last roll calls me to 'fall in.'"

J. E. Timberlake, of Strasburg, Va.: "I cannot do without it. Each copy seems better than the preceding ones. Through its pages I live over the years that tried Southern hearts and showed the true, lofty nobility that filled our souls."

J. C. Herrin, Robinsonville, Miss.: "I will be a subscriber as long as I live, as the *VETERAN* is the only history we have or can get of the Confederates in the great struggle for our rights."

Finley P. Curtis, Jr., Butler, Tenn.: "I need the *VETERAN* perhaps as much as it needs my patronage. * * * It is meat for the soul of the Rebel, young or old; therefore let it live."

George W. Forsyth, Front Royal, Va.: "Inclosed find check for one dollar for renewal. I am not a veteran, but the son of one, and read the *VETERAN* with a great deal of interest."

H. B. Bushnell, Kansas City, Kans.: "I fully appreciate the work of the *VETERAN* and the scope of the work to preserve our Southern history. You have my hearty support as a Son."

D. C. Hart, Chickasha, Okla.: "Let her come. It seems like one of the family. Hope it will survive all obstacles. It is certainly a fine magazine."

Mrs. T. C. Westbrook, Hearne, Tex.: "Cannot do without the *VETERAN*. I am doing all I can for our boys 'over there.'"

J. M. Emerson, Frankston, Tex.: "I am getting old, but I read and appreciate every number of the *VETERAN*."

D. K. McClinton, Stigler, Okla.: "I don't see how I could get along without the *VETERAN*."

NUXATED IRON

Nuxated Iron increases strength of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time. In many instances, it has been used and endorsed by such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury and Ex-Governor of Delaware; former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenney of Delaware at present Major of the U. S. Army; General John L. Clom (Retired) the drummer boy of Shiloh who was sergeant in the U. S. Army when only 12 years of age; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington and others. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.

Mrs. Lelia Street McCauley, President U. D. C., Fort Worth, Tex., wants information in regard to James William Moore, who lived, enlisted, and married in Oxford, Calhoun County, Ala., afterwards moved to Texas, dying in Paris nineteen years ago. He was under Capt. Jesse Maddox and Peter Nunnally. His widow is anxious to enter the Home for Confederate Women and needs his record to establish her claim.

R. J. Tabor, Route 1, Bernice, La., is trying to get information of J. L. Gilbert's service in the Confederate army. Mr. Gilbert is now eighty-three years old and in need of a pension. He belonged to Company H, 1st Arkansas Battalion, Price's army, and if any of his comrades are still living they will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Tabor.

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W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. G. C. Sturdivant, of 1107 Lincoln Street, Amarillo, Tex., will be glad to hear from any one who can give information as to the service rendered by Frank P. Whiteside, who enlisted in the 1st North Carolina Cavalry in 1861, a regiment formed by J. W. Woodfin, of Asheville, N. C. He was in Company G of the above regiment and was in active service during the entire period of the war. He was in all the principal battles fought by Gen. Robert E. Lee and left the field, with others, on the 9th of April, 1865, after the surrender. This information is earnestly sought in the interest of his widow, who is trying to get a pension and who is badly in need of it. Any information showing that this service was rendered will be gratefully received.

A MARINE'S EQUIPMENT.—The number of things furnished by Uncle Sam as the equipment for a marine shows that his care and comfort are well considered, as evidenced by the following list: One suit of clothes, one pair of shoes, one hat, three suits of woolen underwear, four pairs of socks, two suits of pajamas, one pair of leggings, two woolen shirts, one pair of gloves, one overcoat, two woolen blankets, one razor, one tube of shaving cream, one razor strop, one box of tooth powder, one toothbrush, four bars of laundry soap, three bars of toilet soap, one mirror, one sea bag, one hair brush, one comb, one box of paper, one ten-quart bucket, one stick of Chinese ink, four towels, one shoe brush, one leggings brush, one box of blacking, one box of shoe polish, one rifle bayonet sheath, canteen, one first-aid packet, one cartridge belt, one pack and carrier, one haversack, one can for sugar, salt, and pepper, one bacon can, one folding cookery outfit, one knife, fork, and spoon, one poncho.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH INCOME TAXES.

In comparison with the tax levied in England on incomes, our own income taxes are moderate indeed.

In England the tax on incomes of \$1,000 is four and a half per cent; in America nothing.

In England the tax on incomes of \$10,500 is six and three-fourths per cent; in America nothing for married men or heads of families and two per cent on \$500 for an unmarried man.

In England the tax on an income of

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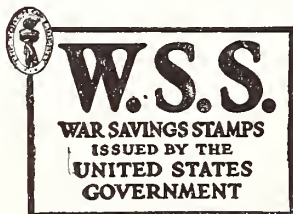
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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVI.

AUGUST, 1918

NO. 8



JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY

(Page 334)

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W. S. Chapman, Indianola, Miss: "The July number is superlatively good, and I want my friend, —, together with me and your many correspondents, to enjoy the good things in that number." This came with an order for the VETERAN to be sent to a friend.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1918.

No. 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE REUNION AT TULSA.

The Reunion of the Confederate Veterans and affiliated organizations which will be held at Tulsa, Okla., on September 24-27, 1918, will be the fourth general Reunion held west of the Mississippi River, the others having been held at Houston, Dallas, and Little Rock. The people of Tulsa, with that generosity for which they have ever been noted, are actively at work preparing for this gathering and expect to give the veterans and their families the grandest reunion that has ever been held.

In a period of three days the sum of \$100,000 was raised among the citizens of Tulsa to defray the expenses of the Reunion; and a number of unique features are planned for the visitors, among them being a trip to the oil fields and the shooting of an oil well, a typical wild West show, etc.

Ample arrangements have been made to care for all the visitors, and practically every home in the city of Tulsa and surrounding territory will be thrown open to them. The veterans will be quartered in the public school buildings, which is an admirable arrangement, as these buildings are of brick, one story in height, with ample toilet facilities. They are all located conveniently to the car lines, and it is proposed to give every veteran free street car tickets over the various lines. These buildings are steam-heated and can be warmed if the weather should happen to turn cold. Mattresses have been purchased for the use of the veterans, while the government has agreed to provide blankets for their use.

MESS HALL.

A large mess hall, where all the veterans will be fed, is now being erected within one block of the convention hall, and the caterer who handled this feature at the Little Rock, Chattanooga, Macon, and Jacksonville Reunions has been engaged, thereby assuring the veterans that they will receive the best of meals.

CONVENTION HALL.

Tulsa can boast of one of the best and most up-to-date convention halls in the entire country. This hall will seat about five thousand and is equipped with one of the finest pipe organs in the United States.

RAILROAD RATES AND CERTIFICATES.

The government in granting the special rate of one cent a mile to the Reunion provides that this rate apply only to the members of the Veterans' organization and their families, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and their families. A special certificate is now being printed and will be forwarded to the camps of the Veterans and Sons and to Chapters of the Memorial Association and the U. D. C. and will be issued by these organizations to their members.

All railroad tickets will be good for thirty days, and the rate of one cent per mile each way will entitle the holder to travel on either day coach or Pullman.

REUNION COMMITTEES.

The following are in charge of the Reunion arrangements: General Chairman, Tate Brady; Vice Chairman, M. J. Glass; General Secretary, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who will remain at Tulsa until after the Reunion to look after the interests of the veterans, etc.; Camp and Commissary, Orra Upp, Chairman; Badges, Lee Clinton, Chairman; Decorations, S. R. Lewis, Chairman; Music, C. S. Walker; Parade, W. L. Lewis; Reception, R. M. McFarlin; Hotels, W. A. Vandever; Housing, Tom Hartman; Registration, W. H. Mainwaring; Information, Ben F. Finney; Medical Aid, Dr. E. Forrest Hayden; Automobiles, L. N. Ewing; Entertainment, S. H. King, Jr.; Sponsors and Maids, A. L. Farmer.

ON TO TULSA!

To My Comrades of Featherstone's Brigade: I want you all to meet me in Tulsa, Okla., September 24, at our Reunion, and permit me to entertain you. And to all comrades of the 31st Mississippi Regiment who will accept it I'll pay their expenses for the trip. Let us all get together once more. Write me at P. O. Box 333, Helena, Ark.

Your comrade,

L. A. FITZPATRICK,

Co. C, 31st Mississippi Regiment, Featherstone's Brigade.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GRAY-CLAD.

BY LOUISE WEBSTER, WINONA, MISS.

Gray wolves leap out from hidden dens, a pack
Of hungry, savage beasts, insatiate,
Thirsting to slay, to rape, to rend, to sack,
Lusting for infants' blood to cool their hate.

Courageous warriors, clean of soul and sword,
Once wore the gray, pure knighthood's very flower—
How must their spirits scorn the wolfish horde
Who desecrate it in this tragic hour!

THE VETERANS' REUNION.

"The greatest of all Confederate Reunions" is being planned for at Tulsa, Okla., in September next, according to the report from the Reunion Committee. This will be the fourth General Reunion that has been held west of the Mississippi River, and those who go to Tulsa will find the surroundings entirely different from any place heretofore honored by the gathering of the U. C. V. and kindred associations. It will be a new world to many. Tulsa is situated in the great oil district of Oklahoma, and one of the features of entertainment for the veterans will be the "shooting" of an oil well. It is a wonderful section of our country, and its development in late years has been marvelous. But to do big things quickly is characteristic of the West, and those of us who have known nothing but the deliberate ways of the older States may expect to have our eyes opened in amazement from first to last of the visit to Tulsa. The VETERAN for September will give some interesting information of this wonder city, how it grew from an Indian village to a modern city up-to-date in every respect, with illustrations of its great buildings and other attractive features.

The call is strong to the veterans to meet again in reunion, and many there yet be who will soon be feeling in their hearts the stirring appeal of these lines:

"Git me my old knapsack, Mary, an' my uniform of gray;
Git my battered helmet, Mary, for I'll need 'em all to-day;
Git my canteen and my leggin's, reach me down my rusty gun,
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-one."

TRUTH MAKES US FREE.

"A Student" makes this response to the protest from the Northern teacher:

"I read with interest in the July VETERAN a letter of protest from a Northerner in regard to 'needless reopening of old wounds' with respect to the sectional conflict.

"If old wounds are reopened, that is unfortunate; but if it is a 'needless reopening,' it is even more unfortunate. On the other hand, discussion has been called 'the greatest of all reformers'; and if discussion of sectional issues and past differences helps us to get at the truth, so much the better,

for the truth alone will set us free from bias, prejudice, and misunderstanding.

"As one of both Northern and Southern descent, and as one who has lived in both sections, I would say that the North is vastly more in ignorance of the ideals and ideas of the South than the South is of the North. There are, of course, some people in the South who still hate the Yankee without discrimination and, as they say, 'not without cause.' Their indiscriminate denunciation of the Northern people is unfortunate and reacts upon them and also upon the South. In itself it was a worthy thought and act for the young Northerner in question to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the effort to understand the spirit of the Old South. His appeal to 'forget all sectional differences' is wholly unnecessary in so far as the spirit of the South is concerned in the prosecution of the present world war.

"The young Northerner may be interested in knowing that one reason why patriotic Southerners and good Americans are turning to memories of the sectional strife is because of the innumerable references made in Northern magazines and newspapers to comparisons between the Old South and Germany. The partisan Southerner naturally turns to the weakest point in the Northern armor in rebuttal. More thoughtful Southerners review the entire situation and make a definite protest against misunderstanding.

"The young Northerner's grandfather certainly may not be compared to Attila, but there was a baser element in the Northern army whose deeds closely paralleled those of the modern Hun. This truth may as well be faced and the Hun of the War of Secession be differentiated from those in the North who waged war in a noble spirit, of whom I hope my Northern relatives were exemplars, for there were seventy-three of them in the Union armies. I even understand that two or three of them resigned their commands rather than carry out the Hunnish commands of Sherman and Hunter. I have a great deal of sympathy with the young Northerner's protest. It would, perhaps, be to equally good purpose if he would protest against practically every one of the school histories which he finds in use in the North; for practically every one of these histories misrepresents the South in most respects, except that, perhaps, of bravery in war. Probably he scarcely realizes this misrepresentation.

"This liberal-minded and liberal-intentioned young Northerner, who is also a teacher, suggests by way of recrimination 'Andersonville and Fort Pillow.' He probably has not any idea that this furnishes little basis for recrimination at all, wherever else there may be such opportunities. I do not think that he will consider either one of these subjects as such if he would but read in the April and May issues of the VETERAN two articles on the treatment of prisoners during the War of Secession, entitled simply 'The Treatment of Prisoners in the Confederacy.' A number of Northerners have thanked me for calling their attention to these articles."

James Hiscocks writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN I should like to express a word of appreciation. Being forced by circumstances to live up here in the North among those of such different ideals and antagonistic sympathies, it is like a fragrant breeze from the Southland that my VETERAN comes to me each month. I shall look forward to receiving my 'friend from the South' as long as I live, but my enjoyment of it will never be so keen as during the time from now until I shall be able to ask you to change my address to the Confederate States."

THE MAURY.

After many years honor has been rendered where honor was due in the naming of one of the big destroyers of the United States navy for Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas." This action was the result of much effort on the part of Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, Tenn., the early home of Maury, to secure proper recognition of the service of this great man when an officer of the United States navy; and to her Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels wrote under date of June 26, 1918:

"I received your letter, and you will no doubt be gratified to know that I have named a destroyer which is to be launched soon the Maury, after the distinguished naval officer of whom you wrote. As to the other honors you would like to have for him, they should be taken up with your members of Congress. It was a very great pleasure to be able to name a ship after this great officer."

The other honors referred to are to have a naval hospital named for Commodore Maury and a ship to perpetually bear his name and for Congress to vote that his name be placed in the Hall of Fame in New York in 1920. Every Southern man and woman can help along the effort by writing to their Congressmen about it. Miss Gentry has been appointed President for Tennessee for the Matthew F. Maury Memorial Association by the Virginia Association, whose object is to erect a monument to him in Richmond, to have the two States celebrate Maury Day, January 14, in the public schools, and to get his name in the Hall of Fame. "I have been working for ten years to get the government and Tennessee to in some way recognize Maury's deserved worth, and this is his first honor," writes Miss Gentry.

It is gratifying that the effort which secured this recognition of Commodore Maury's genius emanated from Williamson County, Tenn., his adopted home in early years and which he left to enter the great naval school which prepared him to be such a benefactor to mankind.

In advocating the naming of a ship for Commodore Maury Miss Gentry wrote the *Nashville Banner* June 18:

"The naming of a ship for him at the present time would bind more closely France and America, for in the Marne sector, near Chateau-Thierry, there stands to-day the house in which was born Jean de la Fontaine, the poet and writer, who was the lineal ancestor of Matthew Maury. From 1621 the Fontaines and Maurys have been notable in French history. The blood of Protestant martyrs flows in their veins, and the same stanch traits have been exhibited in later generations. One can see in reading of Jean Fontaine and Matthew Fontaine Maury that heredity is something more than a name.

"The Maurys seem to have had a predilection for the sea, as Commodore Maury's eldest brother, John Minor Maury, ran off and joined the navy when only thirteen years old and became one of the most distinguished young officers of his day. He was associated with Capt. David Porter, commander of the Essex. John Maury was ordered to Lake Champlain to be with McDonough and wrote: 'We have won a glorious victory. I hope the first fruits of it will be to confirm the wavering allegiance of New York and Vermont to the Union. They have threatened to secede unless peace is made with England on any terms.' Soon thereafter Andrew Jackson settled that question at the battle of New Orleans.

"Soon after the close of the war with England the pirates of the West Indies became a terror to all who sailed those

seas, and Captain Porter was ordered to fit out a squadron for their destruction.' He chose John Maury to be flag captain of the fleet. This officer, like the adjutant general of the army, gives orders for all the movements. The pirates were destroyed, broken up, and scattered 'to the four winds of the earth.' As a special work of meritorious service Capt. John Maury was sent by Commodore Porter to bear to the United States government his report of the complete success of his operations.

"John Maury sailed in the store ship Decoy, but died of yellow fever in June, 1824, just outside of the capes of Norfolk, and was buried at sea at the age of thirty-one. He was first a first lieutenant on a frigate, at twenty-six flag captain of a fleet; and he was considered by Tatnall, Buchanan, and other compeers to be the cleverest sailor in the American navy. He was the lodestar which drew his world-famed brother, Matthew Fontaine Maury, to the seas and their science. World-famed, but unknown in his 'own home and his own country,' is not that a sad commentary on American intelligence and patriotism? No memorial of any description, except a tablet in Franklin, tells of these brothers' worth in the entire South."

The following is also taken from another communication by Miss Gentry, which tells something of Maury's service for the Southern Confederacy:

"As is well known, Matthew F. Maury was sent by the Confederate Congress to Europe to enlist her aid in their cause. Without being consulted, and strongly against his wishes, he received an order to purchase from Europe torpedo materials, in conjunction with another officer, a duty which he felt could have been performed by any junior officer in the service.

"The little steamer he used in 1862 vindicated the wisdom and efficiency of his advocacy of the torpedo and sea-mining as a mode of defense, and his electric torpedoes were placed in the hands of Lieutenant Davidson, who continued as commander of these defenses to the end of 1864. Drawings and plans, with charts of torpedoes already planted by Maury, were left in the vessel, which, not long afterwards, in attempting to plant others, grounded during a falling tide and fell into the hands of the Federals; but the torpedo proved what Maury said it would, to the consternation of the enemy. Electric torpedoes, Maury demonstrated, when planted, could be daily tested, 'which can never be done,' he said, 'with mechanical torpedoes.'

"With Maury's arrival in England he made this method of defense the subject of patient investigation and special study. While in England the news came of the surrender of Lee and the fall of the Southern Confederacy. On May 2, 1865, Maury sailed from Southampton under orders from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy. He had sent out in advance a quantity of torpedo material for the defense of the Southern ports, which represented the result of his inventive genius and his studies during his residence in England; but when he arrived at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, he learned of the total collapse of the Confederacy and the assassination of Lincoln. He therefore surrendered his sword by letter forthwith to 'the United States officer commanding the squadron of the Gulf' and became a prisoner of war.

"During May and June of 1866 Maury was in Paris, France, and was employed by the government of Napoleon III. to instruct a board of French officers in his system of defensive sea-mining. The French authorities were so delighted with his invention and instruction that they invited

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

BY COL. J. R. COLE, DALLAS, TEX.

In 1860 there were four candidates nominated for the presidency of the United States: Abraham Lincoln, the Republican-Abolitionist; John Bell, the Whig-Union Constitutionalist; Stephen A. Douglas, the Democrat-Unionist; and John C. Breckinridge, the States' Rights Democrat. Many questions divided the majority of the people of the North and the majority of the people of the South, but the slavery question had aroused great anger and bitterness between the two sections. The result of the division was the election of Mr. Lincoln by one section of the country alone by a majority of the electoral votes, but he received only a minority of the popular vote.

In this election John C. Breckinridge carried nearly all the Southern States. He was the idol of the South. Magnificent in form, handsome in face, graceful in movement, eloquent in speech, gentle in manners, courageous in action, grand in his history, he was the beau ideal of Southern knighthood. Born of a good family in Kentucky, he received a finished education, was a member of the Legislature, major of a regiment that invaded Mexico, was elected to Congress, and was nominated and elected Vice President of the United States on the ticket with James Buchanan at the age of thirty-five, just as he became eligible by age. Defeated for the presidency, he was immediately elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of his State. As Vice President and President of the Senate he had presided over that august body of great statesmen during all the angry debates of the four years preceding the War of Secession. He saw Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Cobb and Toombs, of Georgia, Wigfall, of Texas, Clay, of Alabama, Hunter and Mason, of Virginia, Clingman and Bragg, of North Carolina, and other great senators and representatives surrender their credentials and depart from the national capital to cast their fortunes with their States; and then, when eleven Southern States had withdrawn from the American Union and resumed the sovereignty of independent States which they had when they joined the Union, he resigned his place in the Senate, returned to Kentucky, and joined his destiny to the people who looked upon him as their greatest and noblest citizen and statesman. This action for unselfishness was heroic. For one so young, so brilliant, so great, so popular to resign a high position in a great nation, powerful to reward and powerful to punish, and join his destiny and fortunes to a weaker people acknowledged by the world as rebels and liable to defeat and punishment, acting alone on principle and honesty and manhood—this was to stake his life, his family, his ambition, his fortune, his fame, and all his future on the issues to be tried on the battle field; and in this he was greater than Cæsar at Pharsalia or Alexander at Arbela or Napoleon at Austerlitz, for they were battling for themselves, while he was sacrificing his all for his principles and his people. When he arrived in Kentucky after leaving Washington, he issued a proclamation, saying: "To defend your birthright and mine, which is more precious than domestic ease or property or life, I exchange with proud satisfaction a term of six years in the Senate of the United States for the musket of a soldier."

As Breckinridge was a man of great ability and experience and influence, President Davis immediately made him a brigadier general and gave him the command of a brigade of Kentucky troops. Let us follow him from the time of the appointment to the afternoon of that gloomy day in April,

1865, when I saw him riding by the side of Jefferson Davis, with their faces turned to the South, when the bands had ceased to play and the banners would not wave and patriots of the South no longer smiled.

There was a great general in the Southwest commanding a heroic army of forty thousand men. He had gathered together this army to meet the victorious forces of General Grant, forty thousand strong, on the banks of the Tennessee River. The Confederate general called his generals together in a council of war the night before the great battle of Shiloh was to be fought. Look at that group of Southern men, met for the first time in their lives, coming from their distant homes in different States. What are they here for? To sacrifice their lives, if necessary, for their country. You should have their pictures hanging in your homes, that your children might know and honor the great men and heroes of the South. Who are they? Albert Sidney Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, W. J. Hardee, Leonidas Polk, and John C. Breckinridge. The council broke up, and the generals went to their several commands with the stern and heroic words of the commander in chief ringing in their ears: "I will water my horse in the Tennessee River tomorrow!" But between him and that river were Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and McPherson and forty thousand brave soldiers and Buell hurrying to reinforce them with thirty thousand more.

As the last star in the heavens disappeared before the rising sun on the morning of April 6, 1862, the Southern army moved forward to meet the enemy in three long lines of battle—Hardee's Corps on the left, next Polk, next Bragg, next Breckinridge—and in a very short time the whole army was engaged. The Federals, under Sherman and other generals, fought desperately all the morning; but the heroic army of the South, with musketry and artillery and cavalry, drove them back through their camps, thousands on both sides falling, until late in the afternoon, when Prentiss and his division were captured and Grant and his army were nearly driven into the river. The blows of the Southerners were delivered like the strokes of a mighty hammer regulated by a great clock, and nothing could resist the steady advance and blazing musketry of the Confederates. The right and left wings of the enemy were broken to pieces, and Breckinridge with his command was sent against the center, where Sherman was holding his ground by desperate fighting. That position must be taken, or our victory would be a barren one. Forward went the Kentuckians and Tennesseans and Alabamians, and instantly the lines of the enemy were a solid shot of fire. One Tennessee regiment was driven back, but was rallied by the general. Again they advanced. The slaughter was terrific, and again the Confederates were driven back. Then Breckinridge rallied his lines, distributed his staff officers along the different regiments, and told them he intended to charge with his entire command and would lead the charge himself. Riding forward, he gave the command to charge, when a great shout arose from end to end of the command, and the regiments rushed upon the enemy, following their general. By his side rode the great commander in chief, Albert Sidney Johnston. The great commander fell from his horse and died on the battle field. One more effort all along the line, and Grant and his army would be driven into the Tennessee River. Buell arrived with reinforcements, the gunboats opened fire on the victorious Confederates, and Beauregard, who succeeded to the command, ordered the army to fall back to

Shiloh Church. The next morning Grant, with his defeated army, reinforced by Buell and his army, the combined armies now outnumbering the Southern forces two to one, advanced upon Beauregard and drove him back over the battle field so gallantly won the day before. Seeing that he could not resist the overwhelming forces of the enemy, Beauregard ordered a retreat and, galloping up to Breckinridge, ordered him to cover the retreat and hold the enemy back, saying: "This retreat must not be a rout, sir. You must hold them back." Planting himself in front of the enemy and assisted by the cavalry of Morgan and Forrest, for hours Breckinridge held his ground and saved the retreating Confederates.

This was the greatest and bloodiest battle of the war up to that time, and among the thousands of heroes who fought there no soldier of the Southern army won greater fame than John C. Breckinridge in this his first battle.

We next find General Breckinridge with an independent command marching against the enemy in Louisiana. At Baton Rouge he fought a superior force and gained a victory, driving the enemy, by his skill and daring, under the cover of his gunboats.

General Breckinridge had been created a major general and given command of a large division of four brigades. In the last days of 1862 we find him with his division on the right wing of Bragg's army at Murfreesboro, Tenn., facing Rosecrans on Stones River. The battle that was fought there was one of the bloodiest of the war, both sides losing at least one-fourth of all their forces. Bragg was victorious on the first day, but the enemy had a brave and skillful commander who held his own and re-formed his forces on the second day. On the third day Bragg ordered General Breckinridge, with forty-five hundred men, to attack Rosecrans's left wing, occupying the hills on Stones River. The enemy had fifty-five cannon bearing on the Confederates and two or three times as many soldiers with flaming rifles and glistening bayonets. Regardless of the undertaking, Breckinridge led his men up the hill and, after fierce fighting, drove the enemy before him, only to be torn to pieces by the enemy's artillery. He lost about two thousand of his command in this endeavor to obey the orders given him in person by General Bragg.

We next find General Breckinridge with a fine division of about eight thousand men sent to Jackson, Miss., to oppose Grant and his army in the Vicksburg campaign. He met a part of the Federal army near Jackson on the 12th day of July and drove them back toward Vicksburg. Breckinridge and his division seemed to be in great demand and appeared to be a flying corps, as we next find him on the right of Bragg's army in Northern Georgia at the battle of Chickamauga. Fighting General Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," during two days, the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, driving and being driven, almost with crossed bayonet, he finally, with the rest of the army, reinforced by Longstreet and Hood and D. H. Hill, drove the last remnant of Rosecrans's army back into Chattanooga, gaining one of the great victories of the war. Again General Breckinridge, by his skill and bravery, proved himself a great commander and hero. General Bragg followed Rosecrans to Chattanooga and occupied the mountains and hills overlooking that beautiful city, while the army of the enemy tented in the valleys below on the waters of the Tennessee, nearly starving and waiting for reinforcements. Bragg weakened his army by sending Longstreet's Corps to East Tennessee to fight Burnside's; while the enemy, with better judgment and

greater appreciation of the situation, sent Grant and Sherman, with their armies of the West, and Hooker, with his corps from the East, to rescue the defeated Rosecrans. Eighty thousand soldiers of the North under Grant and Sherman and Thomas and Hooker and Sheridan faced forty thousand soldiers of the South under Bragg and Hardee and Polk and Breckinridge, and the result on Missionary Ridge was a disastrous defeat; but Breckinridge, Hardee, Cleburne, and many others proved themselves as brave and heroic as they had been in every battle where they met the enemy.

This was the last conspicuous service rendered by General Bragg during the war. He was a brave and learned soldier, but was not popular with his army, and President Davis appointed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to succeed him. General Breckinridge had shown such skill and daring and success in all his battles and campaigns, and he had the confidence of his soldiers to so great an extent, that the President offered him the command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, extending over rivers and mountains three hundred miles in extent. It was a very difficult and important department, but he accepted the appointment in February, 1864. Soon the great armies of Grant and Lee were to meet on the plains of Northern Virginia, and the final struggle was to be decided. The days and months and years had been passing away. Autumn leaves had fallen, springtime flowers had bloomed, the snows of winter had covered the hills and mountains, and the summer sun had warmed the singing birds among the trees. But the snows were red with the bleeding feet of marching soldiers, and the sun of summer looked down upon the hills and valleys covered with the dead.

What a poor argument is a rifle! How illogical is a booming cannon! There is no reason in a charging squadron. Standing upon the heights overlooking the town of Fredericksburg, Va., in December, 1862, Lee and his generals saw a hundred and fifty thousand Northern soldiers, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, crossing the Rappahannock River and arranging their lines of battle for the fearful slaughter soon to occur. One of the generals, made savage by the sight, exclaimed: "I wish they were all in hell!" General Lee in his goodness reproved the officer and said: "No, I wish they were all at their homes." And why not? If they had remained there, no war would have desolated the country, no bloody graves would have been filled with American citizens, and peace under the guidance of an all-wise and loving Ruler would have brought about better, kinder, gentler results in the course of time, the Union would have been restored, love of a common country would have prevailed, and no anger and injustice would have stirred the hearts of men and women for generations. Time and common sense are great physicians.

In the early days of May, 1864, Grant, with one hundred and forty thousand brave soldiers, was crossing the Rapidan in Northern Virginia to grapple with Lee and his sixty thousand Confederates. Butler, with thirty thousand, was coming up the James from the east to attack Lee in the rear and take Richmond or Petersburg. Sigel, with ten thousand men, was marching up the valley in the west to flank Lee on his left and capture Staunton, Lexington, and Lynchburg. Never in the history of the world were a great captain and a great army so outnumbered, so surrounded, so encompassed by so powerful an enemy as General Grant. Lee sent Beauregard to Petersburg to meet Butler, ordered Breckinridge to hasten down the valley to meet Sigel, and himself struck Grant's great army in the Wilderness with all his power and

skill. As Breckinridge marched rapidly to meet Sigel, who was at New Market, two hundred and twenty-five boys, cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, joined him and begged earnestly to be put in line of battle with the regulars. The General reluctantly consented and gave them the post of honor in the center. These cadets were commanded by Col. Scott Shipp, commandant at the institute, and were dressed in their neat uniforms, presenting a strong contrast to the weather-beaten veterans of many battles. Though outnumbered by the enemy, Breckinridge never hesitated, but marched straight for his enemy at one o'clock in the night while the rain was pouring down and early on the 15th of May joined battle all along the line. He was in the midst of the hot fire directing his artillery in person and inspiring his troops by his presence and daring. Forward went the left wing; forward marched the right wing; down came the enemy's cavalry in a furious charge on our right, but were scattered by our artillery. Now look at the cadets keeping the step as they charge, while fire flashes from their rifles. Ah, the boys! Give me drilled boys for a fight. On they go, the cruel guns of the enemy covering the field with their uniforms. They are ordered to lie down. Some one calls out to fall back and re-form. A sergeant leaps to his feet and says he will kill the first man that moves backward. Colonel Shipp is wounded. Captain Wise shouts out: "Get up, boys, and give the Yankees hell!" The cadets rush upon the guns of the enemy and with bayonets and clubbed rifles slay and capture and rout their foe. Sigel is whipped and retreats nearly to the Potomac. There were heroes in that battle besides Breckinridge and his veterans. Alas! eight boys dead and fifty-four wounded were stretched on that field, a glorious victory, but dearly bought.

Lee sent his congratulations to General Breckinridge and, being hard pressed by Grant's forces and Sheridan's cavalry, directed him to cross the mountains and move upon Hanover Junction. Wherever he appeared he was received by Lee's veterans with great cheers, for his splendid form on a magnificent charger appealed to the Southern soldier more than any living soldier under the great Lee. He took part in the great battle and victory of Cold Harbor and added to his great fame under the eye of the commander in chief, his horse being killed under him. With his division, he was sent back to the valley to meet General Hunter and was one of the four major generals under Early to cross the Potomac and invade Maryland. He distinguished himself at the battle of Monocacy against General Wallace and soon came in sight of the capital of the United States, where he had presided as Vice President for four years. General Early found it impossible to capture Washington and ordered a retreat into the Valley of Virginia. At the second battle of Kernstown, by his individual boldness and skill, General Breckinridge won a decided victory over a superior force, which the historian says "alone would have placed him in the front rank of military commanders." Not a professional soldier, not a West Pointer, the historian writes: "He was undoubtedly the ablest general from the volunteer service." He fought with his usual skill at Winchester under General Early and was soon afterwards made Secretary of War by President Davis to bring his great intellect to help the government at Richmond in the last months of the desperate struggle. What a career for a man not forty-three years of age! With brilliant mind and magnificent presence, polished manner, gentle disposition, splendid eloquence, fortunate, admired, popular, beloved, a soldier in the Mexican War, a legislator in Kentucky, a Congressman and Senator at Washington, a Vice

President of the United States, the chosen candidate of the South for President of the nation, a hero on the Mississippi, on the Tennessee, on the Pearl, on the Stones, on the Chickamauga, on the Chickahominy, on the Shenandoah, on the Potomac, he was the ideal man, soldier, and statesman. Who was his rival? This is the man whom I saw pass on that April day in 1865, riding by the side of his President, with such a sad face that it brought tears to my eyes.

ADDING A STAR TO THE FLAG.

[The following notes were sent to the *VETERAN* some years ago by J. W. Kennedy, of Hobert, Okla., a Mexican War veteran, who wrote that this incident was from Maj. Edwin A. Sherman's memorial edition on Real Admiral John Drake Sloat, who on July 7, 1846, raised the American flag at Monterey, Cal., in the name of the United States of America, thus adding the thirty-first star to the galaxy of States of the American Union.]

Mexico was owing a debt of fifty million dollars to England, which country sent a fleet of warships, commanded by Commodore Seymour, to take possession of California for that debt in case war was declared between the United States and Mexico. Commander John Drake Sloat had not received any official news that war had been declared, but he had reliable news that the battles of Palo and Resaca de la Palma had been fought on Texas soil.

Commander Sloat had the ships of war *Cyane* and *Levant*, and a battery of 42-pounders was being constructed on shore at Monterey when the English fleet anchored within pistol shot of his ships. Finding them with decks cleared, anchors hove short, matches lighted, gunners standing by their guns, yards full of men ready to drop the sails at the instant of a signal, the practical eye of Commodore Seymour could not fail to observe the preparations for immediate action. "You seem to give your men some practice in the art of gunnery," he said as he shook hands with Commander Sloat. Pointing to the American flag on shore, the latter replied: "I did not know but that it would take some practice to keep it there." Commodore Seymour then said: "Will you answer one question? Did you get any dispatches through Mexico just before you left Mazatlan?" "I did not." After a moment's study the Englishman said: "You did right, perhaps, and your government will sustain you as the case now stands. But don't you know that there is not an officer in the British navy who would have dared to take the responsibility as you have done? You doubtless had orders to take Monterey in case of war. When you left Mazatlan there were only a few Mexicans and myself who knew of the existence of hostilities. It is all over now," he continued; "but tell me, since you are not a man to shirk responsibility, what would you have done had there been, when you reached here, the flag of another nation where yours now floats and that flag guarded by a ship of the line?" "I would," said Commander Sloat, "have fired at least one shot at it and perhaps have gone to the bottom and left my government to settle the matter as it thought proper."

The warships *Cyane* and *Levant* were captured from the English fleet by the American ship *Constitution* during the War of 1812. John Drake Sloat, born in 1780, commanded the Pacific squadron from 1844 to 1846. He was retired in 1861, but received rank as commodore in 1862 and as rear admiral in 1863.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN IN ALABAMA.

[An address delivered before the Tampa Rotary Club by W. J. Milner.]

I am requested to tell you in a few words something of the most remarkable organization perhaps known to history—remarkable in that the political and social conditions which brought it into being were unique, remarkable in the rapidity with which it grew, the swift and silent methods of its operation, and also in its complete and thorough dissolution when its work had been done. That work was the rescuing from destruction of the civilization upon which the prosperity of the South has since grown.

Belgium in her distress has the sympathy and has received the help of the civilized world. She is further aided by two powerful allies who stand at her elbow, and she has a gallant army still fighting for her liberty under command of her own king. England, when the Boers laid down their arms, approached them in a spirit of love, gave them the means to rehabilitate their wasted farms and their homes, and placed over them as administrators of the law their own officers who had been leading them against her armies. It was left for "Uncle Sam," whose glorious flag, which I love so much, as the emblem of liberty everywhere, when his hungry children asked for bread to give them a stone.

No historian has portrayed or can fittingly portray the plight of the Confederate soldier when, after his fight to the finish for the right of self-government, he returned to the desolation which was his home. If any one needed a helping hand, it surely was he; but events were to show that his woes were just beginning. The help which our conquerors sent to us was a flock of vultures of whom the Hon. Jeremiah Black, of Pennsylvania, a former Attorney-General of the United States, said: "They contrived a method by which to insert their felonious talons into the hearts of unborn babes." They are known to history as "carpetbaggers," a tribe of odious memory. Among those carpetbaggers were the Freedmen's Bureau agents, who had authority and exerted absolute control over the negroes. They, like the others with whom they consorted, were usually men wholly without principle and were here solely for the enrichment of themselves. Their purposes were to prevent any harmony or coöperation between the races and to produce between them as much friction as possible. With this end they corralled their deluded wards into midnight assemblies, where the most vicious thoughts were instilled into their minds, producing in due course the inevitable and intended consequences. Every act of violence, every outrage that could be chronicled as occurring in "rebel" territory and reported to Washington—whether true or untrue mattered not—served to enhance the standing in Washington of those in charge at the point involved, and it was so easy for them to collect any kind and amount of testimony wanted. Lest I may be thought to have exaggerated the foregoing statement, I give below a quotation from the letter of a scalawag governor of Alabama, published in one of the papers of that day, criticizing some of the governor's former pals with whom he had disagreed. It is sometimes comforting to think that when thieves fall out honest men may learn the truth. Says the governor: "My candid opinion is that Sibley (the carpetbag sheriff) does not want the law executed because that would put down crime, and crime is his life's blood. He would like very much to have a Ku-Klux outrage every week to assist him in keeping up strife between the whites and the blacks, that he might be the more certain of the votes of the latter. He would like to have a few colored

men killed every week to furnish semblance of the truth to Spencer's libels upon the people of the State generally."

The Spencer mentioned above was the infamous George E. Spencer, of Ohio, who occupied a seat in the United States Senate, drawing the salary and enjoying the perquisites as Senator from Alabama. When his term expired he slunk away to his home, in Ohio, unwept and unhonored. He never returned to Alabama.

To one knowing the negro character it is sufficient to leave to the imagination the quality of thought and desire generated in their minds by this teaching. It is also needless to add that the whites were not slow to protect their women from insult and outrage.

Out of this soil blossomed the "Invisible Empire," better known to history as the Ku-Klux Klan. To Gen. George W. Gordon, of Tennessee, I think, is due the credit for the conception of the plan and its preparation. The organization was perfected at a secret meeting at Nashville, and Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest was made head of the Klan. No roll of membership or other records were kept. The members were known only to each other, and its personnel comprised the best of the manhood in the communities where they operated. Only those were admitted whose courage had been thoroughly tried and whose integrity was well known—the best among the old Confederate veterans. Could I say more? Gen. W. J. Hardee, who attained great distinction as a Confederate officer, was commander of the Department of Alabama.

Their methods were simple and direct. The offender was visited by a committee of a few determined men, well disguised, who warned him of what he must or must not do and thoroughly impressed him with the danger of disregarding such warning. They resorted to violence seldom and only when it was thought to be the only effective means to results. The superstitious fears of the negroes were played upon through many ingenious devices. Their operations were limited to the rural districts, and their activities were greatest where the negro population was most congested. They sometimes appeared unexpectedly on horseback, garbed in their ghostly robes and moving in solemn and stately procession in localities where they would be sure to be seen and talked about. Their marches were so conducted as to greatly magnify their numbers in the estimate of those who saw them. Indeed, I do not think their numbers were ever so great as was believed. It has been stated that their number reached over half a million, which is undoubtedly a great exaggeration.

So discreet and circumspect were their movements that I do not think any of them were ever convicted of crime, notwithstanding the terrible statutory anathemas hurled at them and the zeal of the officials who sought vengeance upon them. It was after their disbandment that others, adopting their name and posing as such, did many lawless acts which were credited to the original Klan. Some of these fell into the hands of the law and suffered.

In the time allotted I can only touch on the salient points of the subject, omitting all attempt to describe the organization in detail or to give facts as to any particular events or instances dealt with. I have desired and attempted to state succinctly the conditions and causes which led to the formation of the Klan. It was a desperate situation, which demanded desperate action, and it was dealt with courageously by the fearless men whom it confronted.

WITH THE REAR GUARD.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The weather was severe as we marched and fought our way back from our Tennessee homes to the river, which we had crossed so blithely only a month before on our way to those homes. The men were totally unprepared for such weather. I have described my uniform, and the rest were uniformed in rags that gave free access "to all the winds that blew." Many were without shoes or blankets. At Columbia when the beeves were slaughtered many barefooted men went to the pens and got the hides, which they cut up and wrapped about their bruised and bleeding feet, fastening at the ankle. With many of us the worn-out shoes did not keep our feet from contact with the icy slush or frozen ridges of the road. I had read of the American soldiers of the Revolution at Valley Forge marking the frozen ground with their bloody tracks, and I thought it an exaggeration. But many of us in that rear guard left crimson footprints on the roads of Tennessee. To this day every winter my frostbitten feet and ears remind me of that trying march. Yet amid all the hardships and suffering there was no flinching nor shirking. Somehow whenever the Yankees made an attack they always found those ragged regiments in line ready to fight. I have a distinct memory of an attempt to sleep one night. It was after midnight when we went into bivouac. A companion and I found a deserted tool wagon standing by the roadside. As it was covered, we crawled in. The effort to arrange picks and shovels so as to make a comfortable bed was not a success. But we were so tired that we managed to get some sleep. When I waked it was with the consciousness of the point of a pick in the small of my back, and the blade of a shovel turned partly crossways was wedged against my side under my armpit. We voted that after that experience we would put up with plain lodgings.

At Pulaski we cooked rations for three days. The muster rolls had not been revised since our great losses at Franklin and Nashville, and I think that the rations must have been issued on the basis of a far larger number of men than we actually had. Anyway, the supply of bread and meat was far more than a three days' supply for our numbers then on duty. I am confident there was enough for a hundred men. It was spread on a tarpaulin, and it made a big pile. It was Christmas Eve, and we had just finished eating our supper, and we felt in a generous mood. As we were about to fill our haversacks a batch of Yankee prisoners under a guard was halted opposite our fires. There were two hundred, I was told. They had been captured the day before, had been thirty-six hours without anything to eat, and their guard had not had any rations since the early morning, at least twelve hours. They were all very hungry; and as they looked ravenously at our big pile of "grub" and asked if we couldn't spare them some of it, my heart was touched by their pitiful plight. I knew that they were being hurried South and would not get rations for some time, and I thought that as we would be among our own people we would not suffer, but could get supplies as we went through the country. "Boys, these Yanks are mighty hungry, and they can't get anything until they cross the river to-morrow or maybe the next day. We will be among our own folks, and they will furnish us what we need. What do you say to giving these fellows our rations?" The reply was readily given: "All right, Parson, if you say so." We told the guard and the prisoners to help themselves. They cleaned up that pile to the last crumb. But we had reckoned without our host. A very few of our

boys had put some of the pile into their haversacks, but the rest of us did not get a bite to eat until we crossed the Tennessee River, nearly seventy-two hours afterwards.

I remember that General Buford, with his staff, rode by a little while later. He had been wounded in a skirmish during the retreat, probably in the one in which these Yankees were captured. His head was tied up. He was a big man on a big horse. He looked as big as the proverbial "skinned elephant." He was in a bad humor, even profane temper. He was told what we had done. His remarks on our generosity were not complimentary. Indeed, he called us a pack of infernal idiots, strengthening the term with "cuss words."

The next day, which was Christmas, witnessed quite a sharp little engagement, which resulted in exalting me from a foot soldier to a mounted officer. We were on the march from Pulaski quite early, and the enemy was right after us. My memory is that we set fire to the bridge at the town, but they were so close on us that we could not finish the work of destruction. But I am not certain of this. When we reached Anthony's Hill, a few miles south of Pulaski, General Forrest had a trap set for our pursuers. It was a point where they were forced to attack us in front or had to make a considerable flank movement to get in our rear. Confident in their numbers and maybe thinking we were demoralized, they made the attack. Our men were largely hidden from the attacking force. The Yankees were surprised instead of surprising us. They were repulsed with rather heavy loss, and they were driven on back some distance. We captured several prisoners and one piece of artillery. I don't know what part of our forces were the captors of the gun; but Milt Voorhies, of the 48th, son of its colonel, jumped astraddle of it and crowed.

It was here that I became temporarily a mounted man. I have mentioned that a year or more before this the boys offered to give me a horse, saddle, and bridle, which I declined. I was bound to accept my mount. My brother, a sergeant in the 28th Mississippi Cavalry, captured in this fight a magnificent black horse and his rider, with a full cavalry equipment. He at once mounted his new steed and gave me the animal which he had ridden for some weeks. It was a mule, not large, but powerful, and answering to the name "Isaac." He was endowed with the characteristics of a mule that did not join the army of his own free will, but was conscripted. Isaac in no particular resembled the war horse that Job described, except the lifting up of his voice, but that was not at the smell of the battle afar, but at the smell of the hay near by.

I had not ridden far before my pity was stirred by the limping of some of our men who were worse off than I. So I had some one of the poor fellows on Isaac all the time, and my only sight of him would be at night when we went into bivouac. Then he was brought to me to be fed. As there was no issue of forage, I had to spend an hour or two in breaking off twigs and pulling grass for Isaac's lunch. One of his tricks was to feign lameness. Every morning when we started on the march Isaac would come hobbling along dragging his hind leg or with his forefeet hardly touching the ground and the leg very stiff. My brother knew Isaac's deceiving ways, and he told me to use a lath or board that would make a loud noise and give him a few licks which would cure him. I tried it with fine effect. He came to the front the most woebegone-looking donkey I ever saw. His legs seemed all out of joint and sprawling along each for itself. I gave him half a dozen sounding whacks with a board, and those limbs sprang into place and got together,

and Isaac stood at attention as spry as a jaybird and had no return of his malady until next morning. He seemed not to mind the pain, but to be affected by the sound of the board applied to his rear.

After crossing the Tennessee River I sold Isaac to our assistant surgeon, Dr. Richard Napier, whose horse had been killed in one of four skirmishes. I got \$750 Confederate currency for him.

Our last stand was at Sugar Creek, where the enemy again got into a trap and was severely repulsed. It was late at night when we got into bivouac across the creek. Going about half a mile, the artillery and cavalry "put up" in the road. The infantry went on to a little hill rising to one side of the road. Ross's Cavalry was left at the ford of the creek to hold the enemy in check. The road was muddy, the night was dark, the men were very tired, and there was not much order in the selection of places to stop; and this was the disposition of our forces as near as I can remember it. When day came there was a dense fog over all the scene. Only the tops of the hills were visible. I don't know what time in the morning the fog began to lift, and we heard firing at the ford of the creek, showing that the Federal forces had caught up with us. It was then that I heard one of General Forrest's characteristic battle orders. I was standing not very far from him, but not near enough to hear his exact words; but they were repeated to me the next moment by an officer, who said he gave me the command just as it was given. I wrote them down in a little notebook which I have lost. General Forrest was sitting on his horse, scanning the surroundings as if he were trying to get the "lay of the land," while sending members of his staff in various directions. This was the order: "Tell Walthall to come down from the hill and form his line so that the end of it will reach this road. Tell Morton to take his guns up that hill and put them so that they will swipe down this road. Tell Jackson to go back to the creek and begin fighting them fellows like the very devil." These were orders easily understood, and we carried them out to the letter. Jackson's Cavalry went to the creek and began fighting until the other dispositions were made up, when the cavalry fell back rather rapidly. The Yankees came after them confidently, cheering, until they came to the line of infantry concealed by the fog. Walthall's men fired a volley right in their faces. They turned to run and were pursued by the musketry fire, when the artillery with grape and canister "swiped" them down. I don't know how heavy were their losses, but they did not pursue us any farther.

I think it was the morning of December 27 that we crossed the Tennessee River. I was among the last that crossed, and on the other side, in the bottom between the river and the hills, I saw several dead horses and mules and one fine jack. I was told that some of these were killed because they were badly hurt in trying to pull the wagons through the bottom, and some of them had been taken by our footsore men to ride as far as the river, when they were turned loose and got mired in the deep mud of the bottom.

When we got to the high ground beyond the river we received three days' rations. I had not had a bite since Christmas Eve, for little we had in our haversacks after giving to the Yankees seventy-two hours before. I fondly remember my big piece of beef, well cooked. I sat down and ate every particle of it, and, like *Oliver Twist*, I wanted more. I have never since enjoyed a meal like that. I had the sauce of large hunger.

The experience I had in this rear guard impressed me

with General Forrest as a leader and with the character of the men in our army. As I had the privilege of marching at will, I made it a point to keep as near as I could to the General. He seemed to see everything that was going on. His eyes took in the country in all its features as we went along. He was ready for anything that came up, from the breaking down of a wagon to an attack of the Yankees. His orders were clear and to the point. He was more effective than a provost guard to prevent straggling. He seemed to know what the enemy would do and was always ready for it. By a kind of instinct he knew the advantages or the defects of every position and just how long to hold and when to abandon it. He had confidence in himself and the power of instilling confidence in the men. Like Roderick Dhu, "One blast upon his bugle horn was worth a thousand men." Every time we were threatened or attacked he knew exactly what to do, and he had all his resources at command for immediate action. It did not require a military man to see that here was a born general.

I was also proud of the splendid loyalty and courage of the men. I suppose that most of them felt that our cause was lost and our struggle hopeless. So far as I knew, I was the only chaplain with the infantry, and the men came to me for sympathy and advice. The large portion of them were from Tennessee. Out of the eight skeleton brigades, four, if not five, were Tennessee brigades. We were leaving our homes, which we had not seen for three years. Every night when we went into bivouac men would come to me and say in substance: "Parson, it's plain that the war is over; we are defeated. We have stuck it out faithfully as long as there was hope. It will do no good to risk our lives any longer. Now we are leaving home and family, that we have not seen for years. Do you think it would be wrong for us to go home? And then when we have cared for our families we will come back if the war continues." My reply in every case was to this effect: "Boys, there is only one thing for us to do: die rather than quit. Think of the honor they have put upon us. Though we are Tennesseans, leaving our own State, we are trusted to save this army. They have confidence in our courage and in our faithfulness. We just can't afford to betray that confidence. Forrest, Jackson, Armstrong are Tennesseans, so are Palmer and Field commanding two of our divisions, and they would be dishonored by our desertion." Let me add with thanks that I did not know of a single desertion from that little band, that forlorn hope.

Leaving Bainbridge, Ala., where we crossed the river, we went to Tupelo, Miss., where General Hood was relieved of the command and Gen. Richard Taylor was put in command of the army. He was a son of Gen. Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." He was also a brother-in-law of President Davis. He wrote after the war a very interesting book, "Destruction and Reconstruction." It was a constant question with us: "What next? Where will we be sent now?" I heard many wishes for "Old Joe," and as a fact pretty soon the remnant of the army was transferred to the East to be under General Johnston, opposing Sherman again.

When we reached Iuka, Miss., in our westward march, I heard that a brother minister and former classmate of mine was there in the hotel. Before the war Iuka Springs had been a noted health resort, and the hotel was a large building, to accommodate many guests. It was occupied now by refugees, soldiers' families, officers, etc.

My friend was Rev. H. B. Boude, of Gallatin, Tenn., where he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church. He raised a

company of cavalry, was elected captain, and joined Gen. John Morgan's command. On one of Morgan's expeditions his leg was broken, and he was disabled for field service. He then took service as chaplain of a post. He had his wife and baby daughter with him, and they occupied two rooms in the hotel. I inquired for his rooms, knocked at the door, and was bidden "Come in." It was nearly nine o'clock at night. Captain Boude and his wife were seated before a small fire of pine wood; a tallow candle stuck in a bottle was making the darkness visible as it shone on a table between them. The baby was asleep on a cot. The furniture was exceedingly plain and exceedingly scant.

As I stepped into the room my appearance was certainly disreputable to a degree. I have described my garb—brown jeans hat, ragged jacket, checked shirt open at the neck, trousers in fringes from the knees down to my feet, which were incased in footless socks and almost soleless shoes. In addition, my hair hung in a tangle to my shoulders, my beard covered my face to my eyes and came down on my breast, and hair and beard were liberally mixed with mud, for I had to wash my face in puddles of muddy water by the way. My eyes were bleared and red. My complexion was dark mulatto. All these things certainly justified suspicion as to my character and purpose. Boude, who was a large, handsome man, sprang up and came to me with a threatening gesture, saying: "What do you want here? Don't you know this is a private room?" Taken by surprise, I stammered out: "Why, Boude, don't you know me?" And I mentioned the name by which he often called me, "Jeames." He threw his arms around me and came near squeezing the breath out of me. Then he called his wife: "Nell, it's Jeames; come and look at him." Then, with tears and laughter, he took the bottled candle in his hand and walked around and around me, surveying me from head to foot. Such peals of genuine laughter rang through those rooms that it startled every one in hearing. The baby waked and looked on in wide-eyed wonder. Then from neighboring rooms came others to see and share the fun. It was late before we got through our chat and were ready to sleep. Boude and his wife took the baby in bed with them. The cot was moved into the next room for me, and there I slept in a room for the first time in many months.

I will give a little incident to show the straits to which our people were reduced to get the necessities of life and how little was the value of Confederate money. The next morning after meeting Captain Boude I saw that he and his wife were very much worried about something. So I asked him to walk out with me where we would talk confidentially. I there asked him to tell me frankly what it was that was troubling them and to let me know how I could help him. He said it was something that I could not help. They had that morning for breakfast used up the last of their rations, and he had not a cent of money except some gold which they had been keeping for an emergency, requiring something more valuable than Confederate money. He had taken a twenty-dollar gold piece and was going to sell it for Confederate money, which would still buy something to eat. He said he was afraid he would have to exhaust all of his little stock of gold before he got through his troubles. Now, it happened that I was in fine condition financially in spite of my rags. While our army lay around Nashville I had tried to get home and failed, as I have told in these sketches. But when we got to Columbia my father sent me, by one of the boys who came to us on our return, \$10,000 in Confederate money, which he had taken for debt. It was of no value to

him in Tennessee, but he thought I might use it in the South. A friend also sent me \$3,000 in Confederate money. I also had \$5 greenback United States currency sent to me by a friend as I passed through Pulaski to be used in prison, for he was sure we would all be captured. I at once furnished Boude all he needed. I don't remember now how much. He would not touch my greenback. He said: "The war is over, and you will need it to get home on." The world has no grander men than Captain Boude.

The march to Tupelo from Iuka was without incident. We passed through a region that had been devastated by the vandalism that fought women and children with the torch of the incendiary, in addition to fighting men with negroes and foreigners.

At Tupelo my eyes had become so dim that I was threatened with permanent blindness unless I could get regular treatment away from camp. So the surgeon got a furlough for me to go to Mobile for special treatment. This ended my connection with the army in the field. The few remaining weeks of the war were spent in post duty.

ECTOR'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

BY R. TODHUNTER, A. A. GENERAL, LEXINGTON, MO.

The battle of Allatoona, Ga., was fought on the 5th of October, 1864, by S. G. French's Division, composed of C. W. Sears's Mississippi Brigade, F. M. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, and Ector's Texas Brigade, all of the Army of Tennessee. This was the most terrible and sanguinary battle ever fought by any division of the Army of Tennessee up to that time.

The Confederates numbered less than twenty-eight hundred effectives. The fort of Allatoona was defended by General Corse (Federal) with about an equal number of men behind the most formidable breastworks protected by every modern impediment known to scientific engineering. This battle was of about three hours' duration and consisted of repeated charges on the Federal works. The Federals were stationed in contiguous forts—namely: Fort R, on the left, commanded by General Rouett, with Illinois and Iowa troops; Fort C, or Star Fort, in the center, commanded by General Corse in person; and Fort T, on the right, commanded by Colonel Tourtelotte, with Iowa, Michigan, and Illinois troops. To charge those gallant Federals behind such splendid fortifications of almost impassable abatis of felled trees and up a rugged mountain was a frightful undertaking.

The Confederates succeeded in capturing Fort R and all its redoubts with a fearful loss to both sides, fighting hand to hand with bayonets and guns clubbed. It was simply horrible. The trenches in this captured fort were filled with dead and wounded Federals. Just as the fort was captured, having expended what ammunition we had, and before we could get supplies from our ordnance train, some distance in the rear, we were ordered to withdraw, as Sherman, with a large army, was near at hand, advancing with troops to the rescue of Corse, which would have cut French's Division off from Hood's army stationed near New Hope Church.

The brigade officers at the time censured General French for not awaiting the arrival of the ammunition in order that they might take Fort C, or Star Fort, as the Federals were crying, "Cease firing!" "Surrender!" etc. Sherman's proximity proved General French's withdrawal correct. The losses to the Texas Brigade up to this time were: Gen. W. H. Young, who was promoted to the command of this brigade

after General Ector, on the 27th day of July at Atlanta had his leg shattered by a shell, which necessitated amputation between the hip and the knee; Col. J. L. Camp, of the 14th Texas, one of the best colonels in the army; also two majors, Purdy and McReynolds, seven captains, eleven lieutenants, and two hundred and ninety men from nine hundred of the best soldiers on earth. The loss of General Cockrell's Missouri Brigade was equally as heavy. He lost some of his best officers and men. General Sears's Mississippi troops shared also a heavy loss. Out of twenty-eight hundred soldiers, French lost eight hundred and ninety-nine killed and wounded.

It is seldom that a well-fortified fort is ever taken. During our four years' fighting I cannot now recall a single fort being taken, if properly manned, either by Federals or Confederates. For instance, Atlanta, Vicksburg, Kennesaw Mountain, Franklin, and others. Allatoona was far better fortified than any of those mentioned. It is estimated that one man behind the works is equivalent to five in front charging. And yet to show the desperation of this battle the forces on both sides were nearly equal. Having lost all my official papers at Spanish Fort, opposite Mobile, in April, 1865, I write the account of this battle of over fifty-three years of age from memory alone and hope any discrepancies may be overlooked.

I served with Ector's Texas Brigade from the battle of Richmond, Ky., in 1862, to the end of the war and was in every battle and skirmish with it in the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi. For fighting qualities this Texas Brigade was excelled by no brigade in either army, if equaled by any. This statement can be verified by members of any brigade which served side by side with us during the war. The regiments composing this brigade entered the army with eight thousand three hundred soldiers and surrendered at Meridian, Miss., on the 10th day of May, 1865, with only five hundred and forty soldiers in the aggregate and not a dozen unwounded men in the brigade. I bear four slight wounds myself, but know of many others of the brigade much worse.

The Western and Atlantic Railroad (Chattanooga to Atlanta) has a splendid picture of this battle showing the hand-to-hand fighting over the works. In "The Birth of a Nation" a facsimile of this battle charge is thoroughly pictured out. Sherman, who was near at hand with his large army, advancing to the rescue of Corse, sent him repeated signals, such as "Hold the fort; I am coming;" "Near you;" "Sherman working hard for you;" "Sherman moving in force;" "Sherman says, 'Hold the fort; we are coming.'" P. P. Bliss, the great evangelist, the first Sunday after the battle had this song, "Hold the Fort," sung in his tabernacle at Chicago. It was caught by a thousand voices, and from that day to this it has been a standard gospel lyric:

"Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky;
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
By thy grace we will."

The Federals reported a heavy loss of officers and men, nearly equal to ours, in this battle. The Federal officers recklessly exposed themselves in order to encourage their men to fire over the works at us, as many were crying, "Surrender!"

"Cease firing!" General Corse, their commander in chief, stationed in the center fort, was badly wounded; also his other fort commanders, General Rouett and Colonel Tourtelotte, were severely wounded. Encouraged, as they were, by General Sherman's repeated signals to hold out, they fought with desperation. This battle should not have been fought. It was a useless expenditure of life of the best soldiers on earth. Confederates were misinformed as to the strength of the Federals, as General Corse's command from Rome, Ga., arrived in the night preceding the battle.

[Captain Todhunter says it is quite likely he is the only Confederate A. A. general commissioned by the President living to-day. Statistics show that seven-elevenths of the brigade A. A. generals were killed or wounded during the war.]

SEMMES'S SWORD.

"'Shame!' cried Amyas, hurling his sword into the sea. 'To lose my right—my right, when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!'"—*Amyas Leigh, Kingsley.*

Into the sea he hurled it,
Into the weltering sea,
The sword that had led so often
The onset of the free,
And, like a meteor cleaving
Its pathway through the watery way,
Went down the gory falchion
To lie in the depths for aye.

Go, sword! No hand of foeman
Shall grasp thy peerless blade;
On thy path of fire I follow
With a spirit undismayed.
Even in the hour of anguish,
With my gallant ship a wreck,
'Tis comfort that no captor
Shall ever tread her deck.

'Tis comfort that in freedom
I draw my latest breath,
And that with thee, my brethren,
I drink the cup of death;
We have roved the sea together,
We have proved our country's might,
And we leave to the God of battles
The rescuing of the right.

The noble Alabama
Was sinking as he stood,
Her cross and stars still flying,
Her bulwarks stained with blood.
Down with her band of martyrs
She settled to her doom,
While the coward cannon thundered
Above her living tomb.

But as a desert courser
Bears his master from the fray,
So the billows bore their hero
On their foaming crest that day;
Forth plunged the gallant deerhound
To snatch him from the wave,
For the hand that ruled the tempest
Was stretched above the brave.

[Author unknown; copied from an old scrapbook.]

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES.

[The following article is taken from the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky. The author, Dr. Vander Meulen, now pastor of a Church in Chicago, a Northern man, was for several years pastor of the Second Presbyterian (Southern) Church in Louisville, Ky.]

I. THE BLESSING OF SLAVERY.

We would like to discuss the problem of the negro under three propositions. The first is "The Blessing of Slavery." We are so accustomed to comparing the negro in slavery with the white race or with the negro as he might be ideally that we are apt to forget the one comparison—that is, the most pertinent and applicable and logical one—the negro in slavery here with what he would have been if he had been left in the African jungle from which he was taken.

There he lived often not only in a far worse form of slavery because it was slavery to a cruel and ignorant African chief of the same or of a different tribe, but there he lived in polygamy and immorality, in the fear of superstition and witchcraft, and in the misery of perpetual want. One has but to read the missionary accounts of him to realize in what a chapter of horrors his life was bound.

It was from all this horror that the negro, though he was brought even in chains to America, escaped. It must never be forgotten, from the standpoint of his own interests, that his slavery here in America must be evaluated against the background of the terrible jungle of Africa. From that they came to this Christian land. Every plantation, as Booker T. Washington reminds us, became for them an industrial school. "On these plantations there were scores of young negro men and women who were constantly being trained, not alone as common farmers, but as blacksmiths, carpenters, wheelwrights, plasterers, brick masons, engineers, bridge builders, cooks, dressmakers, housekeepers, etc." No doubt some of them suffered at the hands of brutal overseers, but with the majority of them it was not so. They were worked, but not overworked. They were properly fed and housed and clothed according to the ability of their owner. They were ministered to when sick and provided for when old. Saturday afternoon, Christmas week, and the Fourth of July were celebrated as holidays. Sunday was a day of rest, and "unless the master was actively opposed to Christianity, which was rare, regular religious services were conducted in a house which he had built for the purpose or in a barn or ginhouse cleaned for the occasion, the preacher being either a white 'missionary' or one of their own race, sometimes the master or the mistress."

And speaking of the Southern mistress, no one can overestimate the work she did for the uplift of these men and women who had come from the wilds of Africa. To quote the words of Mary Helm: "Besides being a notable housekeeper and a devoted mother of many children, she was often a combination of a 'head resident in a settlement,' a 'health officer,' a 'superintendent of nurses,' a 'director of industries,' a 'confidential adviser and umpire' of family and neighbor difficulties, with many minor duties. She looked after the sanitary condition of the 'cabin' and the personal habits of its occupants and required cleanliness. She visited the sick constantly and often administered the medicine and prepared the food with her own hands. She looked after the babies and instructed the mother in their care. She comforted the sorrowing, rejoiced with the happy, and, if she herself were a Christian, pointed the dying to Christ. She or her daugh-

ters were often the Sunday school teachers of the children and read the Bible to the old and sick in their cabins."

This is, of course, slavery at its best. But it has so often been pictured at its worst that it is necessary to remember it also at its best, for its best was very much nearer the average than its worst.

And the point to be remembered is that, while it was slavery, it must be held constantly, so far as the interests of the negro is concerned, against the picture of that background of the African jungle. It was a tremendous task that fell upon the South, the evangelization of these repeated relays of heathen and savages from the wilds of the Dark Continent. But the task was so accomplished that when the war was ended which gave this black folk their freedom there were four millions of them who had not only learned something of the arts and manners of civilization, but who had acquired at least the rudiments of the knowledge of the Christian life.

II. THE SHADOWS OF FREEDOM.

If emancipation had come about, as with wiser statesmanship and more mutual forbearance it might have done peaceably, the negro in this country would be far ahead of where he is to-day. Ultimately, we are convinced, that would have been accomplished.

As early as the very foundation of this republic Thomas Jefferson was in favor of it. He wrote an article protesting against the slave trade in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence. He struck it out, he afterwards explained, "in compliance to South Carolina and Georgia. Our Northern brethren also," he added, "felt a little tender under the censure. For, though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others." In 1784 he proposed an ordinance prohibiting slavery in all the Western country above the parallel of thirty-one degrees north latitude. "This proposed interdiction applied to what afterwards became the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as well as to the Northwestern territory." It was lost by one vote. "The voice of a single individual," Jefferson wrote in sorrow, "would have prevented this abominable crime."

Washington, Madison, and other Southern statesmen were also earnest advocates of the abolition of slavery and urged it again and again. When the war broke out in 1861 only about one-fourth of the Southern men owned any slaves at all, and one-fifth of that one-fourth owned only one slave, and more than half of all the slaveholders owned less than five.

In the North emancipation had been peacefully accomplished, mostly because it did not pay financially. In the South too it was destined to be achieved in the progress of events. As it was, at the time the Civil War broke out there were many thousands of colored men in the South who had already been freed by their Southern masters.

Now, as I said before, if emancipation had come about in that way, as with wiser statesmanship and more mutual forbearance and faith it would have come about, the negro in this country would be far ahead of where he is to-day. The Southern white man, having voluntarily ceased to be his master, would have continued to feel himself the guardian, and he would have continued to train this man from the point to which he had already brought him up to the point where he was capable of assuming the responsibility of citizenship. And the negro would have continued to look upon the Southern white man as his best friend and counselor in politics, in industry, in religion, in every way.

The wholesale way in which emancipation was finally brought about, with the consummate blunder on top of that of a wholesale enfranchisement and on top of that the crime of what by a woeful misuse of the term was called "Reconstruction," has not worked out eventually one-tenth of the harm to the white man that it has to the negro himself, who was supposed to be the beneficiary of all this. It separated him from his natural tutor and counselor; it put into his child's brain wrong notions which all the years, since have not been sufficient to counteract and correct. And it took away from the Southerner by his impoverishment the ability to help and I think also something of that feeling of responsibility for this folk which he had always felt and which he would then still have continued to feel.

It was a dreadful burden which the North left the Southerner after the war to return to his ruined home, his devastated fortunes not only, but to an entirely changed industrial system, since the man who had been his slave was now free. But in the end the heaviest handicap fell upon the unprepared negro himself. He was turned loose an orphan now in a civilization that he had never yet been able to understand and which now in its utterly changed condition confused and deluded him altogether.

III. THE PROBLEM TO-DAY.

And now we are face to face with the third stage in the remarkable history and problem of this people. There are several factors in this problem that at last seem to be plain.

1. The first is that this is a Southern problem. It is not only true that nine-tenths of the negro population is in the South, but the South is the only place in which the negro does well. It is the only place where he has a chance industrially. The race prejudice against the negro in the North is worse than the race prejudice against him in the South. In the North it has gone so far as to deny him an opportunity industrially. The labor unions have discriminated against him there and stand in the way of his advancement.

On the other hand, to quote the words of Edgar Gardiner Murphy: "The South has sometimes abridged the negro's right to vote, but the South has not yet abridged his right in any direction of human interest or of honest effort to earn his daily bread. * * * This lies at the very basis of life and integrity, whether individual or social."

Speaking as a man who has been brought up in the North, I dare say the Southern man is the only man who at all understands the negro and the only man who deep down in his heart, despite all that has happened to bring about an estrangement between the two races, still cares for him and loves him.

God in his providence has put the negro man here, and he has given the problem of this race and its salvation not into the hands of the whole nation, but distinctively and par excellence into the hands of the Southern man. The responsibility and the credit of solving this problem and elevating this race, if the problem shall be solved and this race saved, does belong and will belong to the South. That is the first factor.

2. And the second one is that this problem is not only a problem for the Southern man, but it is a tremendous problem. There is no bigger problem that confronts our country to-day than just this one. Just think of it! Writing some fifteen years ago, Booker T. Washington could say: "The negro population within the United States is nearly twice as large as the population of the Dominion of Canada. It is equal to the combined population of Switzerland, Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba, Uruguay, Santo Domingo, Para-

guay, and Costa Rica." What people have ever been given a Christian job and trust like that which God has committed to the Christian people of the South? The welfare of the South depends upon it, but much more the very salvation of this race depends upon it; it is they who have the most to lose. And that most is nothing short of their souls.

3. A unique problem. By unique we mean that this is not the general problem of humanity or the problem of the ignorant white man, but the problem of the negro man.

We must not forget, first of all, the heredity that still courses fresh through his veins; how only a few generations ago he was a wild savage, an immoral bushman in the darkest of all heathendom.

There is another consideration also that entitles him to our forbearance. It is that he has been the victim rather than the cause of his own circumstances. He is here, first of all, not because he has thrust himself upon us, but because others, white men both North and South, have compelled him to be brought here. Even the Civil War was not brought about by him, but over him; nor did he put himself in the false position which a too hasty enfranchisement and an absurd Reconstruction policy wrought for him.

Nor can we ever expect him to be a white man. God has meant him to be a negro, with the peculiar traits, the peculiar weaknesses, but also the peculiar virtues and the peculiar possibilities of his own race.

It is a remarkable providence which has placed these two races, so markedly separate and different, side by side in the same land to work out their separate and yet interdependent destiny. And it is largely put by that same providence in the hand of the stronger race to say what the peculiar destiny of his weaker brother shall be.

4. The ultimate outcome. Just what that is to be who can say? But there are two lines of destiny which are already obvious.

(1) The first is the training of the negro man's own brain and hand to furnish himself the material basis of life. This is at the foundation of all civilized and higher life. Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes are the beginnings.

(2) The second obvious line is the redemption of the negro's heart to the pure gospel. I do not know when I have been more thrilled than in reading the account of what was done by the South during the years of slavery for the conversion of the negro. This uncompleted task is the heritage which the Southern white man has received from his Christian fathers. This is the peculiar task which God has given to him. The machinations of evil politicians in the past or in the future must not be permitted to sever among the sons of the South the ancient friendship and trust which existed between the Christian negro and his Christian master. The one thing that can restore and keep that is the gospel of Christ.

INEQUALITY OF RACES.

Equality does not exist between blacks and white. The one race is inferior in many respects, physically and mentally, to the other. This should be received as a fixed, invincible fact in all dealings with the subject.—*Alexander Stephens, Vice President C. S. A.*

I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and the black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality.—*Abraham Lincoln, President U. S. A.*

SCOUTING WITH WHEELER.

BY ED KENNEDY, CENTERVILLE, ALA.

On the 6th of March, 1865, General Wheeler ordered Capt. A. M. Shannon, commanding Wheeler's special scouts, to take his men across the Peedee River, in North Carolina, do a certain work, and report as soon as possible thereafter.

Reaching the river that afternoon, it was found to be much swollen by the late rains, and the ferry flat was missing. Moving on up the river in quest of some kind of water craft that would enable them to cross over, they at last found an old flat partially concealed under the river bluff. They moved this to a point where they could embark; then, using a part of the flooring plank for paddles, they made quite an exciting voyage across the swift current and a safe landing along the timber on the opposite side some distance below the point of embarking. As the day was now far spent, they made but little reconnoissance before going into camp for the night.

Early the next morning they moved out in the direction they knew the Federal forces could be found; and after going something more than a mile, to their great surprise they found General Wheeler, accompanied by two privates, at a house near the roadside. The two privates were Edward H. McKnight, of Company K, 8th Texas Regiment, and James B. Nance, of the 4th Tennessee Regiment. Halting at this house for a few words with General Wheeler, the news came that a squad of Federals was at the next house down the road. As the scouts made a move to go on, General Wheeler said, "We will go with you," and rode on beside Captain Shannon, close behind the advance guard. The Federals were soon found, and a charge made on them resulted in a quick rout, which was rapidly pressed by the scouts. As the chase continued, many Federals at other points along the road joined in the race for safe quarters.

The boys that day seemed to vie with one another so that General Wheeler might see the essential qualifications of a man to be a member of his special scouts. The chase was kept up until the advancing Federal forces were seen across an open field forming a line of battle for their reception, so they hastily retired. A published report of this little encounter stated that the Federal loss was thirty-five in killed and wounded. As this fight went on one of the boys called to General Wheeler to tell him something, and the quick response of the General was: "Don't call me 'General'; I'm Private Johnson with you boys to-day."

Captain Shannon rode a large dapple claybank stallion named Mohawk, and early in this fight a ball passed through the upper part of his neck, and he fell in the road. The Captain quickly transferred his saddle to a Federal horse which had lost its rider, and he continued in the fight. On the scouts' withdrawal they passed back up the road on which they had advanced, and Mohawk was found still lying prostrate in the road just as he fell, his head toward the enemy. As the crowd passed by he appeared to take no notice, and several of the boys bade him good-by. As they moved on up the road at a lively gait for a half or three-quarters of a mile, the rear guard heard the sound of horse's feet rapidly approaching. They halted, expecting to receive a charge by an approaching enemy; but it was only Mohawk coming in haste to take his place at the head of the scouts. Captain Shannon promptly remounted him and rode him till the close of the scouts' service and probably to his home in Texas. As the members of this scout did not want to sur-

render, they disbanded on the 15th of April. The Alabama boys left on the morning of the 16th, and the others probably did the same during the day.

The same day the scouts crossed the river in the flat General Wheeler, with his command, traveled a road some miles lower down and struck the river at a point where the crossing was by fording. The waters being too high, he ordered the command to strike camp and await the falling of the waters.

The route of this ford passed over an island, the greater part of the water passing on the side the troops were on; and General Wheeler, being very anxious to cross so as to get in communication with commanders of other troops, decided to make an effort to cross. A citizen volunteered to pilot the way. As soon as the pilot's horse struck swimming water the swift current swept him downstream, and after reaching shore and getting out on land the pilot decided to stay on it.

General Wheeler then started in alone, when the two men mentioned, Nance and McKnight, quickly joined him. From past experience these men knew the necessity of holding their swimming horses in such a position that the swift-running current would not trip or turn them over; therefore they made a safe landing on the island, and after a short rest they easily reached the opposite bank by deep fording. Night being near, they found quarters at the house by the roadside, where the scouts found them the next morning.

Comrade E. H. McKnight, knowing that both General Wheeler and Nance had answered the last roll and that he alone was left of the men who ventured to swim the river that day, thought of the writer of this communication as perhaps the only one of the scouts living who had taken part in the fight of March 7, 1865. His meditation on the days long passed created a longing to meet that one yet living, and he made the long trip from Harmon County, Okla., to Birmingham, Ala., hoping to meet his comrade at the U. C. V. Reunion in May, 1916. They met, and the gratification of each probably could be better imagined than written. While he too was another of the boys who did not wait for a parole from General Sherman giving him permission to go home, yet he went, and he has proved to be such a citizen as he was a soldier—that is, a good one—and is surrounded by a worthy, loving family, highly regarded and respected by all who know him, and his neighbors are his friends. And now the wish of his comrade friend is that when his life work is ended and the last roll call is answered may the verdict then rendered be as that of March 7, 1865, "He made a good fight"!

STOOD NOT UPON THE ORDER OF GOING.—W. W. Brown, of Humboldt, Tenn., writes of an amusing experience: "Some-time during the war I was stationed with thirty other Confederate soldiers near Eldad Church, two miles east of Trenton. We had conscripted five or six men in that locality when early one evening a courier came in great haste from the North proclaiming that the Yankees were coming in overwhelming numbers. We all fled, and the Yankees burned the church. A young man by the name of Sharp, who had scruples against war, also fled and left a forty-dollar overcoat, which I wore all the rest of the war. Captain Edleman, of the Osborn Hotel, Humboldt, was my captain, under Colonel Rogers, Forrest's command. Any one remembering this incident or anything relating to the man Sharp will please let me hear from him. I am now eighty-five years old."

THE PEACE CONVENTION OF 1861.

[General university prize essay, 1917, by Miss Elizabeth Whitney Putnam, granddaughter, of the late Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, of San Francisco, Cal., President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter No. 540, U. D. C. Miss Putnam secured her degree from Vassar College in 1917 and received the prize of one hundred dollars offered by the U. D. C. to Northern universities for the best essay on the South's part during the War between the States.]

The Peace Convention of February, 1861, although not mentioned in the textbook histories of the United States or the general histories of the Civil War period, has great significance as an expression of the political conditions of that period. It was an attempt of the border States "to afford to the people of the slaveholding States adequate guarantee for the security of their rights," of the Northern States to prevent a permanent secession of the border States, and an attempt of both to prevent a permanent dissolution of the Union. To this end the General Assembly of the State of Virginia adopted resolutions to suggest a convention to the border States and "to all such States, whether slaveholding or nonslaveholding, as are willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed." This convention was to meet on the 4th day of February in Washington. There is hardly any one thing which shows so clearly in condensed form the sentiment not only of the North and the South—the extremes—but of the border States, where extremes, moderates, and compromisers held in turn the upper hand. It is this heterogeneous, unwelded mass of opinion brought together in 1861 that makes the convention, in spite of its accomplishing nothing in the way of making history, so significant a historical event.

To understand the wide variety of political thought in the convention it is necessary to know something about the numerous subjects of controversy found in the conditions of the country. Foremost among these was the secession of South Carolina in December, 1860, and of five other States in January, 1861. Questions of the most vital importance hinged on this. How long would the fast dying Buchanan administration do nothing to hinder secession? Would Buchanan enforce the laws and precipitate the country into war? Which plank of the Republican platform would Lincoln stand on when he came into office, noninterference with domestic institutions of the States or the nonextension of slavery into the territories? What State would be the next to secede? The border States hesitated. Conditions in Washington gave an excellent idea of the restless uncertainty felt throughout the whole country. Large numbers of the Southern women returned to their homes, and social life was swallowed up in the political whirlpool. The spirit of lawlessness was prevalent, and in the uncertainty of the moment fear that Washington might be seized caused General Scott to assemble troops popularly termed "rascally regulars." The reinforcement of Fort Sumter was a constant question in every one's mind. President Buchanan, when approached by Tyler as commissioner from the Virginia Legislature, "with instructions respectfully to request the President of the United States . . . to agree to abstain, pending the procedure contemplated by the actions of the General Assembly, from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between the States and the government of the United States," said he could not offer any pledges, although he would make the Virginia resolutions

the subject of a special message to Congress, with whom lay the power of peace and war, advising that the present conditions be maintained. Thus the matter was left in uncertainty.

The above-mentioned conditions created an immense amount of agitation in the border States, of which Virginia was the most important. The governor of Virginia called a special session of the General Assembly on January 7 to consider how the secession of further States might be prevented and Southern rights secured. Several of the States and many individuals had suggested this idea before. It seems, however, to have come to the Assembly through Roger A. Pryor, a member of the House of Representatives, on his visit to Richmond January 16. Unless the question of slavery was settled, he felt that separation was inevitable. Such a settlement could be best effected by the Crittenden Compromise as amended by Douglas, a member of the Virginia Legislature, and commissioners should be appointed to each State in the Union, and appeal should be made to the Federal government and to the seceding States to preserve the existing status, pending mediation. John Tyler, elected a member of the Virginia State Convention, advocated a border State convention to preserve, if possible, the Union. It was felt that in getting together and formulating their common demands the border States would gain strength and in case of failure could join the Gulf States. With the view to gaining their constitutional rights—equality in the government and in the territories and security, protection, and extension of rights for Southern property in slaves—Virginia, the leading border State, passed a series of resolutions on January 19, 1861. She extended an invitation not only to border States, but to all States in the Union, appointed five commissioners to the convention, sent Tyler as commissioner to the President of the United States and Judge Robertson to the seceding States to prevent immediate hostilities. The resolutions indicated that any amendment to the Constitution drawn up by the conference should be communicated to Congress and that Congress should then recommend this to the several States for ratification. This basis for settlement was to be the Crittenden Resolutions, "so modified as that the first article, proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, should apply to all the territories of the United States now held or hereafter acquired south of the latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes and provided that slavery of the African race should be effectually protected as property therein during the continuance of the territorial government" and securing "to the owners of slaves the right of transit with their slaves between and through the nonslaveholding States and territories."

The vast difference in enthusiasm with which the Southern and Northern States responded to Virginia's appeal is shown by the South in their reception of Judge Robertson and by the Northern and border States in the passage of resolutions appointing members to attend the Peace Convention. In South Carolina Robertson's reception was distinctly cool, the Legislature to whom he addressed himself professing indifference to the Constitution of the United States, as it considered separation final. The other Southern States which he visited gave him a more cordial reception, the Georgia convention agreeing to abstain from hostilities, and the governors of Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi expressing a wish not to cause bloodshed. In the North response was made with enthusiasm in the border States, with coolness in the more moderate Republican States, and with antagonism in Michigan. Four of the States—New Jersey, Virginia, Ten-

nessee, and Kentucky—favored the Crittenden Compromise; while four or more others—New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois—took an unyielding tone. In the words of the New York Resolutions, "it is not to be understood that this Legislature approves of the propositions submitted by the General Assembly of that State [Virginia], but will not reject an invitation to a conference which, by bringing together the men of both sections, holds out the possibility of an honorable settlement of our national difficulties and the restoration of peace and harmony to the country." The most moderate resolutions passed by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Delaware spoke of the need of considering the general welfare of the country and the restoration of harmony in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed. Ohio and Indiana wanted to avoid the issue by delay. Missouri asked for the equal rights of slave and free States. Five States were definitely responsible to their legislatures and conventions, and almost all the others were obliged to render careful reports, which caused the action of the conference to be extremely partisan. The character of the body hardly made it of sufficient importance to warrant such careful supervision. As voting also took place by States, divisions and distinctions sprang up and made a possible compromise very improbable.

Before discussing the debates of the Peace Convention a consideration of the Crittenden Resolutions is essential, not only because they were the basis of the amendment drawn up in the convention, but because they had considerable influence on all attempted settlements and compromises of the time. Their frequent discussion crystallized opposition and enthusiasm. Favorable sentiment in the North and the South reckoned them to be the one condition of returning to or staying in the Union. By those opposed they were considered in the South to be an insufficient guarantee of rights; in the North, as a one-sided compromise, a betrayal of the Republican victory at the late election. They were introduced into the Senate on December 18, 1860, by John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. But there seemed little or no hope for their passage through Congress. However, this did not discourage Crittenden, and he kept pressing the matter with vigor and insistence up to the very last minute. The purpose of these articles was to settle by constitutional amendment the "serious and alarming discussions which have arisen between the Northern and the Southern States concerning the rights and security of the rights of the slaveholding States, and especially their rights in the common territory of the United States."

The first article concerned the division of territory "now held or hereafter acquired." It stated that north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes slavery was prohibited and that south of that line "slavery of the African race was recognized as existing" and protected by the territorial governments. A State admitted from this territory was to be "admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without slavery, as the constitution of such new States may provide." This was by far the most important article of the whole proposition and that which raised the greatest amount of feeling on both sides.

The next three articles are none the less significant, for they all place a limitation on the power of the Federal government. The second prohibits Congress from abolishing slavery "in places under its exclusive jurisdiction" within the limit of States permitting the holding of slaves. In the third, more specifically, Congress is prevented from abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia as long as it exists

in Maryland or Virginia, nor ever afterwards without the consent of the inhabitants or compensation to such owners as object. At no time can Congress stop members of Congress from slave States from bringing their slaves to Washington. The fourth article states that Congress shall have no power to prevent the transportation of slaves from one slave State or territory to another slave State or territory.

The fifth article is an amendment to the fugitive slave clause in the Constitution arranging for compensation by the United States to the owners of rescued slaves.

No future amendment of the Constitution, according to the sixth article, can affect the two articles referring to slavery in the Constitution or the articles of this proposition, nor shall any amendment ever be made to the Constitution giving Congress the power to abolish slavery in States. With this bare outline in mind, let us turn our attention to the Convention itself.

The Peace Convention opened with vague hopes of settlement on the part of some, but of great distrust and disbelief on the part of others. But it is worth while to see what such a body of picked men could do in the way of solving the problems besetting the Union, although their ultimate success was so doubtful. One had only to consider the political temper of Congress to see that a two-thirds majority was practically impossible, at least if the setting aside of the Crittenden proposition by Clark on January 16 and the delay of Corwin's bill were indicative. Considering the number of Republicans present, whose one idea seemed to be to do nothing and delay all things, little could be expected. But even if the measures suggested by the conference were passed, what chance was there that the necessary three-fourths vote by the States would be cast in favor? There were now seven States out of the Union and twenty-six in it, which meant that twenty-five must ratify the amendments to make it an effective constitutional guarantee. With so many States in the hands of the Black Republicans, there was grave doubt—nay, utter improbability—that the requisite favorable vote could be gained.

The first meeting was called to order at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, on February 4, at 12 o'clock, by Governor Moorehead, of Kentucky. He proposed the venerable Gov. J. C. Wright, of Ohio, as temporary chairman, who was conducted to the chair by Meredith, of Pennsylvania, and Chase, of Ohio. Howard, of Maryland, was appointed temporary secretary. It was found that the delegates of eleven States were present, those from the border States predominating. A committee on organization was then appointed, with Wickliffe as chairman and one member from each State, to draw up the rules of procedure and to recommend permanent officers. The question of the introduction of reporters was discussed and negatived, but came up at various times again during the session, always, however, decided in the negative. This idea of secrecy was carried to such an extreme that an accurate record of the speeches was not kept by a public stenographer, and the only records are the brief official journal of the secretary and the notes kept by Crittenden, of Vermont. Although secrecy was valuable, as Seddon said, in the excited state of the country, when exterior pressure might be brought to bear on the members to keep them consistent and to prevent compromise, nevertheless it was vehemently opposed because it prevented the members from communicating freely with their State legislatures. The result was that little real secrecy was maintained; and although no one was admitted, general re-

ports leaked out and were printed quite regularly in the leading daily papers.

On February 6 the committee on organization made its report, recommending that John Tyler, of Virginia, be elected president and Crafts J. Wright secretary. The New York *Tribune* termed Tyler's speech of acceptance as "tiresome and characteristic"; the New Orleans *Picayune* called it "patriotic and conciliating." On one side he was attacked for his previous career and his attachment to the cause of slavery; on the other he was upheld as a man, now venerable in years, long retired from politics, with only the good of his country before him. How did he gain this office so easily? Chittenden says that his election was a prearranged affair, which seems probable, as it was suggested in the papers. Other events of the first few days—the rules of order, the resulting closed-door policy, and voting by States (a majority of the members casting the vote)—he believes, were planned beforehand. On the 6th Guthrie, of Kentucky, moved that a committee of one from each State be appointed to draw up a plan for the restoration of the Union and that all resolutions should be referred to it.

This committee was supposed to bring in a report within a few days; but owing to the number of resolutions handed to it and the wide disparity of the views of its members, their report was not brought in till February 15. The days following were taken up with attempts at substituting some of the individual resolutions for the main report and in short debates on the different points which came up, the final vote being delayed till the 26th. The consideration of those reports, substitutes, and debates gave some interesting side lights on the opinion of different States and individuals on almost every subject that had been occupying the public mind in political lines for the last fifteen years. The question of slavery was at the bottom of them all. The right of secession, the question of the tariff, expansion, the territories, the powers of Congress, States' rights, and all the other subjects for sectional controversy were brought up and discussed perhaps a little more practically and less technically than was usual, owing no doubt to the immediate need for action. A consideration of the various resolutions which came before the Peace Convention gives an excellent summary of the methods considered throughout the country for avoiding civil war.

The majority report presented by Mr. Guthrie, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, and slightly modified during the session, was in the form of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It contained seven sections. The first two dealt with the territorial question. The first section divided the "present" territory by the parallel of north latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, north of which involuntary servitude was prohibited and south of which "the status of persons held to involuntary service or labor as it now exists shall not be changed." It is interesting to notice the differences between this article and that of the Crittenden Compromise. They are slight, but essential. The Crittenden proposition included territory "hereafter acquired," which demand the Southerners were forced to give up, a large concession, on account of united Northern opposition. The definition of slavery as "the status of persons held to involuntary service or labor as it now exists" was vague and indefinite compared with that used by Crittenden, "slavery of the African race." Chase quite frankly stated that in his opinion the "status of persons" in the region south of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes at

present was determined by the laws of that territory when acquired from Mexico, which had abolished slavery.

The second section, which dealt with territory "to be acquired," limited acquisition except when the land was to be used "for naval and commercial stations, depots, and transit routes." This restriction was a Southern concession to Northerners, who feared that the South would immediately start on filibustering expeditions. The compromise stated that "no territory shall be acquired by the United States without the concurrence of the majority of all senators from the States which allowed involuntary servitude and a majority of all senators from the States which prohibited that relation." However, the fact that territory could be acquired for naval and commercial stations left a large loophole through which new slave territory might come in.

The third section limited the power of Congress over slavery within any State, in the District of Columbia, and in "places under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States" within slave States. It also established the right of transportation of slave property from one slave State or territory to any other slave State or territory, "but not the right of transit in or through any State or territory or of sale or traffic against the laws thereof." The fact that Congress should not have the power to interfere with slavery as a domestic institution within any State was recognized even by the most loyal Republicans, but was here given additional force by being made a part of a constitutional amendment. This was also recognized in the Crittenden Compromise. According to the Guthrie Propositions, slavery should not be abolished in the District of Columbia "without the consent of the owners or making the owners who do not consent just compensation." Here, again, is an instance of a Southern concession, for the Crittenden Compromise is far more stringent, in that slavery could not be abolished "so long as it existed in the adjoining States of Virginia or Maryland." Both alike, however, allowed "representatives and others" or "officers of the Federal government or members of Congress" to at all times bring with them into the District of Columbia their slaves. As regards the right of transit of slaves from one State to another where slavery was permitted, the Peace Convention prohibited such transit in States or territories against whose laws it was. Other minor matters were included in the third section, prohibiting Congress from authorizing "any higher rate of taxation on persons held to labor or service than on land" and slaves from being brought to the District of Columbia for purposes of sale.

The fourth and seventh sections of this article deal with the question of fugitive slaves. In the fourth section there is a general provision construing the section of the Constitution dealing with fugitive slaves to mean that no States should be prevented by appropriate legislation from forcing the delivery of fugitives. The seventh section provided that the United States should pay to the owner the full value of his fugitive from labor in all cases where the marshal was prevented by violence from returning the fugitive. A very similar provision, although less simple, is found in the Crittenden Compromise. Section five states that "it shall be the duty of Congress to pass laws to prevent the importation of slaves, coolies, or persons held to service or labor in the United States and the territories beyond the limits thereof." It has no prototype in the Crittenden Propositions. The Southerners put this in in all sincerity, but the Northerners felt it to be totally unnecessary, as it was already in the Constitution, although they admitted that there was need for laws to enforce that article. Section

seven is somewhat like article nine of the Crittenden Compromise in that it makes a large part of this amendment and two portions of the Constitution unamendable, but with the significant, although useless, exception (which the Crittenden Compromise does not contain) that an amendment can be made by obtaining the consent of *all* the States. The references to the Constitution are to the apportionment of representatives and direct taxes "which shall be determined by adding the whole number of free persons, including those bound down to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons," and to the delivery of persons held to labor or service in one State escaping into another "upon claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Other proposals which are of great interest were those of Field, of New York, Baldwin, of Connecticut, Seddon, of Virginia, Clay, of Kentucky, and Tuck, of New Hampshire. All these men offered substitutes to the main report as above outlined. Field's resolution was one of several attempts to secure the recognition of the indissolubility of the Union and, like all the others, failed. Baldwin's proposal was one of the two minority reports of Guthrie's committee. It resembled closely Seward's resolution calling for a national convention. The inspiration for this proposition of Seward's came from the Kentucky State Resolutions. Seddon's is to be considered later as an example of the extreme demands of some of the Southerners. They all failed of a majority. Clay offered the Crittenden Compromise in unadulterated form, but it was rejected on the vote of fourteen to five. Those voting in favor were: Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Mr. Amos Tuck, a Republican, moved as a substitute three propositions. The first was that the Convention should recognize that the Constitution gives Congress no power to interfere with slavery in any of the States and that the two political parties of the country should recognize this. The second stated that when the Constitution did not fulfill its purpose—to establish justice and a more perfect Union—then redress ought to be provided for grievances. Lastly, it is stated that the Convention recommends to the legislatures of the several States of the Union to follow the example of Kentucky in applying to Congress to call a convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution in accordance with the fifth article thereof. The vote on these propositions was eleven in favor to nine against. The negative vote was cast by the Southern border States, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

On the passage of Guthrie's report, February 27, it was introduced into Congress. In the House it failed to receive a hearing because a two-thirds vote to suspend regular business (which is necessary at the end of the session) could not be secured. In the Senate it was introduced by the Vice President and referred to a select committee of five on the motion of Mr. Crittenden, with instructions to report it the next morning. The members of this committee were: Crittenden, Bigler, Thomson, Seward, and Trumbull. The report was made on February 28, Mr. Crittenden presenting that of the majority, a recommendation for adoption. According to certain rules, Seward and Trumbull could not present a minority report, but Seward introduced a joint resolution for a national convention to amend the Constitution. A very active debate took place in these last days, not only over the amendment offered by the Peace Convention, but over the Crittenden Compromise as offered by Mr. Hunter, one of the Virginia senators. Crittenden believed that the Peace Convention amendments would satisfy the Virginia

Convention; but Hunter and Mason, of Virginia, explained in detail that it gave no security to the rights of the South as Virginia viewed them. It was largely their influence that made the passage of the amendment so utterly hopeless; for of what use would it be to put through a proposition which was unsatisfactory to the leading border State, and especially when it was in contravention of all Republican principles? Yet the debate hung on to the very last instant, when the Crittenden Propositions were finally voted down, and another amendment to the Constitution which had been transmitted from the House was passed, stating that "no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the law of said State." In the House, on February 28, it was passed on a vote of one hundred and thirty-three to sixty-five, and in the Senate, on March 2, by a vote of twenty-four to twelve.

The failure of the Peace Convention did not have the immediate and grave results expected. In the Virginia State Convention there was a strong party of Unionists, gradually dwindling, it is true, but very tenacious, who prevented the expected from happening. It was the character of the Virginia Convention itself rather than external events, the failure of the Peace Convention, which kept Virginia from immediate secession. Tyler did his best, when he returned to the Virginia Convention on March 1, to promote disunion, arguing that, as the North had shown no intention of recognizing Southern rights either in the peace conference or in Congress, Virginia should carry out her original determination to secede on the failure of the Peace Convention. The Virginia Convention had little real interest in the Peace Convention. On March 21 Mr. Carlisle offered as a substitute for a report of the Committee on Federal Relations the Peace Convention Amendment, recommending that it be urged to the attention of all States for passage and that the voters of Virginia also be given an opportunity to pass upon it. The attempts to prevent separation came to nothing, and Virginia seceded on April 17, 1861.

To understand the reason for the failure of all these suggestions for settlements, the opinions of different sections of the country and of the different parties are most enlightening. There was a sectional division of the North and the South, and each was again divided by a moderate and an extreme demand. Nothing in this period is of greater interest than these clearly defined differences of opinions so distinct throughout the country and so clearly shown in the convention itself.

A cause for a great deal of speculation was the position which the new administration would take. The Chicago platform, on which the election had been won, set forth very clearly the principles of nonextension of slavery in the territories and the noninterference with the domestic institutions of the States. This seemed a very clear statement on which to base future policy; but it had been the cause—indeed, one of the principal causes—of the secession movement, and to save the Union even such leaders as Seward seemed to be giving way. As Lincoln refused to make any public speeches after his election, all eyes were turned to Seward, as Secretary of State in the cabinet of the new administration, for any intimation of future policies. Seward's position, in the light of later history, is of no value in understanding Lincoln at this time, but it has considerable interest in itself for his clear tendency toward compromise. Already the desire for

turning the issues of slavery aside and bringing to the front the question of union or disunion may be seen. He would, according to some Republicans, have betrayed them to compromise by granting the extension of the line thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, giving as an argument the fact that the region south of this line was unfavorable to the institution of slavery, and therefore it would do no harm to permit it there.

The great question in every one's mind was, Did Lincoln agree with him? In the few utterances which he made he said that he stood on the Chicago platform and would carry out his oath as President of the United States to enforce the laws, but would not interfere in any of the States. As nearly as we can see from statements of political associates, he objected to the Peace Convention, and yet not so strenuously as to prevent a delegation being sent from Illinois. Some followed quite closely the actions of this delegation, thinking to gain knowledge of Lincoln's opinions of this peace movement. It is possible that he agreed to the sending of the delegation on the grounds of expediency. One Republican writes: "While what they do will not amount to a row of pins, yet by sending them [the delegates] it takes capital from the traitors [Democrats in the State who prate for *Union*]." It is amusing to read contemporary opinions predicting Lincoln's actions. Rather a widespread doubt seemed to exist with regard to his firmness of purpose. One person says that he seemed to be no real barrier against secession; another thinks him only of about "compromise stature." These were Republican opinions. The one wish of the Republicans was that Lincoln's inauguration might take place without a hitch, a thing of which there seemed grave doubt. Delay then and inaction were their only hope. Their chance of success lay in preventing further secession and possible violence at Washington and Sumter from taking place. This "stiff-back" policy of delay made the Republicans, not only in Congress, but in the Peace Convention, subject to considerable criticism. Those whom it antagonized stated that they were pledged not to make any concessions, a remark which probably grew out of the fact that a number of the State legislatures had instructed their members not to favor the Virginia basis of settlement, the Crittenden Resolutions.

It was thought impossible, with the absolutely irreconcilable differences of the extreme Northerners and the extreme Southerners, that any settlement could be reached. The Republicans were threatened from both sides. They were told, on one hand, that all future secessions would be due to their obstinacy. They were told, on the other hand, that if they conceded one iota of the Republican platform they would return home to political oblivion. Now they were called Abolitionists and again warned not to betray the opinion of the people as registered in the last election. Still, when the final vote was taken and by a narrow margin the report of the committee in the Peace Convention was accepted, the Republicans received little blame, because its passage through Congress and ratification by the States was so totally impossible.

The more moderate Northerners took a more active part than the Black Republicans in the discussion. They favored the Union and the Constitution above all else and were ready for a certain amount of compromise. Their position perhaps can be best compared to that of Seward, except that in the Peace Convention they were willing to go farther than his proposition of a national convention, even accepting

a modified form of the Crittenden Compromise. These men came largely from the Northern border slave States and often formed the minority in distinctly Republican States.

Hoppin remarks that the greater part of the discussion was carried on by Northern Moderates and the Southern Ultras. The Southern Conservatives, he says, were over-ridden by the more caustic Ultras. The point of view of a Southern Conservative was more like that of a Northern Moderate. Of course there were radical differences in that one said slavery was "a democratic and social interest, a political institution, the grandest item in our prosperity," while the other thought it an infernal and unnatural state of society. The Conservatives also believed unequivocally in secession, while the North sought to avoid it because it would hurt trade—a pragmatic argument as opposed to a constitutional and legal one. They were united, however, in their desire to maintain the Union at all costs, and both opposed coercion by the Federal government.

The extreme Southerners, many of them, felt that terms could hardly be made in the form which would satisfy them as long as their States remained in the Union. They were the element in the border States which struggled to get their conventions to pass the Ordinance of Secession, so they could join the cotton States. Some of them felt that the Confederacy would suit them far better than the Constitution of the United States, even if modified by the Crittenden Compromise or other more extreme Southern demands. In the Confederacy they felt that the principle of States' rights and union by compact would be the unanimous sentiment of the people. They were attacked on various grounds; but their demands were chiefly criticized with a view to this fact, that those who had been the dominant political power of the country for generations could not stand up and take defeat at the polls. Their demands are of immense interest and are given in detail in Seddon's minority reports. They asked the partnership of the North in the protection of slave property. They asked that such protection be afforded not only in the territory at that time held, but in the territory acquired in the future, and it looked as though it referred to the possible acquisition of Mexico, Cuba, or Central America, all lying south of the line thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes. Not only the determination of the conditions of acquired territory, but the patronage of the President in the territories, was to be guided by two classes of senators—north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes by the senators of nonslaveholding States and south by the senators of slaveholding States. They asked also for the right of transit of slaves from one slaveholding State or territory to another through nonslave States. This meant that States which had heretofore been free and with no need of "black codes" would now have to make such codes. The congressional right of jurisdiction over Federal property, such as arsenals and forts, was to be limited, and never, said their critics, till slavery was abolished from the whole United States would it be possible to prevent slaves from being brought into the District of Columbia by representatives, although slavery was no longer allowed there. These demands were, in very much modified form, the subject of the thirteenth amendment as proposed by the Peace Convention.

We have seen that the Peace Convention as an attempt at compromise was of very little value. Its effects were merely on those individuals who took part in it and not on the mass of public sentiment at the time. These individuals, both Northern and Southern, went home, some hopeful, some resentful, much as they had come, but with a better under-

standing of each other and a firmer determination to act on principles and waste no further time in compromise, for compromise had failed, and conditions were sure to force action of some kind. How meager were these results compared to what might have happened had the amendment passed Congress and the States! A historian of to-day, writing from the political point of view, shows how its passage would have made slavery and sectionalism permanent political institutions by giving slave property greater constitutional protection than any other kind of property and by forming two classes of senators, based on the conditions of property in two sections of the country.

After all, the most vital thing in history is the thought and character of the men who take part in its events. This is what makes the past of such value to the present, not as an example, but as a step in an infinite series pointing backward to the last step and forward to the next. In a time of doubt and struggle the Peace Convention stands out as an illustration of this idea. Its meetings were filled with the discussion of problems that had been accumulating gradually for a generation or more. Its debates were the potentialities of the future. From them could be predicted the events of the next few months. Outside opinions of the Peace Convention only make this analysis the more vivid, for they too spoke in the spirit of the future about the facts of the past. The Peace Convention failed to accomplish anything which made its mark in history; but its spirit, stormy and unwielded as it was, gives us a reflection of men's opinions at one of the most critical periods of the history of this country.

DARING CAPTURE BY M'NEILL'S RANGERS.

BY J. W. DUFFEY, ROCKVILLE, MD.

The cavalry skirmish three miles north of Moorefield, W. Va., on Sunday, November 27, 1864, has been confused by some writers with Rosser's capture of New Creek (now Keyser), W. Va., and for which confusion General Rosser may be partly responsible. There can be no good reason, however, for blending the two incidents. Rosser's bold and successful raid into the stronghold of the Federals at New Creek occurred the day after the fight at Moorefield and about forty miles north of that town.

As General Rosser happened to be in the Moorefield Valley at the time in question, and as a squad of his men (less than a dozen) had some part in the skirmish, the General seems to have assumed that his brigade should have credit for all that was achieved, as subsequently he stated in his official report to General Early: "After capturing the artillery and wagons at Moorefield on the 27th, I moved on to New Creek," etc. Perhaps no writer not fully informed could be blamed for taking that report at its face value, but that General Rosser was mistaken the sequel will show.

In an article published several years ago Rev. L. H. Davis, who belonged to Company F, 7th Virginia, of Rosser's Brigade, and who was in the skirmish, said: "I feel confident that the responsibility of planning and executing that movement rested solely with Captain McNeill." A more recent article in a Washington paper by John B. Fay states: "It added no feather to the General's cap when he failed to give the credit so justly due to McNeill and his men for their gallant feat at Moorefield."

Whatever explanation may be offered for the official report in question, the fact in the case is that Rosser's Brigade was about seven miles from the scene of the skirmish—that is,

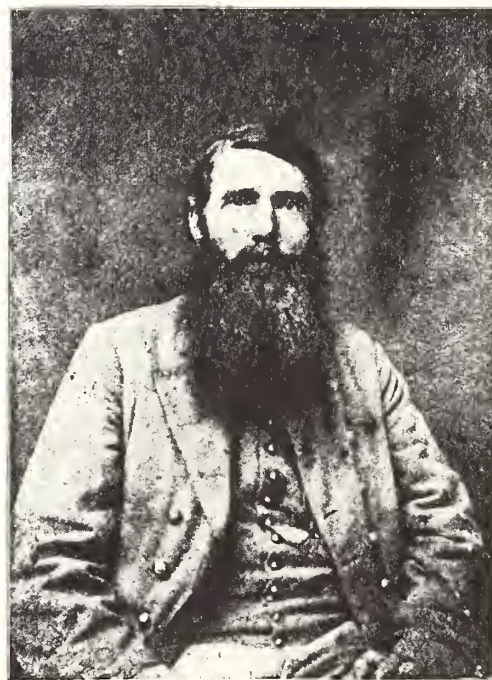
the brigade was on the South Fork four miles south of Moorefield when McNeill was engaged with the enemy three miles north of that town.

Just before reaching the Moorefield Valley Rosser dispatched a courier in search of McNeill, directing him to picket the roads north of Moorefield, the General's purpose being to conceal his presence in that valley, as he was about to make a dash on New Creek, where success hinged entirely on surprising the enemy. His presence in the valley was a very unusual occurrence and would, if it became known, arouse suspicion at once. To keep under cover, therefore, was a matter of first importance, especially as that section was seldom without spies and newsmongers.

McNeill was near Petersburg, ten miles southwest of Moorefield, when he received the dispatch. He moved at once to Moorefield, having sent forward the pickets as General Rosser had directed. One of the picket squads was assigned to the ford three miles north of Moorefield, where the main road between Moorefield and New Creek crosses the south branch of the Potomac, known then as Goings Ferry, but where now a bridge spans the river. The opposite bank from Moorefield is a precipitous bluff, which afforded the enemy an exceptionally strong position.

Shortly after our pickets reached the ford a squad of Federal cavalry appeared on the opposite side of the river, and several shots were exchanged. It developed later that the Federals were the advance of a force under Lieut. Col. R. E. Fleming, who had been equipped with detachments of the 5th and 6th West Virginia Cavalry and a section of O'Rourke's Battery, with orders to capture or annihilate McNeill.

Colonel Fleming's plan was to "bottle up" McNeill's Rangers in the Moorefield Valley, a small valley supposed to have been



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easily encompassed. Fleming had dispatched part of his force through Romney, via Grassy Lick, to enter the valley from the east on the Winchester Road. He had called into service the Swamp Dragons and Union Home Guards in the adjacent

mountains and directed them to a strategic point at the southern end of the valley; and now, himself approaching from the north with about a hundred and fifty cavalry, artillery, etc., the Colonel probably felt confident of bagging his game.

When the pickets at the ford reported to McNeill neither he nor any of his men knew the strength of the enemy or anything whatever of Colonel Fleming's deep-laid scheme. However, as a precautionary measure McNeill decided to approach the ford under cover of an adjoining ridge, and therefore took an easterly course about a mile, thence north behind Caledonia Ridge to the farmhouse of James Heiskell. As we emerged from the woods in the rear of the Heiskell house four Federal scouts arrived at the front of the house. Doubtless we would have captured them; but at that juncture some wild man of our company gave a terrific yell, which apprised them of our approach, and before we could get through the barnyard gates they were in full retreat. When they reached the main road, a few hundred yards distant, they stopped and fired back at us. That deliberate procedure on their part seemed like a piece of reckless daring, as there were only four of them and about sixty of our men; but, as developed later, it was a bait to draw us into a trap. Not suspecting what was before us, every man drove spurs for the ford, nearly a mile distant, hoping to capture the scouts in the river.

Some of our men followed them into the river; but at that instant the concealed force on the opposite bluff opened fire with small arms and artillery, a veritable rain of lead. We were in the trap. To advance was impracticable; to retreat was not in our vocabulary; to stand still and be shot at, counting grapeshot as they plowed the sand, was not an agreeable pastime. Fortunately, we were so near the bluff that they were overshooting us, but there was no telling when they would get the proper range. Near by stood a lone chimney, a remnant of the humble home of the ferryman, Shadrack Goings; but no man ventured to take refuge there, for, if a cannon ball should strike it, the peril would be worse than in the open field.

The tension was one of those experiences when moments expand into a lifetime; and when McNeill called out, "Men, follow me," there was relief from an endurance which had the merit at least of having been well sustained. McNeill had decided on a flank movement down the river, which he could cross a mile below. "Blinker's Dutch" said they got Stonewall Jackson in a box, but he kicked the bottom out. In our case the only thing to be done was to smash the trap.

As we moved, the Federal troops moved also, keeping opposite on the higher ground and bringing the artillery into action as rapidly as possible. A bend in the river forced us slightly farther away from them than we had been at the ford, making the distance admirable for artillery execution; and had their gunners been skillful, they would have decimated our column, but their shells flew wide of the mark.

After fording the river McNeill continued the flank movement, inclining toward the enemy. A mile in front of us, where the road on which the Federals were moving slopes down and is intersected by Old Maid's Lane, was a favorable point to strike for.

About that time it seemed to occur to the enemy that if we got in their rear they might be cut off in the emergency of a retreat, for they suddenly became panic-stricken and broke into a disorderly flight. Then followed a neck-and-neck race between them and us, they in the road and we in the meadow, their object evidently being to make good their escape. Our

column was long-drawn-out on account of the difference in horse speed, while some of our men, to get at the enemy sooner, were taking a short cut for the road wherever the configuration of the ground and fences would admit. Two or three hundred yards before the point of intersection was reached a curve in the road brought the Federals within fifty yards of our line, a substantial rail fence being between them and us and the road slightly above our level. Captain McNeill was in the lead, the short mane of his mettled bay flying erect in the air and closely followed by others, at whom the fleeing Federals, who packed the road, were discharging their revolvers with a rattling fire like pop crackers exploding by packs.

Old Maid's Lane cuts the main road at right angles; and McNeill was the first man in that angle, where he began tearing down the fence, known to farmers as a post-and-rail fence and difficult to open; and while he and two or three others were making a place low enough for the horses to jump, the Federals, not ten yards distant, were passing and firing as they passed. A squad of our men got into the road in time to intercept a fragment of their force, when a hand-to-hand encounter occurred with sabers and the butts of empty pistols. Those who had already passed were pursued through Reynolds's Gap and several miles beyond. About fifty prisoners were taken and several riderless horses besides, one piece of artillery, a wagon, and an ambulance.

It was some time after dark when I reached Moorefield; and while eating supper with home folks Rosser's Brigade was passing through the town *en route* for New Creek, which place he surprised and captured the next morning.

And now at this distance, reviewing those scenes and thinking of many others which are not written and probably never will be, the wonder is that McNeill's Rangers survived until the close of the war and accomplished what they did. The wonder deepens when it is recalled that during the last six months of the struggle they were under the leadership of a man who was but little more than a youth, who had no military training, no preparation for leadership, and who came to that responsible position not so much in the regular order of promotion as by accident—that is, by the death of his father, Capt. John Hanson McNeill, who was mortally wounded while leading a charge at Mount Jackson, Va., October 3, 1864. And besides those defects—apparent or real, as the case may be—the young leader was known to be quick-tempered and impetuous, bordering on rashness. Moreover, the enemy, having long temporized with the irritation and menace of the Rangers, had determined to put in operation more vigorous and aggressive measures for capturing or crushing them, as was disclosed in the plan of Colonel Fleming.

With those impediments and conditions against the young leader, there would naturally be uncertainty in the mind of the men, if not solicitude on his part. Could he measure up to the exigencies of the hour? If he could, the larger credit should be accorded him. As I see the situation now, that is just what he did. That young man, Capt. Jesse Cunningham McNeill, met a crisis in the career of the company. He displayed qualities of leadership of exceptional ability and effectiveness. He not only inspired confidence in his own men, but by his ceaseless vigilance, swift action, and audacious daring it became evident to the enemy that they had a foe-man to reckon with of more than ordinary skill. His campaign was one of incessant activity and was as brilliant as it was brief. The young leader had weighed the responsibility which had suddenly dropped upon him; and even though it came by accident and while the sorrow of bereavement was

clutching his heart, he addressed himself to the situation with an inflexible purpose to succeed. It detracts nothing from the enviable record of his father to affirm that two incidents under the leadership of his son—namely, the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly and this engagement with Colonel Fleming—are the most conspicuous feats in the history of the company and deserve the palm for daring and success.

But no one man has a monopoly of achievements. It is said of Andrew Carnegie that the success of the money king is largely due to sound judgment in selecting his subordinates. So McNeill was fortunate in having at his side at least three men with whom he could advise. One was Raison Davis, known after the war as Judge R. C. Davis, of Louisville, Ky., whose manly qualities were in evidence during the war and whose death, four years ago, was deplored by all his comrades. Of the other two, though living, it may not be indelicate to state some facts. One of them is Lieut. I. S. Welton, of Petersburg, W. Va., than whom McNeill did not have a more judicious counselor; for, however critical the situation, Welton never lost his balance. His insight fell but little short of prescience, and his courage was as cool as it was dauntless. The men of the ranks esteemed him as their friend and would have followed him into a vortex of fire. In our flight from Cumberland, with two generals as our prize, Welton had charge of the rear guard, the most responsible post at that hour, holding in check, as he did, the pursuing enemy, while the prisoners were being hurried on toward Moorefield. Another man who could always be relied on was Sergt. John B. Fay, of Washington, D. C., a military mathematician who never missed a calculation nor made a blunder. He worked out the details of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly in Cumberland and served as guide on the raid. Of the exploit Gen. John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences of the War," says: "In daring and dash it is the most thrilling incident of the entire war." The morning after the capture of the artillery referred to in this article Fay, in charge of ten men, drove fifty Federals out of Moorefield, the Federals being the belated detachment which Colonel Fleming had sent by the way of Grassy Lick. Among the trusty scouts whom McNeill kept busy were David M. Parsons, of Staunton, Va., William H. Maloney, of Romney, W. Va., and Robert G. Lobb, of Washington, Pa. Those men and others who could be named were seasoned fighters whose valor was attested by many encounters with the enemy.

No small body of men in the Confederate ranks rendered more effective service than McNeill's Rangers. Authorities on the war and official documents establish that much; but the records do not show, for it has not been written, how much it cost those men to accomplish what they did. The field of their operations was an outpost nearly a hundred miles from any Confederate troops who could give support in a crisis, environed also by strong detachments of the enemy, and that section infested with lurking informants who would have counted it a prize to betray them. They had no tents or shelter of any kind and rarely camped two nights in the same place. The deep ravines of the ridges and gorges of the mountains were the places of bivouac, not to be entered, however, until after dark; and whatever the chill or storm of the night might be, but little fire, and sometimes none at all, was allowed. The men literally slept on their arms, for no retreat was considered entirely safe.

Every man furnished his own outfit, which was scant at best for man and horse, and he was appraised a "lucky dog" who could afford a change of underwear. Their best accou-

terments were spoils from the enemy. Many men wore blue trousers, not from choice, but from necessity, and would have donned the blue coat also but for the liability of being shot for a Yankee. As for rations, each one, like the little domestic



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fowl, had to scratch for himself. "Mammy Little" was the commissary, to be sure, but he could carry the whole stock of supplies for the company in a pair of saddlebags, small saddlebags at that. The best chance for a square meal was to make a daybreak call on the enemy. Old Rangers still recall how good was the taste of Yankee hard-tack, corned beef, pickled pork, and even coffee with the luxury of sugar in it.

No man complained of hardships; no one thought it a hardship. That small but heroic band was in it, not for comfort or spoils, but for a constitutional right, and for that right they were willing to dare and to die. Their record is as honorable as it is unique. They were never caught napping, never idled away time in camp, never lost an issue with the enemy, never failed to capture the prize for which they started, and never consented to capitulate until thirty days after General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Men of that stamp could afford, at their reunion after the war, to be the first of all the Confederates to invite their former foemen to fellowship with them; and that reunion in Moorefield of the gray and blue, McNeill's Rangers and the Ringgold Cavalry of Pennsylvania, who had been pitted against them, set the standard of gallantry for the years which have followed.

THE SAFETY BADGE.—Two chaps were wading about a muddy trench one day in Flanders when a lordly being with a red hat strolled haughtily by.

"Who's that there?" said the first chap.

"Staff officer," said the other.

"What! A staff officer? Out here in a front-line trench?"

"Sure."

"My stars!" said the first chap. "Has peace been declared?"

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

[Correspondence of Thomas Caffey with his family in Alabama.]

CAMP NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE, VA.,
January 15, 1864.

Dear Mary: Your letter of the 2d inst. has just been received. For some days past we have had only an occasional mail on account of the destruction of railroad bridges by high water in South Carolina and Georgia. The same cause has probably delayed Jule Rast, who has not arrived in camp. I am very anxious to see the gentleman in order to get the sausages and other good things you stated that ma had sent me by him. Jule, I am inclined to think, did not leave Montgomery till sometime last week, as he probably desired to visit his wife's daddy before leaving the State, perhaps for good.

I had a letter from Irene some days ago, from which I learned that grandpa had disposed of the land belonging to pa's estate. I am glad the sale has been made, as the proceeds will be of considerable benefit now to ma and you and Irene. Had the lands been sold in the "flush times" before the war, more good would have resulted to all; but "better late than never" is a good adage, and I am glad it has been verified in this particular instance.

Since my last letter to you I have received two more blankets from Richmond, which make seven Smith and I now have on hand. I need nothing now in the way of clothing save pants and jacket. My shoes are getting into rather a dilapidated condition; and as it is impossible to replace them here, I suppose I will, when they "gin out," have to do like hundreds of others in this brigade—go barefooted. I wrote to William at Raleigh to see if a pair could be procured there, but have not yet had a reply to the letter.

You ask whether Smith succeeded in getting a sheep for our dinner Christmas Day. He did that same thing, and I assure you it was one of the greatest treats I have had since I have been in the army. Some of the boys a few nights ago wanted fresh meat, and after prowling around a good while they made a raid on the cowpen of General Rodas and killed the milk cow of the Mrs. General. This little act of larceny has raised the indignation of the General and his spouse up to fever heat, and they both swear vengeance on the luckless thieves if they can only find out who they are. I suppose, however, that the perpetrators, whoever they are, will keep the matter dark until after the war is ended, when the matter, with a thousand others now kept dark, will be brought to light. * * *

This is the same sheet of paper you wrote me on. I obliterated the pencil marks the best I could, but I am afraid you will have difficulty in reading the letter. We will be paid off in a few days, when I will send to Richmond for a supply of paper sufficient to do me all the winter.

January 17.

P. S.—Paul has been delayed a day or two, and I avail myself of the opportunity to give you the latest intelligence from the army. An order was issued to-day to go into quarters for the winter, but I hardly think we will be permitted to rest in peace long. I don't want any house; am too lazy to aid in building one, and therefore expect to spend the rest of the winter in the open air, as I have done the past six months. Saw Jeff Rives a day or two ago; he expected to leave the next morning for home, and I suppose he has done so. Billy Pierce leaves to-morrow. The Yankees are behaving themselves well now.

CAMP TERRELL, NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE, VA.,
March 3, 1864.

Dear Mary: I have written you a time or two since my return from Richmond, but up to to-day no reply has been received. A few days ago Bill Squalls arrived in camp with a box in which was a ham for me. He brought no letter, or at least if he did I have not seen or heard anything of it. We have had no mail, however, for some days on account of the Yankees' cavalry getting into our rear and cutting the railroad between Orange and Richmond. We have a line of more than forty miles to guard; and the rascals found out, after a good deal of maneuvering, where our troops were posted, succeeded in flanking us on the right and left, and before we could concentrate our troops they did an immense amount of mischief.

The party that flanked us on the left were whipped out in the vicinity of Charlottesville; but the other struck the railroad at Beaver Dam, and, after burning the bridge over a creek between Hanover Junction and Richmond (burning in their course two small bridges over creeks and also the railroad bridges over the Chickahominy River), the Yankees under Kilpatrick attacked our entrenchments in front of Richmond, but were repulsed and retreated into their lines again by way of the peninsula.

The whole army here now is in line of battle, and it is reported that the infantry of the enemy is crossing the "Rapid Ann" at Germanna Ford. If this is the case, you may expect to hear of a battle in a few days. We have so many men now at home on furlough that our force is considerably weakened, but we have enough here to wallop all the Yankees Meade can muster up. I expect you will see particulars of the Yankee raid in the papers. I know nothing only by report and therefore will say no more about it.

I had a letter from William a few days ago. He is hugely pleased on account of the famous warrior and Yankee killer, —, being compelled to go "into service." If — is made to do likewise, I shall also rejoice. Do you know of any sixteen-year-old boy who wants to join the army? If he comes on, I can get a furlough. I am well; Billy ditto.

CAMP NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE, VA.,
March 7, 1864.

Dear Mary: Yours of the 18th was received last night. It is the first letter I have had from home in some time, and of course I was glad to get it. The train from Richmond came through yesterday for the first time since the Yankee raid, and a very heavy mail for the regiment was received. I had a letter from Juliet. She said John had been conscripted by some enrolling officer and ordered to join some cavalry regiment, but was fortunate enough to get out of the scrape on account of being tax assessor of the county.

You ask if I received the soap and paper ma sent. I did some time ago. Dave Smith brought the former and Broberg the latter. I also received the ham that she sent by Bill Squalls and am very grateful for the same. Ma need not send my cap cover, as the cap has "gone up the spout" long ago. I gave it to an Irishman belonging to our company who went home on furlough some three weeks ago.

The Yankees are quiet on our front, but how long they will remain I will not venture to predict. Some think we will soon fall back on Richmond. We will have to do so if Meade transfers his army to the peninsula, which it is thought he is now doing. I had a letter from William a few days

ago. The box of "goodies" he mentioned to you of sending me has not made its appearance yet. It may come along before the spring campaign opens.

The papers will give you all the news in regard to the late raid of Kilpatrick. * * * I am very well. * * *

CAMP 3D ALABAMA REGIMENT, NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE,
April 21, 1864.

Dear Mary: I have been unwell for some days and in consequence have to keep to my bed. I am better now, though not very strong, but I hope a few days' rest will place me in condition for the campaign that will open in a few days. I have had jaundice, but am now getting all right, with the exception of my complexion, which is about the hue of a "yaller nigger."

Orders came a few days ago to send all our surplus plunder to the rear so as to have as little incumbrance as possible on the march. My blankets and some articles of clothing I boxed up and forwarded to Major Vandever at the Alabama Depot, Richmond. I suppose he will take care of them till I need them next winter, provided I am so fortunate as to get off with whole bones in the ensuing campaign. Cushing, of Montgomery, sent me a very good wool hat; and as the one ma sent me was too warm for summer wear, I sent it back with my other things, thinking it would do in camp next winter. The regiment went down to the river this morning to spend a week on the outpost. It is a singular fact that the 3d Alabama has not a single time the past winter had fair weather while on post.

It commenced raining a few minutes after the brigade left camp, and from present indications I think it very probable that it will continue at least a week. Like a prudent fellow, always anxious to preserve his precious health, I remained in camp. I was truly glad of an excuse to do so for the reason that, next to fighting, I detest picket duty more than anything else connected with the life of a soldier. A great many of the boys are firm in the opinion that the Yankees will cross the river while they are there this time. I would entertain the same opinion if the weather was more favorable.

I don't believe that Grant will risk a defeat with a small river in his rear which is liable to overflow its banks every little rain that falls. He will perfect every possible arrangement, and when he does come it will be with such numbers that he will expect to carry everything before him by mere force of numbers. Some of our scouts report that he has one hundred and fifty thousand men, while others equally as well informed assert that sixty thousand all told is the sum total of the force under his command. General Lee probably has sources of information unobtainable by the rank and file of his army, and it is very evident that he expects a desperate effort to be made by the Yankees to drive him out of Virginia, or he certainly would not have ordered reinforcements to the extent he has.

His army is at least twenty-five thousand men stronger than it was ten days ago, and I suppose the aggregate now under his command is very near seventy thousand. His right-hand man, Longstreet, is on hand with two of his veteran divisions; and I am told that General Loring, of Polk's Corps, is in Richmond with twelve thousand more. Thus you see we are preparing for a row on an immense scale and one in which some one is going to be badly hurt. In the past ten days more than one hundred deserters have come over to us and have been forwarded to General Winder. I suppose these gentry are so extremely anxious to get to Richmond that

they can't afford to wait for so slow a coach as Grant. What they make by coming over to us I can't see, as we imprison them and keep them in durance vile during the war.

I think if we win this great battle now pending the end of the war is near at hand. If we are defeated, it will prolong it probably for years. The Yankees know full well that if they don't succeed in the coming campaign they "might as well hang up their fiddles."

There is no news of interest in camp. I heard from William a day or two ago. He was very well. Do write soon. I have not heard from you since John came back. Love to all at home.

IN TRENCHES NEAR DREWRY'S BLUFF,
January 15, 1865.

Dear Mary: I have within the past ten days had three letters from you dated, respectively, December 14, 20, and 26, the last of which was written from the residence of Mr. Rast with a view of sending it by an old hospital rat belonging to Company H by name of —. I suppose by your mailing it that the aforesaid gent concluded to remain awhile longer at home, hoping in the meantime that Sherman would so effectually cut our railroad communication with the South as to preclude his ever returning to Virginia again. I have written you often of late, but you do not mention the reception of any of my letters. Surely some of the persons to whom I entrusted them to carry to Alabama disposed of them as I directed. If so, I know you must have some of them ere now. Irene, I presume, has ignored my existence. I have written her several times since the walloping we got in the valley, and yet she won't reply. Well, I presume she has written, but that "played-out" institution, the Confederate States mail, has thus far failed to "come up to time," and in consequence I am minus my letters.

I have from the beginning of the war thought there did not exist a doubt of the South's finally achieving its independence. That feeling is yet a part of my nature, but at times I confess that I entertain sore misgivings. I at one time thought it impossible for an army of the enemy to exist a day in the heart of our country, but time has dispelled that illusion, as it has many others of a like character.

The successful—and, I may say, unopposed—march of Sherman through Georgia and the complete defeat of Hood in Tennessee have changed the whole aspect of affairs. These two events, in my opinion, will necessitate the early evacuation of Richmond in order that the whole forces of the Confederacy may be concentrated to meet Sherman, who in a very short time will, unless thwarted, be in complete possession of the only railroad upon which we have to depend for our supplies. I think we will probably fall back to some point in North Carolina, the Roanoke River, probably, and make that our line. This event will not by any means be a cause of despondency on our part, for I feel assured that if there is such a thing as justice in our cause we will and must succeed. It may take years to accomplish so desirable a consummation; but if we are true to ourselves, we will terminate the war gloriously.

Our division occupies a part of the line near Drewry's Bluff, and we are confronting the troops of Ex-Gen. "Pica-yune" Butler. Only one brigade at a time is in the trenches, the rest remaining in quarters some four miles distant. We will to-morrow be relieved and our places supplied by the brigade of General Cox.

You may say to Clayton that there is no sort of danger of his having to encounter the "smell of villainous salt-peter" on the battle field. His duty is to "remain at home," and I hope he will have the sense to do so. I had a letter from William a short time ago. He was quite well at the time he wrote. I will endeavor to write Maria as soon as we are paid off, so that I can get some paper. I will not be able to get a furlough this winter. I may perhaps get one in the spring. I never hear anything from the boys in Field's Division. * * * Willie Dunklin, the Rast boys, and "Small Jeems" Buford are well. "Big Jim" and his partner, Ed Pierce, are yet in the hospital.

[Mr. Caffey surrendered with his regiment, but returned to Alabama to spend many years with his friends and his family. The original letters are in the possession of Mrs. Irene Dunklin Harrison, of Riesel, Tex., who received them from her mother, Mrs. Caffey's sister, Mary, to whom most of them were written and who married Dr. William Wathin Dunklin and removed to Texas shortly after the war.]

SOUTHERN POETS—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A SPECIAL STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

At the time that Edgar Allen Poe died, in Baltimore, October 7, 1849, Maj. Robert E. Lee was engineer officer in charge of the defenses of the harbor. Lee was then forty-two years of age, in the prime of that majestic beauty and rhythmic grace of form which to the Hellenic genius was the symbol and the expression of moral excellence. No such subject was ever revealed to painter, sculptor, or epic master. Had Michelangelo encountered our Confederate chief, his "angel in the block" would at once have become incarnate in flesh and blood. In no small degree does this surpassing charm embodied in physical perfection contribute to the resistless magnetism of Valentine's recumbent statue in the chapel of Washington and Lee University. A delicate and discerning appreciation of culture as embodied in its purest types was inherent in the nature of the Lees, father and son. Henry Lee's correspondence overflows with literary and historical allusion. To a modern ear it sounds like an echo of the past to note the endeavors of both to dissuade the young people of their time from the reading of fiction. Stranger than this is the fact that the same mode of argument in reference to the same subject is adopted by Cardinal Newman while portraying the lack of moral robustness in the professedly literary character in one of his Oxford Parish sermons. During General Lee's residence in Baltimore, 1849-52, his home was at 908 Madison Avenue, near Biddle Street. His evenings were in a measure devoted to repeating selections from "The Lady of the Lake," which his eldest daughter had converted into the form of a story in prose for the instruction of the younger children. That Lee, like so many gentlemen of the ancient South, yielded to the fascination of Macaulay's style is evident from the allusions to his "Essays" which appear in his correspondence. It was in 1866 that Philip Stanhope Worsley, one of the lights of classical culture in so famous and historic a center as the University of Oxford, dedicated to Lee, "the most stainless of living commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest," his translation of the "Iliad" of Homer. The verses which accompany the dedication are touched by the distinctive grace and purity of conception that mark the finest flowers of ancient learning.

Mr. Worsley had revealed the Homeric ideal in the Confederate chief, dwelling in the aloofness of his home at Lexington, remote from "the great wave that echoes round the world," and compassed by the mountain walls engirding the Valley of Virginia.

I cannot forbear the belief, though unsustained by record or evidence in any form, that the death of Poe in the hospital on North Broadway, now the Church Home, was not unnoted by the observant and discerning officer of engineers. Seven mourners followed him to his grave October 8, 1849; and his biographer, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, commenting upon his passing in the New York *Tribune*, declared that "this announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it." With the process of the suns, the stone which the builders of our dawning age reflected has grown to conscious beauty and become the head of the literary corner. There is no roseate coloring nor violation of historic truth in the classification of Poe with the poets of the South. His art was not inspired by local elements or characteristics, nor was it fashioned in accordance with geographical limitations, the idiosyncrasies of section, or temperament as modified by the influence of climate. "The Raven" might have been written in Rome as naturally as in New York or in Baltimore. Yet the man contemplated as distinct from his art, viewed in his social, moral, and political aspects, was Southern to the heart's core. Let him who inclines to skepticism or dissent read Poe's annihilating review of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," 1846.

I introduce the following elaborate digression at this point in order to demonstrate that all the lights of literary and scholarly culture associated with New England were not characterized by the implacable and unrelenting malignity which marked the attitude of Mr. Lowell with regard to the South. I heard and met him time and again in Baltimore (1871 and 1877), and personal contact, as well as a diligent study of his writings, afforded me ample opportunity to form a rational estimate of the man as revealed in the moral, social, and intellectual phases of his nature. My line of argument and the conclusions attained are derived from individual experiences in his own University of Harvard, the preëminent center of New England culture, and in a measure from her hardly less famed sisters, such as Yale, Lafayette of Pennsylvania, and Amherst.

A kindly and genial spirit was characteristic of Professor Child. I never cease to recall with increasing pleasure my frequent contact with him in Cambridge during the summer of 1885. Then, too, he was one of the foremost English scholars, not in America alone, for his researches in the sphere of ballad literature had carried his fame far beyond all national or geographical limitations. Of him and of Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard, I retain a memory that brightens steadily with the speeding years. A minuteness in detail, as well as an accuracy of presentation rarely excelled and still less rarely impeached, crowned the vast accumulation of volumes that embodied the results of his far-ranging labors in the special field to which he had dedicated his life. None of these attractive traits of mind and heart revealed themselves in the nature of his colleague, Mr. Lowell. His simplest act or attitude rarely failed to convey an impression of his own intellectual eminence. The loftiness of asserted superiority was implied in every utterance, and the assumed height of excellence from which he contemplated his audiences betrayed its power even in his unguarded deliverances. That those to whom he spoke should receive with reverence and grateful appreciation the exuvia

of his intellect, the "scraps" which fell from his "great feast of languages," was the conclusion that not even his devoted adherents could fail to accept. His lectures were lacking in continuity, desultory from first to last, wanting in method, in definite aim, or in purpose. The Harvard oracle had not made the slightest preparation for the occasion. Fragments of former discourses, thrown together without regard to relevancy or propriety, were deemed adequate to the intellectual capability and aspiration of a community which was in geographical contiguity to the "infamous South" portrayed by Mr. Lowell in the introduction to "The Biglow Papers." I listened with amazement; for nature had bestowed upon Lowell a rich measure of critical and creative faculty, as his essays and, above all, his "Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Cathedral" bear ample witness. No New England poet has soared so far beyond the middle flight, and my remuneration does not exhaust the bounds of his loftiest achievement in the range of poetic art. In pure scholarship he was guilty of grievous lapses, some of which have almost attained the dignity of history. In the finer elements of delicacy and sensibility he displayed a lamentable weakness. As his correspondence reproduced in Professor Norton's biography illustrates, he confounds coarseness with cleverness; and in the effort to excel in flashes of epigram, he descends to the verge of indecency and coarseness. So intense and unreasoning was his antagonism to the South that even a casual or incidental allusion to our national controversy might provoke an insulting comment or a malevolent sneer. I do not express myself unadvisedly, for I was the victim of an experience such as I describe at the home of Dr. N. H. Morrison, Provost of Peabody Institute, in February, 1877. During the last season that Mr. Lowell spent in Baltimore I passed him on a bracing morning walking rapidly in the direction of Poe's grave in Westminster churchyard. Was he going to the resting place of his former enemy impelled by mere curiosity, or animated by some nobler motive? Poe's assault upon Lowell's "Fable for Critics" (1847) has never been answered. It is simply unanswerable. Perhaps it came back to memory as Lowell peered through the iron rails and looked upon the monument erected in 1875 to the memory of Poe.

A type in marked contrast to Mr. Lowell was exhibited in the work and character of William James Rolfe. For several seasons I was associated with Dr. Rolfe in summer school instruction in 1885-86; but long ere that period I had been familiar with his admirable editions of English classics—above all, Shakespeare and Tennyson. His nature was most gentle. He seemed untouched by envy, malice, or the spirit of detraction, the peculiar infirmities of the literary order. I have never known a happier combination of diligence, devoted care, and almost unvarying accuracy, embracing the minutest details included in the vast and many-sided literary field which he had made his special province. For years I have been accustomed to make use of his texts in preference to any others, for they carry with them an assurance of trustworthiness based upon my absolute faith in the author himself. Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale, and Prof. F. A. March, of Lafayette College, Pa., were among the friends who lent me their generous aid and coöperation during my days of novitiate in the sphere of authorship. When my "History of the English Language" was issued in 1874, those two eminent philologists cordially supported the new and unheralded venture. Professor March reviewed the work in "The Nation" with characteristic thoroughness; and Professor Whitney was most generous in suggestions drawn from

his masterful acquaintance with the science of comparative philology, which were rich both in practical value and in developing an inspiration for higher attainment in the field which I was striving, even in an humble degree, to make my own.

Edgar Allan Poe was born January 19, 1809, precisely two years later than Robert E. Lee. Darwin, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Abraham Lincoln, and Gladstone all claim this as their natal year. The life of Poe has been written with the utmost minuteness of detail and wealth of research by Didier, Ingram, Woodberry, and Harrison. The present article contemplates the subject from the viewpoint of literary analysis. Biography assumes only an incidental part or is introduced as a means of illustration. As one is brought into contact with the prose or poetry of Poe his unique originality of aim, of form and spirit confronts him at every point. There is revealed in rare and isolated instances a trace of local color, an echo of his day of dawn; but there is hardly a figure or description that may be classified as distinctively American, as geographically or essentially Northern or Southern, Eastern or Western. His verse is a mystic lay woven in the world of dreams. Contemporary criticism has been prone to exaggerate the indebtedness of Poe to the school of which Keats and Coleridge are the most notable types. The sources of his inspiration are sought in "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and "Lamia." Yet there is no logical proof that he drew a single note of inspiration from the circle of Coleridge, "the school of wonder" in England, or the morbid romances of Charles Brockden Bronwe in America. Analogies or coincidences, in so far as they may be traced, are the characteristics which have their origin in unity of aim and ideal. The literary career of Poe may be regarded as assuming a definite form with the publication of his volume of 1831, containing several poems that appeared in revised versions as well as some that saw the light for the first time. In this latter class there appears the earlier and exquisitely touched lyric, "To Helen," two lines of which, persistently attributed to Lord Byron, have attained unchallenged rank among classical passages in the poetry of our language. In 1827 Poe's earliest volume was issued under the title "A Bostonian." In this same year was issued "Poems by Two Brothers," the first poetical venture of Charles and Alfred Tennyson. Apart from the evidence drawn from the story of his life, his creations in prose, as well as verse, suggest a convincing presumption of the attitude which he maintained with regard to contemporaries and predecessors in either sphere. It is at least significant that in the rich harvest of calumny which envy and malice have hurled at the head of Poe the charge of plagiarism, or even imitation, has scarcely found a place. From its earlier stages

his art was greeted with acclaim in the discerning circles of cultured Europe. The translation of "Bande-laïre" will rise to memory. The marked influence of Poe in the development of the school of symbolists is one of the rich results of a time nearer to the period of which we form a part. The poles of European literature, the land of Hamlet and the home of Dante, have shared in the weird charm of his



stories and the mystic strain that always seems to reign in his verse.

It is by no means an easy task to realize in the retrospect of nearly a century the impression wrought by the strange, weird note of the newly risen poet as it fell upon the ear of the crude and virile world then developing in America. The "unformed Occident" was absorbed in the grapple with primeval nature and untamed material forces. What it had achieved in literature was in large measure inherited or derivative, reproduction or modification of English types. At the time of Poe's earliest appearance, in 1827, there had been but little that may be characterized as distinctively American and may be regarded as the presage of an ampler day. The romances of Cooper constitute the most notable exceptions; for Irving, with his affluence of sweetness and light, was in his essential features an evolution from our Augustan age or a type of Americanized Addison. To a discerning student of literary development, had one arisen in that day of dawn, it would have seemed, as Poe's first edition saw the light in 1827, that a new star had fallen from the heavens of song. Yet there is no definite or positive evidence to sustain a belief that the novel note affected in a visible measure the intellectual self-complacency of that period. At the time of Poe's advent the poetic impulse throughout the English world had descended to the lowest point. Shelley and Keats were resting in their Roman graves; Coleridge had abandoned poetry for philosophy and criticism; Wordsworth was producing in desultory and fitful fashion; Browning was a lad of fifteen years. Tennyson and Poe, appearing simultaneously, were each the herald of a new order, though each pursued his path to immortality, following the guidance of his own "æry voices." With the English master it was a resistless advance from glory to glory until his "crossing the bar," in October, 1892. He broadened slowly from precedent to precedent, like his own ideal freedom, all the charms of all the muses flowering in his Vigilant measure, his chosen coin of fancy, the acknowledged lord of our mother speech.

No such golden fate fell to the lot of Poe. That his moral infirmities were neither few nor small, even his most sympathetic biographer must in candor concede. Still, when the case is most strenuously urged against him, his enemies themselves being judges, the plane on which he stands is not below that on which are arrayed such lights of the poetic sphere as Marlowe, Burns, Shelley, and Byron. It was an epoch in the history of literature when his two slender volumes were issued in 1827 and in 1831. Tennyson's second volume in his own name appeared a year later, or in 1832, his first in 1830. There is no flavor of commonplace association of the modes and monotony of our prosaic life in the skylark strain which descends from the ethereal ranges of "Lenore" and "Annabel Lee." Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow appealed to the dominant American type. Their art was marked by local color and controlled by prevailing conditions—historical, traditional, political, ideal. In its essential features, origin, and inspiration it was American; and the didactic method, the homily in verse was ever asserting itself as a foremost agent or element in our literary development. In the fierce light of contrast the weirdness and witchery of Poe's verse reveal their subtle charm. The buffetings of fate did not wither him nor stale his infinite variety. Drawing neither hope nor inspiration from the austere world that lay before him, he drew neither models nor prototypes from the masters of his art who had preceded him nor from those of his contemporaries who were grappling with an evil star. During his twenty years of produc-

tive life Poe accomplished results so far-reaching and crowned his worth with such flawlessness of design and grace of execution as to assure his rank among the marvels of literary history. His range included poetry, fiction, and criticism. In two of these he stands in the foremost file. In romance he has created a school and has called into life a type of poetry almost undreamed of in preceding ages. In the field of critical divination nearly every one of his judgments has been confirmed by the passionless arbitrament of increasing ages.

In the province of fiction Poe has never been accorded the recognition which is the just meed of his rare achievement. His finely tempered faculty of foreseeing the result enabled him to penetrate the remotest walks of the most seclusive of the muses. Even the casual reader of contemporary romances must discover the prototypes of "Sherlock Holmes" and his school in "The Purloined Letter" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." A more striking illustration of literary ancestry cannot be suggested than the story of "William Wilson" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The French detective story traces from Poe by clear descent, while the symbolists discern in his method the foreshadowing of their own system. From "The Raven" sprang the inspiration of the "The Blessed Damsel," that youthful fantasy of Rossetti's, with its mystic note touched by the subtlest graces of the Dantean age. It is an obverse or inverted presentation of the relations and conditions which prevail in "The Raven." Rossetti explicitly acknowledged his indebtedness to Poe. Without the former poem the latter would never have leaped to life. In the sphere of art Poe's cast of mind is alien to nearly all the characteristic forces that prevail in our contemporary life. Its appeal is not to the local, the sensuous, the visible. His heroines derive not from fleshly types arrayed in human vesture. They passed their dreamy days "out of space, out of time," unrestrained by metes and bounds of place and measure. Traits of loveliness characteristic of the woman of the South were apparent in these habitants of a sphere wrought by dreams, whose homes lay by sounding seas, by dim lakes of Auber, or on the marge of some mysterious tarn, such as that whose shrouding waters enveloped the "House of Usher." Poe's mode of approach to themes that have their place in the golden world of fiction was not restricted to the special method of the symbolists. While he anticipated their mechanism, he is more than a symbolist, and several of his notable creations take rank in the school of naturalism. Such, for example, are "The Gold Bug," "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Purloined Letter." From these types, in which every spring of action is laid bare with vigorous precision, we approach such dreams of fantasy as "The Masque of the Red Death" or "The Haunted Palace," and all the springs and agencies of the symbolists are potentially set before us.

Such versatility of genius, such power to stimulate to rich issues the artistic life of alien lands and races has hardly a parallel in our literary record. For Poe it has secured an abiding place, a superb and thoroughly defined isolation such as no other American master has attained or even remotely approached.

Ah! only from his golden throne,
 Upon his golden lute,
 He touched the magic note; then Poe was known,
 And so was quelled dispute.
 Open thy portal, Fame! Let soar
 That somber bird, whose song is heard forevermore.
 —Daniel Bedinger Lucas.

THE STAINLESS SOLDIER.

[Read at the dedication of the Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg in 1917.]

In an army of lions, led by a lion,
None were found braver than he;
In an army of knights, led by a knight,
None could there knightlier be;
In an army of patriots, led by a patriot,
None were more selfless than he—
O noble of soul and tender of heart,
Our own dear Lee!

After the manly manner of their race,
Two hosts of freemen battled in this place;
Unsoftened by the beauty of the spot,
Gave nobly blow for blow and shot for shot,
Struggling for mastery.

Both lost, both won. In this mad rage and strife,
Draped in the ermine of a stainless life,
Here Lee, the conqueror, stands; not in defeat,
Nor the dulled anguish of compelled retreat,
But winged victory.

For what is victory but heaven's right?
God's jewel sacrifice doth keep it bright,
Maintained at any, every cost of self,
Without a thought of gain or pain or pelf
Against the whole wide world.

Immortal on the field of honor stands,
Revered by noble souls of many lands,
The royal purple of a Christian wore
Beneath his coat of mail. There is no more;
Immortal is all good.

Lord of a host all panoplied for war,
The first of Lee's great traits, respect for law,
Was clearly seen. Then came humanity.
His look commanding veiled only courtesy;
He was a king of men.

The land was shaken, and the land is healed.
Praise be to God! we say. The land but reeled.
Now firm her step and high she holds the light
Of liberty and common weal and right,
Frowning on brutal might.

In his own South the stainless soldier lies;
He is not dead, for honor never dies.
It faints sometimes, God knows. 'Tis he who sighs
And breathes himself into the man who tries
To win so great a prize.

Earth's clay shows now and then the potter's touch
And likeness beautiful. From Him all such
Proceed, to him return, God's own way.
'Tis love and grief at last that win the day
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Such was our Southern soldier. Such our Lee,
Royal in nature, mien, and grace. 'Tis we
Who knew him best that praise and love him most.
He was our joy; he is our pride, our boast—
"As good as he was great."

In an army of lions, led by a lion,
None were found braver than he;
In an army of knights, led by a knight,
None could there knightlier be;
In an army of patriots, led by a patriot,
None were more selfless than he—
O noble of soul and tender of heart,
Our own dear Lee!

—Frances Courtenay Baylor.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

Cadets, C. S. A.—General Bragg on June 13, 1863, ordered that "Cadets appointed to regiments are by law assigned there as schools of instruction and will not be removed by commanders for any purpose whatever. Especially is the assignment for them to duty on the staff of general officers prohibited. They are boys and students to be taught, not teachers of men their superiors." I should like to hear from one of these cadet staff officers, as this is the only mention of such an officer in the records.

Suits of Glory.—The *Richmond Examiner* of January 6, 1863, says: "So far the news has come in what may be called the classical style of the Southwest. When the Southern army fights a battle we first hear that it has gained one of the most stupendous victories on record; that regiments from Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas have exhibited an irresistible and superhuman valor unknown in history this side of Sparta and Rome. As for the generals, they usually get all their clothes shot off and replace them with a suit of glory. The enemy, of course, is simply annihilated. Next day more dispatches come, still very good, but not quite so good as the first. The telegrams of the third day are invariably such as to make a mist, a muddle, and a fog of the whole affair. General Bragg has certainly retreated to Shelbyville, thirty miles from his victory at Murfreesboro, as he did last fall from his victory at Perryville. On this occasion he has saved his prisoners, captured guns, stores, etc. But if he has retired (that is the fashionable phrase on our side, as a 'change of base' is on the other) to Shelbyville with his whole army, he has thrown East Tennessee open to the Yankees." There was a great deal of truth in this article as to the victories of the armies of the Confederacy, as Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, and Murfreesboro were reported on the first day as glorious victories for our side.

The Female of the Species.—General Thomas, U. S. A., said: "I request that no more women be sent here for the purpose of passing through the lines. I consider them more insinuating and far more dangerous than men." No doubt in the world as to the insinuating part of it, and we have all heard that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Promotion from the Ranks.—On June 11 General Bragg issued the following circular: "The general commanding earnestly desires and requests commanders of regiments to suspend elections for vacancies in the office of second lieutenant in order that recommendations may be made for promotion of noncommissioned officers and privates to that position in cases of extraordinary valor and skill, as provided

in general orders, as this is the only way in which those who have distinguished themselves on the field of battle can be rewarded." As the General admits that elections were lawful and only requests promotion for gallantry, although general orders from Richmond authorized the same, there was a bad tangle somewhere.

Medicine for Cavalry Stragglers.—General Bragg issued an order that "all members of the cavalry found absent from their commands without proper written authority will be dismounted and deprived of their horses and equipment, which will be turned over to the chief of cavalry. The men thus dismounted will be immediately assigned to the nearest regiments of infantry from their respective States." Drastic, but efficient.

Secession of the Northwest.—Governor Morton, of Indiana, wrote Secretary Stanton on January 3, 1863: "I am advised that it is contemplated when the Legislature meets in this State to pass a joint resolution acknowledging the Southern Confederacy and urging the States of the Northwest to dissolve all constitutional relations with the New England States. The same thing is on foot in Illinois." So Beauregard's idea of an alliance with the Northwest was not altogether a pipe dream.

Complimenting the Rebels.—On November 3, 1862, General Rosecrans issued the following order: "The general commanding appeals to both officers and men of this army to aid him in bringing it to a state of discipline at least equal to that of the Rebels." And on November 27 Halleck wrote Rosecrans: "Take a lesson from the enemy. Move light and supply yourself as much as possible from the country you pass through." We taught them something from first to last.

What Might Have Been.—On December 21, 1862, General Woodbury, U. S. A., wrote General Halleck: "It seems to me that the Rebels have not made during the past season all the use of their interior lines which they might have made. In June they undertook two principal operations—first, to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania and, second, to oppose Rosecrans with an army nearly equal his own. Had the army of Bragg been added to Lee's, the latter might have gained the battle of Gettysburg, and that would have compelled us to withdraw the army of Rosecrans for the defense of Washington. On the other hand, had the army of Lee been added to that of Bragg, Rosecrans might have been overwhelmed far from his base. Too late they attempted the right thing." And he spoke a parable.

Barefooted and Clothingless Men.—General Lee reported that on December 2, 1862, there were three thousand men in his army absolutely barefooted, while there were a great many shoes in Richmond in the hands of extortioners who wanted fifteen dollars a pair for them. The adjutant general of Hayes's Louisiana brigade reported that "among fifteen hundred men reported for duty there are four hundred without covering of any kind for their feet. There are a large number who have no blankets; some without a particle of under-clothing, having neither shirts, drawers, nor socks; while overcoats, from their rarity, are objects of curiosity." What a difference between their condition and that of the soldiers of to-day!

Breaking Their Hold.—Col. E. P. Alexander, C. S. army, said on December 15: "The fog lifted, and the reserves of the enemy could be seen lying flat on their faces in the valley,

in the language of General Burnside, 'holding the first ridge.' A few well-directed shots, however, soon broke this hold, and all who could not find fresh shelter fled in confusion to the city." Having been pretty badly jolted in the big show (Fredericksburg) two days previously they were a little gun-shy. And I don't blame them.

Patriotic Officer.—Colonel Karge, U. S. army, wrote General Bayard on December 4, 1862: "Lieutenant Hoffman, according to the statement of five escaped soldiers who were under his command, after having placed badly his videttes and allowed his men to lay aside their arms, went about 6 P.M., according to the custom of many of our patriotic officers, to provide for his belly in a neighboring house, leaving his command to the care of Providence, and the result was that every one was captured or scattered without firing a shot." As the Colonel further states that there was a young and attractive female in the said house, I suppose it was another case of "Samson and Delilah."

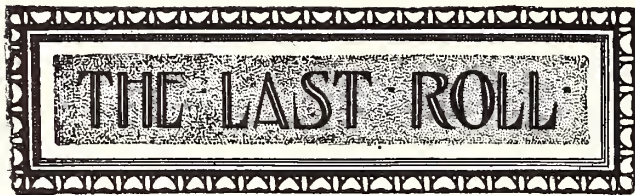
Grapevine.—One of Sigel's (the "Flying Dutchman") scouts reported on November 20, 1862: "The general feeling among the Rebel army is that they do not intend ever to whip the United States. All they are trying to do is to keep the United States from whipping them. A treaty of peace is all they ask." Sure, but not "at any price."

Medicine for Stragglers.—Major Bridgeford, Chief Provost Marshal, 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in his report of the battle of Fredericksburg said: "When a sufficient number of stragglers were collected together, I sent them under charge of cavalry to be delivered to the first major general whose command was going into the fight to place them in the front and most exposed portion of his command. I am most happy to state that the number arrested and sent forward were comparatively few in consideration of the size of the army. Also I am glad to say that I had no occasion to carry into effect the order to shoot all stragglers who refused to go forward; or, if caught a second time, upon the evidence of two witnesses, to shoot them. Had I occasion to carry it into effect, it certainly should have been executed to the letter." I believe that man meant what he said. At any rate, I shouldn't have liked personally to have brought it to a test.

Why the Stone Wall Was Not Carried.—General Humphreys, U. S. army, said that the only reason they did not carry the stone wall at Fredericksburg was because of the presence of a mass of men behind it who were firing when they came up. And a very clear and creditable reason, too.

Awful Casualties.—Gen. D. H. Hill on December 24, 1862, reported: "Hardaway opened upon the gunboats; and they, finding the fire too hot, fled back to town. Hardaway continued to pelt them, and to stop this fire the ruffians commenced shelling the town, full of women and children. The town was partially destroyed, but a merciful Providence kindly protected the inoffensive inhabitants. A dog was killed and a negro wounded. No other living being was injured." "All's well that ends well."

Extraordinary Execution.—General Kimball, U. S. army, says that in the battle of Fredericksburg "from the time my column came in sight all movements were executed under a most murderous fire from the enemy's artillery, several shells bursting in the ranks and destroying a company at a time." The Confederates must have used the same piece that General Wise used in the West Virginia campaign, which got sixty Yankees at a shot.

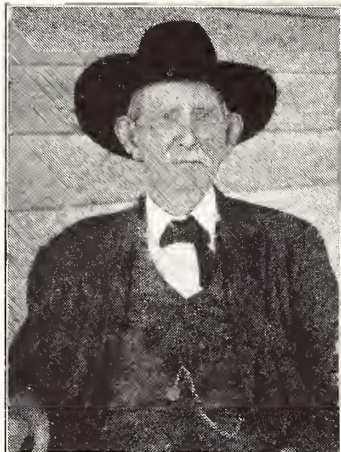


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"All powder burned, with tired feet,
He heard the bugler sound retreat;
Safe in camp, brave soldier, stay;
Sentries guard you night and day
Round the ramparts' narrow way.

LIEUT. L. P. COLLIER.

A faithful friend and loyal worker has been lost to the VETERAN in the death of Comrade L. P. Collier, who entered into final sleep at the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., on April 12, 1918, in his eighty-fourth year. For sixteen years he had actively represented the VETERAN at Columbia and adjacent towns, doing all he could to advance its interests; and not until he was too feeble to get about well did he give up the work. Just a few days after his last report was made he passed away, and his passing away has left a void in the hearts of those who knew him.



LIEUT. L. P. COLLIER.

Lieutenant Collier was born in Orangeburg County, S. C., on November 28, 1834, being the son of William and Rebecca Shuler Collier. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, joining Company D, South Carolina Volunteers, under Colonel Hagood, and at the end of the war he was a lieutenant. For some years after the war he was a successful merchant in his native county; but when, in 1911, the infirmities of age began to weigh heavily upon him, he retired to the Confederate Home at Columbia and there passed the remaining days of his long life. Possessed of a quiet and genial disposition, he was well liked by all who knew him. He was laid to rest at Bowman, in his native county, where some of his children and grandchildren still live.

J. H. GRESHAM.

Memorial resolutions by A. S. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tex., in honor of J. H. Gresham, who departed this life on the 8th of January, 1918, state that he enlisted as a soldier of the South in Col. Charles D. Morse's regiment, of Gano's Brigade, and served faithfully through four weary years of war. He was a devout Christian and served his God no less faithfully, and his civil life was marked by the

same devotion to duty. A true type of the old-time Southern gentleman, his death was deeply felt. He was about eighty-six years of age.

The resolutions conclude: "In his death our Camp has lost one of its most useful and loyal comrades, the community an honored citizen, his family a devoted husband and father."

[Committee: P. M. Spears, C. P. Matthews, J. M. Long.]

JUDGE STERLING F. GRIMES.

From memorial resolutions adopted by the William P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., of Victoria, Tex.:

"Judge Sterling Fontaine Grimes, whose death occurred at Cuero, Tex., on May 4, 1918, though a native Kentuckian, was by a choice a Texan, and for more than fifty years he was a practicing lawyer and public official of the State. He was a citizen foremost in civic duty, public-spirited, progressive, a leader in thought and in accomplishment. As a public official he held two of the most important offices in the State government, that of district attorney and district judge. As a prosecutor he was able, fearless, and vigorous, yet always fair; while as a judge he was learned, patient, courteous, conservative, impartial, and upright.

"From the beginning of the War between the States to the bitter end Judge Grimes was a soldier of the Confederacy, 'one of Morgan's men,' facing with equal courage the perils of battle and the horrors of a war prison. When the flag of the Confederacy was furled he passed, with his comrades and chosen people, through the Gethsemane of Reconstruction.

"Judge Grimes was of a most attractive personality, an eloquent and forceful speaker, a charming conversationalist, an erudite scholar, and, better than all, he was intensely human, a genial comrade, and a loyal friend. He was one of the last links binding us to the Old South and its days of generous hospitality and cultured homes. He was also the last survivor of the old bar of South Texas, that noble galaxy of the great lawyers of the war period, Reconstruction, and the years just following, men whose names are fireside words of honesty, integrity, courage, and fidelity."

EDWARD H. MCKNIGHT.

Edward H. McKnight, born December 4, 1841, in Washington, Miss., departed this life June 9, 1918, in Hollis, Okla., having lived a good life of seventy-seven years. He was converted early in life and baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist Church, in which he was an ordained deacon for about forty years. He went to Oklahoma on Thanksgiving Day in 1889 and first settled near Eldorado. In 1893 he removed to McKnight and there helped to build up a good Church. The latter part of his life was spent at Hollis.

At the age of twenty years Edward McKnight enlisted in Company I, 5th Texas Brigade, C. S. A., and served all through the war. He was under such great men as Generals Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Joe Wheeler. He was in some of the hardest-fought battles and was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 30, 1862.

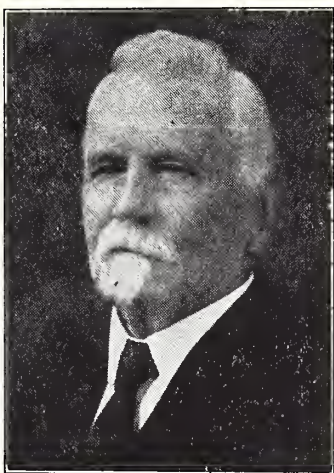
Comrade McKnight was married to Miss Katherine E. Munford in October, 1865, and to them eleven children were born, eight of whom (four sons and four daughters) survive him, and there are twenty-three grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. He also left three brothers at Roswell, N. Mex., and a host of friends to mourn his departure. The Church lost a good member, the old soldiers a brave comrade, the wife a good husband, and the children a dear father. He was laid to rest in the McKnight Cemetery.

[J. H. McCuiston.]

CAPT. NICHOLAS JACKSON FLOYD.

Capt. Nicholas J. Floyd, who passed away July 3 at his home, in Baltimore, Md., was born December 11, 1828, near Lynchburg, Va., of the Kentucky-Virginia family of his name. After completing his education in his native State, he began his business life as owner and editor of the Athens (Ala.) *Herald*, in which work he strenuously supported those principles of the Constitution founding the sovereign rights of the State. He also

helped to organize and became lieutenant of a cavalry company designed to combat such lawless bands as that which was then menacing Virginia under John Brown. When Virginia seceded from the Union this company was reorganized as infantry and was sent to Richmond, where as Company F it became a part of the 9th Alabama, under Col. C. M. Wilcox, which was later brigaded under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. With this regiment Lieutenant Floyd served actively throughout that campaign



CAPT. N. J. FLOYD.

in the Army of Northern Virginia immortalized in the battles of Manassas, at the Yorktown Peninsula, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, and through the bombardment of Fredericksburg. The following winter he was promoted to a captaincy and assigned to duty as assistant paymaster and quartermaster, as such continuing with his old command until, having passed through the battle of the Crater, he was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under his old commander, Gen. E. Kirby Smith. Captain Floyd was put in charge of the post at Minden, La., and so continued to the end.

In his late years Captain Floyd wrote extensively, his chief production being "The Last of the Cavaliers," which dealt forcibly with the iniquities of Reconstruction. He also wrote the "Floyd Biographical Genealogies," which ranks high in such works. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Morrow, of Minden, La., and their only child, Mrs. Howard L. Bowman, both residing in Baltimore. He was a member of Garland Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, Lynchburg, Va.

MORTON W. WILSON.

The death of Morton W. Wilson at Camden, S. C., occurred on the morning of July 2, 1918. He was born on one of the sea islands near Charleston in 1836 and received his education at the school of Prof. William James Rivers. He entered business in Charleston and was just beginning to be known as an earnest, dependable young man when the War between the States came on, and he answered the call of the Palmetto State for volunteers. He served throughout the war with distinction and won the reputation of a gallant soldier and faithful comrade. After the war was over he returned to Charleston and entered a brokerage and banking house on Broad Street. In 1873 he went to the Bank of Charleston, where he advanced in position from bookkeeper to cashier of the bank, in which position he became perhaps

more generally known than any bank cashier in the State. In January, 1917, he was promoted to a vice presidency, and this position he held at the time of his death. His ripe experience and intimate acquaintance with the transactions of the bank through many years made him invaluable in its work, and he is sadly missed by his associates and fellow workers.

REV. WILLIAM M. CALLIHAN.

Rev. William M. Callihan was born in Bibb County, Ga., August 23, 1835. He enlisted in the 53d Georgia Regiment and gave good service to the Confederacy. He married Miss Emma Tegg, the oldest daughter of Dr. William Harrison Tegg, a distinguished and successful physician and minister of the gospel. He was a kind father and a loving husband.

Comrade Callihan was an ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist Church. He loved his Church and served it faithfully as long as he was able. He was a good and faithful member of Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, U. C. V., at Covington, Ga., of which he was Chaplain for several years. When in old age and feebleness he was not able to attend our meetings, he requested us to select another Chaplain to take his place. This we did reluctantly, knowing his ability and worth in filling that important position.

On the 10th of March, 1918, a beautiful Sabbath day, when our comrade and brother was on his way home after he had united a happy young couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, the Lord took him suddenly, like Enoch of old, and, like Enoch, he was ready. He was known as "one who loved his fellow men."

[S. J. Kelly, Historian U. C. V., Covington, Ga.]

LEVI L. WIGHT.

Levi L. Wight was born in Clay County, Mo., March 1, 1836; but his parents removed to Travis County, Tex., in 1845. He was married to Miss Sophia Leland at Bandera, Tex., in 1856. Though it necessitated leaving his family in a sparsely settled community, with little protection, he enlisted early in 1862 in the cause of the South, serving continuously in Company K, 1st Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Buchelle, in Tom Green's Brigade, participating in all the battles and hardships of his command in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Comrade Wight had been a good citizen of Sweetwater, Tex., and an enthusiastic member of the E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 92, U. C. V., for the past twenty years. His death occurred on May 14, 1918, while on a visit to his daughter in San Antonio, and in his passing a bright link between the glorious past and the turbulent present has been severed. In the memorial resolutions by his Camp is expressed the sense of loss in the passing of one of its most valued, loved, and devoted members, while the State and county have lost an upright, patriotic citizen.

"That, while we deplore the irreparable loss of our comrade, we recognize the beneficence of our all-wise Creator in sparing our comrade to round out a long and useful life. We bid him farewell for a short time, assured that he was prepared and fully equipped for the journey into the great beyond."

[Committee: S. W. Crutcher, A. A. Prince, W. T. Hightower.]

Additional deaths reported by Commander Hightower, of E. C. Walthall Camp, Sweetwater, Tex., are: J. H. Fowler, Erath's Texas Rangers; J. C. George, Company K, 10th Texas Infantry; J. B. Sublett, Company I, 55th Alabama Infantry; R. C. Coke, Company A, 18th Texas Infantry.

J. B. SMITH.

The following memorial resolutions were adopted by Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga., at the regular meeting of the Camp on June 10, 1918:

"Whereas on the 17th day of April, 1918, it pleased our Heavenly Father to send his angel of death and remove from our midst our beloved brother and comrade, Past Lieutenant Commander J. B. Smith.

"Brother Smith was born in Campbell County, Ga., July 17, 1848, where he grew to manhood and was loved and honored by all who knew him. He moved to Atlanta sometime later, where he devoted most of his life in serving his Master and was a true friend to all.

"Brother Smith was a consistent and beloved member of Capitol View Baptist Church, serving as deacon in that Church for several years. He was loyal to the Confederate cause, serving as a true soldier in Glenn's Battery, 9th Georgia Field Artillery. He was a member of Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., and was its first Lieutenant Commander for ten years. He was at all times ready to do his full duty to his comrades, who loved him with that brotherly love that reaches even to the grave; and while we will not hear his kind voice again nor see his face here, we will some day march with him on that golden shore of God's eternal home.

"Resolved: 1. That we, Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., will miss our beloved brother and commander and mourn our loss.

"2. That we extend to his loved ones at home our love and deep sympathy in their sad hours, assuring them that we, as his comrades who loved him, bow our heads with them in humble submission to our Master's will.

"Committee: J. T. Reams, H. D. McCutcheon, J. S. Elder."

THOMAS M. GRAVELY.

Thomas Marshall Gravelly, son of Lewis and Martha Dyer Gravelly, was born in Henry County, Va., in 1841, and lived at the old homestead until he went to Martinsville, some twenty-five years ago, where he lived several years before his removal to West Virginia in 1902. He was married, some forty-seven years ago, to Miss Georgia Stultz, a daughter of the late Capt. Zepheniah Stultz, of Henry County.

Major Gravelly was a gallant Confederate soldier, commanding a company in Pickett's Brigade and serving throughout the war until he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware. He was among the six hundred prisoners taken from that fort to Morris Island and there confined for the remainder of the war. He was badly wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville and was present at the wounding of Stonewall Jackson on that famous field. After seven weeks' absence he recovered from his wounds, which were so serious that they were at first thought to mean his permanent disability, and returned to his command for further gallant service as a soldier and officer of the Confederate forces until his capture.

Major Gravelly was a man of high integrity and manly qualities, brave in war and true to his obligations as a citizen in peace, faithful in all the relations of life, a devoted husband and father, and a loyal friend.

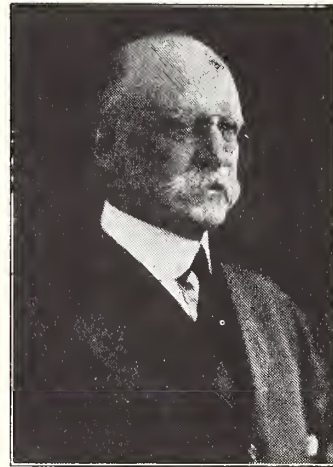
OTHO HAYDEN, SR.

Commander J. L. Rogers, of Camp Walker, U. C. V., Franklin, Ky., reports the death of Otho Hayden, Sr., and his burial in Greenlawn Cemetery on May 28, 1918. He was an ideal Confederate soldier, a member of Company G, 9th

Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, and fought from the beginning to the end of the war. He was buried with military honors by Camp Walker, and his comrades laid him away with sad hearts, but buoyed by the hope of meeting him with the other heroes that have crossed to the other side of the river.

DR. ROBERT C. ATKINSON.

Robert Chilton Atkinson, M.D., who died at St. Louis, Mo., December 31, 1917, was born at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va., on the 3d day of October, 1841. He was the son of Hon. Archibald Atkinson, well known as a statesman of Tidewater, Va., twenty years a member of the Virginia House and Senate, mayor of the ancient town of Smithfield, Congressman and lawyer. His mother was Elizabeth Ann Chilton, of Leesburg, Va.



DR. R. C. ATKINSON.

A Virginian to the core, Dr. Atkinson fought her invaders from the North with the same spirit that animated his ancestors, the Powells, Peytons, Harrisons, Chiltons, and Atkinsons, when they joined the Colonials in saving her from the savages and the Revolutionists when they had saved her from the selfishness of England and gained her independence as a State.

His family were conspicuous in the Confederate cause. Gen. Robert H. Chilton, chief of staff to Gen. Robert E. Lee, was his uncle; his only brother, Dr. Archibald Atkinson, was brigade surgeon under Gen. Jubal Early; his brother-in-law, Col. George D. Wise, was killed at the battle of Petersburg; and his aged father, Archibald Atkinson, gave most of a comfortable fortune to the Confederate government.

As a typical Confederate soldier of that incomparable Army of Northern Virginia, Dr. Robert C. Atkinson stood out in bold relief against the background of commercialism and self-aggrandizement so prevalent in his community and in the world at large. With conspicuous energy, courage, and aggressiveness for the aid of any person or cause exciting his interest, he combined a modesty, gentleness, and generosity of uncommon degree. His life was pure and his affections deep and genuine. All his early schooling and environment inclined his mind to classical thought and diction; but with all his love of the beautiful and heroic in poetry, history, and refinement, he had no trace of effeminacy, and in his professional life he was literally the man in the trenches. No cause was so hopeless as to justify surrender and no man so poor as to be beneath his best and promptest attention. He was always in great demand as a speaker.

As often happens with the most skillful men in the professions and arts, Dr. Atkinson was not a money-maker. He abhorred the idea of being in debt or of imposing upon any one. He never ventured in speculation and was so free and generous with his services and means that he accumulated little. His friends said that he was a most timid man about finances and that he must have taken the "vow of poverty."

His frequent expression, "The poor fellow needs it more than I do; he can't afford to pay this bill," was characteristic, but too often based upon his own generous nature rather than on fact.

At the time of the war against the South, when Virginia withdrew from the union of States rather than furnish troops to attack her sisters, Dr. Atkinson was in the graduating class of William and Mary College. He offered his services and was commissioned a lieutenant in the Virginia army and assigned to Gen. Roger A. Pryor as drill master. When the Virginia troops were taken over by the Confederate government, Lieutenant Atkinson, with other officers not commanding troops, was left behind to await assignment. Becoming restless from inactivity, he rode off and enlisted as a private in the first command he came across, which happened to be the Prince George County troop, of the 13th Virginia Cavalry. Dr. Atkinson served throughout the war, having been disabled in action and afterwards reenlisted in the famous Chew's Battery. He was at Gettysburg with the 10th Virginia Cavalry and took part at Malvern Hill, Williamsburg, and many of the important battles. He thus had the unique distinction of entering the service an officer and coming out of it without a commission, although more than once commended for bravery and soldierly bearing and having an uncle on the staff of the commander in chief.

Dr. Atkinson was educated at Lynchburg Military Institute and William and Mary College. His medical education was received after the war at the University of Virginia and Tulane University, of New Orleans. He practiced his profession a short time in New Orleans and in 1868 moved to St. Louis, where he married Miss Mary Tandy Bull, daughter of John Cardwell Bull and Eliza Sprigg Payne, of Shelbyville, Ky. Here he took front rank in the profession and was known for many years as one of the best diagnosticians in that city. His public service embraced work as sanitary officer, assistant superintendent of the city hospital, member of the school board, member of the board of health, U. S. pension examiner, coroner of St. Louis, secretary and active officer of the State board of health, Federal examiner of army surgeons for the Spanish-American War, and for eight of the last ten years of his life he was medical and hygiene officer of the St. Louis public schools, in daily care of many thousands of children. He served in the latter capacity a board of opposite political faith and was held in such high esteem that political pressure could not dislodge him.

As a teacher Dr. Atkinson was one of the founders of Marion-Sims Medical College, of St. Louis, and occupied the chair of practice of medicine and of hygiene. He was afterwards assigned to the chair of pediatrics, or diseases of children, which he finally resigned after serving for eighteen years on the faculty. He continued with the college after it was incorporated into the St. Louis University, and as medical director of St. Ann's Orphan Asylum he cut down the death rate to a remarkable degree. His lectures were very popular, and students crowded in, even from other classes, to attend them. He loved to serve little children and had a wonderful mastery over them.

Dr. Atkinson was Commander of the St. Louis Camp of Confederate Veterans. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Miss May Atkinson, and a son, Chilton Atkinson, now Democratic nominee for judge of the probate court in St. Louis. Few men had more loyal and appreciative friends in all walks of life than did Dr. Atkinson. His memory recalls to them that beautiful assurance: "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

TILLMAN F. LEAK, SR.

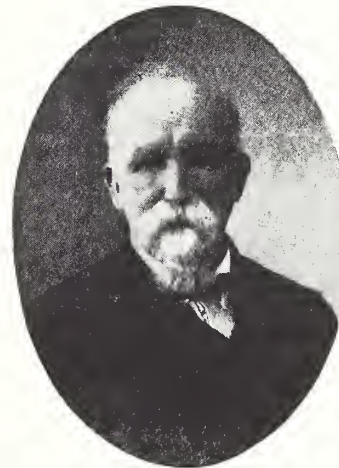
After an illness of several weeks, Tillman Ford Leak, Sr., aged seventy-six years, died at his home, in Montgomery, Ala., on February 11, 1918. His death occasioned much sorrow throughout the South, where he was well known. For more than fifty years he had been a resident of Montgomery and by his genial and obliging disposition had endeared himself to a large acquaintance. He was born at Wetumpka, Ala., April 23, 1843, and there grew to young manhood. When the War between the States began he enlisted with the 8th Alabama Regiment under Col. Hilary A. Herbert, soon became an orderly for Colonel Herbert, and was commended a number of times for his bravery. He fought with this regiment until the close of the war and was at Appomattox when General Lee surrendered.

After the war was over, Comrade Leak returned to Montgomery and made that city his home. In 1869 he established an undertaking business and was one of the first men in the South to become an embalmer.

At the time of his death Comrade Leak was First Lieutenant Commander of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., having been re-elected to that position shortly before his death. He was devoted to the work of the Camp, taking an active part in it. He was one of the few members who represented his city at the Reunion in Washington during 1917. He was one of the oldest members of the First Baptist Church, of Montgomery, and was an active and devoted worker in the Church. He was also a member of Central Lodge, Knights of Pythias. He is survived by one son, a brother, and a sister.

NEILL McNEILL.

Neill McNeill was born in 1841 on his father's farm, near Fayetteville, N. C., and there spent his boyhood. His educational advantages were the best his country afforded; but just as he was ready for college the War between the States broke out, and he at once offered his services to his country, becoming a member of Company H, 1st North Carolina Volunteers. Later on he was connected with a cavalry company commanded by Capt. (later Colonel) James McNeill. He was a typical Southern soldier, brave and resourceful, and his service was from the battle of Bethel to the surrender at Appomattox. Though he passed through many



NEILL M'NEILL.

hard campaigns, he was never wounded or captured.

The last years of Comrade McNeill were spent at Parkton, N. C., where he was prominent in the business interests of the town and a public-spirited citizen. He was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church of Parkton, clerk of its sessions, and for many years superintendent of its Sunday school. He was generous to a fault, always bright and cheerful, retaining to the last his youthful sympathies. He died March 17, 1918, and all the ministers of the town joined in the funeral services, which were conducted at the grave by the Masons, of which order he was a faithful and loyal member.

MATTHEW HENDERSON COUCH.

M. H. Couch was born near Paris, Coweta County, Ga., February 14, 1837. He loved his country with a deep devotion; and when the war cloud broke upon the country in 1861 he took his place under the beautiful Confederate flag and remained true and loyal unto the end. He was a member of the Spalding Grays, of Griffin, one of the first companies that went out. Strong in purpose, fearless in his assertions of right, indomitable in courage, sincere in patriotism, and unselfish in love of country—these were some of the distinguishing characteristics of our noble son of Georgia.

On March 2, 1872, he and Miss Henrietta Cook were happily married by Dr. J. H. Hall. His wife and three daughters survive him.

Soon after his return from the war he engaged in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful. He was several times mayor of Senoia, Ga., serving continuously from 1877

to 1885, and was President of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank from the time of its organization, a period of about twenty-two years. He was a prominent Mason and held many positions of honor in the fraternity, having belonged to that good order for more than sixty years.

In 1907 he was elected to the Georgia Legislature, where he served his county and State for four years, rendering most faithful and efficient service. When only a youth, he joined the Baptist Church and was always willing and ready to do his part in every good work.

Now our gray-haired veteran is gone, the places that knew him once know him no more, but his example of patriotism and Christian fortitude lives on.

COMRADES OF JOE SAYERS CAMP, U. C. V.

G. W. Barr, Adjutant of Joe Sayers Camp, U. C. V., of Stamford, Tex., reports the following deaths:

Dudley Adams, born in Tipton County, Tenn., November 22, 1834, died at Lubbock, Tex., February 28, 1918. He enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1862, at Austin, Ark., as a member of Capt. James Adams's company, of the 25th Arkansas Regiment, McNair's Brigade, Walthall's Division. He was elected first lieutenant of his company at Atlanta, Ga., in 1863. He took part in thirteen hard-fought battles, in one of which his regiment was supporting a battery which the enemy succeeded in taking. All the field officers had been killed or wounded, and Lieutenant Adams rallied the men and retook the battery. Seeing this heroic effort by Lieutenant Adams and his men, General Walthall rode up and praised their gallantry. His health failing in 1864, Lieutenant Adams was sent home to recuperate, and while he was still west of the Mississippi General Lee surrendered. He surrendered to the Federal authorities at Little Rock, and his parole is a treasured relic of his loyal service to the South. He is survived by a wife and daughter.

On May 11, 1918, Comrade W. C. Campbell, who enlisted from Rusk County, Tex., early in the War between the

States, passed over the river to bivouac with the heavenly host. He served with Captain Kiser's company, of the 12th Texas Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade, Walker's Division, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was a faithful soldier to the last and no less faithful to the duties of civil life. He is survived by several sons and daughters.

J. C. BIRDSONG.

After years of failing health, J. C. Birdsong, Adjutant of L. O'B. Branch Camp, U. C. V., died at his home, in Raleigh, N. C., on the 18th of June, 1918. He was born in Southampton County, Va., his parents removing to Petersburg a few years later, where in 1851 Mr. Birdsong entered the office of the *Daily Express*, at that time the leading newspaper of Virginia. At the outbreak of the war, then just eighteen years of age, he enlisted in the service of the Confederacy as a volunteer in Company B, 12th Regiment of Virginia Infantry. At Chancellorsville, on May 24, 1863, he was taken prisoner, but as soon as exchanged he reported for duty with his company and endured the hardships of the later service. He was wounded in the battle of Cold Harbor.

After the war Comrade Birdsong made his home at Raleigh, N. C., and in 1867 he was married to Miss Ophelia Crocker, of that city. Four sons and three daughters were born to them, all surviving except one son.

Comrade Birdsong was one of the prominent Confederate veterans of Raleigh, serving as Adjutant of the L. O'B. Branch Camp, U. C. V., of Raleigh, and he was also an active member of the Masonic fraternity, being Secretary of the William G. Hill Lodge, F. and A. M., of Raleigh, and a member of the I. O. O. F. of North Carolina. He was one of the oldest members of the Baptist Church there and a member of its board of deacons. He was a man honored for his faithfulness to duty and loyalty to his friends, while his strong sense of humor made him a delightful companion. He was laid to rest in his gray uniform. At the funeral his casket was covered with the two Confederate flags which had been laid on the casket of President Davis when the funeral train was at Raleigh on the way to Richmond, Va.

FRANK A. MOSES.

Frank A. Moses, who died at the Lincoln Memorial Hospital, in Knoxville, Tenn., on May 8, 1918, was one of the best known of Confederate veterans in the State of Tennessee. As a member of the State Board of Pensions since 1891 and its chief examiner, he had been instrumental in adjusting the questions of pensions for thousands of Tennessee Confederate veterans, and during this more than twenty-five years he had given his time and thought to the matter of relieving his Confederate comrades and their widows.

Comrade Moses was a soldier of the Confederacy in the War between the States as a member of Company D, 3d Tennessee Regiment, and was made ensign of his regiment. He served with bravery and distinction, taking part in many engagements. He was wounded in the battle of Drewry's Bluff. Before this he had been in the campaign under Bragg from Tullahoma to Chattanooga and was in the Chickamauga campaign in September, 1863. He also saw service with General Longstreet in East Tennessee. After recovering from his wound in May, 1864, he rejoined the command in October.

Comrade Moses served as clerk in the Tennessee House of Representatives in 1875, and under appointment of Governor Porter he became a member of the Board of Railroad Tax Assessors, serving for the years 1877 and 1878. His death occurred after a long illness, at the age of seventy-three years.

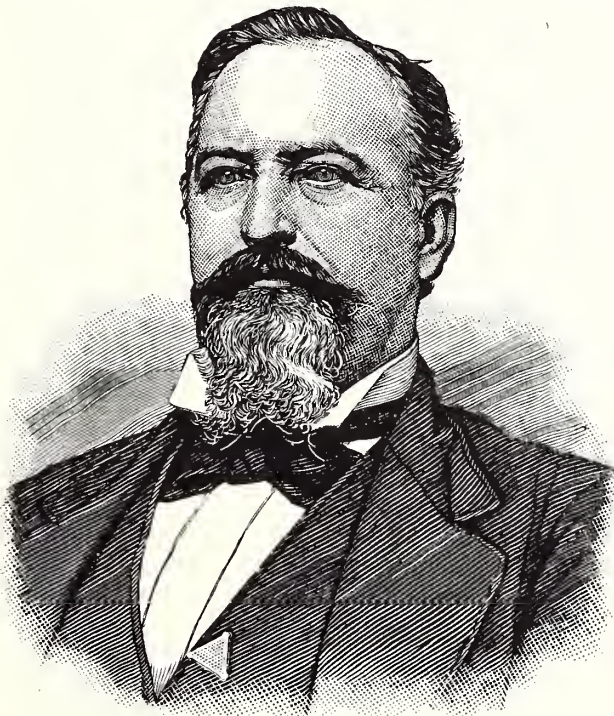


M. H. COUCH.

THOMAS Q. MULLIN.

Thomas Q. Mullin, who died at his home, in Colorado, Tex., on January 5, 1918, was born in Madison County, Miss., November 28, 1838. His father died when he was six years old, and his mother then removed to Lawrence County, where she died in 1850. In 1859 young Mullin became a member of the Prairie Guards at Crawfordsville, in Lowndes County, Miss., and in December, 1860, the service of this company was tendered to the Governor of Mississippi. It was sent to the Warrenton Navy Yard, near Pensacola, Fla., in February, 1861, and formed a part of the 1st Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. The company was reorganized in March, 1861, and was mustered into the Confederate service. Sent to Corinth in April, it helped to form the 11th Mississippi Infantry under Col. W. H. Moore and was ordered to Virginia, taking part in many of the early battles in that State. Comrade Mullin shared its fortunes in camp and field until wounded in the right knee in the battle of Seven Pines which caused the loss of his leg.

Removing to Texas in 1872, he made his home at La-grange and there served as county treasurer for a number of years. In 1882 he made his permanent home at Colorado and was one of its most enterprising and loyal citizens, faithful in his civil and religious duties, serving as deacon and Sunday school superintendent, and always ready to help in any good work. The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., which he organized, and the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Colorado, feel the loss of his companionship and helpfulness in their undertakings. After a brief illness he obeyed the command to come up higher and went unquestioningly and unafraid into the great beyond. Amid heaps of beautiful flowers he was laid to rest in his uniform of gray and under the flags to which he had given his love and allegiance. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. R. B. Terrell, and his twin sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston.



THOMAS Q. MULLIN.

CAPT. HENRY A. WISE.

Capt. Henry A. Wise, who died at Norfolk, Va., on July 10, was born in Accomac County, on the eastern shore of Virginia, and was seventy-five years old at the time of his death. He was a member of the historic family so long associated with his native State, receiving his name in honor of his uncle, whose varied and active career formed no small part of her record during the period that preceded the passing of our ancient Southern civilization. His professional training was received at the Virginia Military Institute, and the coming of April, 1861, found him among the foremost in the service of the Confederacy. In February, 1862, he fell into the hands of the enemy with the capture of Roanoke Island, N. C., by the command of General Burnside. His release from a term of inactivity as a paroled prisoner saw him again in the field continuously until the coming of the end, April, 1865. At the battle of New Market, May, 1864, he commanded the corps of cadets from his *Alma Mater*. This engagement, for both cadets and commander, may be justly ranked among the most brilliant and heroic achievements of the War between the States. During the years succeeding 1865 Mr. Wise was devoted to educational pursuits, for a season in Virginia, but principally in Baltimore as head of a grammar school and as assistant superintendent, as well as superintendent of public instruction. His mathematical attainments were comprehensive and accurate. In the truest significance he was an inflexible Confederate. In temperament he was ever kindly, genial, and withal endowed with a keen perception of life in its humorous and ludicrous phases. He was never married; and so far as I am advised, hardly any of his nearest in blood survive him.

[Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.]

JAMES P. BROCK.

James Pickett Brock was born at Dalton, Ga., November 3, 1839, and went to Texas in early life. Near Waco he joined Company A, 21st Regiment Texas Volunteers, going out of Weatherford March 2, 1862, and was in the battle of Galveston January 1, 1863. His command stopped at Sabine Pass for two years, supporting the battery at that place, and was in the battle of Sabine Pass, where were captured two Federal vessels, the Wave and the Granite City. From there the company was sent to Calcasieu Pass, La., and was stationed at Galveston some months before the close of the war, where it was disbanded May 10, 1865.

Returning to Weatherford from Galveston soon after this, Comrade Brock came to Los Angeles, Cal., spending the remainder of his days in Los Angeles. He joined the Church in early life and lived a consistent member to the day of his death. He married Susan M. Slater on September 18, 1861. To them were born eight children, four boys and four girls, five of whom are living—Miss Annie, John Wiley, Adison, and Mrs. Jessie Tucker, all of Los Angeles, and Ben L., of Ogden, Utah. Comrade Brock was a charter member of Camp 770, U. C. V., and treasurer of the Camp for many years. He also held the office of quartermaster in the Pacific Division, U. C. V. He passed over on February 4, 1918, and was interred in Evergreen Cemetery, Los Angeles. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, husband, and father.

Resolved, by Camp 770, U. C. V., that a page in the minute book of this Camp be and is hereby set apart to this memorial to Comrade Brock.

[Rev. G. B. Russell, Chairman of Committee; William C. Harrison, Adjutant.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
..... *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Membership.—Midsummer does not find the U. D. C. idle. Many Chapters are continuing their meetings through the heated term, and U. D. C. Red Cross units seldom fail to meet as in the winter season. Again your President General presses upon you all the matter of increased membership in Chapters and Divisions. My office is open all summer; and if I could know that new memberships were being entered, if nothing else were done, I would feel that our work was going on. There are many calls for certificates of membership, but I want more. Can we not make this a record year for members?

Women of Confederate lineage, you are called to your colors to-day. Your country needs your help. Enlist under your father's or your grandfather's record as a Confederate soldier and prove that you have been true to your heritage of courage and fortitude. There is a place for each one of you to work in every U. D. C. Chapter in our land, and there are over a thousand active Chapters at work to-day doing war relief work either in care of the old and sick parents of soldiers at home or in the upkeep of hospital beds in France, working as Red Cross units, purchasing liberty bonds, selling thrift stamps, or in the provision of educational facilities for the children of the boys in khaki who are now far afield or afloat, serving under their country's colors at the call of its chief executive for such service. May all under whose eyes this appeal comes make an effort to interest some Southern woman in filing her claim to a personal Confederate record by joining some Chapter of the U. D. C. as a part of her war work for to-day!

The University Prizes for Confederate Essays given by the U. D. C., under the direction of a standing committee, which is ably directed by Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, who organized and has conducted this contest for many years, were awarded at commencement time with some press publicity. Mrs. Schuyler notifies me that the general prize of one hundred dollars, open to all colleges, was won by Miss Nannie Mayes Crump, of Gulfport, Miss., a member of the senior class (1918) at Vassar College. Her subject was, "The Attitude of the Southern Leaders on the Crittenden Compromise." The prize of one hundred dollars open exclusively to teacher's college students was won by Thomas J. Lovely, of Brooklyn, N. Y., his subject being "The Battle of Gettysburg." Both essays bore evidence of careful research and were worthy of the prizes. It is the hope of Mrs. Schuyler's committee that their full text will be printed in an early issue of the VETERAN.

Change in Chairman.—Mrs. Charles L. Hamil, 1832 Grand Avenue, Dallas, Tex., has consented to serve as Chairman

of the U. D. C. Confederate Seals Committee, vice Mrs. Bibb Graves, who has resigned because of her husband's entrance into the army and consequently her constantly changing residence. All Divisions and Chapters interested in the purchase of these seals for Christmas are requested to note this change and correspond with Mrs. Hamil on this subject.

The Historian General, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, has issued a most comprehensive circular in lieu of the usual Yearbook this year. In this circular she outlines the rules covering the contests for the Raines banner, the Rose loving cup, the Mildred Rutherford historical medal, the Anna Robinson Andrews medal, and the Youree prize, all of these contests being under the charge of her department. I would call especial attention to these contests; for while our interest is held by our war relief work, we must not let go our hold on our historical work, which is one of the foundation stones of our organization's structure and one of the keenest stimulants to its growth and development in the past.

War Relief Work.—At this writing I can report thirty-seven beds now endowed by the U. D. C. in the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, France. Under date of June 5 Mr. Francis Otis, the special secretary of the hospital, notified the President General that Wards 248 and 249 in the hospital now had placards bearing the words "The United Daughters of the Confederacy" over their doors. He also stated that on that day seven of the brass plates for our beds had arrived from the United States and had been at once set up over the beds. On June 7 he again wrote me, inclosing seven letters from seven of the occupants of one of our wards, the occupants of the other thirty beds being too ill to write us then. These seven men wrote in simple French their appreciation of the physical comfort and help they were receiving from the U. D. C. and spoke appreciatively of the assistance the Americans were to them in their recent military experiences. The "thanks" came from the occupants of the following beds: The Jefferson Davis Bed, endowed by the General U. D. C.; the Wade Hampton Bed, endowed by the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.; the R. E. Lee Bed, endowed by the Virginia Division, U. D. C.; the Patrick Cleburne and the Richard Jackson beds, endowed by the Arkansas Division, U. D. C.; the Beauregard Bed, endowed by the Shreveport (La.) Chapter, U. D. C.; the John B. Gordon Bed, endowed by the Georgia Division, U. D. C. These letters have been forwarded to Mrs. Rountree, our War Relief Chairman, who will transmit them to the U. D. C. war relief directors of these States, and their full text will be given out to the groups supporting them.

The following is the translation of the letter from the occupant of the Jefferson Davis bed, and it is given here because this bed is supported by all U. D. C.'s:

"AMERICAN HOSPITAL, WARD 249, June 5, 1918.

"*Madame*: Resting quietly in a good bed, what could one do other than thank the donor? This, then, will be the subject of this letter.

"Wounded during an attack of the famous German offensive, which we met most admirably, I was sent over to this hospital. The good care and kindness of the doctors and the American staff which manage it could but make one appreciate the generous qualities of your entire race.

"The quiet and the comfort which we enjoy here soften the horrifying impressions and remembrances of those bloody days.

"It is pleasant for me to enjoy this rest in this bright and cheerful ward; and since it is due to your generosity, it is with all my heart that I say 'Thank you.'

"Ever since it was offered, the most powerful aid has come to us from your country. While waiting to march with our citizen soldiers in a combat depending upon the attainment of peace, I express to you my sincere gratitude.

R. DURAND,

Soldier of the Seventy-Third Infantry.

"Permanent address, R. Durand, La Chapelle aux Bois, Vosges."

I had a most informing letter on June 12 from Mrs. Robert Bacon, Chairman of the American Committee for the hospital at Neuilly, inclosing a clipping from the New York Herald of June 9 and the New York Times of June 10 giving a most interesting and graphic description of the management and work at the Neuilly hospital. All interested should secure copies of these papers and read these accounts. Mrs. Bacon further writes that "the great interest (U. D. C.) taken in the hospital is frequently in my mind with very grateful thoughts not only for their own special interest and support, but for the inspiration which I learn their (U. D. C.) efforts have been to others." A recent letter from a small town in Virginia says: "I may say that our efforts to endow a bed were inspired by an appeal which my wife was given at a meeting she attended last spring of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. So you see our pebble of work has its enlarging circle of influence." Mrs. Bacon goes on to say that since March 21 (the spring drive) it has been necessary to increase the capacity of the hospital to a thousand beds, and there is as well an adjunct tent hospital of five hundred beds. That all this enlarged equipment is needed is very evident from the daily press reports, and those of you who see the Red Cross briefs probably read Mr. Grasty's comments on "Our Hospital," as I am sure all U. D. C.'s now call the hospital at Neuilly.

The work goes on. Let it not lag nor fail in any State.

The Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Rocky Mountain, N. C., under Mrs. R. Philip Holt, has just sent its check for six hundred dollars to endow its bed in our fourth ward as "a tribute of admiration for the boys of Nash and Edgecombe Counties." And so the children have caught the vision and added their secret strength to our efforts to "honor the past and help the present."

Mrs. Rountree, our General War Relief Chairman, is very anxious for complete tabulations and statistics of the amounts taken by the U. D. C. in the third liberty loan, and I earnestly

request that all war relief directors and State presidents will see that full reports according to the headings made in Mrs. Rountree's circular recently issued be compiled and sent to her as early as possible. Remember, the time before the making up of the reports for the Louisville convention is short, and that convention must tell in accurate figures just what has been the war work of the U. D. C. in 1918.

The Reunion of the Confederate veterans and the Sons of Veterans will be held at Tulsa, Okla., September 25-27. I know it is not necessary to impress on the U. D. C. the value of these meetings. In these war times it is necessary to conserve in every department of life, and transportation is needed for war necessities, and for this reason doubtless the attendance will not be as large as in former years; but our hearts will be with the "men who wore the gray" in their annual gathering, and the thought of their loyal support of their country in its present crisis and their love and devotion for their own boys in khaki will inspire us to renewed efforts for their past history and their present needs, together with our own love and willing care for their sons and grandsons in our country's service to-day.

With assurances of my appreciation of the faithful work of all Chapters and Divisions, I am

Yours faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH.

The convention of the Louisiana Division held in May was one of the most successful of the State organization. The convention hall was decorated in the tattered battle flags of the Southern Confederacy, in addition to the large banners of the Stars and Stripes and the Chapter flags from all over the State. The music was generously tendered by the Forty-Third Infantry Band, which gave "Dixie" with as much enthusiasm as "The Star-Spangled Banner." Patriotism was the keynote of the entire proceedings. "Let us dedicate our all to our country," pleaded the chairman in opening the proceedings, and the members all sustained her in this patriotic thought.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, of the New Orleans Chapter, presided. She was assisted in the duties of hostess by Mrs. E. C. Longmire, of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Miss Florence Thompkins, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, and Mrs. John G. Harrison, of the Francis T. Nicholls Chapter, all of New Orleans. Eighty-seven votes were represented in the convention. The report of Mrs. M. M. Bannerman, State President, read by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, told of the patriotic work of the year, especially in Red Cross and other war relief work. It was announced through the Shreveport Chapter that two beds in the American Military Hospital at Neuilly, France, have been endowed, one by the members and the other through the Chapter by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dreyfus, of Shreveport. An ovation was given Mrs. J. S. Allison, Historian of the Division and one of the oldest members, who said: "Our motto should be, 'Keep history straight,' and every member should consider it her duty to obtain war records of the men who wore the gray."

The report of work among the children showed that fifty dollars had been raised by them for a memorial fund, and plans were made to have a certain time at future conventions set aside for the children.

The educational report was made by Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, who announced that the U. D. C. offered twenty-four scholarships, thirteen from the general order and eleven from the State Division. She told that James Todd, holder of the U. D. C. scholarship at Tulane University, had been given important government work in Washington, after getting his diploma in electrical engineering.

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught gave an encouraging report of war relief work, stating that the Daughters of Louisiana have membership in the Red Cross of one hundred per cent and that one Chapter alone had subscribed for twenty thousand dollars' worth of liberty bonds.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis Weir, Chairman of the Louisiana Essay Contest, which was for all pupils of the eighth grade in the State, the subject being "The Life of General Mouton," reported unofficially the names of all the winners, four of whom were of New Orleans.

Mrs. Charles Granger was unanimously elected President of the Division. She is one of the most beloved members of the New Orleans Chapter and has filled almost every position in the list of offices to the entire satisfaction of all the members, which is a high commendation of her executive ability, to which can be added that she is of most attractive personality.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER, EDITOR, CLEVELAND.

The good work in the Ohio Division still goes on, and every Chapter is giving its entire service and resources to help win the war. Besides Chapter activities as a whole, individual members have played a prominent part in the liberty bond, Red Cross, and thrift stamp campaigns. "Service and sacrifice," our war slogan, has led us into every branch of war activity.

The Dixie Chapter of Columbus sends a splendid report of war relief work and of educational work done for the Kentucky mountaineers. A one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar scholarship at the Oneida Institute, in Kentucky, provided by the Dixie Chapter and the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Dayton, is now being used by Lula Burns. A box of clothing, valued at twenty-one dollars, was sent to her last Easter. Five hundred books have been sent to Oneida Institute, and another fine collection will be sent at an early date.

Long before the call from the Red Cross, and later from our own organization, went out to the women of the United States the Dixie Chapter was at work for the relief of the French wounded and suffering Belgians. Early in the summer of 1917 a box of hospital supplies, valued at one hundred and thirty dollars, was sent to France through the American fund for the French wounded. Another box of the same value was sent in the fall. These boxes contained hospital supplies, comfort bags, and knitted articles. A splendid collection of garments was given to the Patriotic League for the French and Belgian People, and an offering of fifty dollars was sent to the milk fund for Belgian, Assyrian, and Armenian children. The apportionment for the bed in the American Hospital in France has been paid, and contributions to the general relief fund for Confederate soldiers and the Red Cross memorial window have been given. One afternoon each week is set aside for sewing, and each member contributes twenty-five cents to buy materials.

The Dixie Chapter has been most fortunate in having two gifts made to it through members of the Chapter. On May 2

a gift of one hundred dollars was made by the Dixie Chapter for the relief of the Armenians and Belgians and fatherless children of France, in memory of Miss Lelia C. Jefferson, of Amelia County, Va. "She was a Southern gentlewoman of rare beauty of character, who loved little children, the aged, the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, and the neglected sick and dying of any race or creed, and served them with unselfish devotion." The following letter is explanatory of the second gift:

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 6, 1918.

"Mrs. E. J. Wilson, President American Fund for French Wounded, Columbus, Ohio, Branch.

"*Dear Mrs. Wilson:* The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., together with their auxiliary of 'Willing Workers,' is sending this box, through you, in memory of Col. J. C. Logan Harris, beloved father of our honored President, Mrs. Marcus W. Crocker. He entered into rest just as his boys and our boys were going into action. Dean of the Raleigh bar, Adjutant General of North Carolina, President of the Board of Trustees of the State College, for many years editor, publisher, and correspondent, politician and resourceful debater, he was a man whose influence was keenly felt in his State and community. He felt that America must enter this great world struggle and gave two of his sons to the service, one a surgeon in Admiral Sims's fleet, the other a lieutenant at Camp Jackson. It is Dixie Chapter's privilege to honor the memory of such a patriot.

JULIET H. PRESTON,

Chairman of Committee."

The box sent by the Dixie Chapter contained hospital supplies, knitted garments, and a slumber robe—four hundred and eighty-seven articles, valued at \$108.35.

On June 1 the members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Columbus and a large gathering of friends observed Memorial Day at Camp Chase Cemetery. The speaker of the day was Mr. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, Ky. Short addresses were made by Mr. Waymon B. McLeskey, formerly of Georgia, now residing in Columbus, and Mr. Davis, a member of the old Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 76th Regiment, now the G. A. R. Both North and South were united in paying respect to the memory of the Southern soldiers who died at Camp Chase Prison. Mr. N. J. Kidwell, a Confederate veteran, now a resident of Columbus, was master of ceremonies. Music was furnished by the boys of Trinity Episcopal choir, under the direction of Prof. Carl Hoenig.

I wish to take this opportunity, in behalf of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, to thank every Chapter and all friends who sent flowers and donations of money to the Chapter to help decorate the graves of the 2,860 Southern soldiers who rest in Ohio soil.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter of Cleveland reports great activity in war work. From the proceeds of a dance given on April 3 was realized a sum sufficiently large to pay for its apportionment for the hospital bed in France and also to adopt a French orphan. Many of its members are working at the "Canteen," which has recently been opened in Cleveland for the benefit of the enlisted men of the army and navy. Others have been working on liberty bond and war savings stamp committees and in the victory chest campaign. All are doing Red Cross work in some form, and the needles and the knitters are clicking every spare minute. This Chapter and the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati have jointly furnished a room in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the D. A. R. lodge at Camp Sherman,

Chillicothe. The room is suitably marked, and a portrait of General Lee hangs on the wall. These Chapters are to be congratulated for such splendid work.

The hospital bed fund has been completed, and a bed in honor of General Lee has been furnished in Ward 3 in the American hospital at Neuilly, France.

I regret very much that all of the Chapters in the State have not reported their work to me, so I might give them credit for the work that I feel sure is being done by them.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

MISS CABELL SMITH.

The district meetings of the Virginia Division were unusually interesting and successful this year. The State President, Mrs. Cabell Flournoy, was present at these meetings and inspired each of the Daughters by her eloquence and enthusiasm.

A Chapter of splendid workers has been organized at Belle Haven, to be known as the Robert E. Lee Chapter.

One of the most charming social features of the Division's year was the birthday party given Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, the honored President of the Richmond Chapter, upon the occasion of her seventieth birthday, when she was presented by her Chapter with a purse of gold, the presentation speech being made by Mrs. Flournoy, President of the Division.

The Amelia Chapter has indorsed the action of the Boston Chapter in protesting against the use of "Marching through Georgia" as a national march.

The war work being done by the Division and by individual Chapters is stupendous. They give their time, their strength, their money, their thought, and the necessary labor of their hands. The Alexandria Chapter has been unusually active in supplying the soldiers from that vicinity with comforts.

The children's Chapters are doing their bit in many effective ways. The Bristol Juniors inaugurated a membership drive, and a gold U. D. C. pin will be presented to the girl securing the largest number of new members. Upon these children depends the perpetuation of the ideals for which the Daughters of the Confederacy stand. Their training cannot begin too soon.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH.

June 3 was "home-coming" day at the Confederate Home at Higginsville. Mrs. L. E. Hartman, President of the Confederate Home Chapter, and the committee left nothing undone that could add to the comfort and pleasure of the veterans and their friends; while Colonel and Mrs. Gross, who have charge of the Home, were untiring in their efforts to make it a memorable occasion. An interesting program of music, an address by the State President, the bestowal of several crosses of honor by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, and a splendid basket dinner—all made for a happy day for the dear old people. But the climax came when each of the three hundred inmates of the Home received an individual gift. This happy thought originated with the State President, Mrs. Parry, who suggested that the forty-two Chapters of the Division be responsible for these gifts, and nobly did they respond with tobacco, pipes, candy, money, handkerchiefs, and games. No one was forgotten.

The Confederate Home at Higginsville cares for the wives of the veterans too, and so they journey along, hand in hand, peacefully awaiting the final summons.

THE ARKANSAS DIVISION.

MRS. ALICE HALLIBURTON, EDITOR.

On May 21 the Little Rock District held a very interesting meeting with the James F. Fagan Chapter, of Benton. The sessions were held in the auditorium of the high school, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The reports given were fine, showing splendid work accomplished and universal interest in all war relief. After a bountiful dinner, served in picnic style beneath the trees, the delegates enjoyed a visit to the Niloak Pottery Works.

The Fort Smith District was entertained by the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter in April, and a good attendance was reported.

The Arkansas Division kept "open house" during the biennial meeting at Hot Springs in the beautiful sun parlor of the Buckstaff Bathhouse, where all visiting delegates were given a cordial welcome by our State President, Mrs. J. T. Beal, the committee assisting her. Tea was served each afternoon and a U. D. C. souvenir given to all visitors, but through the neglect of the committee there was no mention of U. D. C. headquarters in the official program. On Monday afternoon a reception for all delegates was given at the home of Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Second Vice President General U. D. C.

David O. Dodd and Memorial Chapters have made several hundred dollars for Red Cross work by the sale of the little "Red Cross roses."

THE CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

MRS. HERBERT C. WARDEN, EDITOR.

The California Division met in its eighteenth annual convention on May 1, 1918, at Riverside, in the chapel-like music room of Mission Inn, which was donated to our use, with its wondrous organ. Had Mr. Miller, master of the Inn, been the son of a Confederate colonel instead of a Union officer, we could not have been more royally received nor our comfort more cordially attended to. Mr. Miller also honored us by placing conspicuously over the rostrum one of his treasures, a genuine flag of Stars and Bars that had seen actual service in the sixties.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, hostess, welcomed us through its President, Mrs. E. M. Gifford, concurred in happily by Hon. Horace Porter, mayor of Riverside. Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, President of the California Division, was presented, took the chair, and graciously presided during a most interesting convention. Officers and delegates were almost a hundred per cent in attendance; and while we knew that California Daughters were much engrossed in war work, we were amazed and gratified by the magnificent totals brought out by reports. Quantities of knitted pieces, hospital garments, and other articles turned in at Red Cross headquarters, numbers of hours devoted to surgical dressings, generous donations of money and clothing to relief bureaus, large subscriptions to liberty bonds and Red Cross drives, etc., made us justly proud of our organization in California, which is also responsible for two beds in the American hospital at Neuilly, France. Three members are in women's actual war-nursing and other service, wearing the uniform for women of our great U. S. A.

Our Custodian of Flags suggested having each Chapter President's report accompanied by a service flag. This was an impressive display, totaling two hundred and seventy-six stars. From twenty Chapters (two not reporting), representing above twelve hundred members, we are accredited with one boy in service for every four members, showing how loyally boys of Southern blood have responded to the call to arms. God bless our boys!

A pleasing talk by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, reminded us that in our midst, in San Jose, was the chair occupied in the United States Senate by Jefferson Davis as Senator from Mississippi up to the day he resigned from that body. A committee—Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap and Mrs. Spencer Roan Thorpe—was appointed to secure this relic, if possible, to be eventually placed in the museum at Beauvoir, Miss.

The convention adjourned to meet in Oakland May 7, 1919.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

BY MISS MARTHA B. WASHINGTON, CHARLESTON, S. C.

After reading in the June VETERAN with great interest the account by Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith of the visit to New Orleans of the distinguished French party the Marquis and Marquise de Polignac and the Marquis and Marquise de Courtivron, daughter of Prince Camille de Polignac, who espoused the cause of the Confederacy in the War between the States and rose to be a major general in the Confederate army, I should like you to give space to the story of their visit to Charleston, where on January 19 this distinguished party were the guests of the city and of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C.

All Charleston seemed anxious to do them honor, for the large hall was packed, the uniforms of the army and navy of the United States being quite conspicuous in the audience, as was the touching sight of the gray-haired, bent Confederate veterans, who turned out in larger numbers than usual to do honor to the daughter of Prince Camille de Polignac, major general in the Confederate army.

After a most inspiring address on Gen. Robert E. Lee by the Rev. Melton Clark, of our Second Presbyterian Church, a talk was made by the Marquis de Polignac, setting forth in strong terms the needs of France and how much the alliance with the United States would mean to her. He was followed by the Marquis de Courtivron, who gave a most interesting account of his distinguished father-in-law, Prince Camille de Polignac. At the close of his remarks Miss Martha B. Washington, President of the Charleston Chapter, invited the Marquise de Courtivron to become a member of the Charleston Chapter, which invitation was graciously accepted, the Marquise promising that it would be her duty and pleasure to look after the comfort of any American boy who may occupy the Wade Hampton bed established by the South Carolina Division in the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, France, and to keep us informed from time to time as to the welfare of the occupants of that bed. Miss Washington pinned on the Marquise the gold badge of the U. D. C. and the ribbon badge of the Charleston Chapter. Thus we first had the pleasure of claiming this distinguished woman as our own. Handsome bouquets of red and white carnations, tied with Confederate ribbon, were presented to both of the ladies of the party, a reception following the addresses, when a large number had the gratification of shaking hands with this

charming woman, whose simplicity, graciousness, and *savoir faire* won all hearts.

It was also our pleasure to have in the receiving line our newly elected President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, who has always been a member of the Charleston Chapter. Thus we feel that January 19, 1918, will long be a red-letter day in the calendar of the Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the Loan Scholarship Endowment Fund for the month of June have been as follows:

Alabama Division:

Ashland, J. E. B. Stuart Chapter.....	\$ 5 00
Anniston, William Henry Forney Chapter.....	10 00
Dadeville, Dadeville Chapter.....	5 00
Mobile, Electra Semmes Colton Chapter...	10 00
Talladega, John T. Morgan Chapter.....	10 00—\$ 40 00

Arizona Division:

Bisbee, Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter...	2 00
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Arkansas Division:

Clarksville, Felix I. Batson Chapter.....	2 00
Little Rock, Memorial Chapter.....	2 00
Pine Bluff, David O. Dodd Chapter.....	2 00— 6 00

California Division:

Oakland, S. A. Cunningham Chapter.....	2 00
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Louisiana Division:

Grand Cane, Gen. Dick Taylor Chapter....	2 00
New Orleans: New Orleans Chapter.....	2 00
Fitzhugh Lee Chapter.....	2 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter.....	2 00— 8 00

Ohio Division:

Cincinnati—Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter	2 00
Mrs. James Burton Doan.....	2 00
Mrs. James A. Ridgeley.....	1 00— 5 00

South Carolina Division:

Anderson: Palmetto Chapter.....	5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter.....	2 00
Bennettsville, Marlboro Chapter.....	2 00
Cheraw, Cheraw Chapter.....	2 00
Columbia, Wade Hampton Chapter.....	5 00
Georgetown, Arthur Manigault Chapter...	2 00
Kingstree, Williamsburg Chapter.....	5 00
Newberry, Drayton Rutherford Chapter...	5 00
St. Matthews, St. Matthews Chapter.....	2 00
Timmons ville, Mercer Keith Chapter.....	1 00— 31 00

Virginia Division:

Abingdon, Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter	2 00
Crewe, Nottoway Chapter.....	2 00
Staunton, J. E. B. Stuart Chapter.....	2 00— 6 00

District of Columbia Division:

Washington: Beauregard Chapter.....	2 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter.....	2 00
R. E. Lee Chapter.....	2 00
Dixie Chapter	2 00— 8 00

Previously reported	101 75
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Total June 30..... \$209 75

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Education Commission, Sumter, S. C.

The indomitable courage, the patient endurance of privations, the supreme devotion of the Southern soldier will stand on the pages of history as engraven on a monument more enduring than brass.—*Maj. James F. Huntington, U. S. A.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1918.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

("Little Joe.")

Born September 10, 1836, in Augusta, Ga.; died January 25, 1906, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; buried in Arlington Cemetery.

1. Tell of the complete mastery of military tactics which made this West Point graduate senior cavalry general of the Confederate States at the age of twenty-seven and "Wheeler's Cavalry" a household word of affectionate regard.

2. Tell how he fought on foot at Shiloh; the part he took in Bragg's Kentucky campaign; his service at Chickamauga; and how, with four thousand cavalry, he threw himself before Sherman's army *en route* through Georgia.

3. Describe his distinguished career after the war, serving nineteen years in Congress from Alabama; volunteering in the war with Spain, to become senior field officer in the battle of San Juan Hill, and to reach the rank of brigadier general in the United States army and win the respect and admiration of a reunited country.

References: Volume I., "Confederate Military History," and "Life of General Wheeler," by John Witherspoon DuBose.

Poem: "Fighting Joe Wheeler," by Henry Lynden Flash.

GEN. STERLING PRICE.

("Old Pap.")

Born September 14, 1809, in Prince Edward County, Va.; died September 27, 1867, in St. Louis, Mo.; called by Estvan "The Leonidas of the Confederacy."

1. Tell of his early service in the State militia after emigrating to Missouri.

2. Describe his service in the war with Mexico, which was of such distinction that it secured for him an appointment as brigadier general from President Polk.

3. What changed Governor Price from an ardent Union man into a secessionist, though still attempting to preserve peace in Missouri?

4. Tell of his service in the Confederate army at Elkhorn, Corinth, and Helena, and how General Van Dorn said: "I have never seen better fighters than these Missourians nor more gallant leaders than Price and his officers."

5. Relate his subsequent experiences in Mexico and the favor in which he was held until the downfall of Maximilian.

References: (1) Volume IX., "Confederate Military History"; (2) "Maximilian in Mexico," Stevenson.

Poem: "Price's Appeal to Missouri," in "Poetry of the War," by Frank Moore.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

("Old Beeswax," "The Stonewall Jackson of the Seas.")

"Yesterday he was ours; to-day he belongs to fame and to history."

Born September 27, 1809, in Charles County, Md.; died August 30, 1877, at Point Clear, Ala.; buried in the Catholic Cemetery, Mobile, Ala.

1. Tell with what presage of future greatness he was graduated from Annapolis with the first honors of his class.

2. Describe the early cruises which taught him the tortuous lanes of the Atlantic Ocean, and tell of his youthful application to law, which enabled him later, alone and unaided in the cabin of the Alabama, to settle with accuracy and honor points of international dispute.

3. Tell of his experiences "afloat and ashore" in the Mexican service, and give extracts showing the rare literary qualities of his writings.

4. Describe the escape of the Sumter to the high seas through Pass á l'Outre, and tell how "in time of real peril Semmes invariably rose to the heroic ideal."

5. Give in full the history of the Alabama from that Sunday, August 24, 1862, when she was christened at Terceira, until this "scourge of the seas," after destroying millions of dollars' worth of property, driving the commerce of a great nation from two oceans, and evading the pursuit of twenty-five warships, went down to the depths of the sea off Cherbourg Sunday, June 19, 1864, with all but honor lost.

6. How long was Admiral Semmes in prison, and why was he never brought to trial?

7. Describe the last years of this distinguished naval officer until the hour when he lay in the great cathedral in Mobile and Father Ryan gave the oration above him.

References: (1) "Raphael Semmes," Meriwether; (2) "Services Afloat and Ashore," Semmes; (3) Histories of the Alabama, Semmes, Kell, Sinclair.

Poems to use: (1) "Semmes's Sword," in "Mason's War Poems"; (2) "The Sword in the Sea," by F. O. Ticknor; (3) "The Alabama," by Virginia Frazer Boyle.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1918.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

This well-known writer, called "one of the truest of American lyric poets," was born at Fairfield, Ind., September 9, 1844, of parents of Southern extraction. They afterwards moved South, and the lad was brought up on a plantation in Gordon County, Ga. He volunteered as a Confederate scout when he was eighteen years old and served three years in the Confederate army, reading and studying between scouting expeditions. After the war he practiced law at Calhoun, Ga., but later moved to his old home in Indiana, where he became State geologist. He died February 15, 1902. He wrote many interesting books, among them "Alice of Old Vincennes"; but he was such a sweet poet that he was called "Theocritus of the Wood." Read his poem, "Out of the South," where he speaks of a song bird in the North wanting to fly back

"Over Mississippi's looped and tangled floods,
Over the hills of Tennessee,
And old Kentucky's greenery."

Perchance—with subtler sense than our own
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus
To ever nearer, clearer pipings blown
From out the lost lands of Theocritus.
O, happily he is beckoned from us here
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood,
Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner
Before the blithe immortal, Robin Hood.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

BY MRS. E. T. ORY, NEW ORLEANS.

On May 10, 1918, the fifty-second anniversary of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, a service flag in honor of blood relatives of the members of the Association was unfurled with appropriate patriotic ceremonies in Memorial Hall. There was a blessing asked for all the boys here and "over there" by Rev. A. E. Otis, S.J., President of Loyola University, and the son of a United States officer and a Daughter of the Confederacy. National airs were given as solos and in chorus by the best voices in the city. "The Call of the Flag," the new war song written by Mrs. Gustaf R. Westfeldt, of New Orleans (the proceeds from the sale of which are donated to the Red Cross Society), was one of the features of the evening. Hon. St. Clair Adams, President of the Louisiana Division of the National Security League, delivered a masterly address fired with true American patriotism.

Just before the unfurling of the flag with its eighty-five stars Mr. W. O. Hart gave the meaning of the service flag and read the names of the men honored with stars. As the flag unfurled, the call to the colors was sounded on the bugle by Mr. Hilborn, a veteran of the Spanish-American War; and then two young girls, members of the Junior Confederate Memorial Association, and two Boy Scouts gave the salute to the flag. A dramatic reading and the Lord's Prayer recited in unison brought the exercises to a close.

The following is the honor roll of the Association's flag: John Wesley Castles, first lieutenant; Harold A. Gleason, lieutenant; Eugene A. Wood, lieutenant; H. C. Dinkins, captain, U. S. A.; W. G. Dinkins, first lieutenant; John Dinkins, cadet; Harry W. Dinkins, second lieutenant; William A. Dixon, captain; Andrew A. Blakely, private; Dr. Webster W. Belden, captain; Ernest Fremaux, gunner's mate; Paul Fremaux, private; Allen T. Davies, flying cadet; Fred Lee Adams, private; Alceé J. Gelpi, Jr., sergeant; A. J. Grefer, musician, second class; John P. Longmire, captain; David M. Longmire, corporal; Edward H. Lombard, second lieutenant; W. B. Monroe, second lieutenant; Charles E. Mahen, private; W. T. Cluverius, captain; William McL. Hayes, first lieutenant; Whyte G. Owen, major; Stanford E. Owen, lieutenant; Henry J. Stouse; Walter Stouse; James Stouse, first lieutenant; Palfrey Stevenson, corporal; Gibson Stevenson, quartermaster sergeant; George Monroe Pinckard, ensign; John D. Points, captain; Walter Stauffer, captain; Harwood Strehle, chief electrician; Pendleton D. Morris, captain; Stanley S. Morris, lieutenant; Edgar T. Morris, corporal; Carleton King, aviator; William E. Brown, corporal; William H. Labouisse, second lieutenant; Eads T.

Blocker, quartermaster sergeant; Rolla Tickenor, Jr., private; Robert Walker Nolte, first lieutenant; Samuel Bradbury, first lieutenant; Dominick P. Boehm, sailor; Gustaf R. Westfeldt, captain; Cal. F. Hadden, first lieutenant; Walter J. Ferguson, lieutenant; William L. Ferguson, lieutenant; Arthur J. Gommilla, cadet; William Shiell, second lieutenant; Lyall G. Shiell, second lieutenant; John Dickson Bruns, first lieutenant; John Shiell, second officer; Leslie P. Beard, ensign; James M. Beard, boatswain; Erwin Yonte Dozier, lieutenant; Franklin Watson Dozier; Frank McCarthy Kerr, captain; Cornelius Beard, lieutenant; Henry Bonnabel; Lawrence Rolling, pharmacist; Carl Rolling, sharpshooter; Rowland Lawes, gunner; Thomas Bayne Dénegre, first lieutenant; Bayne Jones, captain; T. L. Bayne, Jr., first lieutenant; William M. Bayne; Hugh A. Bayne, major; W. C. Gorgas, surgeon general; Thomas Bayne Locke, first lieutenant; Findley Mitchell, ensign; Frederick C. Scott; Robert M. Nolan, lieutenant colonel; William D. Maginnis, Jr.; George H. Maginnis, first lieutenant; Arthur A. Maginnis, sergeant; Benson Maginnis Rose, lieutenant; Samuel L. Gilmore, high private; Ira C. McCune, cannoneer; Solis Seiferth, engineer; Godfrey Cheshire, first lieutenant.

The veterans at the Soldiers' Home were not forgotten on the occasion of this birthday celebration. The annual custom of giving them ice cream and cakes was observed by the Association. Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, President of the Junior Memorial Association, had this feature in charge.

June 3, 1918, will stand out as a red-letter day in the history of the Confederate Memorial Day in New Orleans. On that day for the first time United States troops took part in the veterans' parade as a unit, led by Maj. S. Choteau Loring as grand marshal. Fifty automobiles were in line in the parade, each carrying its quota of veterans and each flying "Old Glory" and the flag of the Confederacy. The mayor of the city rode in the procession with these sires and grandsires of the fighting men of to-day, and each tomb and monument sacred to the Confederate dead was visited. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was played by the United States Forty-Third Infantry Band, taps was sounded, and a volley fired. Every shrine was covered with flowers tenderly placed by women of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, the mothers and grandmothers who are now bidding Godspeed to the boys who are going "over there." The exercises of the day at the Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery were held, Major Loring acting as master of ceremonies. Hon. Loys Charbonnet made the address, stressing the signs of the times in having a United States officer leading in this Confederate observance, while the Stars and Stripes blended with the Stars and Bars in glorious harmony.

THE MAURY.

[Continued from page 333.]

him to become a Frenchman and accept service under Napoleon, but he would not. He returned to England and opened in London a school of instruction in electric torpedoes; and Swedish, Dutch, and other officers went through his courses between June and August, 1866. The different governments whose officers received instruction rewarded him adequately. Even Germany, with Sweden and Russia, had sent agents to be instructed by Maury in the use of his electric torpedo for harbor, coast, and land defense. He wrote the Consul General of Wurttemberg in June, 1866: "With small cost and short notice the mountain passes and strongholds of Wurttemberg may be so effectually defended from invasion and attack as to drive an enemy back or keep him at bay. The operator need not be stationed near the scene; he may be at a distance of several miles when he discharges the exploding spark. He can by the same touch and instantaneously explode any number that may be required. He can at any time send a telegraphic message through his wires and feel that the powder is dry and assure himself that all is well.

"It looks mighty like American genius—Maury's—is at work in Germany's 'Berthas' and Von Tirpitz's U-boats, or submarines. It is known that they used the Wright brothers' ideas in their aircraft, and why not Maury's in the other two modes of warfare?"

"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER AND JEFFERSON DAVIS."

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the *VETERAN* for July appears an article by H. T. Owen, of Richmond, Va., entitled "Benjamin F. Butler and Jefferson Davis," the chief interest of which is found in several remarkable statements. Describing the Charleston Convention of 1860, at which Stephen A. Douglas was nominated for President, the writer, referring to the contests over the platform, says that Butler offered one which was finally adopted, adding this statement: "He had written it four years before for the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in 1856, and on it Buchanan was elected President, and he offered it now without omitting the cross of a 't' or the dot of an 'i.'" Unfortunately, I have not at hand a copy of the platform adopted at Cincinnati and at Charleston, but shall take the liberty to believe that Mr. Owen has been misinformed until the contrary is shown by an examination of the two documents.

He further says: "I think it well to state here that Ben Butler wrote every platform for his party from Andrew Jackson in 1832 to Grover Cleveland in 1884." No more political misinformation than the above statement was ever crowded into three lines of type. In the first place, Andrew Jackson was not nominated at a convention for the presidency, and there was no platform adopted. His nomination was by the State of Tennessee, in accordance with the custom of that day. Then Ben Butler was too young in 1832 to have been a delegate to a convention, had one been held. The first national Democratic convention ever held for the nomination of a candidate for President was held at Baltimore on the 29th day of May, 1844, when Mr. Polk was named for that high office. There is a tradition that no platform was adopted, the candidates of the contending parties being deemed platforms in themselves.

Those who remember the contest for the presidency in 1884, when Mr. Cleveland was elected, will readily recall that Ben Butler was one of the opposing candidates on the labor

ticket, and it would be absurd to believe that he had written the platform of a party which he opposed. For years after the war Butler was the most venomous of Republicans and in the House one of the coterie of Thad Stevens and his followers, who sought to fasten the grip of negro equality upon the South. That in those years he appeared in a Democratic convention or wrote a Democratic platform is unthinkable and entirely unbelievable.

ADIEU.

Bright be the stars that guide thee o'er the deep,
Gentle the winds that lull thee to repose,
Fond as a mother's kiss in infant's sleep,
Soft as the fallen dew on folded rose.
Far through the night where gleams the glittering trail
Of that proud bark that bears thee on its wing,
Protecting angels guard the swelling sail,
And o'er its path their loving pinions fling.

Bright hours be thine where'er thy steps shall roam,
Through vine-clad France or 'neath Italian skies,
Wooed by the music of the Switzer's home,
Where Alpine peaks in snowy grandeur rise.
Adieu! Adieu! On every wandering breeze,
That oft at eve shall to thy lattice steal,
The poet wafts thee o'er the slumbering seas
A true heart's prayer for all thy future weal.

The harp sings mournful now in Southland halls,
My spirit broods in sadness o'er the scene;
In mocking gleams the golden sunlight falls,
And ruin glares through spring's bright robes of green.
Yet 'mid the beauties of that blissful sphere
Where late the bridal blooms were twined for thee,
Earth's rarest treasures crowd each passing year—
Be all thy life harmonious minstrelsy.

[This poem was written by Capt. Samuel H. Buck, of Natchez, Miss., and dedicated to a dear friend, Mrs. Minnie McNairy Clifton, after her marriage and departure on a European bridal tour in 1869. She had been a belle of Nashville, Tenn. In this poem is exhibited that sentiment which is so typically Southern. Captain Buck was a soldier as well as poet. Born in Kentucky of Virginia parents, he entered the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by his kinsman, Col. (later Gen.) Ben Hardin Helm. After the battle of Shiloh he was promoted to captain in the adjutant general's department and was on the staff of General Whitfield during the fighting around Richmond, Va. Early in 1863 he was sent by President Davis with dispatches to General Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was there assigned to duty on the staff of General Holmes, commanding the District of Arkansas. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Arkansas Post and sent to Johnson's Island. After being exchanged he served as assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Magruder, then in command of the District of Arkansas, to the end of the war. He had an active part in that brilliant campaign in which the Confederate armies under Gen. E. Kirby Smith destroyed the armies of Banks, Steele, and McCook, and when the war ended had participated in more battles than he was years old. He went to New Orleans in July, 1865, and resumed the study of law, but abandoned this for commerce and became prominently connected with the cotton business. He is now the senior

member of the cotton firm of Buck & Pratt, New York City. He was Director General of the World's Cotton Exposition at New Orleans in 1884 and was made postmaster of that city under Cleveland in 1886. He was prominent for many years in the politics of the State and helped to free it from carpetbag rule in 1874; he also served in the State legislature in 1876. Captain Buck was married in 1870 to Miss Annie Fleming, of Natchez, Miss., and has a son and a daughter.]

FOREIGN-BORN GENERALS IN UNITED STATES ARMY, 1861-65.

COMPILED BY CHARLES EDGORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

Maj. Gen. George G. Meade, born in Spain.
 Maj. Gen. Jacob D. Cox, born in Canada.
 Maj. Gen. P. J. Osterhaus, born in Germany.
 Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz, born in Prussia.
 Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, born in Baden.
 Maj. Gen. J. H. Stabel, born in Hungary.
 Brig. Gen. Alex S. Asboth, born in Hungary.
 Brig. Gen. Louis Blenker, born in Germany.
 Brig. Gen. Henry Bohlen, born in Germany.
 Brig. Gen. Gustave P. Cluseret, born in France.
 Brig. Gen. Patrick E. Connor, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. Michael Corcoran, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. Philip R. De Trobriand, born in France.
 Brig. Gen. Alfred N. Duffie, born in France.
 Brig. Gen. John W. Fuller, born in England.
 Brig. Gen. John F. Farnsworth, born in Canada.
 Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrero, born in Spain.
 Brig. Gen. August V. Kantz, born in Germany.
 Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. John McNeil, born in Canada.
 Brig. Gen. John McArthur, born in Scotland.
 Brig. Gen. Frederick Salomon, born in Prussia.
 Brig. Gen. Alvin P. Schoeff, born in Hungary.
 Brig. Gen. James Shields, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Smyth, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Sweeny, born in Ireland.
 Brig. Gen. Carlos J. Stolbrand, born in Sweden.
 Brig. Gen. Alex Schummelpfennig, born in Prussia.
 Brig. Gen. John B. Turchin, born in Russia.
 Brig. Gen. Adolph von Steinwehr, born in Germany.
 Brig. Gen. Max Weber, born in Germany.
 Brig. Gen. August Willich, born in Prussia.

Foreigners as represented in United States army: Germans, 176,800; Irish, 144,200; British-Americans, 53,500; English, 45,500; other nationalities, 74,900. Total, 494,900.

The total number of Confederate troops, so far as known, exceeded the foreigners in the United States army by little more than 100,000.

A WAR TIME PICTURE.—Mrs. W. A. Craighead writes from Breckenridge, Tex. (Route 2, Box 7): "In August, 1862, I was at Catoosa Springs, Ga., with a sister, who was there for the benefit of her health. A Dr. Williams, a Southern soldier and surgeon, was there and prescribed for her. He was from Kentucky and said he was a cousin of Col. John H. Morgan (that was before Morgan was a general). He had a brother, Jack, with him and told us that he had a wife and two children. One day Dr. Williams had his picture taken, an ambrotype, in his Confederate uniform; and as he was cut off from home, he gave it to us. If any near relatives of his are living and will send their address, I will send the picture to them."

FROM OLD CAMP FIRES.

Beauregard had several young Frenchmen on his staff who had come over to learn the art of war in actual service. Those young volunteer aids were always very handsomely dressed, presenting a marked contrast to the average Confederate soldier. One youngster rode a small black mare with silken coat, long mane and tail, full of kittenish life, and so handsome that she would attract attention at any horse fair anywhere. As Beauregard with his staff galloped by our command one day the rear guard of the cavalcade was brought up by this dapper young chap on the beautiful mare. It was evident that he was too small and light to control her, and she was caracoling back and forth across the road, the picture of grace and beauty and the poetry of motion. No man ever fails to admire a fine horse, and every eye was riveted on the beautiful animal. One of the boys called out to the rider in a drawling voice:

"Say, mister, couldn't you make that horse prance just a little for a sick man?"

The yell of laughter which followed turned the Frenchman's face white with rage.

On another occasion, when Beauregard and his staff passed our command, one of his natty, dressy young Frenchmen had on long riding boots, which were strapped around his waist. One of the boys yelled out:

"Say, boys, look at that fellow! No wonder that leather is scarce in the Confederacy."

The laugh which followed prevented that Frenchman from ever wearing those boots again.

MATRON OF KENTUCKY HOSPITAL.—O. T. Foster, of Murray, Ky., writes: "Replying to an inquiry in the VETERAN some months ago as to the name of the nurse who waited on some Confederate soldiers, will say that her name was Miss Mollie Temple, and she was matron of the hospital of the Kentucky Division at Columbus, Ky., in the winter of 1861. I was wounded at Jackson, Miss., in August, 1863, and went to Lauderdale Springs, Miss., and she was then at the hospital there. She was again in the Kentucky hospital in 1865, and some of the boys coming back to the regiment reported that "Miss Mollie" was at the hospital when they left. She was a French girl, born in Louisiana, near Baton Rouge. I was a private in Company G, 7th Kentucky Regiment. I haven't heard from her since the war."

N. A. Hood, Asheville, Ala.: "I feel it my duty to take the VETERAN so long as I am permitted to live, and I am sure that the VETERAN should be in every Confederate home; and not only the homes of the Confederates, for I am impressed that our sons and daughters should do this in respect to their fathers, most of whom have crossed over the river, as well as for the great benefit the VETERAN has been in sustaining the cause their fathers fought for and also, for the great service it has rendered the South in recording facts that would otherwise have been lost."

J. D. Hanaker, Strasburg, Va., writes: "The VETERAN is improving with the years and doing honor to the memory of the brave men who have gone and cheering the hearts of those of us who still linger on the shores of time." Mr. Hanaker was a member of the 36th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, under Maj. J. W. Sweeny. They were disbanded at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, in April, 1865. He would be glad to hear from any of his surviving comrades.

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John B. Stone, 2647 Victor Street, Kansas City, Mo., would be glad to hear of or from Wiley Pollard, son of John (Jack) Pollard, or any of his relatives. He says: "Wiley Pollard and his father both enlisted in an Alabama regiment during the War between the States. John Pollard married my father's sister. My father was John M. Stone, and we lived at Selma, Ala., during the war."

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Liberty loan bonds are very desirable investments, and crafty individuals are using various means to secure them from owners not familiar with stock values and like matters. One method is to offer to exchange for liberty bonds stocks or bonds of doubtful organizations represented as returning a much higher income than the bonds.

There are various other methods used and likely to be used, some of the gold brick variety and others less crude and probably within the limits of the law. All offers for liberty bonds except for money and at market value should be scrutinized carefully. The bonds are the safest of investments and have non-taxable and other valuable features.

To hold your liberty loan bonds, if possible, is patriotic. To consult your bankers before selling them is wise.

THE WAR WILL END—?

Absolute knowledge have I none, but my aunt's washerwoman's son heard a policeman on his beat say to a laborer on the street that he had a letter just last week, written in the finest Greek, from a Chinese coolie in Timbaktu, who said the negroes in Cuba knew of a colored man in a Texas town who got it from a circus clown that a man in Klondyke heard the news from a gang of South American Jews about somebody in Borneo who heard of a man who claimed to know of a swell society dame whose mother-in-law will undertake to prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece had stated in a printed piece that she has a son who has a friend who knows just when the war will end.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Janet Freeman Edwards, of Stony Creek, Va., wants to hear something of the record of her grandfather, Rev. F. M. Edwards, where and in what branch of service he enlisted, etc. She doesn't know his company nor his regiment. He was a chaplain and a member of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

W. E. Sawyer, Thurber, Tex.: "I am trying to help you by giving my back numbers away so as to get others interested in it."

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John A. Thompson, Montgomery, Ala.: "I am inclosing \$2.15, which please place to my credit and continue the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is one thing the South cannot let fail. What a magnificent magazine it has always been to the boys of 1861-65!"

T. E. Hutchinson, Rockwall, Tex.: "I want you to continue my subscription and never drop me from your roll, as I am the son of one who answered the roll call of Johnson and Hood for four years. My father, J. P. Hutchinson, was captain of Company E, 46th Georgia, is now ninety-two years old, and still has that enthusiasm that characterizes the boys of 1861."

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MISCELLANIES

BACK VOLUMES

FROM inquiries that come to the VETERAN for back volumes, there must be a good many people who would like to have a complete file of the publication. Having a stock of complete volumes from 1908 to 1918, the VETERAN offers to supply these ten volumes for a limited time at a very special price, \$7.50, which is 25% under the regular subscription price. This will be a good start on the set of 25 volumes, and libraries and Chapters, U. D. C., especially, should be interested in this offer. Single volumes of the ten offered will be furnished at one dollar each.

INDEX

The complete Index to the VETERAN, which is issued annually, will be mailed to any address for \$1, postpaid. Those who are binding their volumes will find this Index invaluable. Supply limited.

BOOKS

Patrons of the VETERAN are asked to send to this office their orders for any books in print. What it has not in stock the VETERAN can order from the publishers. List of books on Confederate history furnished upon request. All inquiries should be accompanied by a 3-cent stamp.

Four Years under Mars' Robert. Stiles.....	\$2.20
Life of Forrest. Wyeth.....	4.00
Life of Robert Edward Lee. Shepherd.....	2.20
Morgan's Cavalry. Duke.....	2.20

PICTURES

Of the few good pictures of our Confederate heroes, the VETERAN commends especially the group picture of Generals Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston, called the "Three Generals." This is a handsome engraving in large size, and the price is \$7.50. Another fine engraving is the picture of General Lee printed in the soft brown tones, which is offered at \$5. The small photogravure of General Lee, especially suitable to frame for desk or table, will still be furnished at 75c for a limited time. Only a small supply left of the large half-tone engraving of President Davis; price, \$1.

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The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1918

NO. 9



THE CONVENTION HALL AT TULSA, OKLA.

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J. W. Jackson, of Blackwell, Okla., would like to hear from some member of his regiment, the 39th Tennessee, who surrendered with him in North Carolina in 1865. He belonged to Company H. He is going to the Reunion at Tulsa and would like to meet some of them there.

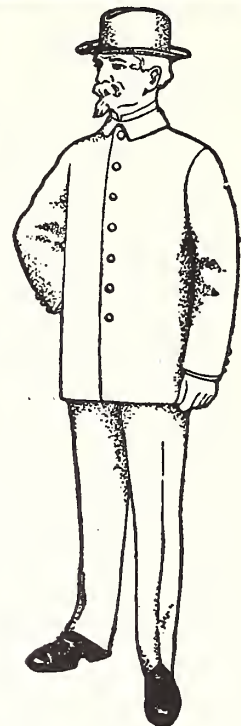
Capt. W. C. R. Tapscott, of Berryville, Va., wants to know if Lieut. W. H. Paterson, of Company C, 37th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, is still living; also Lemuel Legen, of New Orleans, and J. P. Cowen, of South Carolina. These "boys" were members of his company.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1918.

No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

SPECIAL AND GENERAL ORDERS, U. D. C.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 22, 1918.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 16.

1. In accordance with the invariable custom which has existed from the organization of the U. C. V. and from which there has been no departure, that of appointing the Major General commanding the Division in which the Reunion is to be held chief marshal of the parade, the General commanding hereby appoints Maj. Gen. D. M. Hailey, commanding Oklahoma Division, chief marshal of the parade at the Tulsa Reunion under the same rules and regulations which have existed at previous Reunions. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

2. Major General Hailey will upon the occasion of the parade place the senior Brigadier General of his Division in command of the Oklahoma Division and give his entire attention to the important duty of chief marshal.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 29, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 19.

With great sadness the General commanding announces the death of his warm personal friend and indefatigable coworker, Mrs. W. J. Behan, which occurred at her home, in this city, on July 28, in her seventy-first year.

During the war (at that time a mere girl) she affiliated with the memorial societies conducted by the immortal women of the Confederacy. After the war she continued her connection till all the Associations were consolidated; and she was made President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, a position she has held ever since to her great credit and benefit to the Association. It was mainly through her efforts that the name of Mr. Davis was restored to Cabin John Bridge and the monument erected in this city to his memory. She was ever zealous in good work, whether for the country, State, or city, and in her Church. She will be sadly missed at future reunions. Her presence in the past has added greatly to the success of the memorial exercises, in which she took the greatest pride and interest. She has

left a record to which her friends and family can point with pride.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 24, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 18.

The General commanding is much gratified to make the following appointments for the Tulsa Reunion:

Chaperon, Mrs. Victoria Mermillod Jones, New Orleans, La.
Matron of Honor, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C.

Sponsor for the South, Miss Virginia Saunders, Sumter, S. C.

Maids of Honor, Miss Bessie Shafter Madison, Tulsa, Okla., and Miss Mary Corinne Smith, Opelika, Ala.

These lovely women are the descendants of that immortal band known as the Women of the Confederacy and will receive at the hands of all Confederate soldiers that homage and devotion to which they are so justly entitled.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 5, 1918.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 27.

1. The General commanding is pained to make official announcement of the death of Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander of the Maryland Division (a position he has held for a number of years), which took place in the city of Baltimore on July 16, 1918. In 1861 he left his home, in Baltimore, and joined the Confederate army in the Shenandoah Valley. A member of Murray's Company A, 1st Maryland Regiment, he was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. He was a lawyer of distinguished ability and handled with success many important cases in the Maryland courts. He mingled in politics and occupied positions of responsibility.

2. The Senior Brigadier General of the Division will confer with the leading men of the Division and call a meeting at such time and place as are most convenient, at the earliest date possible, to select his successor.

By command of
GEORGE P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.
WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

AN INVITATION TO TULSA.

WHERE YOU WILL BE ENTERTAINED SEPTEMBER 24-28.

BY GEORGE P. LAMY.

The man who comes to Tulsa this year to be a guest at the greatest of all Confederate Reunions, having in mind a visit to the picture book West of the wild and woolly days of the bucking broncho, cowboys, and "heap big" Indians, will have an agreeable surprise when he arrives in the financial capital of Oklahoma, known as the "Wonder City."

Here will be found those things in life we all seek—opportunities. Not merely a few, as most sections offer, but many indeed, for nature has peculiarly blessed this land with soil conditions that make agricultural possibilities unlimited and an added mineral wealth in petroleum, gas, lead, zinc, coal, and shale. True it is, great wealth has already been produced and immense fortunes established; but the surface has only been touched, and no man to-day can form even an estimate of its extent and value. Such is the territory at our very doors.

But let me take you now for a short visit to the city of Tulsa, where in true Southern style and with gracious hospitality you will be received and entertained in September; where the warmth of their whole-souled welcome will be such you will instinctively feel that here you are with your brother Americans, who recognize neither class nor caste, but regard all as equals that bear the same love for the united mother country they themselves possess.

Washington Irving when he visited this territory back in 1832, standing on these Osage hills, with this magnificent panorama spread before him, the Arkansas River gently winding its peaceful course and the glow of the Red Fork just beyond, could not help but exclaim: "This surely seems to be the land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey."

Very true it is the land of promise, the land of opportunities, but certainly not a place for weaklings. Here a man is taken at his full face value. If he has those sterling qualities of manhood—character, integrity, honesty, and ambition—he can soon make of himself in this remarkable country a captain of industry, just as so many have who established their homes here and made possible the Tulsa of to-day. Nowhere can you find a stronger nor more sturdy stock of thorough Americans than right here in Tulsa, men who by their brains and brawn have made themselves what they are. Yes, they are self-made men, and because of that they have developed an intense love for home life, which, after all, is the real foundation upon which the good, permanent, substantial cities are built.

Tulsa is purely a city of ideal homes, with every environ-

ment that makes home life worth while—beautiful surroundings, well-kept gardens and lawns, and a universal modern plan of construction that brings to life those joys and comforts which we by nature expect and demand.

And you are coming at a time when nature, proud of its accomplishment, having yielded abundantly of grains, cotton, and fruits, shines forth in all the grandeur of Indian summer. Day by day and season for season Tulsa will give you weather as good as any other American city and better than most of them. Autumn and spring are, of course, Tulsa's most perfect seasons. Here the winters are shorter than in the more northern cities, but they are most delightful; and the summer days, even during the period of a warm wave, are tempered by a fresh, cooling breeze as the night approaches that makes sleeping under covers very pleasant indeed.

You must come to Tulsa to see for yourself what man can accomplish when given the opportunity. Giant skyscrapers loom heavenward in the business section, where are housed the offices of some of this country's largest industries; for, you must remember, Tulsa is to-day the oil capital of the world as well as the financial capital of Oklahoma. What is new and modern Tulsa has in buildings, while it is most modern too in its form of government, the commission plan, and it selects the civic officers by considering only their ability and capacity to rule and govern in an honest, enterprising way.

Every day thousands of visitors come to this busy mart. Yet here they meet with most generous accommodations, for Tulsa has adequate hotel capacity, modern in every particular, an abundance of eating places, and all at prices reasonable enough to suit any purse or taste. The shops, from the biggest department stores to the tiniest specialty shop, are a revelation to the feminine visitor. She finds unsurpassed quality and variety; and as to prices, they are in many cases vastly more reasonable than other large cities can offer because of the volume of business that is transacted here. From the near-by States, Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas, as well as throughout Oklahoma, many come to Tulsa just to do their shopping; and so it would be well for you to defer what purchases you may require until you come for this great Reunion. You can make it not only a visit of enjoyment and education, but a business one as well, full of profit to yourself, combined with the pleasure of the entertainment Tulsa has prepared for you.

While a young city, Tulsa is thoroughly efficient, having unequaled merchandising facilities, together with the best in schools and colleges, churches of all denominations, libraries, clubs, theaters, and recreational advantages for both the young and the old.

Since to-day there is no North, no South, no dividing line,

no separation, just one country, just one flag, Tulsa invites you to come as brother Americans to enjoy her hospitality and see how united she stands in this fight for liberty and justice brought on this young giant of a nation by the depredations of a common foe. For her sons, with your sons, have gone forth



IN THE BEGINNING TULSA WAS AN INDIAN VILLAGE.



TULSA'S EVER-CHANGING SKY LINE.

to defend and protect "Old Glory," and she has most generously borne her share of every investment and donation the government has requested. And to-day Tulsa says this will be continued and increased, if possible, until victory is ours, which it most certainly will be with a cause so just.

Will you come, break bread with us, and spend these few vacation days in healthy, uplifting, pleasurable recreation? I knew you would. So here's our hand of welcome and blessing.

Don't forget the dates, September 24-28. Don't forget the place, Tulsa, Okla., the Wonder City.

WHAT TULSA HAS.

Commission form of government. Elevation of seven hundred and fifty feet. Thirty-six inches of rainfall. Mean temperature of sixty degrees. Population of 78,755. Thirty churches. Henry Kendall College, \$500,000 endowment. Y. M. C. A. with 2,500 members and a \$150,000 home. Y. W. C. A. fund, \$164,000. Two hundred and three schoolrooms. Nine thousand two hundred and sixteen school children. One hundred and sixty rooming houses with telephones. Fifty-three hotels. Forty-five cafés and restaurants. Four thousand electric light consumers. Ten thousand three hundred telephones. Nine thousand eight hundred natural gas consumers. Four hundred and thirty-one oil and gas companies. Twenty-one oil field supply companies. Seventeen petroleum companies. Twelve refining companies. Nine refineries. Eight tank manufactories. Six pipe line companies. Four-hundred-thousand-dollar high school. Three-hundred-thousand-dollar post office building. Elegant Elks' Club. One hundred and twenty-two postal employees. Independent packing plant. Cigar factory. One hundred and forty manufacturing plants. Three thousand six hundred and sixty-one employees in industrial plants. Five thousand five hundred and eighty-seven employees (city, public service, and oil companies). Ten banks. Bank deposits, March, \$52,999,977. Bank clearings, April, \$44,784,152. Building permits, 1917, \$8,373,208. Seventy miles of paved streets. Six parks. More than three hundred miles of sidewalk. Modern waterworks (Arkansas River supply). Modern sewer system, thirty-five miles. Auto fire equipment. Five railroad lines. Two local and interurban electric lines. Near-by operating coal mines. City-owned convention hall (seating capacity, 3,500). Municipal organ. Eight-, ten-, and fourteen-story office buildings. Cold storage plant. Eleven-story hotel. Three metropolitan daily papers. Numerous weekly papers. Two weekly magazines. Standard opera house. Eleven picture shows. More than 5,500 automobiles. League baseball club and park. Free country fair. Four splendid hospitals. Public library. Chamber of Commerce. Retailers' Association. Auto Dealers' Association. Musical and art clubs. All fraternal organizations. City Club, Country Club, Press Club, Rotary Club, Lions' Club, Advertising Club, Kiwanis Club. Five wholesale grocers. Ten wholesale produce houses. General

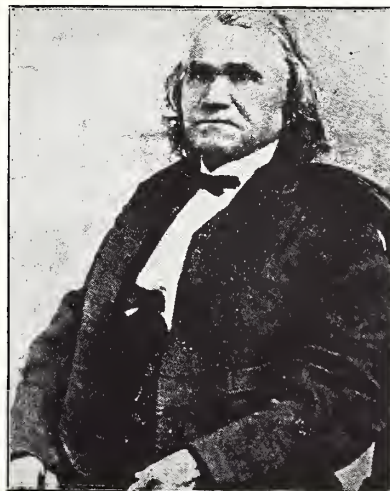
headquarters Ozark Trail Association. The recognized oil capital of the world. The home of oil millionaires. The nerve center of the mid-continent field. The industrial hub of the industrial Southwest. The county seat of Tulsa County. The headquarters for pipe lines and refineries. In the heart of a great agricultural section. A city of culture, refinement, and education. A good place to rear and educate a family. A law-abiding city, where character is appreciated. A city splendidly governed by competent officials. The home of the largest bank in Oklahoma. The fastest-growing city in America, size considered. The financial center of Eastern Oklahoma. The city of splendid schools, stately churches, and magnificent homes. The park and boulevard city of the Arkansas River valley. The city of peace, plenty, and content. The best advertised city in the Southwest, and the city that lives up to that advertisement.

PATRIOTIC, BENEVOLENT TULSA.

Tulsa's record for donations and investments in liberty loan bonds since October, 1916, is as follows: Sisters' Hospital, \$311,000; Kendall College endowment, \$500,000; new Y. W. C. A., \$164,000; Red Cross Fund, \$125,000; Armory Fund, \$10,000; military organization, Navy League, Ambulance and Hospital Funds, \$15,000; invested in liberty loan, first issue \$5,685,000, second issue \$6,450,000; War Fund budget, \$113,000; Red Cross, \$27,000; Jews of Tulsa War Fund, \$60,000; Knights of Columbus, \$18,500; Christmas Fund, \$3,000; Humane Society, \$5,000; March (1918) war budget, \$173,000; third liberty loan, \$4,623,400; second Red Cross, \$325,000. Total, \$18,607,900.

BUILDING INDUSTRY.

The building permits for the past eighteen months in Tulsa



GEN. STAND WATIE,
Commander of the Indian Brigade,
C. S. A.

are: January, 1917, \$1,065,489; February, 1917, \$452,973; March, 1917, \$678,140; April, 1917, \$685,093; May, 1917, \$1,500,182; June, 1917, \$547,072; July, 1917, \$718,131; August, 1917, \$372,075; September, 1917, \$527,220; October, 1917, \$1,068,949; November, 1917, \$415,928; December, 1917, \$311,955; January, 1918, \$1,094,062; February, 1918, \$445,490; March, 1918, \$638,170; April, 1918, \$484,659; May, 1918, \$516,450; June, 1918, \$434,805. Total, \$11,995,844.

DEVELOPMENT.

The following table shows the development of Tulsa along various lines for the past three years and places Tulsa in a class by itself among the cities of the United States:

Population: 1915, 28,240; 1916, 54,240; January 1, 1918, 78,755.

Average daily school attendance: 1915, 4,328; 1916, 5,239; 1917, 6,573.

Postal receipts: 1915, \$150,248; 1916, \$211,055; 1917, \$326,464.

Bank deposits: 1915, \$11,586,000; 1916, \$32,387,510; 1917, \$52,048,498.

Bank clearings: 1915, \$76,564,504; 1916, \$190,164,510; 1917, \$336,323,913.

Telephones: 1915, 7,331; 1916, 9,228; 1917, 11,061.

Water accounts: 1915, 4,498; 1916, 5,539; 1917, 6,758.

Number of building permits: 1915, 732; 1916, 1,738; 1917, 2,060.

Value of building permits: 1915, \$1,547,164; 1916, \$4,161,293; 1917, \$8,380,492.

Assessed valuation: 1915, \$22,834,671; 1916, \$24,337,293; 1917, \$38,533,946.

Building permits for 1918: January, \$1,094,962; February, \$445,490; March, \$638,170; April, \$481,947; May, \$516,450.

BANK DEPOSITS.

The Tulsa Clearing House Association furnishes the following statement showing capital and surplus, undivided profits, deposits, and total resources of the banks of Tulsa under the comptroller's call of May 10, 1918:

First National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$330,000; undivided profits, \$19,297.53; deposits, \$5,250,216.32; total resources, \$6,392,016.04.

National Bank of Commerce: Capital and surplus, \$150,000; undivided profits, \$15,915.80; deposits, \$2,115,115.28; total resources, \$2,307,631.08.

Exchange National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$200,000; undivided profits, \$293,596.09; deposits, \$25,269,204.79; total resources, \$27,876,846.07.

Central National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$500,000; undivided profits, \$17,485.89; deposits, \$8,508,745.67; total resources, \$10,065,102.93.

Liberty National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$155,000; undivided profits, \$3,098.80; deposits, \$2,128,495.01; total resources, \$2,311,593.81.

American National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$100,000; undivided profits, \$85,918.85; deposits, \$1,521,674.17; total resources, \$1,844,031.09.

Producers' State Bank: Capital and surplus, \$165,000; undivided profits, \$7,107.70; deposits, \$2,696,980.20; total resources, \$2,874,066.54.

Union National Bank: Capital and surplus, \$330,000; undivided profits, \$41,211.79; deposits, \$3,756,111.30; total resources, \$4,642,904.28.

Citizens' State Bank: Capital and surplus, \$150,000; undivided profits, \$6,526.78; deposits, \$1,089,672.83; total resources, \$1,368,782.18.

Total capital and surplus, \$3,080,000; total undivided profits, \$490,159.23; total deposits, \$52,336,215.57; total resources, \$59,682,974.02.

INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.

From figures just compiled the following interesting total results are obtained in Tulsa's industrial district, including Sand Springs, relative to

the industrial situation, exclusive of the railroads and several large companies on which reports have not yet been secured: Number of employees, 14,640; monthly pay roll, \$1,705,878; capital invested, \$146,092,882.29; annual business, \$231,975,692.82.

POSTAL RECEIPTS.

The best evidence of a city's commercial growth is conceded to be a comparative statement of post office receipts. Tulsa has expanded in a commercial sense more than sixty-six and two-thirds per cent in the year ending May 31, 1918.

Post office receipts for May, 1917, amounted to \$24,043.80. For the same month, 1918, they were \$39,644.30. This is an increase of \$15,600.50. Of course the establishing of the three-cent rate for letters had a great deal to do with this increase, but at that the evidence is greatly in favor of the city's growth, having been increased to the extent of at least fifty per cent in the last year.

As an example of the growth of postal receipts in the Tulsa office the last year, the following statement by quarters may be taken as indicative of the healthy character of the business: Quarter ending June 30, 1917, \$76,737.56; quarter ending September 30, 1917, \$76,292.66; quarter ending December 31, 1917, \$118,220.58; quarter ending March 31, 1918, \$124,049.96. Total for fiscal year, \$395,300.66.



A BUSY STREET SCENE IN TULSA.

BANK CLEARINGS.

The following are the daily bank clearings of Tulsa, Okla., for June, 1917, and June, 1918, taken from the records of the Tulsa Clearing House Association:

June	1917.	June	1918.
1.....	\$ 877,315.87	1.....	\$ 2,173,930.71
2.....	1,048,027.18	2.....
3.....	3.....	2,199,953.76
4.....	1,073,108.35	4.....	1,918,584.59
5.....	5.....	1,641,872.09
6.....	1,464,170.26	6.....	1,715,909.87
7.....	1,019,922.58	7.....	1,605,915.92
8.....	650,425.33	8.....	1,511,891.06
9.....	1,017,555.01	9.....
10.....	10.....	2,498,025.95
11.....	1,257,363.01	11.....	1,822,365.69
12.....	1,148,882.84	12.....	2,156,413.14
13.....	1,372,393.74	13.....	1,739,022.84
14.....	1,152,614.46	14.....	2,332,323.08
15.....	787,318.19	15.....	1,594,437.56
16.....	1,077,199.01	16.....
17.....	17.....	2,286,579.13
18.....	1,103,515.93	18.....	1,948,402.48
19.....	954,946.02	19.....	1,455,911.86
20.....	729,801.89	20.....	1,934,803.90
21.....	756,693.84	21.....	2,004,520.11
22.....	781,251.22	22.....	1,364,066.25
23.....	909,720.95	23.....
24.....	24.....	2,020,193.72
25.....	902,423.42	25.....	1,664,237.10
26.....	955,097.99	26.....	1,457,788.46
27.....	1,384,676.60	27.....	1,863,684.99
28.....	950,359.56	28.....	1,814,260.06
29.....	925,988.52	29.....	1,589,755.68
30.....	853,917.55	30.....

\$25,154,699.32

\$47,082,045.17

Increase, 60.8 per cent.

[Advt.]

GETTING INTO THE FIGHT.

[Some incidents of a boy's service told by Chauncey Humphrey, of Hugo, Okla., in the *Arkansas Gazette*.]

Fifty years ago South Arkansas was the field of bloody battles. The Federals had taken Fort Smith and Little Rock, and the Confederates were in South Arkansas, while scouts and bushwhackers from both sides were operating anywhere and everywhere, and what they did, in common parlance, "was a plenty," and one side was as bad as the other.

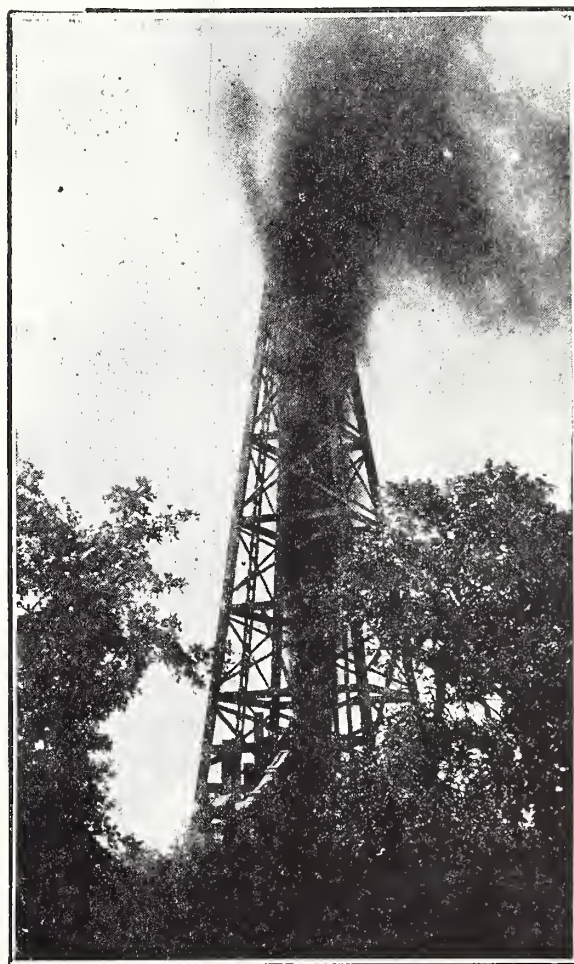
My home was at Magazine, in what is now Logan County, Ark.; and while I was too young to be conscripted and forced into the army, I was too large to stay at home. So I took to the woods and started south in search of General Cabell's brigade, as two of my brothers were in Colonel Gordon's regiment of that brigade. After several days' travel I met the command in Hempstead County, General Cabell and his staff in front. I turned my horse out of the road, and as the General got near me I said: "General Cabell, is Colonel Gordon's regiment behind coming this way?" My! my! the way he roared: "What command do you belong to?" My reply was, "Don't belong to any," and the command marched on one way, and I went the other. Soon one of the staff came galloping back and told me that the General wanted to see me. When I reached the General he had me ride along with him until he had asked me a number of questions, then told me

to fall out on the side of the road, and my brothers in Company I would be along soon. But soon thereafter I rode into the marching column and went along with them, not dreaming that I was to hear the roar of guns.

My horse was fresh and spirited, while the horses of the soldiers were poor and jaded. My horse crowded the one just ahead of me, causing its rider to get out of humor, and he demanded in such strong and emphatic language that I keep back that it made me feel uncomfortable. Later on the march, which was in a column of twos, double column, was ordered, and we began hearing the report of guns. We reached a prairie (Prairie de Ann), and the column was turned to the right. By this time we were going in a gallop.

The report of guns was apparently half a mile away and to our left, and I was on that side of the column. A bullet whizzed over our heads, and I ducked my head or dodged the bullet before I could think. When those close to me laughed I was very much mortified and felt that I was almost disgraced.

Soon the command was halted, and we counted "One, two, three, four" down the line, and the order was given to dismount and that each No. 4 would hold horses. It so happened that I was No. 4, and the idea of staying out of battle to hold horses appeared like a cowardly thing to do, and I had dodged a bullet that probably went ten or twenty feet above my head. So I announced that I came to fight and not



OIL WELL NEAR TULSA, OKLA.

to hold horses and that I would not hold horses. Lieut. J. W. Sorrels, who was in command of the company (I) to which my brothers belonged, said to me in emphatic language: "You will hold horses until some one will hold in your place." For an instant I did not know what to do, but in the nick of time a soldier to my right said to me: "You have a better gun than I have, and I will hold horses in your place."

My brothers insisted that I hold horses, saying that, as I did not belong to the command, it was not my business to get out and probably get killed; but there was no time to parley. The command was marched promptly toward the firing of the enemy in our front, and I was in the line. We were now on the prairie, and as we went forward we could see in front and to the left.

The Indian soldiers under General Stand Watie (Confederates) were going on their horses as fast as they could run away from the firing of the Federals. The Indians were scattered and whipping their ponies with their hands and "just trying to outrun the cannon balls." The Federals were at the other side of the prairie in the timber, where we could not see them. Our command marched bravely toward the enemy, a few hundred yards, and bravely halted, about-faced, and marched back to our horses and so was deprived of getting into battle and gaining fame.

That battle is known as the battle of Prairie de Ann and was fought on the 26th of March, 1864, near Prescott. Gen. James F. Fagan was probably the ranking general on the Confederate side.

After the battle General Cabell's brigade was on the move and probably the entire Confederate command.

It was apparent to me from the best information obtainable that the South would gain independence soon, and I would not get into a battle. Everybody knew one Southern man could whip ten Yankees and that all the foreign governments were going to help the South. I had read the life of General Marion, of South Carolina, and had seen an account of the brave deeds of Sergeant Jasper, and it was my one desire to pull off a stunt equal to any Sergeant Jasper ever did.

As we were marching along the road somewhere all of a sudden the marching became much faster, and it appeared that there must be "something doing" in front. Soon reports of guns were heard ahead of us, and we made a quick march, the command was placed in position and halted, and the count, "One, two, three, four," ordered. I was not No. 4, and the prospect was flattering for me to get into a real battle before we gained our independence.

The command was placed in line double column, reaching out to my right and to my left as far I could see, and the march forward commenced. My brother Charles was just in front of me, and the officers were in the front and the rear keeping the column in line. The firing came toward us, and we were marching toward the firing. The popping of the guns was after the fashion of pop corn before it gets very hot. Now a pop, now two or three pops; but the farther we marched, the faster the pops. We soon got to higher ground, not a hill, but upgrade, and the command was halted and ordered to lie down. It appeared very cowardly to lie down; but as we were flat on the ground, I put my nose in as deep as I could get it and would have squeezed my body into a wagon rut if I could have done so. The report of the guns came nearer and nearer, and the whiz of bullets was heard as they passed uncomfortably close to us. Our situation was simply terrible, and I thought more about Jesus of Nazareth than I did of Sergeant Jasper.

We did not stay in that position long, as we were ordered

up and forward, and the column advanced at a fast walk toward the firing. We were in a pine country, and I could see our skirmishers firing and running back and falling on the ground after the fashion of a skirmish drill. Capt. James Sadler was in command of Company C, and that company was in front as skirmishers. As our column advanced, the guns roaring, the bullets whizzing, a number of the officers a few feet in front, I noticed a captain jump behind a tree, and I yelled: "No time to get behind trees." About that time I heard a noise, "Plunk!" right by me like the noise of a stone against a cotton bale. I looked and saw some one just a few feet to my left reel and fall, and soon thereafter we were all getting behind trees.

My brother Henry and I and probably two or three more were behind two trees close together. I was in the act of shooting my Enfield rifle when my brother said: "Shoot low." I lowered my gun, or I certainly would have killed a Federal up a tree if he had been there in the way of my bullet. We kept busy shooting while we remained behind trees, and the roar of the cannon and small arms made it impossible to hear much that was said. Now and then I heard prayers and groans of the wounded. One soldier shouted: "Boys, I shot thirty-five shots from behind that tree." I recognized the man as he was leaving his tree to go forward.

Soon we made another advance, and I ran some thirty feet in front of the main column to where Lieutenant Sorrels was. He was behind a small tree, not large enough to protect even one of us, and the bullets were hitting the tree, knocking off the bark and cutting the limbs. I felt that we were all going to get killed, and I put my mouth up to his ear, he being much taller than I, and yelled as loud as I could: "Lieutenant,



MRS. VICTORIA MERMILLOD JONES, OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

Chaperon for the South at Tulsa Reunion, September, 1918; also General Chairman of the U. C. V. Grandsons' Fund.

this is getting too hot for me." I started back to a larger tree, but after my body had started my legs became almost uncontrollable, and the momentum carried me back farther than I expected to go.

When I jumped behind a tree two men were already lying on the ground with their heads to the tree (I need not say which side of the tree). I got on the top man's back with my head to the tree, and another man ran up and was getting on top of me when Colonel Gordon ordered us up to the front. I then ran to the front line, some thirty feet to the left of Lieutenant Sorrels, where only one man was shooting as fast as he could. He and I were behind a large tree; and as I stepped out to shoot the thought came to me to take aim. I leveled my Enfield rifle at what appeared to be a blue column, but the smoke was so thick that I could not see very well; and when I pulled the trigger I knew that my gun fired, but the roar was so great that I could not hear my own gun. I acted quickly and got behind the tree, and my comrade moved out to fire, but he fell back against me and uttered these words, "O Lordy, I am killed!" and fell to the ground, almost knocking me over.

Just at this time I saw my brother Charles, some distance to my right, getting up from the ground. He was pulling at his side, and I ran to him and jerked his trousers down and saw the bloody wound where a large ball had plowed through. He had been down behind a log, and a bullet had gone through his hat, scalping along his head, cutting out his hair, and as he got up he received the wound in his side.

In the meantime Lieutenant Sorrels had been severely wounded and his clothes shot full of holes while at the little tree where I felt him, and my brother Henry (second lieutenant), in command of the company, seeing that Charles was wounded, ran up to us and told me to take Charles back. I rushed him back to a branch where the wounded were given water and attention, some one hundred yards or more to the rear, and about that time the Federals surrendered and the battle ceased.

Several hundred prisoners were taken by the Confederates, and I walked over the battle field, where the Federal dead were so thick on the ground that we could have stepped from one to the other for a distance of a hundred feet in places. Trees were shot through and small ones cut down by the artillery. I saw six mules harnessed to a wagon all dead. Just after the battle I passed near Colonel Gordon, and he pointed toward me and said to those near him: "There is a boy that fought." My face was black with powder smoke, which I suppose caused the remark.

My brother Charles kept a diary, and in it are these lines: "We fought at Mark's Hill 25th day of April, 1864; captured 1,284 prisoners and four pieces of artillery. I was wounded."

Dr. J. W. Sorrels (now deceased) wrote me on April 26, 1910. In that letter he said: "The battle occurred April 25. Of this I am sure. It was forty-six years ago yesterday. You had not been gone more than ten minutes when I was wounded. I was still clinging to the little tree. The name of the commander of the Union forces at Mark's Mill was Colonel Drake."

General Cabell wrote of it: "General Fagan was in command, and his forces were estimated at 5,000 men all told. I commanded Cabell's and Dockery's Brigades, Hughey's Battery, and one section of Blocker's Battery. Gen. Joe Shelby commanded his and Crawford's brigades and Collins's Battery. Shelby moved on the road to the right to head off the train some two or three miles. Cabell's Brigade attacked the main

guard near the head of the train, routed that part of the guard, and then faced the rear and fought the rear guard of the train, commanded by Colonel Drake, who was wounded and taken prisoner. Shelby, coming to my relief, captured the Federal guard that I had first routed. Most of the fighting was done by Cabell's Brigade. Dockery was with his brigade, a mile or two behind, feeding his horses, at the time the attack by me was made. He came up, however, as soon as he could to my relief. Cabell's Brigade captured the enemy's battery of artillery and, with Shelby's command, which pushed in pursuit, captured about 1,500 prisoners, several officers among them. The result of the fight was 298 wagons and teams, over 1,000 mules, 1,000 muskets, and four pieces of artillery. Every horse in the captured battery was killed except one, which was ridden by a Federal lieutenant, and Lieutenant Faith captured him. The enemy had 2,500 men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. I am satisfied that I did not have more than 800 or 1,000 in my brigade and about 500 in Dockery's Brigade. My loss in killed and wounded was very great. Colonel Pettis, commanding a regiment of State troops, was killed. Lieutenant Colonel O'Neil, of Monroe's Regiment, was killed and several other officers whose names I do not remember. My recollection is that I had thirty-five officers and men killed and two hundred wounded left in the hospital."

One gallant officer, A. J. Quindley, adjutant of Gordon's Regiment, was seriously wounded and was a cripple for years after the war. He lived in Little Rock. My brother Henry, lieutenant of Company I, died in Pike County, Ark., more than twenty years ago. The battle of Mark's Mill was fought near where Fordyce is situated.

COMMENTS ON THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

J. B. Gracey, of Stanton, Tenn., replies to an article by D. B. Morgan, of Savannah, Ga., in the *VETERAN* for July:

"I have read with interest and pleasure your article in the July *VETERAN*, 'In the Army of Tennessee.' Like yourself, I have often lamented that so little has been written of the valorous deeds of the heroes of that army as well as of that prince of commanders, known and appreciated most by the gallant men who were ever ready to go through the fire whenever and wherever he said go. Of course I mean that grand old chieftain and hero, Joseph E. Johnston. If heaven had no other attraction, I should want to go there just to feast my eyes on looking at 'Old Joe,' as we so fondly called him, and reverently as well, as the ceaseless years roll on. From first to last, or rather to Franklin, where I was shot out, I was a member of Cheatham's Division. I was there in July when we crossed the Chattahoochee River, to which you refer, and can bear witness to the spirit of mutiny that filled the minds of the troops, who to a man were ready to throw down their arms and quit. A fatal blunder that removal of Johnston. We all loved Cheatham, 'Old Frank,' with true and loyal devotion, but 'Old Joe' was our idol.

"The Army of Tennessee met its brothers of the West, as in the main was not the case in the East. McCook and McPherson were usually pitted against Cleburne and Cheatham, where Greek met Greek. I do not mean any disparaging statements, but we met our own blood on every field. I am tempted to say much more about General Johnston's removal and the very ungenerous treatment he received throughout the whole war, but which only caused the spirit of the Christian patriot to stand out in bolder, grander colors. 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' and history will yet set him 'among the sons of the mighty.'"

WHEN LAFAYETTE VISITED ARLINGTON.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

The adage, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," is fully illustrated by the fact that to-day the sons of the Southern Confederacy are guiding the United States through the crisis of the world's war. It is interesting to know that from Arlington, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, flashed over the wireless the message of Woodrow Wilson that our land was not decadent, but ready to take her place by the side of Belgium, England, and France in battling for the inalienable rights of man, to stand against oppression, and give our life blood as our forefathers did at Yorktown and Gettysburg.

When the South counts her rosary of memory, it is well to recall the great friendship that existed between the founders of our republic and the immortal Lafayette, for among the French-speaking planters of South Carolina at the Huger home was where the winds of fortune first landed this cavalier who had periled the disapproval of king and journeyed as a "free lance" to offer his sword to Washington. It is pleasant to recall that Lafayette was the personal friend of George Washington Parke Custis, "the child of Mount Vernon," who was the father of the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

When in 1824 Lafayette revisited the United States, he was accorded a welcome such as the country had never before witnessed, with triumphal processions, fêtes, and banquets; but many of those who were dearest to him from sacred associations had passed to the great beyond. He availed himself of the privilege of stopping at Washington's tomb, where he shed tears of deepest feeling for his old commander in chief. He was accompanied on this trip by George Washington Parke Custis, who presented him with a ring containing a lock of Washington's hair and inscribed: "Lafayette, 1777. Pro novi orbis liberate decerbatat Juvenis, stabilitam Senex Inventit. 1824." On the face of the ring surrounding the hair were the words, "Pater Patriae," and on the other side, "Mount Vernon."

In presenting the ring Custis closed his remarks with: "Last of the generals of the army of American independence, it is now time that you should rest from your generous labors and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honor you, as will her children and children's children bless your name and memory, sure where liberty dwells there must be the country of Lafayette"—a prophecy fulfilled when the American public school children erected to Lafayette's memory in Paris the magnificent equestrian statue which stands before the Louvre. To this shrine our line of

khaki-clad United States soldiers wended their way for the sublimest salute in history when Pershing unsheathed his sword for France and said: "Lafayette, we have come."

GENERAL LAFAYETTE AND THE EIGHTEENTH CONGRESS.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

Upon a sheet of coarse, strong foolscap on July 1, 1776, was written a letter signed "Th: Jefferson," which was franked by mail to a friend in Virginia, bearing a rude postmark, "Phila. July 2."



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

Referring to a late nomination of delegates, in which his name was "next to lag," giving some alarm, etc., the letter closes with the following words: "It is a painful situation to be three hundred miles from one's country and thereby open to secret assassinations without a possibility of self-defense. I am willing to hope that nothing of this kind has been done in my case, and yet I cannot be easy. If any doubt has arisen as to me, my country will have my political creed in the form of a 'Declaration,

etc.," which I was lately directed to draw. This will give decisive proof that my own sentiment concurred with the vote they instructed us to give. Had the post been to go a day later, we might have been at liberty to communicate this whole matter." * * *

"The whole matter" concerning that political creed in the form of a "Declaration" was not to be communicated in the lifetime of Jefferson; no more within the bounds of the republic founded on the Western continent could the writer thereof be "three hundred miles from his country"; that magnetic political creed destined to widen our boundary from ocean to ocean awakened a spirit in France of like limitless import in the world's history, in one instance awakening and calling to the aid of Washington the gallant youth, Marquis de Lafayette. The first consummation of a great undertaking having been realized, the first quarter of the nineteenth century marked the one perfect hour of representative constitutional government. Invited by President Monroe, General Lafayette in August, 1824, made his last visit to that republic he had so greatly aided in founding by his fortune, sword, and knightly devotion to the cause of liberty. The French patriot as a guest of the United States had wept and prayed at the tomb of Washington and had been tenderly embraced by a beloved friend, William H. Crawford, former guest at L'Orange when Minister to the Court of St. Cloud twelve years before, now candidate for President, residing near Washington. Here Lafayette had been received into the bosom of the Georgia family, to later offer his stricken friend tender condolences on the defeat decreed by partisan politics. To a sympathetic student of history there is a deep note of grandeur and pathos about certain scenes of Lafayette's last visit



THE MANSION AT ARLINGTON.

of greetings and farewells between the great figures of that generation, distinguished by Washington and his generals and all veterans of that cause set forth in the form of a "Declaration, etc."

It was in November, after Lafayette's arrival in the States, that he went from Richmond to exchange greetings with Mr. Jefferson. The following brief account is of the reception at Monticello:

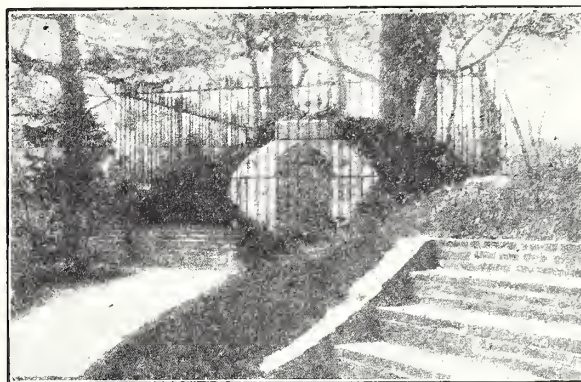
"Special preparations were made for his reception. At the Fluvanna line a troop of cavalry, named in his honor the Lafayette Guards, met him on Thursday, the 11th, to escort him to Monticello. The officers of this detachment were: John H. Craven, captain; George W. Kinsolving, first lieutenant; Richard Watson, second lieutenant; and Thomas W. Gilmer, cornet. On its arrival at that point the carriage containing Lafayette was halted, and he was addressed by William C. Rives, who in the course of his remarks mentioned that he was held in lively and affectionate remembrance by the people of Virginia and that not far from where they stood there remained a memento of him and his gallant services in their behalf during the Revolution, as the road by which he led his army to protect the old courthouse from Cornwallis's approach still bore the name of Marquis Road.

"When the cortège arrived at Monticello, the troop was drawn up on each side of the southern lawn. Lafayette alighted a short distance from the portico, from which Jefferson descended with tottering steps to meet him as he approached. As they drew near the one exclaimed with choking emotion, 'Lafayette!' and the other with the same tender pathos, 'Jefferson!' and for a season they were locked in each other's embrace, while tears freely coursed down their cheeks. So affecting was the scene that there was scarcely a dry eye among all the spectators. At length the venerable friends turned and entered the house. Before they were seated, however, word was brought to Lafayette that a company of youths, styled the Junior Volunteers, who had been a part of his escort from the Fluvanna line, wished to offer him the tribute of their respect. He immediately returned to the portico, where he was saluted in an admirable and manly address by Egbert R. Watson, then fourteen years of age. When the conclusion was reached, he approached the youthful orator and, taking both his hands in his own, assured him and his companions of his hearty appreciation of their reception.

"On Friday, the 12th of November, he was conveyed to the Central Hotel in Charlottesville, where he was addressed by Thomas J. Randolph. A public reception followed. At noon a procession was formed and marched to the university, where on the portico of the rotunda he was again addressed by William F. Gordon. In the rotunda, then in an unfinished condition, a large number of guests sat down with him to dinner. According to the program, Governor Randolph was to have presided on the occasion, but, being necessarily absent, his place was happily filled by V. W. Southall. At six o'clock Lafayette returned to Monticello, accompanied by Jefferson and Madison, with whom he quietly spent the interval until Monday, the 15th. On that day he was again taken in charge by the Guards and conducted as far as Gordonsville on his way to Montpelier." * * *

In December, after this visit to Jefferson, General Lafayette responded to the invitation of Congress to appear before that body. Turning back the pages of history, we find ourselves in the halls of the eighteenth Congress, in an atmosphere of stately dignity, chivalric courtesy, majestic pride, and purest patriotism; legislative halls dignified by President Monroe and his private secretary, Everett; with Crawford,

Calhoun, and Wirt in his cabinet, Henry Clay, Speaker of the House, and Phillip Pendleton Barbour, President of the Senate. In the Georgia delegation were statesmen of parts: Richard Henry Wilde, that brilliant Irishman, poet, and man of letters; John MacPherson Berrien, called by Chief Justice



THE OLD TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON AS IT WAS IN 1824.

Marshall "the honey-tongued Georgia youth," afterwards Attorney-General; John Forsyth, who became Secretary of State in President Jackson's cabinet, one of the most accomplished men of his time (courtly and diplomatic, it was said of him that under the dynasty of Napoleon he would have won the baton of France); Thomas W. Cobb, close friend and student of the gifted leader Crawford, of enviable reputation and distinguished ability; as were, without exception, the other members of the eighteenth and nineteenth Congresses: Edward F. Tatnall, John Elliot, Alfred Cutlbert, James Meriwether, George Carey, and Wyly Thompson. The speech of welcome by Henry Clay and the reply by Lafayette, reported in Gales's and Seaton's "Register," make rare and inspiring history at this day when Americans and Frenchmen are so honorably allied in arms.

In the Senate, December 9, 1824: Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, from the committee appointed to perform that duty, reported that they had waited on General Lafayette with the invitation of the Senate, and he had informed them that he would wait on the Senate this day at one o'clock.

At one o'clock General Lafayette entered the chamber of the Senate, accompanied by the committee of that body. On entering the bar Mr. Barbour, chairman of the committee, announced the presence of the General in the following words, "We introduce General Lafayette to the Senate of the United States," whereupon the President of the Senate and the Senators rose from their seats, and the General, advancing toward the chair of the Senate, was invited by the President to take a seat prepared for him on the right of the chair.

Soon after the General was seated Mr. Barbour moved that the Senate adjourn. Mr. Lloyd, of Massachusetts, concurred in the wish of the Senate to adjourn to afford the members an opportunity of paying their individual respects to General Lafayette. The Senate then adjourned, and the Senators individually, beginning with the President of the Senate, tendered him their respects, which were cordially and feelingly reciprocated.

House of Representatives, December 10, 1824: Mr. Condict, of New Jersey, moved that a message be sent to the Senate of the United States inviting that body to attend in the chamber of Representatives at one o'clock to-day on the reception of General Lafayette.

At one o'clock, according to previous arrangement, General Lafayette appeared, attended by the committee of twenty-four members of the House of Representatives, and was introduced to the House by Mr. Mitchell, of Maryland, chairman of the committee. On the General's entry the members and persons admitted on the floor of the House rose and remained standing uncovered.

Mr. Speaker (Mr. Clay, of Kentucky) then rose and in behalf of the House addressed the nation's guest in the following eloquent strain, adorned by the graces of oratory for which he is distinguished:

"General: The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of being its organ to present to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States and, in compliance with the wishes of Congress, to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theater of your glory and renown. Although but a few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the War of our Revolution, all have a knowledge from impartial history or faithful tradition of the perils, the sufferings, and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered and the signal services in America and in Europe which you performed for an infant, a distant, and an alien people, and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country. But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which this House entertains for you. Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to regulated liberty in all the vicissitudes of a long and arduous life also commands its highest admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, amidst, as after, the dispersion of every political storm, the people of the United States have ever beheld you true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well-known voice the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilt in the same holy cause.

"The vain wish has been sometimes indulged that Providence would allow the patriot after death to return to his country and contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place, to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, the increase of the population. General, your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and that in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet for the multiplied blessings which surround us and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor down the tide of time through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent to their latest posterity."

To this address General Lafayette replied in a tone in which energy of character and sensibility of feeling were most interestingly blended to the following effect:

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: While the people of the United States and their honorable Representatives have deigned to make choice of me, one of the American veterans, to signify in his person their esteem for our joint services and their attachment to the principles for which we had the honor to fight and bleed, I am proud and happy to share those extraordinary favors with my dear Revolutionary companions. Yet it would be on my part uncandid and ungrateful not to acknowledge my personal share in those testimonies of kindness, as they excite in my breast emotions which no adequate words could express.

"My obligations to the United States, sir, far exceed any merit I might claim. They date from the time when I have had the happiness to be adopted as a young soldier; a favored son of America. They have been continued to me during almost half a century of constant affection and confidence; and now, sir, thanks to your most gratifying invitation, I find myself greeted by a series of welcomes, one hour of which would more than compensate for the public exertions and sufferings of a whole life.

"The approbation of the American people and their Representatives for my conduct during the European Revolution is the highest reward I could receive. Well may I stand 'firm and erect' when in their names and by you, Mr. Speaker, I am declared to have been in every instance faithful to those American principles of liberty, equality, and true social order, the devotion to which, as it has been from my earliest youth, so it shall continue to be my latest breath.

"You have been pleased, Mr. Speaker, to allude to the peculiarity of my position when, after so long an absence, I am called to witness the immense improvements, the admirable communications, the prodigious creations, of which we find an example in this city, whose name itself is a venerated Palladium; in a word, all the grandeur and prosperity of these happy United States which, at the same time they nobly secure the complete assertion of American independence, reflect on every part of the world the light of a far superior civilization.

"What better pledge can be given of a persevering love of national liberty when those blessings are evidently the result of a virtuous resistance to oppression, of institutions founded on the rights of man and the republican principle of self-government? No, Mr. Speaker, posterity has not begun for me, since in the sons of my companions and friends I find the same public feelings and, permit me to add, the same feelings in my behalf which I have had the happiness to experience in their fathers.

"Sir, I have been allowed forty years ago before a committee of Congress of thirteen States to express the fond wishes of an American heart. On this day I have the honor and enjoy the delight to congratulate the representatives of the Union, so vastly enlarged, on the realization of those wishes even beyond every human expectation and upon the almost infinite prospects we can with certainty anticipate.

"Permit me, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, to join to the expression of these sentiments a tribute of my lively gratitude, affectionate devotion, and profound respect."

After the General and the members had resumed their seats, a short pause occurred.

Mr. Mitchell, of Maryland, the organ of the committee of reception, moved an adjournment. The motion was agreed

to, and the House was adjourned to Monday. The Speaker then descended from the chair and most affectionately saluted the General. His example was followed by the members of the House individually, and some time was spent in this agreeable manner before the General retired.

In the Senate, December 20, 1824: Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, from the committee to which was referred the subject of making the provision for General Lafayette, reported the following bill:

"A bill making provision for General Lafayette.

"Be it enacted, etc., that the sum of two hundred thousand dollars be and the same is hereby granted to Major General Lafayette in compensation for his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution and that for this purpose a stock to that amount be issued in his favor dated the 4th of July, 1824, bearing an annual interest of six per cent, payable quarterly, yearly, and redeemable on the 31st of December, 1834.

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted that one complete and entire township of land be and the same is hereby granted to the said Major General Lafayette, and the President of the United States be authorized to cause the said township to be located on any of the public lands which remain unsold, and the patents be issued to General Lafayette for the same."

Of Robert Y. Hayne's part in memorializing the services of General Lafayette, Benton in his "Thirty Years' View" says: "In the very second year of his service he (Hayne) was appointed to a high duty, such as would belong to age and long service as well as talent and elevated character. He was made chairman of the select committee, and select it was, which brought in the bills for the grants to Lafayette, and as such he became the organ of the expositions, as delicate as they were responsible, which reconciled such grants to the word and spirit of our Constitution and adjusted them to the merits and modesty of the receiver, a high function and which he fulfilled to the satisfaction of the country." This land granted to Lafayette comprised twenty-four thousand acres and was selected in Florida.

CAPTURED A GENERAL.

BY DR. G. S. VERTEGANS, SALTVILLE, VA.

At the beginning of the War between the States my brother and I were living at Barboursville, in what is now West Virginia, and, with A. H. Samuels, another young man of that community (who was afterwards killed in Tennessee), we joined a company recruited by Hon. A. G. Jenkins, member of Congress from that district. The company became somewhat famous as the "Border Rangers." Jenkins became the leader of the advance in the second invasion of Pennsylvania, which terminated with the battle of Gettysburg. Our town furnished only the three boys mentioned.

During the winter months, while our horses were recruiting, it was customary for twenty-five or thirty of us to get permission to visit the border, and we would locate isolated squadrons of the Yankee forces, a regiment or a company, as might be the case. Then, selecting some favorable night, we would divide the little squad and, attacking all at once from different sides, usually succeeded in stampeding them after killing, wounding, or capturing a good many.

On one of the expeditions in the winter of 1863-64 we were on Big Sandy River at Round Bottom, twelve miles from the Ohio. We were thirty-seven in number under the brave Col. M. J. Ferguson, of the 16th Virginia Cavalry, to which we

then belonged, Jenkins having been made brigadier general. At midnight on December 31, 1863, we attacked the 39th Kansas, Yankee infantry, and killed, wounded, and captured fourteen of them without any loss to our side, the only accident being that I was shot in the right breast. It was the coldest night I ever felt. The Yankees who took refuge in the fields suffered fearfully, several having to have arms and legs amputated the next day.

After this exploit my brother, Ed G. Vertegans, was detailed to select eight men and go across the country east until he struck the Kanawha River, about seventy-five miles. He took with him that I recall of the eight: Charles Lalin (a Vermonter), Al West, Ralph Templeton, Dave Richards, John Tormey (an Irishman), and myself. We traveled at night, as we were entirely in the enemy's country. At daylight on the 5th of January my brother sent me into the town of Winfield, Putnam County, to get information. At the house of a friend it was learned that the United States steamer the B. C. Levi was tied to the bank on the opposite side of the Kanawha River, which was about three-eighths of a mile wide at that point. I learned also that she had on board Brigadier General Scammon and staff and that the boat carried one twelve-pound brass piece and thirty marines. On getting this information my brother instantly ordered us to the river, where we found a coal barge, and in this barge was a Joe boat about twelve feet long. We got some pieces of board and paddled across to the opposite side. There we found the telegraph office, which we gutted in five minutes and then ran to the boat. By this time we were discovered. My brother jumped on the gangplank and was pulled aboard. Threatening the fireman and deck hands with his pistol, he ordered them to shove the plank out again. We then ran upstairs, where General Scammon met us, and the following amusing dialogue took place:

Lieutenant Vertegans: "Who is commanding officer here?"

General Scammon: "I suppose I am, sir."

Lieutenant V.: "And who do you suppose you are, sir?"

General S.: "I suppose I am General Scammon, of the United States army. Who the devil do you suppose you are, sir?"

Lieutenant V.: "I suppose I am Lieutenant Vertegans, of the Confederate army; and, more than that, I suppose you are my prisoner, sir."

General S.: "Well, sir, I suppose I am, sir."

In the meantime I and a few others were hunting the Yankee soldiers. We found them hidden in all kinds of places, disarmed them, and marched them to the bow, where they were guarded by some of the other men. I then paid a visit to the clerk's office, where I found fifteen hundred dollars in gold and greenbacks. The clerk swore that this was all private funds which had had been given to him to deposit in the bank in Charleston. Upon this my brother ordered me to return it, which I did very reluctantly, and it was afterwards proved that the clerk pocketed it and made out that we had taken it.

As we had both an engineer and pilot with us, the boat was cast off and we steamed down the river. For fear of meeting another boat, the charge was drawn from the gun and it was freshly loaded. As we went down I explored the lower deck, and, among many other things, I found a hog's-head of medicines; but since we were all on foot and completely surrounded by Yankees, I took only fifty-seven ounces of quinine and thirty-six ounces of morphia and tumbled the rest overboard. We ran on to the mouth of Scary Creek, where we had our first fight in May, 1861, with Ohio troops

under Tyler, we being under Jenkins. We beat them badly in a two hours' fight. Having landed at the mouth of the creek, we battered the gun with sledges and then burned the boat to the water's edge. Counting our prisoners, we found that we had thirty armed soldiers, one brigadier general, one paymaster with the rank of lieutenant colonel, two first lieutenants, and one sergeant major. The private soldiers we paroled, then started west for the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which we reached at dusk.

By this time the whole country was aroused. We were within twelve miles of the Ohio River and one hundred miles from our own lines. After reaching the turnpike we waited until dark; then I was sent down the road, and another was sent up to guard the crossing. After being there ten minutes I heard a courier coming. My orders were not to fire until he got within twenty yards, when I halted him with: "Who comes there?" He answered: "Messenger to the 34th." I knew this to be Don Piatt's regiment, quartered at the Hurricane bridge, four miles above, so I dallied with him as to the nature of his message. He told me that the Rebels had captured a steamer, and his order to Piatt was to send a force on every road. I said to him: "I have got all those Yankees here, and I'll have you in a minute." I heard him turn his horse, which was what I wanted, and away he went. That night the paymaster got a chance to talk to his guard. He had on a belt in which there was four hundred dollars in gold, which he offered his guard to let him escape. But the guard told my brother, who took the money away from the paymaster and returned it to him in Richmond in the presence of General Winder, who gave him a receipt for it.

Our little camp was surprised one night on our way out, and one of the lieutenants was killed; his name was Millward, from Ohio. We made our way out with little trouble. In Wytheville, Va., I went and brought General Williams, of our army. He and General Scammon were old comrades. General Jones, commanding the Department of Southwest Virginia, gave me and my brother a blank furlough, and we took our prisoners to Richmond on their parole. The last I saw of General Scammon he was playing chess with Neal Dow.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

BY B. J. HARDEN, SERGEANT COMPANY C, 1ST VIRGINIA CAVALRY,
UNION MILLS, VA.

When Hooker started to Richmond by way of Chancellorsville, Stuart's Cavalry was camped near Culpeper Court-house. News came one morning that the enemy had crossed at Kelley's Ford. We were ordered out and moved down to Brandy Station and halted there to await their coming, thinking, of course, they were coming there, as that was a regular cavalry battle ground. We remained there nearly all day, but they failed to put in an appearance. Just before nightfall intelligence was received that they had crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's Ford in force and marched by way of Stevensburg to Ely's and Germanna Fords, on the Rapidan. General Stuart started immediately with his command to Stevensburg, a distance of about five miles, to see after them. We got there about dark, to find the road from Kelley's Ford to Stevensburg clear with the exception of a few stragglers. Stuart then told Colonel Doake, of the 1st Regiment, to follow on in their rear in the direction of the Rapidan to find out how far they had gone. The road at Ely's Ford turned to the left toward Chancellorsville. As the rear of the regiment was just passing that road a party

came up from toward Ely's Ford. They were halted and asked who they were. They said they were General Slocum's bodyguard. We told them it was all right and invited them to "come ahead." They came on and were all captured except one man, who, suspecting that all was not right, attempted to escape. Several shots brought him to a halt, so all were taken in.

We then proceeded on the Germanna road for about a mile, when we came right on their camp and began to fire on them. They returned the fire and were calling: "Mount your horses, men! Fall in line!" As we had accomplished our object, we turned right about and started back, when a horse that appeared to be riderless came up through the ranks. I thought some one had been killed, so I caught hold of the bridle, which was hanging loose on the horse's neck, and found that the rider was lying on the horse as flat as he could get. I recognized him as a man of our company who made no pretensions to bravery and asked him: "Milt, where are you going?" He knew my voice and answered: "Sergeant, this shooting scares my colt almost to death." "Yes," I said, "and the colt isn't all it scares, I think." "No," he replied, "I don't mind owning up; it does scare me too." We were now out of range of their guns, and I began to shame him about acting so, when he said: "Sergeant, there is some difference between General Jackson and me. General Jackson may be a little better on an advance than I am, but he can't beat me on a retreat."

We were now near where the capture had been made, and I fully expected that we would be attacked there; but, to our surprise, everything was quiet. It was only a mile or two to Stevensburg, and all felt that the way was clear and that we would have no trouble; but as we came near the village we were halted and asked if that was Colonel Drake's squad. The colonel turned to one of his men and asked what it meant, saying that he had left no picket there. He then asked the man who had spoken to what regiment he belonged. The answer was: "Company C, 1st Regiment." The colonel sent back down the line for the orderly of Company C and told him to question the man and see if he really was a member. Riding out in front, the orderly said: "What regiment did you say you belonged to?" The answer came quickly: "Company C, 1st Regiment." "What is your captain's name?" No answer. "What is your sergeant's name?" Still no answer. The orderly, McCorkule, came back and told the colonel that he knew nothing about the man; that he certainly did not belong to Company C.

There happened to be an old road toward Raccoon Ford, which we took very quietly, but had gone only a short distance before we were halted and fired into. We deflected a little to the right, but in a few minutes were fired into again, and we were all night long in getting clear of them.

The next day we were traveling all day long and reached Todd's Tavern just as it was growing dark. We had just given our horses a little corn when a courier came dashing up with orders that we must mount as quickly as possible; that the 5th Virginia had met the 6th United States Regulars and had been cut all to pieces and nearly all killed or captured. We hadn't gone far before we met members of the 5th Regiment, some mounted, some on foot, without hats or arms, but all urging us to hurry, as they had been torn to pieces. Upon reaching the road that the United States regulars had taken, we found General Stuart and Fitz Lee waiting for us, and I heard General Lee say to Stuart: "General, that is the 1st Regiment. Don't send them; they were in their saddles all night long last night." "Can't help it,

Fitz; can't help it. They are obliged to go to-night," I heard Stuart answer. Of course that signed the warrant. To plead more was in vain. So we started in pursuit of the Yankees, and after following for some distance we came upon them at a house where they had stopped to pillage. We charged them; and while they made their escape, we captured the prisoners they had taken from the 5th Virginia.

On our way back we met a small squad of soldiers who said they were of Company C, 4th Squadron. As some one had tried to fool us the night before with "Company C, 1st Regiment," we thought they were trying the same trick on us again; so we fired into them without any hesitation, but found when we caught them that it was really a portion of the 1st Regiment.

On the next day fighting had begun at Chancellorsville, and some prisoners taken were put in my charge. One of them asked which was my regiment. I told him the 1st Virginia Cavalry. "What? Colonel Drake's regiment?" When I told him it was the same, he said: "I want to know how in the h— you all got out of that place down in Stevensburg the other night." I said: "Got out? How? I don't know what you mean." He replied: "We captured a man belonging to Company C, 1st Regiment, with a dispatch from General Stuart to Colonel Drake, and found that Colonel Drake was down behind our army, and, knowing you had to come back the way you went, we put a whole brigade in ambush on the road and a man on picket to find out when you came, so as not to fire into any of our own men, intending to kill the last man of you. The first thing we knew you were all gone, and I should like to know what became of you." My reply was a question: "Do you think we were fools enough to go into such a trap as that?"

SEEIN' THINGS ON PICKET, 1864.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

In July, 1864, Gary's Cavalry Brigade was camped at Chaffin's farm, some ten miles below Richmond, on the north side of the river. In those days the Yankees were right lively in that community. Late one evening a lieutenant of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry took sixteen men, or rather boys, two or three miles below, or east of, camp for vidette duty during the night. We started so late that the sun was down when we arrived at our destination. For some distance before reaching our objective we traveled east on an almost unused road, and parallel with and north of it ran a good-sized dry branch, or ravine. On coming to a road crossing ours at right angles we stopped. Our road and the ravine continued east.

On the north side of the ravine and east of the crossroad was a field about three hundred yards wide inclosed on the west by a rail fence extending north into the woods. The officer said he would place two men north of the ravine, one at the crossroads where we were, and five along the road south toward the James River; that we must keep a close watch; that under no circumstances were we to get off our horses; that the Yankees were expected to advance from the east sometimes during the night, and when they came we were to fire and fall back to the comrade at the crossroads unless he fired, and in that event we were to go west and get back in the road toward camp, in which road he and the other men would be.

The lieutenant then took a boy named Townsend and me north of the ravine, placed me in the road something like a hundred yards north of the field, and went on with Town-

send. I moved out of the road to a corner of the fence, and in a short while the officer came back, said he had placed and cautioned Townsend, and again urged me to be vigilant and stay on my horse; that he would place the men on the south part of the road I was on, and when the night was half gone I would be relieved.

Over the fence in front of me was a rather dense wood extending east, I knew not how far. There was no moon, and it was quite dark. Soon all was hushed in silence. The screech owl had discontinued her lugubrious notes and the Dutch whippoorwill his pealing song. For half an hour or so this silence reigned, when suddenly and unexpectedly the clash of resounding arms swept from the north and aroused me and my horse. Soon I heard Townsend coming at the top of his claybank's speed, and when he got to me I was ready to join in the run to the ravine, and on a level road we made good time. In a few moments the officer, the eight men in reserve, and those scattered south were with us at the crossroads. In a twinkling all found out who did the shooting; all listened; all were ready to open fire on the Yankees. No one spoke, and in a very short time everything was as quiet as before Townsend opened his artillery.

As the Yankees did not come on, the lieutenant suggested to Townsend that he might have made a mistake; but the latter insisted that the Yankees were in a few yards of him, and he saw them when he fired. Finally, being convinced that Townsend was mistaken, the officer ordered all back to their respective places, when he, Townsend, and I again went north. I took my position again in the corner of the fence, and the others went on to Townsend's place. In about ten minutes the officer returned, again cautioned me, and left. Then for about an hour and a half that terrible silence came to us again. My horse had ceased to champ his bit, and there was not a breeze to stir one leaf. I was sleepy, my horse was tired, and he changed from one hind foot to the other every few minutes. There had been no rain for quite a while, and the leaves on the ground were very dry. Then I heard in front of me, as I was sure, some distance from the fence, a man walking toward me. I almost concluded at times that I could see him as he slipped from behind one tree to another, taking one step, sometimes two, and again three or four. Straining my eyes in the darkness to see him, I was uneasy, for I feared he could see me, as the opening in the timber over the road might give some light. I did not know what to do. I did not want to run or shoot, and I did not want to stay. While thus suffering for a time—a long time it seemed to me—I happened to notice that my horse's head was lowered, and apparently he was half asleep. Then it dawned on me that it was not a Yankee slipping up on me, but a toad frog hopping in the leaves.

Those who have been there know that a cavalry horse soon learns to look and listen when his rider is on picket, especially at night. Had a Yankee been near, my horse would have made such manifestations as would apprise me of danger. I was so relieved that I decided to relieve my horse. I disobeyed orders, got off, and stood on the corner of the fence for a while, then sat down on the fence, all the time holding my horse right at my side, and thus remained till near the time for the relief to come. Townsend continued to contend that he saw and shot at Yankees. However, they did not come, and at daylight we started for camp.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—I do not suppose there is the slightest doubt that Maury was the greatest man America has ever produced.—Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Boston.

IN THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE, MO.

BY F. F. WEED, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Col. Jack Burbridge, of Louisiana, Mo., who died some years ago at Tucson, Ariz., was one of the Camp Jackson prisoners and had been one of the first of Missouri's gallant sons to respond to the call of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson for troops for the defense of the State Capitol. We organized a company and elected Jack Burbridge captain; I was first sergeant. We marched across the country, ferrying the Missouri River at Glasgow, and continued on southwest until we came to Camp Cowskin. There we met a motley crew of men and boys, armed with shotguns, old flintlock rifles, smoothbore muskets, pitchforks, scythe blades, bludgeons, etc. Anything that could be construed into the semblance of a weapon was to be found there. This was Price's army and numbered about ten thousand.

Here we organized a regiment of infantry and elected Jack Burbridge colonel, an accomplished gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever drew sword in defense of homes and firesides, sweethearts and wives, and subsequently a maker of history.

The battle of Carthage was fought July 5, 1861, between this rabble and General Sigel's brigade of disciplined, well-armed troops, supported by a battery of eight fine field pieces. We had Hi Bledsoe, with his big iron cannon called "Sacramento," and every time "Old Sac" belched forth his storm of destructive missiles "sumpin' drapped on t'other side." This was our first fight; and notwithstanding our lack of discipline, of arms and ammunition, we defeated Sigel's men and drove them on to Rolla and Springfield, and a month later, on the 10th of August, at Wilson's Creek we met and defeated the combined forces of Lyon and Sigel. Our forces had been augmented by a junction with McCulloch, of Texas, who had with him the famous "Louisiana Tigers," and, with a detachment of Missouri cavalry under Rains and Slack, of Missouri, he fell upon the Sigel Brigade, captured several pieces of their artillery, and put them completely to rout, thus turning Lyon's flank, which so completely demoralized the enemy that, although they made the most heroic efforts to regain lost ground, they signally failed. Though the battle raged from sunup till after the noon hour, the half-armed, half-fed heroes of the day recked not that they were at so serious a disadvantage with such poor equipment; but each man, feeling that the fate of a nation hung upon his individual prowess, went into win regardless of danger. About noon the Federal General Lyon fell while vainly trying to stem the tide. His time had come, and a ball from one of the old-fashioned squirrel rifles in the hands of a lanky backwoodsman pierced the breast of the truly brave General and brought to an untimely end the career of one of the most brilliant young officers of the Federal army. It also sounded the death knell of the hope of victory on the part of his army, which began its retreat, soon ending in a complete rout. Col. Jack Burbridge received a serious wound at the base of the skull from a speeding Minie ball, which laid him up for repairs.

It was in this fight that I had a personal experience I shall never forget. At daylight we were partaking of a hurried repast consisting of flapjacks and a rasher of bacon when the call to arms sounded. Colonel Burbridge did not wait for his sergeant major and the adjutant to attend to the details of getting the men into line, but came in person, and, our company being nearest to him, his order came quick and sharp directly to me: "Sergeant Weed, get your men in line

and hurry up." Well, we hurried, and in a little while we were facing the enemy, who commenced firing at about two hundred yards distant with Minie rifles. The balls came whizzing past us, filling the air with that peculiar "w-h-i-n-g-e" that is music unlike anything else in the world. In a moment a dull thud sounded near, and, glancing down at my side, I saw Tom Bacon, of Hannibal, Mo., slowly sinking to the ground. Mechanically I raised my old smoothbore musket and fired. The gun was discharged at an angle of about forty-five degrees, I was so bewildered and terrified. Just then I heard a voice behind me exclaim: "O Weed, there are no Yankees in the tree tops." I looked around and beheld Col. Sam Farrington, of St. Louis, aid to General Clarke, sitting his horse with as much composure as though he were on dress parade. Pride and courage came instantly to my relief. I stooped down, picked up my friend and comrade, Tom Bacon, set him up against the trunk of an oak tree for shelter from the enemy's bullets, and returned to the head of my company just as the command to charge was given. We were off in a jiffy and got up close, where smoothbores were effective. We won.

I never got time after that to feel either tired or scared, and I never had a recurrence of that scared feeling, although engaged in a number of fights afterwards—Lexington, Corinth, Pleasant Hill, Salem River, Fort Scott, Camden, Little Rock, and a number of skirmishes. I always had sympathy after that Wilson Creek fight for any man who couldn't stand up against either cold steel or bullets.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD, JENNINGS, LA.

A hero modest, yet rashly bold,
His fame by poets tuneful sung
Will live when present years are old;
His wreath on Mars' red altar hung,
Where torches pale immortal burn
In halls of marbled fame,
Where time has grayly called the turn
To add fresh laurels to his honored name.

Silent in council, sudden his blow,
Through mountain gorge and deep defile
His soldiers tramped, nor sought to know
The wherefore as they marched each weary mile.
His sturdy troops, footsore, onward strode,
With merry mood and rugged jest,
Along each dusty, well-worn road
As onward Stonewall hotly pressed.

A thunderbolt of war in war's grim game,
He struck with lightning speed.
Midst musket's crash and sulphurous flame,
On history's page he limned each martial deed.
Like some crashing avalanche he hurled
His tattered line of threadbare gray.
He gave new lessons to a wondering world:
How to march and fight; how to meekly pray.

Gentle in speech, so modest in mind,
He sought no victor's golden crown;
Stern to command, yet gently kind,
He won the world's well-poised renown.
His martial deeds on history's glowing page
Will live when years are dead;
The sons of men in every age
Will follow where this chieftain led.

SOUTHERN POETS—SIDNEY LANIER.

A CRITICAL STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. He died of tuberculosis in Western North Carolina September 7, 1881, and is buried in the Tumbrill family lot at Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. He saw service in the Confederate army; and after his capture he became a fellow prisoner with Father J. B. Tabb, his brother poet of the years to come. The closing period of his life, 1873-1881, was, for the most part, passed in Baltimore. In the *Macon Telegraph*, February 3, 1916, Col. James Vallaway has described in vigorous and graphic language Lanier's experience during his captivity at Point Lookout. This was partly reproduced in the *VETERAN* for December, 1916, page 588. This narrative, considered apart from its personal and literary charm, is a most valuable and illuminating contribution to the expanding literature developed by our implacable and unrelenting "prison controversy." Tuberculosis is a darling disease of the poetic fellowship. Keats, Hood, and Timrod are numbered among its victims. But in the instance of Lanier its origin is traced to a definite and specific time and source.

The professional life of Lanier was an untempered struggle against adverse conditions, disease, lack of appreciation, and want of material resources. His heroic constancy and his invincible devotion to his ideals assign him rank as the "Childe Roland" of Southern literature. No more marked and impressive tribute illustrates the purity of his nature and the knightliness of his soul than the significant fact that, in an age in which novelty, iconoclasm, and irreverence form part of our daily routine, no finger has at any time been raised against Lanier living or Lanier dead. In the sacred guild of poets he wears his laurel, his white flower, pure as snow, a "spirit without spot." He was endowed with a musical faculty as far-ranging as it was wonderful, and at the time of his death he had no peer as the lord of the flute, which in his hands was as the wand to the magician. His blending of the musical and the poetical faculty is a more impressive illustration of his versatile power than Rossetti's dual gift of the art of the painter and the inspiration of a master in the æry realms of verse. His theory of the unity or identity of music and verse has evoked hostile criticism and arrayed a school of antagonists; but his theory, as enunciated in his "Science of Verse," though assailed with aggressive energy, remains without adequate refutation or rejoinder. The mysterious harmony that fused music and poesy into a single life was the vital principle of his creed. To those who can recall the pallid features of Lanier as he sat at his desk in the Peabody Library he seemed to have passed out of space, out of time, "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." During his last series of lectures, 1880-81, as he withstood the assaults of immitigable disease with ideal constancy, it was almost possible to behold "the god within him light his face." He was treading the Via Dolorosa, but the laurel crown was in reserve upon the shining heights, although dimly descried even by the eye of faith.

Great as is Lanier the poet and lord of the realm of music, Lanier the critic may be regarded as even greater. Let him who cavils devote himself to the last work given to the world by Lanier, "Shakespeare and His Forerunners," published in 1902, more than a score of years after its author had passed into rest. Our contemporary literature has rarely heralded a book richer in all the elements that make for the

noblest inspiration. "The viewless arrows of his thought were headed and winged with flame." In contemporary criticism there are few more finely-wrought deliverances than his comments upon Shakespeare's "The Sphinx and the Turtle." They should form one of the choicest flowers in an anthology drawn from the work of Lanier. No one of the array of interpreters that had gone before him had unveiled the subtle grace of thought which envelops this lyric essay of Shakespeare's dawning manhood. The poem is cast in that same rhyming measure which in the nineteenth century became the medium of our sovereign elegy, Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The work is radiant with the genius of the author. From point to point it breaks into flashes of golden light. Lanier was lord of the crisp and bristling phrase. Take as illustrations his dicta in reference to the character of Elizabethan English as revealed in the vocabulary of Shakespeare. It is an inspiration even to a mind lacking in a technical culture of music to trace Lanier's theory of the affinity existing between poetry and his cherished science. The omnipresent musical vision reveals itself, however simple the conception. Select at random "Opposition," 1879-1880, a light at eventide far long before the shades had begun to gather around him. Perhaps more wonderful than all in range and subtle divination is the poem to Beethoven. Nor is this the end; for in the tribute to Nannette Falk-Auerbach the spirit of Beethoven descends upon him in double portion, and he breaks into an offering to his lord of tone as rich and satisfying as the symphonies of the master.

That the psychology of dreams should have possessed for Lanier a resistless fascination will excite no surprise. "The Harlequin of Dreams" should be read in connection with Henry Vaughan's "Beyond the Veil" and with Timrod's "Dreams," two masterful excursions into the shadowy realms of fantasy. In those phases of his art which are ceremonial in character, involving functions similar to those of a poet laureate, Lanier was distinguished by rare grace of utterance as well as an adaptation to times and circumstances as felicitous as they were unwonted. Notably does this description hold true of his "Ode to the Johns Hopkins University," February 22, 1880. Never has a nobler ideal been set before the eyes of a dawning center of intellectual culture. As a philosophic exposition it may claim to rank with Newman's "Idea of a University." In grace of rhetoric or penetration of thought nothing in its sphere has surpassed the lines portraying the literary aim and ideal of an institution just blossoming into fixed resolve and definite purpose. "Bring Shakespeare back a man and not a name."

No work of Lanier's is touched by a vein of purer humor blending with rare discernment than "The Crystal." It is like Browning's magic ball, in which all the glories of Florence pass before the eye in magic light. The masters of melody move in array from Homer to Tennyson. Each is illumined with a pen of flame, but the mirror holds them up to nature without a trace of vindictive aim or even transient malice. The craft of some genial Puck had absorbed for the time the art of Sidney Lanier. "The beauty of holiness" was a phrase upon which he dwelt with increasing delight. With him, as with Keats, "truth was beauty, and beauty was truth." The æsthetic creed of Lanier is summed up in his memorable words uttered at a time when his conflict with the last enemy was tending to its final stage. They may be found in Ward's edition of his "Poems," pages 36-38, or in "Representative Authors of Maryland," pages 81, 82, by the present writer. No nobler deliverance ever fell from the lips of the sages who have unfolded the mystery of the

kingdom of art. In this valediction the artistic world suffers violence, and our master takes it by force. The vision was moving toward accomplished result. His spirit rose from high to higher as an altar fire soars heavenward, the finer and sublimated elements passing through an earthly envisagement into a purified and congenial atmosphere of their own.

Lanier's sense of reverence for the ideal purity illustrated in Southern womanhood enters into the very heart of his creed, ethical as well as poetical. Foremost among the flowers of song that blossom into light under this ennobling inspiration may be cited "My Springs," which finds its converse in No. 38 of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The poem is its own interpreter, as the "Springs" are symbolical of the eyes of his wife. The witchery of woman's eyes is an ancient theme, but none of those who have glorified its charm have attained a purer flight than this lyricist of the South. The poem, with its Shakespearean reminiscence of the "dying violet breath," is unique in tone and tint. Not one in all the starry company could have fused love, pure and sanctified, into a harmony so ethereal. The inspiration of the "Song of the Chattahoochee" has been more than once traced to Tennyson's "Brook." With equal discernment it may be attributed to Southey's "Cataract of Lodore." Imitation is not a badge of the typical poet of the South. No one of this brotherhood was a mere echoist or a devotee of heredity in his art.

There has not appeared in contemporary times a more fascinating theme for the masters of elegy than Sidney Lanier. Another "Lycidas," "Adonais," or "Thyrsis" may yet arise to idealize the winsome forces that blended in his nature, sweetness and light mingling with vigor of mind and untamable fortitude of soul. Here are concretely displayed "the spirit without spot," the sublime mildness, the finely-touched faculty of analysis that "saw through all the muses' walk," tempering the exuberance of creative power and subduing it into conformity with the chastity and rhythmic vesture of an art whose patterns are in the heavens. The range and richness of Lanier's creations has been by no means exhausted. No critic excels him in power of suggestion. The strong metaphysical vein in his nature and the constant endeavor to illustrate his basal theory of the identity of music and verse will serve to explain the seeming cloud that at times interposes itself between the conception of the author and the apprehension of the reader. With all his rare and radiant gifts in the sphere of poetry, we incline to the conviction that his fame will abide most securely upon his achievement in the field of criticism. His mind was of that germinating order which recalls the image of Coleridge. It may be frankly conceded that Lanier has set up an unattainable standard, enunciated an impossible ideal. His conception of beauty was the Platonic dream, the divine breaking through the human. The transfiguration of his "Crystal," the Christ, would have proved its perfect realization and expression.

Despite the ethical temper of his æsthetic standard, no man ever more nearly approached its illustration in life and experience. His artistic dream was an allegory or parable of himself. With human hands he wrought and exemplified his creed of creeds, this confession of faith for the framer of speech, the artificer in brass or marble, the master of symphonies, the sculptor who discerned the angel in the block, the musician that reared a palace of sound to which the heavens descended in adoration. That the fame of Lanier will broaden with the increasing years may be fairly assumed. It is but the dawn of his day. The "all-judging Jove" will

accord him a place among those pure spirits who, having preserved their original brightness, stand first by the throne in the foremost heaven of song.

SIDNEY LANIER AS A SOLDIER.

[The following extracts were made from a tribute by James Callaway in the *Macon Telegraph*.]

The parents of Sidney Lanier were Robert S. and Mary Anderson Lanier. His mother belonged to a prominent Virginia family noted for its decided talent for music and poetry, and the poet's artistic temperament was a direct inheritance.

The world knows Lanier as the genius of song, but he is never thought of as a brave soldier. Just graduated from Oglethorpe University, Lanier answered the call of the South and went with the Macon Volunteers to Norfolk. This command had won distinction in the Mexican War. Those were picnic days at Norfolk, "the gay days of mandolin and guitar and the flute and moonlight sails" on the James. Lanier with his flute was the joy of his comrades.

After participating in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond and Malvern Hill, Lanier and his brother Clifford and two friends were transferred to the signal corps and attached to Major General French's command. The service as scouts along the James was dangerous and onerous.

In December, 1864, Lanier was assigned as signal officer to the blockade runner Anna. But his vessel was captured by the United States steamer Santiago de Cuba, and Lanier was carried to that dismal prison, Point Lookout, that damp and unhealthy spot. The guards were negro soldiers, the tents old bell style and in each tent sixteen to twenty men; the floors were the damp ground, no planks or straw, no dry place to sleep on, no wood allowed for fire. The winds from the Chesapeake had full play.

Such was the prison life of that frail young soldier, so delicately framed. Here on that damp ground, without planks or straw, was laid the foundation of that malady which brought him to an early grave. He had concealed his flute in his coat sleeve, and it was his solace in prison and a joy to his fellow comrades. Lanier secured his release from that awful prison pen through some gold a friend secretly gave him. He left prison emaciated to a mere skeleton.

As has been said: "One scarcely knows which to admire most—the soldier, brave and knightly, the poet, preparing his wings for flight, or the musician, inspiring his fellow soldiers in camp and in prison."

Whether in Norfolk with the Macon Volunteers or in the signal service or on a moonlight sail on the James or in the homes of those noble Virginians or in prison or back home, his flute was his solace and delight. "My flute," said he, "expresses to me the natural magic of the words."

John B. Tabb, his fellow soldier, fellow patriot, and fellow artist, paid him this tribute:

"Snow! Snow! Snow!

Do thy worst, winter; but know, but know
That when the spring cometh a blossom shall blow
From the heart of the poet that sleeps below,
And his name to the end of the earth shall go,
In spite of the snow."



TWO LETTERS.

[The originals of these letters were deposited some years ago by Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier, of New Orleans, in the archives of the Association of the Army of Tennessee in that city. They are interesting as giving expression by General Johnston in regard to his Dalton-Atlanta campaign and the comments by General Maury on the same subject.]

MACON, GA., September 1, 1864.

My Dear Maury: I have been intending writing to you ever since my arrival here to pay a part of the epistolary debt I owe to you; but you know how lazy it makes one to have nothing to do, and so with the hot weather we have been enduring here I have absolutely devoted myself to idleness. I have been disposed to write more particularly about what concerns myself, to explain to you, so far as practicable, the operations for which I was laid upon the shelf. You are one of the last whose unfavorable opinion I would be willing to incur.

You know that the army I commanded was that which, under General Bragg, was routed at Missionary Ridge; Sherman's army was that which routed it, reinforced by the 16th and 23d Corps. I am censured for not taking the offensive at Dalton, where the enemy if beaten had a sure refuge behind the fortified gap of Ringgold or in the fortress of Chattanooga and when the odds against us were almost ten to four. At Resaca he received five brigades; near Kingston, three and about 3,500 cavalry; at New Hope Church, one—in all about 14,000 infantry and cavalry. The enemy received the 17th Corps and a number of garrison and bridge guards from Tennessee and Kentucky that had been relieved by numerous "hundred-day men."

I am blamed for not fighting. Operations commenced about the 6th of May; I was relieved on the 18th of July. In that time we fought daily, always under circumstances so favorable to us as to make it certain that the sum of the enemy's loss was five times ours, which was 10,000 men. Northern papers represent Sherman's up to the end of June at 45,000 men. Sherman's progress was at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day.

Had this style of fighting been allowed to continue, is it not clear that we would soon have been able to give battle with abundant chances of victory and that the enemy, defeated on this side of the Chattahoochee, should have been destroyed?

It is certain that Sherman's army was stronger, "compared with that of Tennessee," than Grant's, compared with that of Northern Virginia. General Bragg asserts that Sherman's was absolutely stronger than Grant's. It is well known that the Army of Virginia was much superior to that of Tennessee. Why, then, should I be condemned for the defensive, while General Lee was adding to his great fame by the same course?

General Bragg seems to have earned at Missionary Ridge his present high position. People report at Columbus and at Montgomery that General Bragg said that my losses had been frightful; that I disregarded the wishes and instructions of the President; that he had implored me to change my course, by which I suppose he means assume the offensive. As these things are utterly untrue, it is not to be supposed that they were said by General Bragg.

The President gave me no instructions and expressed no wishes except just before we reached the Chattahoochee, warning me not to fight with the river behind us and against

crossing it, and previously he urged me not to allow Sherman to detach to Grant's aid.

General Bragg passed some two hours with me before I was relieved and gave me the impression that his visit to the army was casual, he being on his way farther west to endeavor to get us reinforcements from Kirby Smith and Lee. I thought him satisfied with the state of things, but not so with that in Virginia. He assured me that he had always maintained in Richmond that Sherman's army was stronger than Grant's. He said nothing of the intention to relieve me, but talked with General Hood on the subject, as I learned after my removal. It is clear that his expedition had no other object than my removal and the giving proper direction to public opinion upon the subject. He could have had no other object in going to Montgomery. A man of honor in his place would have communicated with me as well as Hood upon the subject.

Being expected to assume the offensive, Hood attacked on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July disastrously, losing more men than I had in seventy-two days. Since then his defensive has been at least as quiet as mine was.

Just before leaving the army we thought that the odds against us had been reduced six to four. I have not supposed, therefore, that Sherman could either invest Atlanta or carry it by assault.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

MAJOR GENERAL MAURY.

A NOBLE REMONSTRANCE.

RICHMOND, VA., May 20, 1867.

Was ever a nobler remonstrance made than his, so full of dignity, proud pathos, sense of outrage, and manly endurance? He knew he had made a defense which students of the science of war will study for all time. There has been nothing like it in modern war, and never in all the histories we know of has such a master of the science, such a brave champion of the right of the people, been so insulted as Joseph E. Johnston when the Confederate government yielded to popular, ignorant clamor and removed this great commander, this true patriot.

Well might the brilliant and daring Wigfall impugn the discretion of our gallant President when he declared that "his friendships are no less fatal to their objects than his animosities."

Johnston remained chafing over his exclusion from further active service until an accession of intelligence inspired the Confederate government to remove Bragg and place the great Lee in chief command of the Confederate forces. He was capable of estimating the capacity of his great compeer and the suicidal policy of the government which had degraded him, and his first official act was to restore him to command. It was then too late to retrieve the misfortunes of their country; but Johnston made one great effort to avert the final disaster, lent a gleam of brightness to the last hours of the Confederacy, and vindicated the great capacity and the high character of the victim of his government's cruelty.

It is now well known that Grant and not Sherman was the great commander who so ably opposed Johnston in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta.

Bishop Lay told this writer that during the campaign he had occasion to visit an aged relative in North Georgia who was in great distress. General Johnston passed him through the lines and gave him a note to Sherman, asking him to allow the Bishop to continue his errand of mercy. This accomplished, Sherman required the good man to return by

way of City Point, when General Grant would pass him back to our lines. So soon as Grant heard of his presence he invited him to an interview and talked very freely with him about the operations of the armies. He explained how, by means of the telegraph, he had been able to direct Sherman's operations against Johnston. He said: "After the fighting ceases each day, General Sherman and I repair to our telegraph offices and discuss the events of the day and the movements to be made on the morrow. This we can do as easily as if we were both actually present with the army. Neither of us at any time is actually with the troops engaged, but in our telegraph offices, where by our maps we can discuss and direct movements as clearly as with the troops." And he said: "Bishop, I assure you that when I knew that your government had removed General Johnston from command of that army I felt as much relieved as if I had been able to reinforce Sherman with a large army corps."

Gen. Horace Porter, in his clear and interesting memoirs of Grant, said that he commanded Sherman's army in all those operations. We cannot doubt it, for Grant never would have said so if it were not true; and as they were the only movements in the presence of an enemy that Sherman had ever been intrusted with that did not result unfortunately for his government, we are convinced that some other mind and heart controlled them.

General Lee said of General Sherman's march to the sea: "I do not know why Sherman should receive so much credit for his march through Georgia, for the only question before him was whether he could feed his army by taking everything the people had to eat."

Grant was a great soldier and a truly brave and kindly man.

So soon as Johnston was restored to command he at once inspired hope in our people, gathered together a few thousands of the Army of Tennessee which he had turned over to his successor in such splendid condition, called to him the Home Guards of North Carolina and of South Carolina, and with a force of 20,000 men fell upon one of Sherman's separated corps at Bentonville, put it to rout, and moved to strike another which was in his way as he marched to join Lee.

Soon after the battle of Bentonville Johnston heard of Lee's surrender and knew that all was over. He met Sherman in conference and arranged with him the terms of surrender. These were disapproved, but active hostilities were at an end.

Lincoln being murdered by a fanatic who was in no respect a Southern man, President Andrew Johnson issued his "amnesty proclamation," which contained thirteen clauses of criminal conditions, for which pardon must be specifically asked and explanation made. About this time I received a letter from Admiral Buchanan saying that he could not bring himself to express regret for anything he had done and therefore could not ask pardon. When I told this to General Johnston he said: "I have asked for the pardon offered by President Johnston and did not express any regret. Yes, I did too. My application was in about these words: 'Your excellency, I graduated at West Point. I was an officer of the United States army and resigned to serve my native State, Virginia, in the war just ended. I have the honor to request that the provisions of your excellency's amnesty proclamation may be extended to embrace me. And I regret that I can give your excellency no reason why they should.'"

As my application had been of somewhat the same nature,

I was comforted. I had pleaded guilty to the West Point clause and the army officer clause when I felt that I might be suspected by guiltiness under the \$20,000 clause and added: "I have no money nor any other property save the ragged Confederate raiment in which I stand." When I heard of the voluble apologies made by my Confederate associates, I was greatly consoled. General Johnston went at once to work at what his hands could find to do and found good and lucrative employment. He was elected to Congress from the Richmond district. Afterwards he was railroad commissioner. He resigned that office and retired from public business to live in dignity and ease. At the ripe old age of eighty-five, with mind and heart untouched by infirmity, he took the last sacrament of his Church, folded his robes about him, and laid him down to die. In his death, as in his life, he gave the world assurance of a man.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

A MYSTERIOUS RAID.

[The following incident was written by R. G. Greenberg, of Atlanta, Ga., who died some years ago. He was a foreign-born soldier of the Confederacy, a Bavarian, and made a good soldier. The article was sent to the *VETERAN* by Judge Robert L. Rodgers, of Beaumont, Tex., who formerly lived in Atlanta.]

The boys in blue can read of this incident and not feel blue about it. I cannot say it was an act of bravery, but rather will call it recklessness.

In the latter part of the summer of 1864 the War Department in Richmond, Va., issued an order for every man that possibly could be spared from the different forts on the Cape Fear River in North Carolina to be sent to Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. This order was soon executed, but left the different forts in a rather deplorable condition, hardly sufficient men being left for the different batteries and other duties. The officers did their best with what was left, dividing the few troops as well as could be done. Company A, 1st Battalion of Heavy Artillery, of which I was a member, received orders to report at once to Brigadier General Hebert at Fort Johnson, near the mouth of the Cape Fear River. We soon reported for duty and found the fort a nice place, the different batteries well mounted with 120-pounder Columbiad guns. We also found plenty of ammunition and large commissary and quartermaster stores. The garrison was large and clean: the General's offices were within the barracks, but his headquarters proper were outside, some two hundred yards from the garrison. Everything was well arranged. The General soon issued orders as to the guards to be posted and the places to be guarded, but positive orders were given that no sentry be posted at his headquarters, the probable reason for this being our shortness of men.

On a certain dark, gloomy, and very blustery night, just after the grand round had returned from their inspection of the different posts and hardly turned in for the night, all of a sudden Major Hardeman, of General Hebert's staff, came running into the barracks in great excitement, nearly naked and barefooted, calling for the officer of the guard and shouting: "For God's sake, have every man under arms as soon as possible. The Yankees are upon us. I have seen them and had a very narrow escape from capture. I heard a voice on our front veranda, got up from my bunk, and ran to the window, when all at once a big, strapping fellow pointed his pistol at my head, saying, 'Surrender'; but I dropped the window and ran back to Captain Kelly [another

staff officer], shouting to him to get up and come along. I had no time to lose, but ran through our back yard to come here. Now, then, bring every man out as soon as possible."

Immediately the long roll was beat, rockets went up, and the alarm was given to the different forts. Men were sent out in every direction, but nothing could be found; only our Captain Kelly was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him. It was lucky for the General that he had gone to Wilmington the day before; otherwise he also might have been taken. Signals were sent to Fort Caswell, Baldhead Island, and Fort Fisher; but no one could clear the mystery. Sometime later a negro came forward and reported that on the night of the capture he was working at the salt works, about a quarter of a mile above the garrison. While he was outside the works he saw a boatful of men nearing the landing. All were well armed, and one of them came up to him with pistol in hand and said: "Open your mouth, and you will be a dead man. Come and show us the way to general headquarters." He did so and after that ran for dear life. The negro also said there were about nine or ten men, all well armed. That was all that could be learned of the affair at that time, but later in the day a boat was seen nearing Fort Caswell under a flag of truce from the United States blockading steamer. A boat from the fort met the Federal boat, which brought a letter from Captain Kelly stating that he was a prisoner on the United States steamer and requesting that his clothes be sent to him, as he was nearly naked. Another letter was to the General from Lieutenant Cushing, of the United States steamer, telling how he had gone the night before for the General, and, not finding him at home, he took Captain Kelly as a fair representative of the latter. He said he would take good care of the Captain as long as he was with him.

The question may be asked, How could a boat pass all those forts and not be seen by the guards? First, the oars were muffled, and very little noise was made. The river is several miles wide, and on a dark night it was almost impossible to see anything moving in the middle of the river.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN IN QUARLES'S BRIGADE, C. S. A.

A chaplain's proper place in the Confederate army was well defined in theory at least, but in fact each of us was a law unto himself and stayed wherever he liked. He belonged to the medical staff. But the medical staff in a campaign was divided. The surgeons occupied a position sufficiently in the rear of the main line to be free from the ordinary fire of the enemy, where they could perform the more serious surgical operations necessary before sending the wounded to the hospitals away off in the rear of the army. Their quarters were the field hospital or infirmary, and there were kept the supplies for immediate use—chloroform, whisky, morphine, bandages, etc.

The regulation place of the chaplain was with the surgeons. But in camp they were often in the mess of the regiment field officers—the colonel, lieutenant colonel, etc. The place of the assistant surgeon was with the men. He had to attend to immediate needs, to excuse a man from daily duty if he reported sick, to send him back to the field infirmary if necessary. In a battle he established himself as near the line as possible, where water was to be had. The wounded were brought by the litter corps to him for such treatment

as would suffice until the ambulances could carry them to the surgeons at the field infirmary. The assistant carried a canteen of whisky, a bottle of morphine, a few rolls of bandages, and such surgical instruments as he might need for immediate use. Now, some of the chaplains went with the assistant surgeon into action.

I stayed with the assistants all of the time. And this was easier, inasmuch as I was for more than a year only a private soldier detailed as chaplain, and I never wore any mark of rank. Usually I selected the place as near the line as we could get water, to which the wounded were first brought for emergency treatment. There the assistant surgeons of the brigade gathered. I directed the litter bearers to the place. I carried the equipment I have mentioned for immediate use, for I became expert enough to stop bleeding and to establish reaction until the doctors could attend to the wounded man. Then if we got out of our needed supplies I got on the fastest horse of the doctors and went on a rush to the infirmary, carrying my empty canteens and getting whatever was needed.

Here let me bear testimony to the character of our medical staff. I was with them all the time, day and night, and, with rare exceptions, these surgeons and assistant surgeons were the bravest, most faithful, and most capable body of men I ever knew. I saw them again and again, with improvised and inadequate instruments, perform operations which would make the reputation of the surgeons of even this advanced time. And they studied the products of nature from field and forest, finding remedies which well supplied the place of those medicines which the Federal government, Christian and civilized, yet made contraband of war.

As a chaplain I never carried arms, except sometimes on the march to relieve some tired comrade. But some of our chaplains went into the charge with the men and marched in front, cheering them on.

The experiences I shall give of a day are not confined to any one day, but were actual occurrences in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta in the spring and summer of 1864.

It is a rather quiet day on Kenesaw Mountain, and I am walking along with the rear of the lines toward the top of the mountain, where I can see a magnificent panorama of both armies. Just before reaching the top I am behind the 30th Louisiana, a regiment of French Creoles, who were in the same brigade with us in the campaign around Vicksburg a year before. Suddenly a big, fine-looking fellow in captain's uniform breaks out from the line and rushes to me, crying: "O, it is the Parsong; it is the Parsong! He save my life!" And, falling down before me, he grasped me about the waist and gave vent to his thanks in a mixture of French and English which I could not understand. I did not understand him. He at last said: "I am Captain Bojeson. At Jackson you hunt up Dr. Putong and bring him to me when the nurse leave me to die and don't care. You bring Dr. Putong—good old Dr. Putong—and he dress my wound, and you help him." Then another string of mixed language and mixed thanks to me and bitterness against the ones who neglected him. It seemed that in the battle of Jackson, Miss., after the fall of Vicksburg, this man was badly wounded. He was in the field infirmary. When I went to see the other wounded, before evacuating the place, I found Captain Bojeson suffering much and neglected by the attendant, who refused to do anything for him because I was only a private and had no right to order them. I hadn't much time, but I hurried to Dr. Paton, of Cockrill's Missouri Brigade, who was then acting division surgeon. He was a grand man, and when I told him his eyes flashed fire, and his usually quiet

manner gave place to wrath. He went at once with me. He relieved the sufferer with quick skill, and then he put in charge of that ward a nurse that he could trust, while the other was sent to the front. And here is Captain Bojeson, well and strong and giving to the Parson the richest reward any man can give—the gratitude of a true man.

Again we have fallen back under dear "Old Joe." We all feel sure that it is right. We would follow him to the gulf. It is the 4th of July. Our lines of defense are laid out, and all begin to burrow into the ground and throw up breast-works. Dr. Napier and I notice a depression about twenty or thirty yards in front of the main works, where we can dig a safe den under the shade of a small but wide-spreading tree. We soon have a hole three or four feet deep and six feet by four, for the boys helped us. We covered the bottom with leaves and sedge grass and put pegs in the walls for steps. With our blankets spread on the leaves we felt literally "snug as bugs in rugs." One alarming report marred the pleasure of the boys. It was that the parson had been wounded, shot in a very dangerous place. It started from a joke of one of our helpers. Dr. Napier carried his rations in a little tin bucket, and I had secured a nice little basket of splits beautifully woven for my bacon and bread. We had hung these on a limb of the tree while we worked, and a stray bullet from a Yankee gun had gone through my basket. The helper reported that the parson was shot in his bread basket. Now, the stomach was often called the bread basket or grub bag. When one was very hungry his bread basket was empty. So the inference was that I had been shot in a mortal part of my anatomy, and I received many sympathetic inquiries as to my wound. How ready we all were to turn things into fun in the presence of death!

By the way, that night I had an illustration of cool courage by some of my religious men. There was a call for volunteers to go on a very dangerous scout between the lines, which were only a few hundred yards apart. The first men who stepped forward were several of the quietest men in the regiment who were sometimes guyed for their piety. Before the time to start on their perilous mission, it was found necessary to evacuate our positions. The magnificent Yankee bands were playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia," and our rather cracked orchestra was replying with "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and we "silently folded our tents and stole away" to a better position. But I have never yet got over my disappointment in having to leave before spending one night in that underground apartment. Memory looks back with fond regrets to that leaf-lined hole in the ground.

Let me transfer the scene to Atlanta and give an actual day there, rather more strenuous than usual. We have prepared comfortable quarters in the rear of the trenches on the slope of a little ravine, where we are protected from the enemy's bullets coming through the embrasures of a battery above us. Provided we don't stand up, we are safe. While we sit or lie down the bullets go over us; so we crawl to our sleeping places.

In the morning the assistant surgeon of our regiment goes to the trenches and passes down the line on the sick call to excuse any sick from duty. I go with him. There is one space over which we have to walk that is exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters. It is not more than fifteen or twenty yards. But the bullets are inconveniently frequent and knock up the dust before and behind us. It won't do to appear scared, but I must say we walked Spanish over that little space. We didn't run, but it was something between

a walk and a trot. When we get back to our quarters we sit about and chat, and one of the ambulance drivers is a fine singer. He has a favorite song, "I've Wandered in the Village, Tom." Just in the midst of it the Yankee guns begin to fire on our battery. At once Jesse says: "Gentlemen, Mr. Sherman is tired of that song, and he orders me to get to my hole, and I always obey orders." And he drops on his hands and knees and crawls to his bunk.

After our dinner I am sitting in front of my little tent fly watching two young fellows, great cronies, walking together to a spring a little way up the ravine. They are not more than twenty years old and are carrying half a dozen canteens apiece. They are chattering away, playing pranks on each other, as boys will do, for they are in a rather sheltered place, when I hear the dull sound of a bullet striking a body, and one of the boys sinks down, shot by one of those stray balls coming through the embrasure of the battery on the hill. The ball strikes the middle of his back and passes through his heart, and he is dead when I get to him. It is dreadful thus to be snatched from the riotous fullness of joyous life in a moment into the pale stillness, the enduring silence of death. But then I did not feel it as I would now. I realized then the truth of a remark by Dr. John Brown in that best of dog stories, "Rab and His Friends." He is excusing the jollity of the young medical students while getting ready for a serious surgical operation by their professor. He says in effect: "Don't judge them too harshly, for in our profession frequent contact with suffering and death causes a deadening of pity as an emotion, but a quickening of pity as a motive."

I found it so. When I first saw men shot, my pity for their suffering was so intense an emotion that I didn't know what to do. After awhile I could see a man shot with little more emotion than if it had been a beast, but pity as a motive made me spring at once to his help. So in this case, the moment I saw the boy fall I ran to him, and when I found him dead I had his body cared for. That night the pity of it came over me, and I was moved to tears as I wrote the record to be sent to his loved ones at home whenever we got a chance.

That evening just about dusk I was getting ready to preach to the brigade. I take my place midway of the line, a few feet back of the trenches, so that those who remain there can hear and those who gather around me, from five hundred to a thousand, can spring back to their places at a moment's notice. We can't make a light, for it would attract the fire of the enemy. I have a great many earnest Christians, officers and men, to help me. The colonel is a Presbyterian elder, the lieutenant colonel a shouting Methodist. There is a gigantic fellow with a voice corresponding to his size who does my singing. He takes his place beside me. He weighs two hundred and fifty pounds; I not quite half so much. I have learned my Scripture lesson by heart, and he knows dozens of the good old hymns. While he is singing the gathering song and the men are coming out of the trenches the picket stops for a moment on the way out to the front. As they stand by me one of those stray bullets comes through the embrasure, strikes one in the temple, passes through his brain, and lodges in the breast of the man next to him. There is confusion for a few minutes. The dead man's body is cared for by his comrades. The wounded man is taken back to the infirmary. Quiet is restored, the song starts again, and I preach the sermon with a vivid illustration of the nearness of that mysterious, unseen world that lies so near us and claims some of us every day. I finish the ser-

mon and ask any who wish to take Jesus Christ as a Saviour to rise up. Maybe two hundred rise. I can't distinguish them. But I have my helpers scattered through the crowd, and they take the names of the inquirers. The following day we talk to them personally. Let me remark in passing that it was estimated that in all of the Southern armies one hundred thousand men made profession of religion.

This is the record, as I have said, of one day's actual experience.

THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

[From an old manuscript by Elise Trigg Shields.]

In the battles of the nation Tennessee has borne a warrior's part. She sent Sevier to King's Mountain, Jackson to New Orleans, Crockett to the Alamo, Houston to San Jacinto, Pillow to Chapultepec, and the valor of her sons crowned Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg with undying glory. Among these none deserves rank higher than the storming of Chapultepec, and to fully estimate the splendor of this achievement it is well to remember that the march upon the Mexican capital was by all means the most important performance of the war with Mexico. The fall of Chapultepec was its triumphant end, and yet Scott's gallant army was only 10,500 strong when it entered the valley of Mexico to fight its way against an outnumbering foe to the heart of the enemy's country and there, weakened by the loss of over one-third its number, assaulted a city of 200,000 inhabitants, surrounded by stony fortifications and defended by an army 35,000 strong. This brilliant campaign rivals that of Cortes in the splendor of its deeds, the substantial results of its victories which gave to the nation an extent of territory worthy of a Cæsar's greatest triumph, Texas, California, New Mexico, and is memorable as the conflict in which Grant, Lee, McClellan, Joseph E. Johnston, Jackson, Beauregard, Longstreet, Burnside, and Magruder flashed their maiden swords.

The victory of Churubusco gave the city of Mexico practically into the hands of the Americans. Kearney's dragoons, pursuing the enemy from the field, had actually entered the Mexican capital, with the army in full march to their support, when General Scott ordered the recall sounded and in the moment of victory granted that ill-fated armistice which cost the army sixteen hundred of its bravest spirits and surrendered every military advantage won by the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Both Generals Pillow and Worth, the two officers next in rank to General Scott, opposed the armistice. General Pillow urged upon General Scott to take possession of the city before granting the armistice; General Worth desired at least the possession of the castle of Chapultepec as a guarantee of Mexican fidelity. But nothing was required. The armistice was granted simply upon Mexican faith, although all history had proved it to be unworthy of trust. Santa Anna in his proclamation declaring the armistice said that General Scott had asked for it, and during the two weeks spent in fruitless negotiations for peace he recruited his beaten army and within sight of the Americans constructed formidable fortifications for the defense of the city. The first effort made by General Scott after the resumption of hostilities was the attack upon Molino del Rey, which had for its object the destruction of a foundry supposed to exist there; but as the foundry had no existence, the battle of Molino del Rey, gallantly and dearly won by the blood of seven hundred and eighty of the flower of the nation, was without any result in so far as it related to advantages gained for the final assault upon the Mexican capital.

On the 11th of September, 1847, the general in chief at a meeting of general officers decided to assault the Castle of Chapultepec, which commands all the approaches to the city of Mexico and is perhaps the strongest fortress on the American continent. An isolated mount of phosphoric rock even now shaded by the same giant cypress under which Montezuma held his courtly revels, it was anciently called Chapultepec, "the mount of the grasshopper," and is unrivaled in historic interest. Cortes found it at once the tomb and the palace of the Aztec monarchs, beautified by all the wealth of a semibarbaric taste, and the aqueduct which conveyed water from Chapultepec to feed the tanks and fountains of the Aztec capital was perhaps the most pleasing monument of that strange civilization which is still the marvel of the world. It was to protect this aqueduct that Guatemotzin fought the first battle in the siege of Mexico, a siege made memorable by the unmatched courage and constancy of the besieged. Under the Spanish rule Chapultepec became a storied ruin where the Indian knelt at the tomb of buried majesty and saw princely shades flitting through the solitude of the Royal Hill until, in 1785, the Viceroy Galvez upon the ancient site started the erection of the present imposing palace, which under the republic was converted into a military college.

Recognizing that upon the successful defense of Chapultepec depended the fate of the city of Mexico, Santa Anna had strongly fortified Chapultepec at its base and on its acclivities and heights. The lower slope of the hill was mined in all directions with trains ready to be fired at any minute. The inner wall, four feet thick and twenty feet high, had mounted thirty-five pieces of artillery commanding the approaches on all sides. Behind these almost impregnable fortifications was an army many thousands strong. In the ranks were regular troops and volunteers, old and young, rich and poor, men of every profession and trade, all joining in the defense of their country, now threatened at its very heart. The keeping of the inner wall and the castle itself was given to the cadets of Chapultepec under the command of the veteran General Bravo. With a spirit worthy of the conquistadors of old Spain, Santa Anna assembled these chosen troops in the chapel of the castle, inflamed their native valor by recounting the braveries and glories which made Chapultepec as holy ground to both Aztec and Spaniard, and, laying their swords upon the altar, consecrated them to the defense of Chapultepec. Upon these blessed blades the cadets swore never to leave the wall alive—a vow heroically fulfilled, and Mexico to-day keeps grateful vigil over their tomb. It was in truth a nation gathering together its last resources to give heroic resistance to its invaders.

On the American side the gravity of the situation was keenly felt from the commander in chief, who realized that the fall of Mexico alone could atone for the monstrous blunder of granting the armistice, to the soldier, who knew no quarter was to be expected from the brutal victor of the Alamo. Three hundred miles from the seacoast, without hope of reinforcement, without rations, short of ammunition, in the midst of hostile people, confronted by strong works on every side and an army many times its number in front, truly they must either conquer or perish. General Scott selected General Quitman to lead the assault on the southeast front and General Pillow on the west front, saying he gave to Pillow the Spartan's post of honor. Two hundred picked men from Worth's Division and two hundred from Twiggs's Division were furnished as stormers for each approach. Twiggs's Division was to hold Piedad and when the time for the assault came make formidable show of demonstration

along the south front. For the first time in the valley of Mexico there were no written orders for the coming battle, General Scott leaving everything to his subordinates.

Quitman's approach lay along the Tacubaya road over strong batteries at the base of the rock over which the castle is situated, over the exterior walls, and up the declivity to the work; Pillow's through Molino del Rey, across an open field, over a line of ditches and intrenchments, through the cypress grove to the base of the rock, over a redan halfway up the declivity, which, being passed, the troops would be in close vicinity to the Castle of Chapultepec.

As the castle was captured on the west front by the troops under Pillow, we will follow that commander through the battle. The arrangements for this attack, which were made by General Pillow, were to attack the line of intrenchments with one battalion of voltigeurs, while another proceeded outside the walls of the inclosure, which surrounded the rock and fields of the position, against an adobe bastion covering a cut in the wall, which, being gained, the assaulting troops were in the rear of the line of intrenchments first carried; then the bastion would be taken in reverse by the troops which had been successful in that quarter.

The first of these battalions was to be supported by the 9th and 15th Regiments, the second by the storming party from Worth's Division. After the troops had entered the wood it was intended that they should beat through to the base of the rock, the voltigeurs being in advance to that point. There they were to halt and re-form, while the stormers should pass to the front and, with the support of the three regiments, ascend and storm the castle. To prevent the introduction of reinforcements by the road north of Chapultepec, as well as to watch the strong corps of Mexican cavalry on the left, Colonel Trousdale was stationed with the 11th and 14th Regiments at the angle of the Molino Del Rey.

On the morning of the 13th of September, 1847, the American batteries ceased their fire, and the assault commenced. General Pillow ordered Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston, with the first battalion of voltigeurs, to advance outside the wall and dash at the lunette in front with the bayonet, not asking time to fire and reload. At the same time Major Caldwell, with the other battalion of that regiment, was sent through the gate into the field against the same intrenchment. Close behind Caldwell's men came Ransome's and Morgan's Regiments.

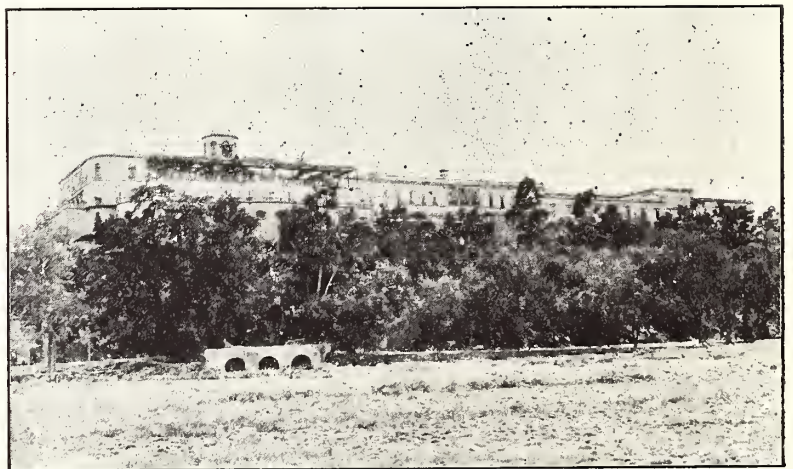
These movements under way, General Pillow galloped forward and took the front; Colonel Johnston carried the lunette with the bayonet; Major Caldwell passed through the wet ditch, thus uniting this glorious regiment. The assaulting force moved forward with splendid courage and steadiness, and the Mexicans never fought better than here, contesting the ground with determined resolution. Terrible indeed was the struggle of our brave men through the cypress forest, where every tree hid an enemy; amidst the sheltered fire and thunder of the guns of Chapultepec that sent showers of grape and canister upon the assailants, while an incessant storm of musketry came from behind trees, rocks, and breastworks; over mines, the trains of which were laid for ignition, shooting down the soldier as he stood at his post with the match lighted in his hand ready to hurl both friend and foe to destruction. Our line of advance was here checked,

when General Pillow threw himself in advance of the wavering lines and called upon the men to follow him, which they did most gallantly.

To quote General Scott's official dispatch: "General Pillow being in front of the attack and emerging into open space at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound." Lieutenant Bennett picked General Pillow up and placed him on the root of a cypress tree, from which point he ordered the troops forward and the stormers to the front. The men swept like a wave over ramp, lunette, and everything to the inner wall of the castle. Here the gallant Colonel Ransome was killed; and the men, having in the fight thrown down the scaling ladders to use their guns, had to wait under a severe fire until the arrival of McKenzie's party with the ladders. These were quickly planted, and here we met the fiery valor of the cadets of Chapultepec. It was a brilliant display of courage on both sides. Those consecrated swords drank deeply of our blood, mere boys outvied veterans in feats of courage, and our men who first scaled the wall fell back either killed or wounded. Nothing daunted, others took their places, and as these fell a stream of heroes followed; and it was by mounting on the bodies of their dead comrades that our men at length obtained a foothold and swarmed up the ladders to the castle, where the cadets barred the doors and rallied around General Bravo for their last stand. The doors were broken down and the Mexicans slaughtered by our men until General Bravo surrendered, and the Stars and Stripes was planted in triumph upon the halls of Montezuma.

With the castle fell not only the batteries on the south, but the barricades on the north, against which Colonel Trousdale's command had been bravely advancing.

General Quitman's attack on the southeast was repulsed with great loss, after which the rear of his command broke off and entered the outer wall through the lunette captured by Col. Joseph E. Johnston in the beginning of the fight. The capture of Chapultepec secured the fall of the Mexican capital, which ended the war. And it is in striking contrast that, while Mexico even now garlands daily with fresh flowers the tomb of the cadets of Chapultepec, the picture which portrays the fall of Chapultepec in our national Capitol ignores the commander and troops which carried the castle by assault and justly deserve to rank as foremost in that glorious achievement. This can be attributed only to the extraordinary efforts to depreciate General Pillow's services by the



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

commander in chief in the way of making political capital for the advancement of his own claims upon the presidency, and this in the face of his own official approbation which to-day from the archives of the government proclaims General Pillow the hero of Chapultepec, the justice of which title was fully acknowledged by the loud-acclaiming shouts of the soldiers as this commander was borne wounded into Chapultepec soon after its occupancy by his brave troops.

The famous court of inquiry presided over by the great Caleb Cushing was the result of General Pillow's appeal to the government when arrested in Mexico by General Scott upon frivolous charges; and when the court closed its sittings the fame of General Pillow was not only clear of reproach, but the sworn testimony of witnesses of all ranks proved that General Pillow contributed in an eminent degree to the brilliant victories won by our gallant army in the march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico and that his heroic daring at Chapultepec would have done credit to the most distinguished captain of his or any other age.

JAP HOPKINS.

[From an old copy of the *Evening Call*, Athens, Ga.]

When Jasper Hopkins died on his farm, in Oglethorpe County, Ga., in November, 1906, he deserved something more than a passing notice. To his friends he was simply "Jap Hopkins" and will ever remain so. He was a plain, kindly-natured, unassuming man, but within his bosom beat one of the bravest and most loyal hearts that ever animated human breast.

Jap Hopkins was one of those rugged mountaineers from East Tennessee, having been born and reared in the neighborhood of Big Creek, on the picturesque Pigeon River. That was a strong Union settlement, and, being under the political domination of Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, a majority of those mountaineers enlisted in the Federal army; but there were a few loyal Southerners of such names as the McMahan, Huffs, Stokeleys, and like citizens; and among this gallant band none was more devoted to the cause of the Confederacy than Jap Hopkins. When the war broke out Jap was only a boy, but he shouldered his old deer rifle and was among the first to enlist under the Stars and Bars. But even the Hopkinses were divided, for one of his brothers joined the Union army.

Partisan feeling among those East Tennessee mountaineers was bitter and intense, and the feud broke up Churches, divided families, and not only during the war but years after the surrender the vendetta was kept up. No quarter was given prisoners when captured, and many a little mountain home was burned and even noncombatants visited by the vengeance of the warring factions. Many skirmishes that have never found place in the pages of history occurred in those East Tennessee coves and where valor such as characterized the Greeks at Thermopylæ was displayed. That war was only comparable to the conflicts between the covenants of Scotland and the troops of Claverhouse or Dundee. It was war to the knife and knife to the hilt. And in those fights, which were of daily and often hourly occurrence, Jap Hopkins was ever found in the forefront. He was one of the most fearless of men; and while only a private in his company, Jap's intrepid courage made his companions always look upon him as a leader when a deed of daring must be performed.

Like all brave men, Jap Hopkins was modest, and we could never draw him out, as we often tried to do. He made

light of deeds of which many a warrior would delight to boast. A volume could be filled with stories of that East Tennessee vendetta, which was more of a neighborhood feud than civil war, could only those incidents be collected. It was important that the Confederacy should keep open communication with the fruitful valley of East Tennessee, and this great work largely devolved upon such unorganized bands of heroes as that to which Hopkins belonged. Sympathizers with the South were very few in that region, and they were looked upon by the Union neighbors and kindred as traitors to their country and rebels. But this only made those brave hearts more determined and steadfast in their purpose.

Just about the close of the war the band to which Jap Hopkins belonged had a fight with a small party of Union men, and after capturing him Jap Hopkins killed their leader, who was related to nearly every one in the settlement. This, of course, enraged his friends, and they swore a terrible vengeance against the Rebels, and especially against Jap Hopkins, who was accused of killing their captain after surrender.

A short time after this fight Jap was visiting his sweetheart, a sister of Capt. J. J. C. McMahan, a former member of the legislature from Clarke County, Ga., and ex-mayor of Athens. The McMahan were intensely Southern, and every son able to bear a musket was fighting in the Confederate ranks. The lady to whom Jap was paying his addresses was a young widow and, like all her family, a true blue Rebel. Ever since that little fight which cost them so dearly a party of Union spies had shadowed Jap Hopkins, determined to either kill or capture him. Knowing of his desperate valor and that of the brave band to which he belonged, they dared not attack him openly; but when they saw him mount his horse and ride off alone those spies quickly discerned his mission. They at once started out, summoned a posse of Union men, and silently surrounded the house; then, rushing in, they surprised and disarmed young Hopkins before he had time to offer resistance. Knowing that his friends would soon be on their trail, the prisoner was rapidly hurried away through unfrequented paths to the top of a mountain, where this band had pitched an encampment. Jap Hopkins knew that death was his doom and that nothing could save him from his enemies, who now had him completely in their power and at their mercy. In discussing the matter afterwards, on being asked if he was frightened, Jap replied in his mountain drawl: "Why, the truth is, I hadn't time to get scared, and then what was the use, anyway? I knew those fellows had me; and as we all must die some time, I made up my mind to show them how a Yankee hater and true Rebel could meet his doom without flinching. I had faced death too many times to be bothered just then. I felt that my time had come, and all I thought about was how to keep from giving them fellows any satisfaction by seeing me flicker."

And this was characteristic of Jap Hopkins. The first thing his captors did was to taunt him with killing their friend. Jap gloated over the feat and told them if they would pick out any two of their best men, give him back his gun, and set them ten paces apart, all armed, he would show the boys better than he could tell them how they wiped out the band. A brother of the captain who had been killed in the skirmish was present, and he demanded the satisfaction of putting an end to Jap. But before that was done Jap was asked to give them some information about the strength and movements of the Confederate scouts, and it was proposed that if he would betray his comrades his life would be spared. For some time the prisoner was thus baited and persuaded, but Jap refused to purchase his life at such a price and was

one of the coolest and nerviest men in the squad. It was finally decided to try what a rope would do, and, a halter being forthcoming, it was tied around the prisoner's neck, and he was suspended to a limb. Before life was extinct, Jap was let down and again questioned, but he was as bold and obdurate as ever. For a second time Jap was swung up with the determination to let him hang.

Jap's sweetheart had in her veins the blood of heroes, and as soon as the band left with young Hopkins, instead of wringing her hands and giving up in despair, she rushed to the stable, caught a young horse, and, not even taking time to get a saddle, leaped on his back and galloped to the camp of soldiers to which Hopkins belonged. Arousing the captain, she told him that the Yankees had caught Jap, and his friends must go quickly to his rescue if he were saved. She gave the names of the men who had entered her house and said she thought she could guide the boys to the camp of the Yankees, as she knew every foot of the country and had heard that a squad was camped on the top of a certain mountain. In a flash these soldiers were in the saddle, and, with this brave young woman leading the command as fast as their horses could go through such an unbroken wilderness, they pressed forward. If any man felt like lagging, the sight of the fair young girl in front, forcing her unsaddled steed through a tangled wilderness, was in itself enough to spur them on. Without halt or waver, the young woman led these brave men right into the Yankee camp, and the enemy were either all killed, captured, or escaped, and the prisoner rescued with the rope still dangling around his neck. Had that young woman hesitated or missed her way, instead of dying peacefully in bed down in Oglethorpe County, Jap Hopkins would have filled a bloody grave in those East Tennessee mountains.

At the close of the war several of these East Tennessee families moved to Georgia and settled at Crawford, in Oglethorpe County. Among them were Stephen H. and Royal Stokeley, R. A. and J. J. C. McMahan, Stephen Huff, and Jap Hopkins. Union sentiment continued strong in East Tennessee, and feeling against those who fought for the Confederacy was so very bitter that neither were the lives nor the property of Southern sympathizers safe. But they found down in Oglethorpe a congenial spirit and a warm welcome. There never were finer people than those East Tennesseans. Jap Hopkins was marshal of Crawford when that town was first incorporated, and it was during his term of office that the riot occurred in which the negroes, firing upon the small body of white men who had gone to see what they meant by arming and drilling, shot Mr. Hopkins through the hand, from which wound he never fully recovered.

Could some writer of historic romance have collected material from Jap Hopkins's eventful life, he might have spun from facts and unembellished by fiction a story as full of thrilling interest as ever emanated from the pen of man. Jap Hopkins was a hero and his wife a heroine, and their names and deeds of daring deserve to be enshrined in the pages of history. Men and women have been honored and monuments erected to their memories who are not so worthy of the gratitude of their country or a place in the pages of history as this plain couple, whose dust reposes in the soil of old Oglethorpe County, Ga. The South never had a braver nor more loyal defender than Jap Hopkins, and America never produced a braver nor nobler heroine than the young woman he led to the altar in those East Tennessee mountains. Nor did the South have a braver soldier than Capt. J. J. C. McMahan, for the same blood coursed through his veins as

through those of his heroic sister, Mrs. Jasper Hopkins. But Crit McMahan was in the regular Confederate service, while Jap Hopkins belonged to that brave band of mountaineers who acted as a barrier to the Federal arms and were to the Confederacy what the heroes of Londonderry and Enniskillen were to the Protestant cause in Ireland. Not a moment of the day or night but their lives were in peril, and they had to face not only the dangers of open battle, but of secret assassination. The story of King's Mountain and its heroes shows that this turning battle of the American Revolution was fought by mountain men from East Tennessee who with their rifles and powder horns vanquished a superior body of British soldiers, and it has been said that had there been no King's Mountain there would to-day be no American republic. No doubt that the blood of those old Revolutionary heroes coursed through the veins of the McMahans, the Hopkins, and others of that section.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

High-Water Mark for the Yankees at Fredericksburg.—Colonel Clark, of the 21st Massachusetts, says: "Sergeant Plunkett, of Company E, seized the colors and carried them proudly forward to the farthest point reached by our troops during the battle."

Colonel Stevens, of the 13th New Jersey, wrote: "In this way we moved forward until within about twenty yards of the celebrated stone wall at the foot of the hill."

General Humphreys, U. S. army, said: "The stone wall was a sheet of flame that enveloped the head and flanks of Tyler's Brigade. Officers and men were falling rapidly, and the head of the column was at length brought to a stand when close up to the wall."

Lieut. Col. Edward O'Brien, 134th Pennsylvania, reports: "Although the attack was unsuccessful, my regiment reached a point nearer the enemy's works than any other, as our dead, lying close by, fully show."

Gen. L. McLaws, C. S. army, told General Longstreet: "The body of a man, believed to be an officer, was found within about thirty yards of the stone wall, and other single bodies were scattered at increased distances until the main mass of the dead lay thickly strewn over the ground at something over one hundred yards off and extending to the ravine, commencing at the point where our men would allow the enemy's column to approach before opening fire and beyond which no organized body of men was able to pass."

Those Yankees were surely hard to convince and died gamely trying to get across.

Surprised.—J. Gloskoski, lieutenant 29th New York, acting signal officer, reported that in the battle of Fredericksburg "between 6 and 7 P.M. the shells of the enemy became very annoying. It seemed as if they directed several guns upon our station purposely to hit us, and there is no doubt in the world that they were trying their best to do that." Certainly a shocking thing for the Rebels to do to that hyphenated American!

A Youthful Warrior.—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart says that in the Sharpsburg fight "a young lad named Randolph, from Fauquier, about twelve years of age, brought me several messages from General Jackson under circumstances of great personal peril and delivered his dispatches with great clear-

ness and intelligence." I wonder if that chap survived the war.

Some Mud.—Col. G. W. Thompson, C. S. A., in his report of Marmaduke's 1st Missouri expedition, said: "On the morning of May 6, 1862, when my command entered the almost impenetrable swamps through which the Cache River winds its devious, sluggish, sickly way, day after day in mud and water with artillery, baggage, and ammunition wagons mire'd down and horses and mules floundering in exhaustion, did my men and animals toil and struggle, when, after three days of untold trials and hardships, the entire command emerged from this wilderness of mud and disease-generating miasma more like an army of denizens of a semi-amphibio subterranean world than one of men and animals." Those Western commanders were all inclined to be quite flowery in their reports.

Some Report.—Col. Joseph O. Shelby, C. S. A., was undoubtedly the shining light of the war on either side as far as beautiful language was concerned, and his reports remind us very much of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," but not at all of Caesar's famous "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Shelby's report of the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., in December, 1862, covers almost as much space in the "Records" as his command did in Marmaduke's army, and therefore I will give only a few extracts from this document: "During the engagement the 1st and 3d Regiments dismounted and formed as a support to Bledsoe's Battery, now in position, with lighted port fires and eager gunners, keen for the fray, that grew fainter and fainter as Colonel Jeans pushed them hard and heavily until the grave old mountain gave no murmur back, and all was silent, cold, and still. * * * There was no lagging, no break in scurried ranks, no straggling from the line, but each man grasped his gun with the strong, firm grasp and the strange, wild looks of heroes and born invincibles. * * * After riding hard my advance came full upon the foe, and with the mad, fierce whoop of men who had wrongs to right and blood to avenge they dashed on and away at the 'pas de charge,' pressing forward eagerly and fiercely driving the frightened Federals before them like 'chaff before the wind,' and still the rout continues.

'Tramp, tramp along the land they ride,
 Splash, splash along the lea;
 The scourge is red, the spurs drop blood,
 The flashing pebbles flee.'

The fight grows intensely interesting, and my men, feeling the inspiration of the scene, dash on and on. * * * The terrible fire soon rippled out in one vast mighty wave of bullets that circled and roared like a storm at sea, varied incessantly by the thunder of impatient cannon and the yell of exultant and furious combatants. * * * Now the combat thickens, and death, with its black banner on the breeze, nerves each heart and cheers them on to the rough red fray. * * * When the battle ended the dead and wounded Federals, 'thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa,' attested the courage with which the Missourians fought. * * * Night had closed the march of death, and the idle breeze gave no murmur back to tell of what had been passing but a few brief moments before, when

'Our bugles sang truce, and the night cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky,
 When thousands had sunk to the earth overpowered,
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.'

Shot for Burning.—General Gorman, U. S. A., wrote General Curtis on January 3, 1863: "General Sherman's troops on the way down the Mississippi wantonly burned much property. The General arrested the guilty parties, had them tried promptly, and seven of them shot. This is the first execution for plundering, marauding, or burning property." And probably the last.

Requisites for a Captain's Commission.—Capt. Robert McElroy, 3d Missouri (Union), said: "There are no regular bands of guerrillas in this part of the country; but any man that can creep on his belly into a camp of Federals and steal a horse is entitled to the name and rank of captain." These gentry were of the "Corps de Bush."

Ho for Mexico!—General Hurlbut, U. S. A., told General Steele in December, 1863, that "Kirby Smith and all of his officers have made arrangements to sell the Confederate States cotton and run away to Mexico."

Confederate Currency.—The Governor of Arkansas, H. Flanagin, wrote Colonel Johnson, C. S. A., in August, 1863, thus: "In regard to the currency, in my opinion, the best remedy is to get an engraver with an assistant treasurer of the Confederacy this side of the Mississippi to make and sign Confederate States money." And that's all that was needed except paper and printing press.

Everything Lovely for the South.—Gen. T. H. Holmes, C. S. A., wrote General Price on July 1, 1863: "I think our prospects are flattering in the east and bright here." Very, especially on the eve of the two "Burgs."

Farewell to Fort Sumter.—General Fisk, U. S. A., the man who wanted to whip Forrest, said in August, 1863: "Sumter has fallen. The old flag which floated from the parapet when the brave General Anderson was forced to surrender to the Charleston devils has been planted on the ruins of the fort. Praise God for that! We shall soon hear of the fall of Charleston." Fell several times during the war according to this kind of information.

Effect on Confederacy of Fall of Vicksburg.—General Halleck, U. S. A., wrote: "It is said that the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson has been favorable to the Southern cause by the reaction of public feeling and a determination to avenge the loss. The Rebel ranks are filling up much more rapidly than before."

A Fighting Chaplain.—Colonel McNulta, of the 9th Illinois, says that in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., "Chaplain Guthrie proved himself to be a soldier in every sense of the word and eminently qualified to fill the position he occupied. He was on the field throughout the whole engagement, encouraging the men on in their good work and calling on them to trust in God, do their duty, and fire low." Good work for a man of God.

Awfully Awful.—John McNeil, colonel of the 2d Missouri (Union), told General Davidson on March 16, 1863: "We drove the whole force of Gen. Jeff Thompson out of Arkansas into their hiding places in the jungles and among the cypress trees of the swamps. The war steed of General Thompson fell into our hands, and the last seen of that doughty hero he was floating down the St. Francis the solitary tenant of a dugout quite drunk and melancholy." Too bad, too bad, if true.

Forrest the Rabbit.—Lincoln to Rosecrans: "Where is Forrest's headquarters?" Rosecrans to Lincoln: "Forrest has no permanent abiding place." No comments necessary.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Rest, comrade, rest and sleep.
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours."

GEN. WILLIAM McCOMB.

The death of Brig. Gen. William McComb on July 21 leaves only five surviving general officers of the army of the Confederacy. A sketch of him appeared in the *VETERAN* for May, 1915, as one of the few generals of the Confederacy then surviving.

General McComb was a native of Pennsylvania. He went to Montgomery County, Tenn., about 1856 to engage in superintending the construction of a large flouring mill at Price's Landing on the Cumberland River.

At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted as a private in one of the companies of the 14th Tennessee Regiment. He was promoted to lieutenant soon afterwards and was made adjutant of the regiment of Col. W. A. Forbes. This regiment was part of the brigade of Gen. S. R. Anderson in the Cheat Mountain campaign in Northwest Virginia and with the rest of Loring's Division shared in the hardships of Stonewall Jackson's winter campaign in Bath, Hancock, and Romney.

At the reorganization of the regiment at Yorktown in the winter of 1862 William McComb was elected major. As such he took part in the battle of Seven Pines, where the brigade commander, General Hatton, was killed. Gen. James Archer was then placed in command of this brigade. In the battle of Cedar Run Lieut. Col. George A. Harrell was mortally wounded, and Major McComb succeeded him. In the second battle of Manassas Colonel Forbes was killed, and McComb became colonel of the 14th Tennessee September 2, 1862. In the battle of Chancellorsville Colonel McComb was wounded and did not recover in time to take part in the battle of Gettysburg.

On the death of General Archer his brigade was consolidated with that of Gen. Bushrod Johnson, and Colonel McComb was placed in command, receiving his commission as brigadier general on January 20, 1865.

For many years General McComb had made his home in Virginia, spending the winters in Richmond and going to Gordonsville for the summer months.

GEN. A. C. TRIPPE.

Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, Commander of the Maryland Division, U. C. V., died in Baltimore on July 10, after an illness of two months, at the age of seventy-nine years. He came of sturdy stock, and his last illness was his first. His life had been for nearly sixty years a great part of the history of Baltimore in commercial, legal, fraternal, patriotic institutions, and his death removes the last survivor of those admitted to the Maryland bar before the War between the States. In addition to being Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, he was Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars, a director in the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association as well as its general counsel, Chairman of the Committee on Addresses of the Maryland Historical Society, a director of the Hospital for Consumptives, a Past Supreme Regent in the Royal Arcanum, a member of the University Club, an elder in Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, and chairman of the State commission that is now erecting the Confederate women's monument in Baltimore. Some years ago he took considerable interest in politics, and he had been one of the most prominent lawyers of the city.

General Trippe was a direct descendant of Lieut. Col. Henry Trippe, of Kent County, England, a captain under the Prince of Orange in Flanders and who was afterwards commander of the State forces on the eastern shore, member of the Governor's Council, and first judge of the Eastern Shore. Another collateral ancestor was Lieut. John Trippe, U. S. N., the recipient of a gold medal from Congress for valorous services against the Barbary pirates and after whom is named a torpedo boat destroyer now in service in the English Channel. General Trippe was the son of Joseph E. Trippe, owner and commander of the first steamboat out of Baltimore.

In 1857 General Trippe was graduated from Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. In 1860 he was admitted to the Baltimore bar. In 1861 he went South and joined the Army of Northern Virginia, serving in the Shenandoah Valley, at Gettysburg, and before Richmond. While lieutenant and ordnance officer of the Maryland Line, C. S. A., and in Murray's Company A, 1st Maryland Regiment, he was severely wounded at Gettysburg, lying ill for several months afterwards with Col. James R. Herbert and Maj. William W. Goldsborough in a Pennsylvania cottage. He served in the City Council from 1869 to 1871. He was a colonel on the staff of Governors McLane and Lloyd, chairman of the commission that erected the Gen. John M. Hood monument, and a member of the Maryland commission to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. He is survived by two sons.

CAPT. CARROLL ARMSTRONG.

Capt. Carroll Armstrong, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Morrilton, Ark., died there on July 11, 1918, after several years' illness. He was born in Tusculum, Ala., in 1844 and went to Arkansas while quite young. He enlisted in the Confederate army in old Lewisburg and proved a brave and fearless soldier. He was a splendid man, a lover of democracy, and was at all times trying to help his State and people. In 1896 he was a candidate for Governor, but soon withdrew from the race. He was one of the main workers to wrest his county from the Republicans in the early days after the war and for many years was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee and was one of the most prominent politicians in the State. He was always assisting others, but never asked for preferment in the political

field for himself. He was a lawyer by profession, but gave up the practice many years ago.

A friend pays him tribute in saying: "Carroll Armstrong was not a seeker after material things. He was a lover of humanity. Self-aggrandizement and personal ambition had no place in his philosophy of life. His ambition consisted in doing for others. He was essentially a lover of humanity. Modest, fearless, and honorable, he never sought the least unfair advantage of an antagonist."

CAPT. FRANK T. LEE.

"From the banquet of life rose a satisfied guest,
Thanked the Lord of the feast, and went to his rest."

Thus truly it might be written of Capt. Frank T. Lee when on July 12, 1918, his eyes closed on the entrancing scenery surrounding the hill city of his birth, to open, we believe, on the eternal glories it had not entered into the mind of mortal to conceive.

Born December 2, 1845, of one of Virginia's most distinguished colonial families and reared by a great-aunt, a woman of sterling Christian character, he had inculcated in him from babyhood his duty to God and to man. Brought up as he was under that era known to us as the "old régime," its grace, culture, and courtesy fell upon him as a mantle. Always the gentleman, the manner-born air came as naturally to him as the ether breathed in from his own blue mountains. Through all the vicissitudes of life the lessons taught him in youth remained with him, and the memory of the lovely women and gallant men gone on before was to him, as to Mr. William R. Abbott, the author of these exquisite lines,

"Like the lingering charm of a dream that is fled,
Like the rose's breath when the rose is dead,
As the echo that lives when the time is done,
As sunset glories that follow the sun—
Everything tender, everything fair,
That was and is not and yet is there."

Thus loving and beloved, the lad lived out his glad, fun-loving life, growing to manly qualities and learning the lesson of obedience so necessary to the call soon to come to him by note of bugle and drum. There came a day in his life, perhaps the proudest, when, among his fellow cadets, he marched from Lexington to New Market, and in that immortal charge crowned his boyish name with glory. All of his tastes leaning to nature, it was not strange that he chose for his own the home of his ancestors—Springwood, near Lynchburg, Va. And on April 23, 1867, he married the one woman of his choice, Miss Lucy Harrison Norvell, one of Lynchburg's fairest daughters. Captain Lee met with reverses, and his hopes were oft thwarted in a long life of endeavor, but his bright, cheerful, hopeful nature never failed him; and his word being his bond in the eyes of his fellow men, he was a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. And so he died as he had lived, unafraid, because conscious of good will to men and humbly and fervently serving his God to the last moment of consciousness, when with dying faith still clinging to the cross he heard the words of his Saviour: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

He left to mourn her irreparable loss a devoted wife, who, with four children, Lorenzo Norvell, Francis Marshall, John Burwell, and his only daughter, Mrs. Arthur Jennings, was with him in his last moments. On Saturday afternoon the casket containing all that was mortal of a man beloved and mourned (beautiful in death as if his youth had returned)

was borne to St. Paul's, the sacred edifice whose ministers had ministered unto him from his earliest years and which he loved and served in honored capacity.

Those who knew best his love of flowers and who loved him best placed a cross of roses and lilies on the casket, and at the close of the day in the sweet calm of the hour suggestive of "rest for the weary" and "peace to the soul" members of the Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans held their simple services. Taps was sounded, and, "the flag of tears" he revered floating over the flower-heaped mound, they left him awaiting the blissful morning when Christ comes to make up his jewels.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!"

CAPT. GEORGE W. DOERNER.

Capt. George W. Doerner, born in Brooklyn, Ala., August 1, 1846, was the son of George H. and Sarah A. Doerner. He became a Mississippian by adoption and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 5th Mississippi Cavalry (under Col. J. Z. George), Ferguson's Brigade, Forrest's Division. He died at his home, in Collinsville, Miss., on November 22, 1917, honored and respected by all who knew him.

While the Federal army was in Meridian, Miss., and vicinity in February, 1864, Major Reed was placed in command of a small detachment of cavalry to go in search of the Yankees. Five miles east of Marion they sighted a regiment of Yankee cavalry. Major Reed and his boys dismounted, hitching their horses some two hundred yards in the rear, and went in the direction of the Yankees. They took refuge behind a little shop within twenty yards of the public road, and when the Federal column got within forty yards of the hiding place a volley was fired into the front ranks, killing the colonel's horse. The little party of Confederates then ran to their horses; and of the two boys who mounted first, one turned to the east. The other's horse took fright and ran to the head of the regiment, then down the open column, continuing the wild race until he reached the provost guard, where both horse and rider were captured. The Yankees rushed up the road and captured the squad of scouts except the one who went eastward. The latter lingered in sight long enough to see the fate of his comrades, then rode away, and in less than an hour he came to my father's home, five miles east of where this occurred. He took dinner with us and related the fate of his comrades, all of which made a very deep impression on my mind, young as I was. I joined General Forrest's command in April, 1864, and was paroled in May, 1865. I never knew until some three years ago that the young hero whose horse ran down the open column was Captain Doerner, who told me of his capture. [J. J. Hall.]

JOSHUA SIMMONS.

Dr. Milton Dunn, of Colfax, La., reports the death of a comrade, Joshua Simmons, who died while on a visit to his daughter in Tift County, Ga. He was born in Rutherfordton, S. C., and was reared in that State, but went to Arkansas prior to the War between the States. He volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy and at Pulaski, Ark., became a member of the 9th Arkansas Infantry. He also served with the 12th Louisiana Regiment, Scott's Brigade, and with the Georgia troops. He lost a leg at Resaca, Ga.

CAPT. JAMES T. ROSBOROUGH.

Capt. James T. Rosborough, Confederate veteran, lumberman, planter, and highly respected citizen of Texarkana, Tex., passed peacefully to rest as day dawned May 28, 1918, in the seventy-sixth year of his life. His last appearance in public was at the dedication of the beautiful Confederate monument in his town, the erection of which was largely due to his efforts and liberality and the completion of which was the crowning aim of his unusually active and noble life. Captain Rosborough was born July 31, 1842, in Ridgeway, S. C., his father, Dr. James T. Rosborough, dying on August 15 following his birth. Going to Texas with his widowed mother and sister when it was a republic, his entire life was passed in Bowie and Marion Counties except when at school in North Carolina and in the Confederate army.

It was from the Hillsboro Military Academy as a cadet of eighteen years of age that he volunteered his services "for the war" to the State and was commissioned by Governor Ellis as lieutenant in Company G, 6th North Carolina State Troops, under Capt. J. A. Craig, in May, 1861. He took part in all of the principal battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, his first participation being at Manassas in July, 1861, and he commanded his company in almost every engagement. He was wounded at Malvern Hill and again very severely at Sharpsburg in the noted cornfield, which necessitated an absence of weeks from the army; but returning to his command, he was the following morning in line of battle at Fredericksburg, commanding his company, with his head still bandaged, so anxious was he to do his full duty.

The gallant Colonel Pender, commanding the 6th North Carolina Regiment, being advanced to general, chose Lieutenant Rosborough for his marked bravery as a member of his staff with the rank of captain. After four years of constant and faithful service, the war being ended, he was mustered out of the army and took up the work of rehabilitating a devastated land.

During his business career Captain Rosborough was extensively engaged in the manufacture of yellow pine lumber, the operation of large plantations in the Red River valley, and in various other enterprises. A devoted husband and father, a member of the Episcopal Church, an active member of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., he leaves to his beloved family the heritage of an honorable life well spent.

In closing this memorial to one of nature's true noblemen it would seem but fitting to here repeat a telegram received by his family from Richmond on the morning of his burial, as he was in every battle of the Seven Days' fight before that city during the sixties: "One of the South's greatest and noblest souls has passed to eternal silence and rest. May the gentle memory of his full-rounded life assuage the grief of those who loved him here, and may they find solace in thumbing the pages of his past, noting the manly life James T. Rosborough lived! He hated sham; he loved the truth; he was humanity's friend. He offered his life for a principle, and to others of his comrades that gave theirs he desired to see erected a monument to their valor and courage; and though weak and feeble from sickness, by sheer will power he lived to see its dedication. We see him now as his comrades give him a royal welcome over there; we know he went 'over the top' of this life with a cheer and a smile. His example to the sons and daughters of men will live on and on. Our hearts go out to the gentlewoman who over a half century ago took her place by his side and marched down the years with him as they builded together an inheritance for future generations."

THOMAS R. STERLING.

During the night of the 23d of July, 1917, after a brief illness, Thomas R. Sterling, of Avon, Fairfield County, S. C., passed away near the ripe age of seventy-nine years. In the War between the States he served as a member of Company H, 6th South Carolina Regiment. He heard the first gun fired at Fort Sumter and laid down his arms at Appomattox with his unsurpassed leader and a host of comrades equally brave and true. He was engaged in every battle in which his regiment took part except one, from which he was excused by his captain, who ordered him back to camp because he was marching to battle through the snow with shoeless feet. He went through the war without a wound and was never in a hospital, never a shirker, but an ever-ready, fearless high private, who twice refused promotion. After the surrender he returned to his desolated home and took up the struggle for existence. The next year he was married to Miss Sarah Kilpatrick, and through the trying days of Reconstruction and the more pleasant ones following "they clamb the hill thegither," and in October, 1916, celebrated their golden wedding. She, with their three children and several grandchildren, survives him.

Comrade Sterling was also a good soldier of the cross. Early in life he took Christ for his Captain and was a ruling elder in the A. R. Presbyterian Church for forty-five years.

Thus faithful in war, trustworthily and reliable in peace, godly in his walk and conversation, passed the allotted time of our highly esteemed comrade.

DAVID JESSE FARTHING.

David Jesse Farthing is dead. He departed this life suddenly at his home on the 22d of March, 1918, leaving his wife, two sisters, a younger brother, and a host of lamenting friends and relatives. He was born in Watauga County, N. C., in 1846 of Christian parentage. When the War between the States broke out, being too young for regular military service, he enlisted in the home guard, and for nearly three years he helped that glorious band of old men and beardless boys fight to maintain our domestic safety and equilibrium, arresting thieves and bushwhackers and experiencing many a thrilling encounter with insidious deserters. In September, 1863, young David, now of military age, volunteered his service to Company A, 6th North Carolina Cavalry, in which he served constantly until the surrender. Capt. Roby Brown (now living at Neva, Tenn.) organized and commanded the company; Colonel Folk commanded the regiment. The regiment served exclusively in the eastern part of North Carolina, participating in Gen. Robert F. Hoke's campaigns against Plymouth, Washington, N. C., and Newbern.

Though in many perilous places and often in a thick hail of ounce lead balls, Mr. Farthing bore not the scar of a single wound. Being by nature of a genial and optimistic disposition, he never omitted from his war reminiscences the humorous aspects and experiences of the great interstate conflict. His memory was a most remarkable mine of facts, names, faces, places, and incidents. He possessed a brilliant inventive mind, being the inventor of the Optimus corn shock loader, among several other practical inventions, and having completed just prior to his death the model of an ingenious corn harvester which is now in process of being patented. In the truest sense of the word this grand old Confederate soldier is not dead—nay, he is more alive than ever, for he lives in the souls of men and women, and is not the soul immortal?

[Finley Paul Curtis, Jr., Butler, Tenn.]

COL. DANIEL E. STALNAKER.

Col. Daniel E. Stalnaker, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Wheeling, W. Va., passed away on the morning of July 23, 1918, in his eighty-fourth year. Despite his extreme age, Colonel Stalnaker was a very active man. He was connected with the general insurance business and was known for his steady attention to business. He was a well-informed man and an interesting conversationalist, having a fund of wholesome stories. He was a philosopher of the most comforting type.

Colonel Stalnaker came of an old West Virginia family and was born at Lewisburg. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted with the Confederate forces and fought for the South. He was a member of the famous Schriever Grays, a company recruited in Wheeling. He saw some of the hardest fighting of the war and was modest almost to a fault over his exploits.

Colonel Stalnaker went to Wheeling some forty-five years ago and had been one of the city's most substantial citizens. He was a staunch Democrat in politics and a firm believer in the primary principles of the party.

Colonel Stalnaker was unmarried. He is survived by two brothers and three sisters.

CAPT. ROBERT ANDREWS.

On the morning of Monday, June 10, Capt. Robert Andrews, of Florence, Ala., entered into the fullness of life everlasting. Though frail of body and well past the three-score years and ten, the spirit that dwelt within had never lost the buoyant charm of youth. While abounding in reminiscences of the war of the sixties, that fierce struggle in which he played so gallant a rôle, these recollections were always of the light and happy episodes, thus reflecting the genial optimism of his soul.

To the old regiment of Florence "The Captain" and "Captain Bob" were terms sufficiently definite to designate one whom we all held in affectionate regard. There are many graces by which we shall remember him—his painstaking and exact performance of business duties, his fidelity to friendships, his intolerance of sham and deception, the absolute integrity of his character, his quaint and delightful humor—but the memory that will linger as most persistent and pervading will be of the knightly chivalry of his soul. Had Captain Andrews lived in the days of King Arthur, he would have held an honored place at the Round Table.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

[S. W. F.]

A. W. WATSON.

A. W. Watson, a well-known and greatly beloved citizen of Wilmington, N. C., passed away at his home there, after a lingering illness of a year. He was born in Salisbury, N. C., and was in the seventy-third year of his age. He went to Wilmington shortly after the War between the States, in which he had served with honor, having enlisted as a boy when only sixteen years old, and made that city his home. In 1869 he married Miss Henrietta Eckels, who survives him.

Comrade Watson was a faithful and consistent member of Grace Methodist Church and was also connected with several fraternal organizations, among them being Stonewall Lodge of Knights of Pythias and Orion Lodge of Odd Fellows. He was a member of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., and

none of his comrades were more enthusiastic or more devoted to the Southern cause than he. He attended all the Reunions unless illness kept him away.

He was a printer by trade, but was for many years in the crockery business and retired sometime ago. He had been a patient sufferer for many months, faithfully attended by his wife. Friends too were close at hand, ever ready to give assistance, comfort, and help. The interment was in Oakdale Cemetery, and members of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., attended in a body.

JOHN H. KELTON.

John H. Kelton, one of the oldest residents of Fayetteville, Ark., died in that city on June 17, 1918. He was born in Virginia November 14, 1837. When about sixteen years old he left Virginia for Kentucky, but later went to Greene County, Tenn., where he grew to manhood and was married to Miss Lavinia Harrison in 1859. To this union were born seven children, only two daughters surviving. He was a brick mason, contractor, and builder, and the university and a great many other buildings in Fayetteville and near-by towns were erected by him.

In 1861, when our homes and our rights were threatened by invasion, John Kelton offered his services to the South by volunteering in Captain Dunwoody's company of Colonel Bradford's 31st Tennessee Regiment. He was with Generals Smith and Bragg in the Kentucky campaign, in the battle of Perryville, and in the siege of Vicksburg. Later he was under General Vaughan and served with him until the end of the war.

In December, 1865, Mr. Kelton and his brother-in-law, Thomas Cavender, removed their families to Pine Bluff, Ark., and later to Fayetteville, where he spent the remainder of his days. His first wife died in 1875, and his second marriage, in 1880, was to Miss Mary Louisa Hust. To this union were born four daughters, three surviving. Early in life he united with the Methodist Church, South, and his Church and Sunday school have lost one of their most faithful attendants. He was a Mason from 1858.

[W. C. Allen.]

Z. T. HICKS.

Zachary Taylor Hicks, one of the old-time residents of Kennett, Mo., died there on January 16, 1918, at the age of seventy years, after a short illness. He was born September 8, 1847, at Dover, Stewart County, Tenn., some seventy miles north of Nashville. He was a wide-awake, ambitious boy and joined the Confederate army soon after entering his teens, enlisting in September, 1862, in a company of cavalry commanded by Colonel Woodward, who was killed in the engagement in Hopkinsville, Ky. Young Hicks saw service as a soldier in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia, at one time helping to capture one of Sherman's supply trains. He took part in many skirmishes and was at the front in the battle at Franklin and Nashville. When the war was over he made his way as rapidly as he could back to his old home in Tennessee. He went to Missouri in the fall of 1870 and located in Kennett and had been successfully engaged in business there in various lines.

Mr. Hicks was married on June 17, 1883, to Drusilla Seeley, who was born in Tennessee, but who had grown to young womanhood in Clay County, Ark. Two children were born to them, both dying in infancy. Mr. Hicks was a member of the Kennett Baptist Church and a Democrat in political affiliations. He was laid to rest in Oak Ridge Cemetery. His wife survives him.

W. W. JAMES.

W. W. James, of Marion, Miss., known to his friends as "Uncle Bill," whose death occurred suddenly on March 12, 1918, was born in Green County, Ala., March 22, 1835, and moved with his parents in early life to Lauderdale County, Miss. He was married on February 12, 1856, to Miss Mattie A. Graham, the beautiful daughter of Thomas Graham. At the breaking out of the war young James joined the Alamucho Infantry and was mustered into State service March 23, 1861. He was ordered to Corinth, Miss., on May 12 and there enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company A, 13th Mississippi Infantry, under Col. William Barksdale. The command was soon ordered into camp at Union City, Tenn. On July 10 it was ordered to Manassas Junction, Va., and took part in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, and it went through the four years of war with Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Uncle Bill" was wounded at Sailor's Creek and fell into the water. A big, burly German came at him with fixed bayonet and would have accomplished his murderous designs had not a United States officer been present and prevented it. "Uncle Bill" was never sick enough to report to a hospital, never had a demerit, and was said to be the best man physically in Barksdale's Brigade.

After the surrender at Appomattox he returned home and followed his chosen work of farming. He was honest, industrious, energetic, and became a successful farmer. He was a law-abiding citizen, a good neighbor, a kind husband, and an indulgent father. He was a member of Pleasant Valley Methodist Church. He is survived by his wife of sixty-two happy years, who lives in their comfortable country home, surrounded by their children and grandchildren.

[J. J. Hall.]

A. P. McCLATCHY.

A. P. McClatchy was born in McMinn County, Tenn., October 6, 1838. He enlisted in Company A, 29th Tennessee Infantry, and was mustered into service at Knoxville, Tenn., in July, 1861, under Col. Sam Powell. His first fight was at what is called Rock Castle, Ky. His command was under General Zollicoffer, and he was at Fishing Creek when Zollicoffer was killed. From there he went to Shiloh and joined Johnston's army. Just after that battle his regiment was reorganized, and Horace Rice was elected colonel, while the company officers were: S. H. McKamy, Captain; E. N. Bradshaw, First Lieutenant; A. P. McClatchy, Second Lieutenant; R. I. Wilson, Third Lieutenant. After General Bragg was put in command Comrade McClatchy was with him until the Mission Ridge fight and retreat to Dalton, Ga., when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston superseded Bragg. While at Dalton Lieutenant McClatchy resigned on the surgeon's certificate, being disabled on account of his wounds. He reached home in January, 1864, and did not recover till several years after the war.

Shortly after the close of the war he was married to Miss Malissa Gregory, and to them were born seven children, five of whom are now living. His wife died in 1885, leaving him with a family of small children, to whom he was both father and mother. His was a quiet and unassuming life. Although a person of strong convictions, he ever had regard for the opinions of his fellow man. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for a number of years and lived his religion in his daily life. He was a charter member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V. His death occurred at Brownwood, Tex., on April 28, 1918.

FRANCIS COLEMAN SMITH.

A gentleman of the Old South, of distinguished ancestry and education, has passed away in the death of Francis Coleman Smith at his home, in Butler, Mo., on April 18, 1918. He was born in Jefferson County, Ky., February 11, 1842, and was the youngest son of the family of ten children of Col. Robert M. Smith, a well-known Kentucky educator. In a few years the family moved to Lexington, Mo., and from there Coleman Smith was sent to the University of Virginia to pursue the study of law. On the breaking out of the War between the States he was in his junior year at the university, and with many of his classmates he hearkened to the call of the South. Returning to his home in Lexington, young Smith enlisted in the Confederate army. In a short time he was made second lieutenant in Collin's Battery, Shelby's Brigade, Sterling Price's army. At the close of the war he returned to Lexington, where he was superintendent of the schools for a number of years. In 1876 he married Miss Magdalene McNaught Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., and to them were born five daughters and a son, all surviving.

After his marriage Mr. Smith removed to Bates County, Mo., purchased a section of land, and began stock-raising, making his home in Butler. He also began the practice of law, but soon went into the real estate and insurance business. He served as surveyor of the county one term. Mr. Smith became a member of the Episcopal Church when a young man and was always deeply interested in the Church. He was a member of the Butler Masonic Lodge and was a Past Master and at one time High Priest of the Royal Arch Masons.

DR. JOHN A. LEWIS.

Dr. John A. Lewis, one of the most prominent physicians in Kentucky, died at Georgetown, Ky., July 5, after a lifetime of service devoted to the South and his native State. In addition to engaging in the practice of his profession, for forty years he was identified in innumerable ways with the life of the community. At the time of his death he was Commander of the Morgan's Men Association and Past Commander of the G. W. Johnston Camp, U. C. V.

Dr. Lewis was born in Franklin County June 26, 1841, and entered Georgetown College when he was eighteen years old. He studied there for three years, but the outbreak of the War between the States found him with the forces of the South as one of Morgan's men and immediately under W. C. P. Breckinridge. He was afterwards promoted to adjutant of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, with which organization he served until the time of his surrender at Washington, Ga., May 10, 1865.

He resumed his studies after the war at Richmond, Va., where he prepared himself for the practice of medicine. Upon graduation he established himself in Georgetown. He served for many years as a trustee of his *Alma Mater*, Georgetown College, and also as president of the board. He was a senior deacon in the Baptist Church.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Jane Scott, of Owen County, a son, Dr. John C. Lewis, of Lexington, and two daughters.

From a tribute by J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, Ga., the following is taken: "'Finis' has been written in the book of his life; but from its opening page—as a schoolboy, as a college student, as a soldier, as a citizen, as a friend—until its close there is no line that mars its beauty, impairs its strength, or lessens its value. His body was laid to rest by the hands of old comrades who had known and loved him, in the midst of

sorrowing friends and neighbors who deeply mourn his going away, to whom his very presence in sickness and suffering had been a benediction and his hand a healing touch."

COL. WINFIELD PETERS.

Col. Winfield Peters, one of the most widely known Confederate veterans in Maryland, died suddenly at his home, in Baltimore, during July. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Girvin, of Baltimore, and a son, J. Girvin Peters, Chief of Conservation United States Forestry Service.

Colonel Peters was born in Baltimore seventy-seven years ago on July 8. His father was the late George Peters, Jr., well known in Baltimore two generations ago. Colonel Peters was related to several of the older Maryland families. He received his education in Baltimore and as a young man entered upon a business career which he followed until he joined the Confederate army. He participated in a number of the campaigns in Virginia and always took great pride in having been in the first battle of Manassas. After the war he manifested the keenest interest in the United Confederate Veterans and was an almost constant attendant at the Reunions. He was one of the leading figures in Isaac R. Trimble Camp and at one time served as its Commander. He also was Quartermaster General upon the staff of the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

Upon his return to Baltimore after the war Colonel Peters reentered mercantile life and for many years was an active figure in the business life of the city.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd pays this tribute: "Col. Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, who died on July 18, is worthy of special recognition and appreciation, not for his devotion to the cause of the South alone, but for his unrequited and unshrinking labor of a lifetime in the accumulation of materials and the preservation of records designed to aid in the perpetuation and diffusion of historic truth. He was an uncompromising champion of the Southern constitutional view, nor did apathy or indifference modify his zeal or abate his enthusiasm, while antagonism served to stimulate rather than to relax his energies and his efforts. Above all, his heroic and continuous struggles to secure for the history of our great conflict, 1861-65, a just and truthful presentation as contemplated from the Confederate standpoint are deserving of grateful commemoration as well as emphatic approbation and regard."

W. H. FERGUSON.

W. H. Ferguson, who died June 13, 1918, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. A. McBeth, near Gatesville, Tex., was born in Montgomery County, Ala., January 8, 1838. When about six years old his parents moved to Mississippi, where he grew to manhood. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service in Company D, Neshoba Rifles, Capt. A. H. Franklin, 11th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, organized at Corinth, Miss., under command of Colonel Moore, Gen. B. E. Bee's Brigade. This command moved from Corinth to Lincolnsburg, Va., thence to Harper's Ferry and Winchester. When his enlistment expired he reenlisted for the war. He was twice wounded and captured.

In January, 1867, Comrade Ferguson moved to Texas, locating at Webberville, in Travis County, where he was married to Miss Mary Ellen Duty. Nine children were born of this union, seven of whom survive and are citizens of Texas and California. Mr. Ferguson joined the Baptist Church under conversion by J. William Jones, a chaplain in the Confederate army, and lived a consistent Christian life to the

time of his death. He was Church clerk for twenty-four years at Webberville. He was buried beside his wife at Webberville, Tex. He lived a long and useful life; and as ripe grain ready for the harvest, his noble and just spirit left its earthly tenement for one that is eternal.

[W. L. Saunders.]

COMRADES AT GATESVILLE, TEX.

From memorial resolutions passed at Camp No. 135, U. C. V., of Gatesville, Tex., the following sketches are taken:

George T. Moore, who died at his home, in Gatesville, April 4, 1918, was born in Alabama April 28, 1847. He enlisted in the Confederate service in his native State in 1864 when about seventeen years of age, becoming a member of Company F, Morgan's Cavalry, and served to the close of the war, participating in many engagements during that time. In 1870 he was married to Miss Alice Brook, of New Orleans, who died several years ago. Four children survive him, two sons and two daughters.

"In the death of Comrade Moore Gatesville Camp has lost a member who had been true to the Confederate cause all the years since that bloody conflict ceased."

Peter Vancleave died April 6, 1918, in Gatesville, where he had lived some thirty years. He was about eighty-four years of age. Comrade Vancleave served in Company C, — Texas Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department. "Uncle Peter," as he was familiarly called, was a member of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., and he was laid to rest in the Gatesville Cemetery, with many of his Confederate comrades present, those with whom he had been associated for many years.

"Another link that binds the present with the past is broken, and a brave and chivalrous comrade; a kind and good friend, a Christian gentleman has entered into his reward."

[Committee: W. L. Saunders, A. M. Hinson.]

SAMUEL B. SCOTT.

The death of Samuel Brazelton Scott occurred at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., on Saturday, June 29, following a long illness. He was born eighty years ago, near Dandridge, Tenn., and entered the Confederate army in 1861, serving throughout the war with Lynch's Artillery, his death leaving only one other member of that command. He was a charter member of the Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., of which Camp he was former Commander. This Camp was the first to be organized in Atlanta. At his request he was buried in his Confederate uniform, and the casket was draped with the Confederate flag he loved so well. The funeral was attended by many of his old comrades, and as each member of the command filed past he placed on the casket a small Confederate flag.

Following the War between the States, Comrade Scott entered business in New York as the representative of a prominent cotton firm, and this line of employment gave him opportunity for extensive travel abroad. He was modest to a high degree, but his friends who knew him best were often delighted with interesting recitations of his experiences. He was a man of genial, fine nature and was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Trammell, a daughter of the late Col. L. N. Trammell, at one time a prominent political factor in Georgia, one daughter, Mrs. John Hine, of Birmingham, and one son, Capt. Trammell Scott, who is now in France. Comrade Scott was a charter member of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, of which he was a devoted member.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
..... *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: This month I must put war relief work first because it is my privilege to announce to you the completion of our fourth ward at the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly sur Seine, France, on July 22, when announcement of the fact was given the United Daughters of the Confederacy through the Associated Press. The following are the beds comprising Ward Four:

1. Oklahoma Division: Oklahoma "Dixie Bed."
2. Florida Division: In memory of our Confederate soldiers.
3. Rocky Mount (N. C.) Children of the Confederacy: A tribute of admiration to the boys of Nash and Edgecombe Counties, N. C.
4. Kentucky Division: In memory of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, C. S. A.
5. Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash.: To the soldiers and sailors of the State of Washington.
6. Tennessee Division: To honor Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, C. S. A.
7. Alabama Division: In honor of Alabama's private soldiers, 1861-65.
8. Illinois Division and the Southern Woman's Club of Chicago: In loving memory of Dixie Land.
9. Thomas Ruffin Chapter, U. D. C., of Goldsboro, N. C.: The Wayne County bed.
10. The citizens of Selma, Ala., through the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

And now at this writing, August 8, Mrs. Rountree reports to me two more beds: No. 1., the R. E. Lee Chapter, El Paso, Tex., and Mrs. K. D. Franklin, in loving memory of John Franklin; No. 2, the Richmond (Va.) Chapter, to honor Matthew Fontaine Maury, C. S. A., the "Pathfinder of the Seas."

Thus our fifth ward is well under way. The total amount expended by the United Daughters of the Confederacy for these forty-two beds is \$25,200 per annum, or the interest on five hundred thousand dollars at five per cent.

In Ward Four will be noted a bed endowed by the R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, Wash. This makes the second bed from the State of Washington endowed by a Chapter, two Chapters from one Division of seventy-seven members in all supporting two beds. That is the best record in all our hospital work, and the President General wishes to express here her appreciation of these splendid far-away Daughters who have added honors to our name as United Daughters of the Confederacy by helping so materially in increasing the number of our beds in our wards in France. Confederate blood has bred true in Washington State U. D. C.

The interest in this specific work of ours grows every day,

and we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that we selected so very worth-while an object to work for and that we are blessed with such a wonderfully efficient War Relief Committee, whose faithful and loving chairman spares nothing of herself to make this great work efficient and full of results. So many of us interested in this war work have the brightest hopes of our lives "over there," and their young khaki-clad forms in our dreams inspire our waking hours to labor for their comfort and relief. Mrs. Rountree, the chairman of this committee, has issued blanks to all State Directors for their Chapters to record at once all their war relief work and also formal blanks for each Chapter to list the lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers in the service to-day enlisting from their localities. With these has also been sent a carefully prepared circular giving instructions as to how all this work is to be done. Let each State President see that her War Relief Director has this material in hand and distributed among her Chapters. War Relief Directors, I know, are anxious that their States' record may be reported at Louisville, and only by filling out these blanks at once, as the tabulations must be in Mrs. Rountree's hand by October 1, can your State receive full credit for this unselfish and generous work in this department.

Mrs. Rountree reports that Mrs. Robert Bacon, American chairman of our hospital at Neuilly, writes her under date of July 28 on receipt of our fourth ward: "Please accept the committee's most grateful thanks for the unvarying, sustained interest the United Daughters of the Confederacy are showing in the work of the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly. Words cannot express the encouragement given by your much-appreciated help, and we hope you will in some measure be repaid by the knowledge that you are giving untold alleviation and health to countless men of the A. E. F."

Under date of July 6 Mr. Otis, the secretary of the hospital, wrote your President General from France that fifteen plates had arrived from the United States on that day and had been affixed to their respective beds and that Ward 247 had had a placard affixed bearing the words: "The United Daughters of the Confederacy." Also on July 13 he wrote again: "I beg to advise you that three new plates arrived this morning in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. They have been placed at once in Ward 247."

So our wards are now 247, 248, 249, with the number of the fourth ward yet to be announced. The letters written in French from the wounded occupants of these beds will, at Mrs. Rountree's request, be translated on their receipt by the President General by Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, who gladly volunteers her services to the War Relief Committee for this duty, and the original, with the translations, will be quickly transmitted to the groups who have endowed the respective beds.

Mme. de Courtivron, the daughter of General Polignac, C. S. A., and a member of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., writes the following letter about our hospital to the President of the Charleston Chapter:

"5 RUE DES URSULINES, TOURS, INDRE ET LOIRE,
20 JUNE, 1918.

"*Dear Miss Washington:* Just a few lines to tell you that I did not forget my promise of visiting the U. D. C. ward at the American Hospital at Neuilly. The head nurse was most kind and conducted me to Rooms 248 and 249, which will be the U. D. C. wards. A brass plate will be put over the doors directly it comes; meanwhile there is a wooden one. I took cigars and cigarettes to the American wounded of the wards and was able to speak to them a little. I pity them very much, being so far away from their families. I am glad to say that some were not very sick. I was sorry not to be able to go oftener and give you more news, but I had to come here to look after my children.

"Thanking you again for your kind reception of me in the U. D. C. in Charleston and begging you to remember me to Miss Poppenheim and all the kind ladies of your society, whose badge I value most highly, please believe me most sincerely yours,

MME. DE CREQUI MONTFORT DE COURTIVRON."

State Conventions.—The Virginia Division will hold its annual convention in Richmond, Va., October 1-4, the North Carolina Division will hold its convention at Wilson, N. C., October 8-10, and the Georgia Division will hold its convention in Atlanta, Ga., October 30 to November 2. The President General (D. V.) hopes to attend each one of these meetings and to hear at first hand the reports of all the splendid work being done by the U. D. C. in these States.

Changes in Chairman's Address.—Mrs. G. E. Owen, Chairman of Committee on Design for Children's Badge, has changed her address to 305 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City.

"Prison Life at Baltimore and Johnson's Island," edited by Miss L. M. Shepherd, is a record of the experiences of her father, Dr. Shepherd, who was for many years President of the College of Charleston. This intensely interesting publication has received most favorable notice from critics at Yale, Harvard, and Columbia Universities. It shows the prison life of a soldier in 1861-65 and is useful in paralleling the experiences of those days with those of to-day in European prisons. As the edition was limited to one thousand copies and was a specially bound one, it may be secured only through Miss Shepherd, 1707 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

"Echoes from Dixie," old-time Southern songs, compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, leader of the Confederate Choir of America, and edited by Matthew Page Andrews, compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days," with an interesting foreword by Mr. Andrews on the place music holds in Southern life, has come under the President General's eye lately. This collection contains all the sweet old songs our mothers used to sing, the Confederate songs our fathers marched by in the sixties, the negro lullabies our old black mammy hushed us to sleep with, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained our grandparents when they were giving up their best beloved for the service of their country. The music accompanies the words, and the book is simply bound, easily handled, and would be a welcome asset to any Southern gathering.

The Confederate Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., will be a great gathering of Confederate interests; Veterans and Sons of

Veterans will meet together. Our sister, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, will hold its annual meeting there. We note with sympathetic sorrow the death of its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., the latter part of July. Each Confederate woman who passes on leaves more for those of our generation to undertake and to accomplish. All U. D. C.'s who can arrange to attend the Tulsa meeting will be fired anew with love for the cause, for the veterans, and for our dear homeland. And the pleasures of the reunion with friends, the sight of the tattered banners, and the sound of the shouts and the marching of the men in gray will thrill our hearts with patriotism and devotion to our native land.

The twenty-fifth Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will open in Louisville, Ky., Tuesday evening, November 12, by the welcome evening exercises in the Seelbach Hotel auditorium. The local program committee is making every effort to perfect a good working program. A trip to the cantonment at Camp Zachary Taylor is the outdoor excursion for Thursday afternoon, November 14, which promises the keenest interest for all U. D. C.'s who will attend. Your President General urges the attendance of all general officers, State Presidents, chairmen and members of general committees, and as many Chapter representatives as possible. We wish to make this a working convention, and the reports which will come before it will not only be full of work accomplished, but will also be an inspiration and a suggestion for work for the coming year. The U. D. C.'s are entitled by their object, by their organization, and by their years of service to full rank as a great national patriotic society; and I feel that this past year's work has written this claim clearly and nobly on the pages of our country's history in its plans and accomplishments in this great world war. I, therefore, appeal to all U. D. C. officers and Chapters to see that we have a full and representative delegation at Louisville, so that the full strength of our best constructive intellects may be present to help in the formation of plans for our next year's work as well as to share in the joy of recording our past year's efforts. With earnest hearts and willing hands we have accomplished much; with patience and courage we will do more in the future. Let us lift up our standard higher still and go farther.

With love for you all and hoping to meet a large delegation from each State at our Louisville Convention, I am,

Yours faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

INDORSEMENT OF BOOKS.

The Committee on Indorsement of Books begs substantial aid from every Division and Chapter and from any other persons interested. On or before October 1 will you let us have the names (and the names of the authors) of any books which you have read that give statements unfair and untrue to the South? Also please, when possible, go into detail. It is our hope not so much to indorse books as to weed out all those we cannot indorse. Several Chapters have taken active steps along this line this year and in years past. We wish to collect a volume of such "protests" for publication, and we call on you for assistance.

In the name of your love of truth, your principles of justice, and your loyalty to the U. D. C. we beg that you act at once and let us have the result of your research. When you have been successful in having the objectionable book removed from a school or library, please state that fact. The Committee on Indorsement of Books, Miss Nellie Preston, Chairman,

Seven Mile Ford, Va., wishes to acknowledge the receipt of one book, "Lee: An Epic," by Flora Ellice Stevens, a very stirring poem. This and others whose authors desire to honor the committee with copies will find place in the Confederate library which was begun by Miss Rutherford and which will be placed in its permanent home this fall. This library is composed of strictly Southern books and will be placed where the students of history and literature from all parts of the world will have easy access to them. We thank Mrs. Stevens for her poem.

Send all communications to the chairman, Miss Nellie Preston, Seven Mile Ford, Va.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

BY MRS. LINDSEY PENDLETON CLELAND.

The accompanying picture is an excellent likeness of Mrs. James B. Camp, State President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her home is in the Wessinger-Gaulbert Apartments, at Louisville, Ky.

This war has come with its stern demand for service and sacrifice upon the part of every American citizen. In its lurid light we are learning the more excellent way of attainment. The need of the hour is the extinction of selfishness, and Mrs. Camp has thrown herself into this helpful fight with such fine abandonment that she sets a wonderful example to all in this critical moment when the imperious demand is to give, give, give.



MRS. JAMES B. CAMP.

Mrs. Camp is a woman eminent in various fields of intellectual achievement and of social service, taking a most prominent part in all war activities and giving most freely of her time, talent, and bounty; but dear to her heart and busy hands is the work of the U. D. C., and the honor of being hostess to the General Convention of U. D. C. that will be held in Louisville in November is one she fully appreciates. There is no one in the organization more suitably gifted to fill the place so capably and so gracefully. Headquarters for this reunion will be the Seelbach Hotel, by far the most pleasing place for such a gathering, as the management of this famous hostelry is noted for the courteous treatment of its guests. The State meeting of the U. D. C. in Springfield, Ky., on September 18 and 19, being just previous, will insure a most splendid program and a most hospitable welcome to all at the General Convention in Louisville.

Since our last annual meeting death has claimed two of our loved members, Mrs. Nat Muir, of Bardstown, Ky., whose sudden end came on the eve of Christmas in that fatal Shepherdsville railroad accident, and our heroic Miss Curry Deshae Breckinridge, who so nobly sacrificed her life in ministering to our wounded in France. Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, of Bardstown, will not be present, as is her usual custom, on account of an accident. Her presence will be greatly missed by all her devoted friends.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Georgia are linking the sacred memories of the sixties with the history of to-day by memorializing the valor of the Confederacy in word and deed and actively assuming their part of the burden of this gigantic world war. Treading gently to the melody of memories, they yet keep step to the soul-inspiring march of to-day.

A notable instance evidenced this in conservative Savannah-by-the-Sea when at the great Independence Day celebration, the first in the history of that city, the Daughters of the Confederacy was the only organization of women taking part in the parade. They came just behind the sailors of France, significantly recalling the sympathy the French people extended the Confederacy and again a reminder of the service rendered by Lafayette. The flag of France carried by the sailors was the only foreign insignia in the procession—a knightly company, the Stars and Stripes and the Lilies of France. Mrs. Hull, President of the Charter Chapter, requested that the Stars and Stripes be raised over the Chapter house on the 4th.

There is no surcease of war relief activities, though it is customary for most of the Chapters to suspend meeting during the summer. The knitters ply their needles, and the U. D. C. members of the Red Cross go to the workroom and continue the making of bandages, induced to work on heroically by the grim news from the front and the fast-growing casualty list sent from overseas.

A number of the Chapters have assumed the maintenance of French war orphans. At the Children of the Confederacy conference held in Atlanta Miss Hanna, the State Director, proposed this as a work peculiarly adapted to the Children of the Confederacy, and the youthful representatives present were enthusiastic over the suggestion. The conference in Atlanta, which was entertained by the Margaret Wilson Chapter, C. of C., was successfully conducted with eighteen Chapters represented, and all reported liberty bonds and war savings stamps purchased in most gratifying amounts. The hostess Chapter, organized some four years ago, bears the name of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, the First Vice President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C.

The Tennille Chapter has just issued a very attractive cookbook of tested recipes furnished by the notably fine housewives of Tennille. The books were published for the benefit of the Chapter's war relief fund and are well worth the price, fifty cents per copy.

The Chapters at this season are preparing fruits and jellies for the base hospitals at the different cantonments.

The Savannah Chapter is registering the names of the Savannahians who have given their lives in this war, and at each meeting the list is read.

Mrs. H. M. Franklin, President of the Division, has been appointed by Dr. Lucien L. Knight, President of the Georgia Historical Association, chairman of a committee to preserve the records of the work of women's patriotic societies in the present war. The appointment of an able chairman means that the subject matter will be well handled. For a number of years Mrs. Franklin was chairman of the monthly historical programs used by the Chapters; and if the versatile woman excels in one department of U. D. C. work more than another, it is in the collection of historical data and the interesting arrangement of programs.

[This department concluded on page 415.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the State Historians: In reply to requests for an extension of time for the State reports contesting for the Raines banner and the Rutherford medal, I will hold open the contest until October 1. However, it will be impossible to extend the time limit for the prize essays.

I realize the great difficulties existing at this time, as I have worked almost fourteen hours a day since the war began, without one day's vacation, and feel that present war activities demand our attention.

Please try to have every report in by the night of September 30, or it will be impossible to examine them. Weigh all mail carefully to be sure of sufficient postage. No historical matter or reports can be considered unless typewritten.

To the Chapter Historians: Please take pains to fill out at once the blanks which record the names of the lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers serving in the United States army and navy, at home or abroad. This list competes for the Peter Youree prize and is of the greatest importance, as it links our historical work of the present with that of the past and honors the memory of our Confederate ancestors, forming a firm foundation for our work of the future.

Faithfully,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1918.

GEN. ALEXANDER P. STEWART.

("Old Straight.")

Born October 2, 1824, at Rogersville, Tenn.; died August 30, 1908, at Biloxi, Miss.

1. Tell how this West Point graduate was selected to teach mathematics in the United States Military Academy and later to fill honorable positions in Cumberland and Nashville Universities.

2. Tell how the quiet professor of mental and moral philosophy handled the big gun "Lady Polk" in the battle of Belmont as major of artillery in the Confederate army.

3. Describe his action in leading his men at the "Hornets' Nest" in the battle of Shiloh and of his brilliant advance which led to the Federal disaster at Chickamauga.

4. Tell how he was honored by the State of Mississippi and by the national government in his later years.

References: Volume I, "Confederate Military History," and the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

GEN. RICHARD HERON ANDERSON.

("Fighting Dick Anderson, brave as a Paladin of old.")

Born October 7, 1821, at Hill Crest, Sumter County, S. C.; died June 26, 1879, in Beaufort, S. C.; buried in St. Helena Church yard.

1. Show how South Carolina appreciated the service rendered by her brave son in Mexico by the presentation of a magnificent sword.

2. Tell of his rapid advancement in the Confederate army and how he succeeded General Beauregard in command of the coast defenses of South Carolina.

3. After he was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, show how he won his sobriquet of "Fighting Dick" at Seven Pines and more than once "saved the day" for the Confederacy.

4. Study closely the life of this great man, who both during the struggle and in defeat bore such a marked resemblance to General Lee in character and in his religious life.

5. Learn of his deep humility, becoming a day laborer in order to make an honest living and bearing unjust reproach concerning the battle of Five Forks without a murmur.

References: (1) "Richard Heron Anderson," by C. Irvine Walker; (2) "Grant versus the Record," by Carswell McClellan; (3) and for study of the battle of Five Forks see the books on the Warren trial in the library of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

GEN. WILLIAM JOSEPH HARDEE.

("Old Reliable.")

Born October 10, 1815, on his father's plantation in Southeast Georgia; died November 6, 1873, in Wytheville, Va.; buried in Selma, Ala.

1. Tell of his service in the Seminole War and how Georgia presented her brave son with a saber in recognition of his gallantry in Mexico.

2. Show how he was sent by the government to France for military training and later selected by the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, to compile the system of tactics used both at West Point and by the Confederacy throughout the War between the States.

3. Study his splendid military record from the time he organized his Arkansas brigade, in June, 1861, until that last battle of Bentonville, when "he with his knightly gallantry dashed over the enemy's breastworks on horseback in front of his men," a battle in which he lost his only son.

References: Volume I, "Confederate Military History," and the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1918.

COL. WILLIAM STEWART HAWKINS.

(Soldier, poet, scholar.)

William Stewart Hawkins, a nephew of Gen. A. P. Stewart, was born October 2, 1837, at Triana, Madison County, Ala., and died in Nashville, Tenn., November 7, 1865. He was educated at the University of Nashville, under Gen. Bushrod Johnson, and at Lebanon University, under A. P. Stewart. Later he studied law and became a fine speaker. He entered the cavalry service of the Confederacy, became a famous scout under Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and reached the rank of colonel. He was captured in January, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he had a long and tedious imprisonment, but was loved by all on account of his talents and devotion to the sick. He wrote many sweet poems while in prison. One of the best known was called "The Friend," but later was named "The Letter That Came Too Late." You will find it and a sketch of him in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for September, 1902; but the little poem attributed to him there, "Defeated Valor," is by Henry Timrod. Colonel Hawkins's poems were published in a little paper-bound book called "Behind the Bars" in Nashville in 1866, with a brief memoir written by Col. Henry Watterson.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....President
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....Treasurer
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....Historian
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Rey

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. WILLIAM J. BEHAN.

On Sunday, July 28, during the hour of prayer for the success of the Allies, Mrs. Katie Walker Behan, of New Orleans, noted Southern woman and Christian character, answered the roll call of the Great Commander. She was born in New Orleans January 31, 1847, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Walker, and was educated at the Orleans Academy and Ursuline Convent of that city. In 1865, after the close of the war, she married William J. Behan, who had led the Washington Artillery at the time of General Lee's surrender and was subsequently its commander.

Mrs. Behan was a prominent philanthropist, patriot, and leader in New Orleans in all movements for the betterment of her fellow men and was known for her rare ability, devotion, and self-sacrifice in the interest of the history and social ideals of the Old South and reverence for our heroic dead. She was President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association from her election at Louisville, Ky., in 1900, serving for eighteen years with ability and success. She was also President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, having been annually elected its President for seventeen years, President of the Ursuline Alumnae, President of the House of the Good Shepherd, Chairman of Branch No. 8, Red Cross Society, a Daughter of the Confederacy, a member of the Louisiana Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons, of the Sunshine Society, and the Era Club (suffrage); she was the official representative of the C. S. M. A. on the board of directors of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Regent for Louisiana of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., adding many valuable historical relics to the State collection; she was Chairman of the Department of Home and Education of the Woman's League of this city, through whose efforts and those of the New Orleans Public School Alliance, of which she was an efficient officer, the "high license" measure was passed by the City Council,

resulting in a great improvement in the moral conditions and affording financial aid to the public-school system.

No woman has ever held the hearts of the women of New Orleans and the South more truly than did Mrs. Behan, and none has ever left a sweeter or more gracious memory. One of her strongest characteristics was her loyalty and devotion to the memory of Jefferson Davis. Through her efforts and



MRS. W. J. BEHAN.

those of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association a handsome sum was secured for the monument in Richmond, Va., to his memory. She served as a member of the monument committee until its completion; then she gave her attention to the erection of a monument to his memory in New Orleans, where his death occurred. She was President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association of New Orleans, and in 1906 a handsome monument in bronze and stone was erected on the widest avenue in the country, known as the Jefferson Davis Parkway, which was so named by the efforts of Mrs. Behan and her associates. After the unveiling of this monument the surplus sum in the treasury was forwarded to the Jefferson Davis Home Association of Kentucky for the memorial at Fairview. Through her efforts the legislature of Louisiana passed an act making

June 3, the birthday of President Davis and our Confederate Memorial Day, a legal holiday; and again, several years later, when Calcasieu Parish was divided by the legislature, the memory of Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and Allen was perpetuated. The name of Jefferson Davis was restored to Cabin John Bridge at Washington by the order of President Roosevelt, who gave the honor of this restoration to Mrs. Behan.

This noble woman was active in all campaigns for the good of her city, State, and county, and she was a member of nearly all the women's organizations. To the Belgians many boxes of hospital appurtenances and dainties were shipped through her sympathy and love for those helpless ones. After the entrance of the United States into the war Mrs. Behan was

one of the most efficient workers for the Red Cross Society, a tireless toiler for the boys "over there."

At her death this city, which had recognized her worth in life, honored her by having the flag on the City Hall at half mast, as was the flag at Confederate Memorial Hall, where many relics of 1861-65 had been gathered by her loving hands and where she loved to meet with the Confederate organizations. At Washington Artillery Hall the flag drooped at half mast, and the door was draped in mourning for its late patroness; and at the Jefferson Davis monument, just as the funeral cortege was passing, the large flag fluttered in the wind as though waving a sweet farewell to her who had served her country with unceasing devotion and loyalty.

Mrs. Behan is survived by her husband and two daughters, Mrs. Bessie Behan Lewis, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Andre Dreux, of Paris, France. Our beloved friend was laid to rest in the family tomb in Greenwood Cemetery, mourned by all who knew her and had the great privilege of being associated with her. None will miss her more than that fast-thinning line of veterans whom she delighted to honor. Her name will be ever known and mentioned with reverence and love throughout the length and breadth of this Southland.

THE PHILADELPHIA MONUMENT.

In a little pamphlet which records the many beautiful Confederate memorials in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va., there is a description of the boulder which was placed in Hollywood in memory of the Confederate soldiers buried in the national cemeteries in Philadelphia. In sending this pamphlet to the VETERAN Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, refers to the article in the July number which tells of "some forgotten graves" at Pittsburgh recently marked by the U. D. C. of that city, of which she says: "Those graves were asked to be marked as far back as 1900 by the U. D. C., but the government refused. The monument in Hollywood placed by the Philadelphia Daughters in 1902 was to have been placed in Philadelphia, but the G. A. R. Post there said it would be blown up. Since then the government has allowed the place to be inclosed."

STORY OF THE MONUMENT.

A little over a year preceding the opening of the Davis mansion a boulder of Barre granite was placed in Hollywood under the auspices of this association by the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., of Philadelphia, Pa., in memory of two hundred and twenty-four known and unknown Confederate soldiers from Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama who died in Northern prisons and are buried in the national cemeteries in Philadelphia. The four sides of the monument are rock-faced and bear beautiful bronze tablets, upon one of which is inscribed: "Fate denied them victory, but gave them immortality."

A bronze relief cast from a full-sized model of three flags crossed is shown above the inscription: "Furled, but not forgotten."

In 1903 the Hollywood Memorial Association placed on the monument the following inscription: "Dying in captivity and denied a monument in Philadelphia, where they lie buried, this stone is erected in their everlasting honor in the heart of the Confederacy."

The unveiling ceremonies took place on a beautiful fall afternoon, October 26, 1902. A large number of people came from Philadelphia, among whom was Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, President of the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Mrs.

James T. Halsey, Chairman of the Monument Committee, and her little daughter, Dabney Maury Halsey, who drew the veil. The exercises were presided over by Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, and eloquent addresses were delivered by Hon. John Cadwalader, Col. A. K. McClure and Hon. James M. Dodge, of Philadelphia, and by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Senator John W. Daniel, and Hon. Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia. Many distinguished men and women, representing patriotic organizations, helped to make up the large crowd which had assembled, and just at dusk the veil was drawn. No matter who

"Young April over their lowly bounds
Shall shake the violets from her hair,
And glorious June with fervid kiss
Shall bid the roses blossom there.

And all around the mournful bee
With drowsy hum shall come and go,
And summer winds the livelong day
Shall murmur dirges sweet and low."

Whatever historian may have written hitherto over these men for epitaph, posterity shall write the words that were carved above the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae: "Go, passers-by, and tell it in Lacedaemon that we died in obedience to the sacred laws."—*Closing Words of Thomas Nelson Page.*

United Daughters of the Confederacy

[Continued from page 412]

THE LOAN SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

Contributions for the month of July to the Loan Scholarship Endowment Fund have been as follows:

Arizona: Tempe, Dixie Chapter, \$2.

Missouri: Blackwater, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$5; Cape Girardeau, Cape Girardeau Chapter, \$2; Columbia, John S. Marmaduke Chapter, \$2; Farmington, James B. Gantt Chapter, \$2; Fayette, Richmond Grays Chapter, \$2; Hannibal, Hannibal Chapter, \$2; Higginsville, Confederate Home Chapter, \$2; Independence, Independence Chapter, \$5; Jefferson City, Winnie Davis Chapter, \$2; Kansas City, Kansas City Chapter, \$2; Kansas City, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$2; Kansas City, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Mexico, Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, \$5; Monroe City, John L. Owen Chapter, \$2; Nevada, Sterling Price Chapter, \$2; Slater, Dixie Chapter, \$2; Springfield, Springfield Chapter, \$2; St. Joseph, Sterling Price Chapter, \$2; St. Louis, St. Louis Chapter, \$2; St. Louis, Margaret A. E. McClure Chapter, \$2; St. Louis, Confederate Dames Chapter, \$2; Trenton, Wade Hampton Chapter, \$2; Webb City, Confederate Dames Chapter, \$2.

North Carolina: Asheville, Asheville Chapter, \$2.

Oregon: Portland, Portland Chapter, \$2.

South Carolina: Central, James L. Orr Chapter, \$2; Clinton, Stephen D. Lee Chapter, \$2; Edgefield, Edgefield Chapter, \$2; Eutawville, Eutaw Chapter, \$5; Greenwood, Robert A. Waller Chapter, \$5; Pinopolis, Black Oak Chapter, \$2; Spartanburg, Spartan Chapter, \$2; St. Matthews, Olin M. Dantzler Chapter, \$3.

Virginia: Reedsville, Lee-Jackson Chapter, \$2.

Previously acknowledged, \$209.75.

Total August 1, \$295.75.

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Education Committee, U. D. C.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

I thought I was in the garden at home,
For the clove pinks were sweet,
And the hollyhocks swayed in the dusk
Above the old stone seat.
Little sister came through the garden gate
To gather the roses for mother's plate,
And mother smiled and held my hand.

But the sergeant who carried me in
Out of that land of hell
Said it was only horrid gas that crept
And the bursting star shell.
"You are far from that dear old home," said he,
"And no flowers will bloom for you and me
In a war-defiled, accursed land."

But some one smiled—
The little Red Cross nurse smiled
And made me think of mother
When I was a child. —Anne Bachman Hyde.

REUNION INVITATIONS.

Special attention is called to the invitation which Tulsa is extending to the Confederate veterans, their families, and other connections to enjoy the hospitalities of that city in September. Everything will be done to make that Reunion notable among such gatherings, and your presence will help to make the occasion a success.

As a side trip, either going or coming back, you are extended a cordial invitation to visit Hot Springs, Ark., the "Carlsbad of America," whose famous baths are credited with wonderful curative powers. You couldn't have a better opportunity to test those qualities. Send at once for a descriptive booklet offered by the Business Men's Club of that city. See advertisement on back page of this number.

LAFAYETTE-MARNE DAY.

The 6th of September, 1918, will commemorate the one hundred and sixty-first anniversary of the birth of the Marquis de Lafayette, whose memory is held in loving reverence by all true Americans, and it is also the anniversary of the first battle of the Marne. Its celebration as Lafayette-Marne Day has been advocated by the American Defense Society, and its annual observance will be a fitting tribute to the great-hearted Frenchman who came to the rescue of the American colonies in their time of need.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$4,159.50 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., from July 15 to August 15, 1918.

A PROTEST AGAINST UNJUST ANALOGIES.

A correspondent of the VETERAN has sent the following strong protest to a Northern editor who has been indulging in the popular pastime of comparing the South of the sixties with the Germany of the present. These editors seem to desire to continue in their false conclusions and dislike to be set straight, persisting in their effort to defame the South. Few of these protests ever reach the readers of such publications, notwithstanding the claim of broad-minded principles and lack of fear of criticism. Our correspondent wrote:

"There have been numerous analogies drawn between the present world war and our own sectional conflict, 1861-65. Many of these comparisons have been made between the South of yesterday and the Germany of to-day. In these analogies the impression is persistently given that the South fought for the perpetuation of slavery and that the prime, or at least a principal, purpose of the North was to overthrow it.

"While this is quite contrary to the facts in the case, it is hardly to be hoped that more than one-tenth of one per cent, perhaps, of the American people will ever be convinced to the contrary, for the simple reason that before the war there happened to be slavery and after the war was over slavery had ceased.

"I am of Vermont and Virginia ancestry. My grandfather was an ardent emancipationist. He went South and became connected by marriage with a group of Virginians who had also been working for emancipation. At the outbreak of the war my grandfather and these Virginians were in favor of secession when it came to a question of the 'coercion' of the cotton States. Ever since the war they have been charged with fighting furiously for the very thing which all their lives they had been fighting against.

"It is not true to say, therefore, as is so often said, that 'the consequences of allowing the South peaceably to secede [as the abolitionists advocated] would have been to perpetuate slavery and to end American democracy.' As a matter of fact emancipation would have progressed steadily southward, as Abraham Lincoln so ably pointed out, together with an innumerable number of Southern witnesses, but for the interference of the abolitionists. Once freed of this violent sectional abuse connected with sectional economic legislation against the interests of the Old South, emancipation sentiment would have gained ground readily. Comparatively few people are aware of the fact that in 1832 the Virginia Legislature came within a vote or two of declaring for emancipation. The vote might have been overwhelmingly in favor of the resolution had not the abolitionists just succeeded in stirring up a servile insurrection in one part of the State. This threat of danger changed many votes against the resolution.

"As a matter of fact also, the Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure only, which was intended chiefly to embarrass Southern military operations by building a fire in the rear of the Southern armies. It seems that only one person in one hundred realizes that by the very provisions of the Emancipation Proclamation slavery was perpetuated in that part of the United States which was under Federal control. The Proclamation applied only to the territory controlled by the Confederacy. State legislative action long afterwards resulted in constitutional emancipation.

"Abraham Lincoln had the view of slavery held by Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, and many noted Southerners whose influence would have prevailed in the interests of emancipa-

tion but for the interference of the abolitionists. Referring to these in a eulogy of Henry Clay, Mr. Lincoln said on July 16, 1852: "Those who would shiver into fragments the Union of these States, tear to tatters its now venerated Constitution, and burn the last copy of the Bible rather than that slavery should continue a single hour, together with all their more halting sympathizers, have received and will receive their just execration, and the name and opinion and influence of Mr. Clay are fully and, as I trust, effectually and enduringly arrayed against them."

"It is remarkable that nearly all my Northern and my Southern relatives prior to 1861 were lifelong opponents of slavery. Some of the Southern ones at least sacrificed their entire fortunes in freeing slaves and sending them to Liberia; yet these, because they fought under the Confederacy, are held up to the moral reprobation of the world to-day as having fought four years for the perpetuation of an institution the abolition of which all their lives they most earnestly had sought to accomplish. Moreover, Abraham Lincoln, who was the soul of the conflict for the preservation of the Union, always maintained that the South at any time during the progress of the war would be welcomed back into the Union with or without slavery."

IMPROVISED HOSPITALS.

Dr. E. S. P'Pool writes from Learned, Miss.:

"I am eighty-one passed and have been a patron of the *VETERAN* ever since its first issue, and I can't get along without it. I was born and reared in Mecklenburg County, Va. On April 10, 1857, I landed in Nashville, Tenn., and made it my home until the city fell into the hands of General Grant. In 1861 I was a medical student, and on October 1 I entered the Medical Department of the University of Nashville.

"The following winter was very cold and was very hard on General Bragg's army in Kentucky, and the sick, wounded, and dying boys were sent to Nashville by the hundreds, and there had been no preparations made for them. But the good men and the best women in the world got to work. The men employed carpenters, and of rough-sawed lumber, not dressed, they made cots and put them in vacant houses and stores, and with the abundance of wheat straw and the quilts and blankets furnished by the good women of the city the boys were made comparatively comfortable. Several of us medical students volunteered our services to nurse the sick and wounded. I reported to Dr. Gamble, from South Union, Ky., who had charge of an upstairs room on Front Street a few doors from Broad, called the Gordon Hospital, where we had the care of a great many soldiers, and the women of the city gave them special attention. One never failed to spend the day with us.

"I remained with the boys in the hospital until the city fell into the hands of the Yanks. I then got my gun, double-barreled shotgun, and reported to General Forrest. I joined J. B. Britton's company (B), Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade, and remained with it until the capture of the Streight raiders at Rome, Ga., in May, 1863. On the return from that raid I was taken sick and was hauled two days in an ambulance, lying on the hard floor, across Sand Mountain's rocky roads, and when I could not stand it any longer they put me out at a good old woman's house, Mrs. Key, in Gandy's Cove, Morgan County, Ala. I was confined eight weeks in bed with typhoid fever. When able for duty Bragg's army had fallen back, and I could not find my regi-

ment; so I reported to Col. Josiah Patterson's 5th Alabama Cavalry, Roddy's Brigade, and remained with it until the last gun was fired. I arrived at home, Nashville, Tenn., July 4, 1865."

MARKING SOUTHERN GRAVES IN THE WEST.

A great work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is the care of the aged Confederate veterans while living and to tend their resting places when they have "put on immortality." In this work many pathetic cases are brought to light where the struggle of life has ended in failure and the last days of a brave soldier are passed in poverty. Such a case was that of John McAnnally, Confederate veteran, who died at the Poor Farm near Pueblo, Colo. He was born in Ireland and emigrated to Louisiana, from which State he joined the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war. Mrs. Belle R. Reid, an active member of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Denver, Colo., writes of having known "Uncle Johnny," as he was so universally called, during the eight years he had been at the Poor Farm; and when he died last January she interested some of the prominent Southern men of Pueblo, who contributed generously toward having him buried as a Southern soldier should be "and will always be," writes Mrs. Reid, "if I can get out to raise the money." Finding that the graves of these Confederate soldiers in different cemeteries of that city had not been marked, Mrs. Reid again visited her Southern friends and procured sufficient funds to have these graves properly marked, which was later done in a fitting manner. Those whose graves were thus marked were: James Lovern, William Mirick, Alexander Day, Joe Carter, and John McAnnally ("Uncle Johnny"). The Southern men who responded so generously to her appeal made possible this tribute to "defeated valor," but to Mrs. Reid should be given special credit for having taken the lead in this work to honor one of those who gave four years of their life to uphold the principles for which the South was contending.

HONOR TO CAMP MAGRUDER.

Commander William L. Cameron reports a highly appreciated honor which was extended to Camp Magruder, U. C. V., of Galveston, in being given a prominent position from which to review the Fourth of July parade of the American troops stationed there. The invitation came in the following:

"HEADQUARTERS COAST DEFENSE OF GALVESTON,
FORT CROCKETT, TEX., July 3, 1918.

"From Col. Levert Coleman, Cana, to Col. William Lochiel Cameron.

"Subject: Attendance of Magruder Camp, No. 105, U. C. V., at Fourth of July parade, 1918.

"1. It affords me great pleasure to request the attendance of Magruder Camp, No. 105, U. C. V., at the Fourth of July parade in the city of Galveston to-morrow.

"2. It is requested that your command take post in front of the reviewing stand near the Hotel Galvez for the purpose of reviewing the parade from that post of honor.

"3. Allow me to express, on behalf of myself and the officers and men of this command, our high appreciation of your presence and coöperation in this patriotic ceremony.

"4. I remain, with high regards, cordially yours,

LEVERT COLEMAN, *Commanding.*"

COMRADES OF MARR CAMP, FAIRFAX, VA.

At the business meeting of Marr Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Fairfax, Va., the following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas during the year the grim reaper has cut down many of our comrades and friends who were members of Marr Camp—Rev. Frank Page, D.D., Capt. Franklin Williams, H. L. Gunnell, Thomas K. Stone, George W. Gaines, Jacob H. Troth, and Andrew J. Kennedy—and we desire to place on record an expression of our appreciation of their worth and our sorrow at the severing of the ties which have so long bound us together; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in the death of the comrades whose names are recorded above we, each and every one, feel that we have experienced a personal bereavement. They responded with valor and devotion to their country's call in the time of its invasion and distress and by their courage and sacrifices aided in making the record of the Confederate armies imperishable.

"2. That the Adjutant of Marr Camp be instructed to convey to our gallant comrade and fellow countryman, Col. Arthur Herbert, an expression of our affectionate regard and remembrance with the earnest hope that his health may soon be restored, and to other sick comrades, R. G. Clark and Dr. LeGrand Donohoe (who has been confined to his bed for about three years), our sympathy and best wishes for a speedy recovery."

Since the organization of Marr Camp in 1880 death has called eighty-two members of the Camp, and to-day there are only four of the organizers living. New members have come in, and the Camp at this time has fifty-four on the roll.

A GRAND OLD MAN.

In writing of the Memorial Day exercises held at Fairfax C. H., Va., on June 1, which were largely attended, Robert Wiley makes special mention of Col. Arthur Herbert, of whom he says:

"We have in our county a gallant veteran who may rightly be called the 'Grand Old Man of Fairfax,' Col. Arthur Herbert, who as colonel of the 17th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., commanded a company of Fairfax soldiers. A braver, better, or more lovable man than Colonel Herbert never flashed a sword on the field of battle. He is now eighty-nine years old and is spending his declining years at his beautiful home on Seminary Hill with a heart full of affection for his old comrades of the war and with a patriotic devotion to our reunited country in its struggle against the Hun.

"Colonel Herbert's life has covered an interesting period in the world's history. When he was born George Washington had been dead only about thirty years; Lafayette, the friend and companion of Washington, was still alive, as were Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. Victoria, Queen of England, was only ten years old when Colonel Herbert was born, and Napoleon Bonaparte had been dead only about eight years. Born during the administration of Andrew Jackson, he has lived under every succeeding administration since then. He has witnessed the Mexican, the Civil, and the Spanish-American Wars, and he is a deeply interested spectator of the present war for the preservation of human rights and civilization. Less than twenty-four States then composed the Union, which now numbers forty-eight States.

"It would be interesting to mention the many important events that have occurred during the period of his long life. The most striking feature, however, is the fact that he re-

tains the affection and love of all who know him, and that after the display of the highest qualities in war and peace he enjoys in his old age the affection and esteem of the 'boys who wore the gray.' May he live beyond the century mark!"

COMMANDER IN CHIEF S. C. V.

At a meeting of the Executive Council, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at Wichita Falls, Tex., on May 15, 1918, Ernest G. Baldwin, of Roanoke, Va., then serving his second



CARL HINTON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF S. C. V.

term as Commander in Chief of the organization, tendered his resignation, as he had been ordered to France as first lieutenant of the 112th Machine Gun Battalion, 29th Division. His resignation was accepted, and Comrade Baldwin was elected "Honorary Commander in Chief" for life, being the only Past Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in active service at the front.

Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., was elected to fill the unexpired term of Commander Baldwin. Hinton was born May 25, 1888, in the State of Arkansas, the son of William J. Hinton, who enlisted in the 1st Arkansas Cavalry in 1861 and who served the Confederacy gallantly until the end of the war. His father had six brothers in Lee's army, while five uncles on his mother's side were in the same command.

Commander Hinton has been one of the most active members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans since joining the organization seven years ago. He has attended all of the general Reunions of the Confederation in that time and, in addition, has made a number of trips over the different States in the interest of the organization. He is one of the most gifted speakers in the South and has represented the Sons on a number of prominent occasions, such as the Southern Commercial Congress, the Peace Jubilee at Vicksburg, Miss., etc.

He is Secretary of the Colorado Manufacturers' Association and also the Denver Manufacturers' Association and is considered one of the coming young men of his adopted State of Colorado. It was due to his untiring efforts and zeal that the government decided to build a large recuperation camp for our wounded soldiers at Denver, which camp is now rapidly nearing completion.

Commander Hinton expects to devote a large part of his time for the next few months visiting the various States in the interest of the Sons' work and hopes to equal the splendid record made last year by Past Commander Baldwin.

"THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL, VA."

BY B. M. HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Under the above head an article appeared in the July VETERAN, page 291, by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, that differs entirely from my remembrance of the little fight June 10, 1861, the first that occurred between organized land forces of the two governments.

It has been nearly sixty years since then. Captain Dinkins was a youngster of only sixteen, and I had the advantage of him by only one year. I presume it was the first time either of us was under fire, and we naturally saw things differently; but as the future historian of our War between the States will search diligently the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for facts, the old veterans so rapidly passing away should be careful of all statements that may go on record.

I was a student at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, when the war broke out and, like a number of others, did not wait for my State, Tennessee, to secede, but left college and joined a company organized in the little village of Chapel Hill by Capt. Dick Ashe, an old Mexican War veteran. Ten companies were mobilized at Raleigh, all from North Carolina, organized a regiment, and, as North Carolina had not up to that time seceded, offered our services to the Confederate government. We were sworn in for six months, as that was the limit for which the Confederate government was accepting troops then. The Federals were taking in only ninety-day men. We were designated by the Confederate government as the 1st North Carolina Volunteers and sent to Yorktown, Va. At that time there were no other Confederate troops on the peninsula.

The fight at Big Bethel opened about nine o'clock on the 10th of June. The right of our line rested a little beyond the Bethel Church, crossed the Yorktown Road in front of it, and extended some three or four hundred yards to our left, which was drawn back a little to guard against a flank movement that might be attempted on a road that came into Yorktown Road from that direction. I was a member of Company D, and our position was on this left flank. The Federals, about 3,500 or 4,000 strong, supported by a four-gun battery of regulars of the U. S. army, began their advance before day on the morning of the 10th in two columns, one from Fortress Monroe and the other from Newport News. They were to unite some miles below Bethel and advance *en masse* to the attack. When the two leading regiments advancing on different roads came in sight of each other in the early morning hours, each supposed the other to be "the Rebels" and at once opened fire and had a merry little fight of their own before the mistake was discovered. As a matter of fact, the entire fight at Big Bethel was a series of mistakes on the Federal side from beginning to end. Their commander, General Pierce, seemed to have formed no idea as to how he

intended to make the fight. There was no concert of action between his troops. A regiment would come up, fire a volley or two, mostly over our heads, get stung by our return fire, and precipitately fall back; then another would repeat the performance or a battalion or a company. It seemed that their principal object was simply to get a sight or a shot at a Rebel, then to fall back as quickly as possible. Thinking in after years of this Bethel fight, it reminded me more of a lot of boys fighting a bumblebee nest than a real battle. One would rush up for the nest of bees a time or two with his switches, get stung, run back, and another would take his place. A year later under a competent commander the force Pierce had (about 4,000) could have walked over our little line, not 800 strong, within an hour. As it was, by 2. P.M. he, with his entire force, was hurrying back to safe cover—not "under the protection of their gunboats," as Comrade Dinkins says (there were no gunboats that early in the game), but to get under cover of the guns at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, the nearest water to us deep enough to float a canoe.

Now, as to our side of the fight, I must differ materially from Comrade Dinkins. He says our force consisted of two regiments. I never heard before of but one, the 1st North Carolina Volunteers. This and the battery of Richmond Howitzers (three little 12-pound Howitzers and a 6-pound rifle piece) were the only forces we had on the fighting line that day. We had between seven and eight hundred muskets in line of battle, and every one of them was in the hands of a member of the 1st North Carolina men. I remember Colonel Hill and Major Lane brought up to Raleigh one or two companies of cadets from Charlotte, N. C., where they were instructors in the military academy at that place. I suppose that when the regiment was organized at Raleigh they became a part of it and were sworn into service; otherwise they did not belong to the Bethel regiment.

Most of our fighting was on our right in the vicinity of the church and battery, consequently our left saw but little of it. One attempt was made to turn our left flank. A young officer with drawn sword leaped on a fence probably a hundred yards in front, calling on his men to follow him. Two others were on the fence with him. A volley from us killed all of them, and the others retired. I never before heard that our right gave way and was saved by a charge of Comrade Dinkins's corps of cadets. He says: "Colonel Lee was in command of the cadets held as a reserve line, and when he saw the North Carolina boys giving way he gave the order: 'Attention, cadets! Forward; guide center; deploy as skirmishers; double-quick; charge bayonets!'" This was rather an unusual order and a bit hazardous, I should think, to have a reserve force to deploy as skirmishers to charge bayonets either to stop or to repel an onrushing enemy. However that may be, it was Col. D. H. Hill's fight and the old 1st North Carolina Volunteer's victory, so recorded in history and recognized by the Confederate Congress, which complimented us with the title of "Bethel Regiment," and when Comrade Dinkins claims that his corps of cadets fought the battle of Big Bethel I enter an earnest protest as a member of the old regiment. We had only one man killed, Henry Wyatt, of Company F, if I remember correctly, and a half dozen wounded. The Federals lost probably a hundred killed and wounded.

Many years after the war I corresponded with General Lane, who was our major at the time of the Bethel fight; and in his last letter to me many years ago, when he was

[Concluded on page 422.]

"ON TO RICHMOND;" OR, THE NEW HOHEN-LINDEN.

(Author Unknown.)

McClellan spoke: "O soldiers true,
 You stand by me, I'll stand by you,
 And then the road we'll shortly view
 That leads to Richmond rapidly.
 Let us our confidence exchange;
 And though my movements may be strange,
 By hook or crook we'll come in range
 Of Rebels' dread artillery."

His head strategic then he shook,
 The soldiers puzzled with his look,
 While huge steamboats the army took
 Around to the Peninsuly.
 Again he spoke: "Earthworks we'll throw
 Around Yorktown, and then we'll show
 That on to Richmond we will go
 By way of the Peninsuly.

Our cannon through the mud we'll drag,
 The Rebels in Yorktown we will bag,
 And then how loudly we may brag,
 We'll on to Richmond rapidly!"
 Then lines strategic he did draw
 To force "Old Lee" to come to taw
 And fill the Yankees' ravening maw
 With blood of Southern chivalry.

At night strategic lines are drawn;
 To-morrow morning's early dawn
 Peers forth to see "Old Joe" has gone
 And 'scaped the Yankees thoroughly.
 Again is heard McClellan's call:
 "We'll push the Rebels to the wall,
 And Richmond it must shortly fall
 Before this famous victory."

Then trudged he on through mud and wet;
 At Williamsburg a wall he met,
 But vainly strove inside to get
 Because of Joe's artillery.
 "Old Joe" had gone at early light;
 Again Mack calls with all his might:
 "We've won another glorious fight;
 Now on to Richmond rapidly."

Then on he trudged to win renown,
 Till in the swamps he sat him down
 And said he would approach the town
 By way of Chickahominy.
 Again he spoke: "I know what's what:
 Into the swamp we now have got,
 And for a time we here will squat
 To wait for siege artillery."

With help of contrabands inert
 The Yankees dig the oozy dirt,
 While 'neath their tread the waters squirt
 All round the Chickahominy.
 At Fair Oaks when the sun was low
 "Old Casey" 'gan earthworks to throw
 In face of the insulting foe,
 Who wouldn't give up quietly.

But Fair Oaks saw another sight:
 The earliest beam of morning light
 Beheld the Yanks in dire affright
 Rush back to Chickahominy.
 To Stanton Mack this plaint then makes:
 "My army with the ague shakes;
 Not Richmond, but malaria takes.
 Send reënforcements speedily."

They come, but now upon the right
 Begins an unexpected fight,
 And evening shows the fearful sight
 Of Yankees running rapidly.
 And then is heard Fitz Porter's call:
 "You've pushed me 'gainst that 'Old Stonewall,'
 And he's about to catch us all,
 Else drive in Chickahominy."

"'Tis not the wall," McClellan said,
 "'Gainst which I thought to butt my head
 When to these swamps my troops I led
 To take the town immediately.
 But night comes on; the setting sun
 Will give us time to make a run."
 "'Tis what," said Fitz, "they all have done
 With seeming alacrity."

Now gloomy night the swamps invest,
 The braying mules are put to rest,
 And every care is then addressed
 To make the march most silently.
 The route strategic then began,
 The cry, "Save himself who can!"
 To execute which every man
 Applied himself assiduously.

But as they struggle through the swamp,
 Close on their heels is heard the tramp
 Of Old Stonewall, that vile old scamp
 Whom they had slain repeatedly.
 Mack meets an "intelligent" 'mid the pine:
 "Tell me, Massa, wha' is you gwine?
 If on to Richmond you incline,
 Dis am not de road most sart'inly."

Again Mac spoke in accents clear:
 "Bon jour, monsieur; wie gates, myneer.
 What thinks my staff? To me it's clear
 We've nothing left but strategy."
 First Joinville spoke, then Count Parea,
 For Prince Orleans was on a spree:
 "'Tis clear as mud we'll all agree,
 But won't take Richmond, certainly."

Next spoke Von Crouts without "ifs" or "buts":
 "I t'inks I see million butternuts;
 Let's double-quick by shortest cuts
 To Sheems from Chickahominy."
 Six days they struggle through the mud,
 And wildly through the swamps they scud;
 At length upon the banks they stood
 Of Jeems River brokenly.

McClellan's form is now upreared,
And once again his voice is heard:
"O, soldiers brave, be not afeared;
You've won the greatest victory.
The wicked Rebels you have taught.
How quick their wiles we bring to naught
When to our service now is brought
Napoleonic strategy!

Though stores and baggage we did burn
And felt our guns upon us turn,
We've brought away a few of them
To save us from despondency.
I know what thoughts your bosoms fire,
What lava floods of boiling ire,
As round your rear the foe came nigher
And howled at you exultingly.

Such ardent thoughts your souls engage,
Such inextinguishable rage,
That naught your fury could assuage,
Save multiplied celerity.
Though many thousands we have lost
And round the swamps were roughly tossed,
The rest of us have 'scaped at cost
Of most of our artillery.

As all of us the Rebels thought
Were in their toils securely caught,
Their purpose failed, defeat was wrought,
Both day and night from sun to sun
When we escaped a moiety.
And though the day may seem not won,
You have most gloriously run
From banks of Chickahominy.

And while in mud you deeply stuck,
You have evinced the noblest pluck
To get away by nip and tuck
From Bob Lee's hellish chivalry.
And now, my soldiers good and tall,
Who have escaped from 'Old Stonewall'—
His office was to catch us all—
You've won a glorious victory.

I told you ere those swamps we trod
My movements might seem strange and odd
As round the land we darkly plod
In search of grandest strategy.
And now the foe have ceased pursuit;
No more their dreadful cannon shoot;
Once more the question we will moot
Of 'on to Richmond' rapidly."

Then he his angry brows did knit,
And with his fists the air he hit
And vowed, as he his teeth did grit,
He'd win another victory.
"But first," said he, "more works we'll throw
In face of the advancing foe;
Then 'on to Richmond' we will go
By Jeems River certainly.

Yon vessel which on river floats
May bring us bread, our horses oats;
And now, protected by gunboats,
You-all can rest so quietly.
Some ignorant cuss his ears may prick up,
Some doubts in dullest brains may stick up,
While some may seek the dust to kick up
To hide from view our victory.

Yet you, I beg, be not afeared,
But trust to what you now have heard,
And we will go; but mum's the word
When we allude to strategy."
Their eyes from ground the Yankees raised
And then upon each other gazed,
And all of them looked much amazed
At such a glorious victory.

"Although," they said, "we cannot see
More than a man who's up a tree,
'Twas such a brilliant victory
We guess 'twas grandest strategy."
Again at Jeems, when the sun was low,
The aids on board a boat did go.
"Adieu," says Mac; "tou jours, adieu;
But to Palm explain my strategy."

"I'll do my best," says Joinville quick,
"To make it seem you took the trick.
Let 'Stone' alone, for he's a brick;
Hard to manage, certainly."

FORT WARREN, MASS., July 29, 1862.

IN RETROSPECT.

D. H. Richardson, of Kemp, Tex., recalls some incidents of service with Company I, 12th Texas Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade:

"I was glad to get the July number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read it through at one sitting. In order to do so without disturbance, I sought the best shade about the house, an umbrella China tree, and, seated in a large, comfortable chair, for a half day I lived over the four years I spent in the War between the States. My old comrades were first and foremost in my thoughts. The VETERAN helped me to recall their names and the many lively experiences and stirring events that came to us every day.

"The 12th Texas Cavalry, of Parsons's Brigade, was a going and a doing regiment for the whole period of the war. The service rendered by this gallant regiment was mostly in Arkansas and Louisiana. Up and down the Mississippi and on both sides of White River and the Ouachita lively tilts with the enemy were frequent and interesting. A battalion of Wisconsin soldiers, consisting of six hundred men, well equipped, was surrounded and captured one cold, crisp morning at sunrise. More than five hundred negroes stolen from farms along their line of march on Crowley's Ridge had prepared a wholesome breakfast for themselves and new-found friends. The breakfast was enjoyed by a hungry and tired regiment that had been in the saddle all day and all night. Many of those brave Wisconsin men fell while defending their camp fires, including the commanding officer.

"This fight was on L'Anguille River, a tributary of the Mississippi, just above Helena. It was estimated that more than \$100,000 worth of property fell into our hands.

"Another blow by this active regiment was that which struck 'Negro Peak,' on the west bank of the great Mississippi. More than five hundred negro troops had fortified themselves on the top of one of those strange peaks made by a people whose history antedates that of any other inhabiting the beautiful and interesting State of Louisiana. The mound was so high that shot and shell failed to reach its defenders, who had carried to the top heavy logs of great length. Captain Pratt's battery did valiant work for two hours. Then our commanding officer sent up a lieutenant with a flag of truce. An unconditional surrender was demanded. The officer in command, a white man, yielded, and the capture was made without the loss of blood.

"If we had been forced to scale the walls of the fort, many of our boys would have lost their lives, and the heavy logs would have taken a heavy toll, as they would have been released from their fastenings on the top of the fort, which was more than two hundred and fifty feet in the air. Many were the shouts of joy when the surrender came. Gunboats in the river wasted much powder and lead in an effort to move us away. But we did not move until we were ready to carry the prisoners and much booty with us.

"Later in the day a body of white soldiers was encountered in a thick wood just above the mound. A running fight ensued. James Moody and I jumped a high rail fence in pursuit of the fleeing foe. My beloved comrade received a gunshot wound in the face and right arm, which resulted in his death. Comrade Willis Bonner, now of Weatherford, Tex., carried Comrade Moody home, where he died two months later. Thus passed away one of the bravest and best men we had.

"The Cotton Plant fight was the scene of a bloody encounter. A large body of well-equipped Federal soldiers was moving down from Missouri to a conjunction with forces already in Helena, on the Mississippi. Parsons's Brigade of Cavalry, composed of the 12th, 19th, 21st, Morgan's Battalion, and Captain Pratt's battery, was on guard at or near the little town of Cotton Plant, just beyond the east border of White River bottom. The enemy outnumbered us four to one. But our noble little commander determined that he should not reach Helena without a fight. Our line of battle was formed on both sides of the road, down which the enemy came in great numbers. A line of skirmishers soon found the enemy. The battle opened, and charges and countercharges were made. Finally they began to give way slowly; then a hasty retreat came. Lieut. Tom Curington, of Ellis County, Tex., was shot through the heart. He fell from his saddle with his pistol clenched in his right hand. He was in the act of firing when he fell. I leaped from my horse and wrenched the weapon from the hand of the bravest officer in the regiment and later sent it to the widow at home. As I attempted to remount my horse the noble animal received a shot in his right foreleg that disabled him.

"Twenty-one of our boys lost their lives, and many were wounded. But, outnumbered as we were, we sent the well-equipped Federal army back in a hurry in the direction from whence it came. Many horses, mules, and wagons loaded with commissary and quartermaster stores fell into our hands. It was said that the enemy assembled his wagon train with the view of burning it, but it was saved for us. We were hungry for what it contained."

"THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL, VA."

[Continued from page 419.]

instructor at the A. & M. College at Auburn, Ala., speaking of the old regiment he said he believed it furnished more distinguished officers to the Confederate government than any other one regiment in the service. Our colonel, D. H. Hill, rose to the rank of lieutenant general.

REUNION OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

The Executive Committee of the Orphan Brigade, C. S. A., has called for a reunion of the survivors of this command to meet at Tulsa, Okla., in September, 1918, during the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. Gen. W. B. Haldeman will be there, and he extends to all members of his old brigade in good standing an invitation to be his guests at the hotel in Tulsa for the three days of the general meeting. Those members who contemplate attending this Reunion will please notify Mr. John W. Green, 116 South Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky., so General Haldeman may know how many guests to prepare for.

CONFEDERATE NAVAL VETERANS, AHoy!—Headquarters for all Confederate naval veterans attending the Reunion will be found at the Y. M. C. A. in Tulsa, Okla. All Confederate naval veterans immediately upon arrival in Tulsa will report there, register, and get badges.

By order of A. O. WRIGHT, *Admiral Commanding.*

Mrs. Margaret B. Davis writes from Putnam, Ala.: "I remember well the sad days of the War between the States. I was a girl about grown. My father was a soldier; his name was John L. Digman, and he served in Company E, 58th Alabama Regiment, Holtzclaw's Brigade. He was wounded once, but came through all right. I married a soldier by the name of J. B. Davis, and we reared five children, all of them married and gone now. My husband died four years ago at the age of seventy-six years, and I am all alone, seventy years old. I get a pension of \$56 a year, which I am very thankful for; it helps a lot. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is doing a noble work."

David Shields, Shields, Pa.: "Inclosed find money order for renewal of your interesting paper, excepting the labored articles justifying the act of secession. The logic of events is ample proof of the good sense in making you all stay in the Union. The writers of such twaddle should be made to read publicly their contributions. Hurrah for the Union!"

C. C. Anderson, Holly Springs, Miss., writes: "I am seventy-four years old and am glad to contribute my little bit to the VETERAN. May God bless, uphold, and keep the CONFEDERATE VETERAN until its work has been fully accomplished! is the wish of a friend."

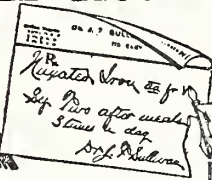
Vic Reinhardt, of 301 North Ann Street, Terrell, Tex., wants to know if Miss Kate Cumming, author of "A Journal of Hospital Life in the Army of Tennessee," is still living and, if so, her address.

Any one having a copy of Captain Allan's "History of the Army of Northern Virginia" for sale will confer a favor by communicating with the VETERAN office.

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Ask the first hundred strong, healthy people you meet to what they owe their strength and see how many reply "Nuxated Iron." Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated iron to quickly enrich the blood, make beautiful, healthy women, and strong, vigorous iron men. To make absolutely cure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous run-down folks in two weeks time, in many instances."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good druggist, with or without a physician's prescription, on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded.

Mrs. S. E. Howie, 133 Bonham Street, Paris, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some comrade of her husband, S. L. Howie, who served in Company A, Ward's Battalion of Infantry. He enlisted from Panola County, Miss., in 1862.

Mrs. Mary Francis Jones, Box 37, Rosebud, Tex., in order to get a pension, wishes to communicate with some member of her husband's company or some one who can testify to his record. His name was James Washington Jones, and he enlisted from Meridian, Miss. He was wounded at Chickamauga.

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TO ALL SOLDIER BOYS NAMED FOR ROBERT E. LEE.

If your name is Robert E. Lee Some-t-h-i-n-g.

You've got to live up to your name, Or a lot of old fellers livin' roun' yet Will jest nacherally know who's to blame.

Your paw an' your maw they started you right;

They picked out the finest they knew As something to p'int you up while you fit.

Do you reach, son? It's true up to you.

Now don't be a runt, For what's easy don't hunt.

On your shoulders a man's load now bring;

All expect it; don't reject it

If your name is Robert E. Lee Some-t-h-i-n-g.

We're straight, we old fellers, The good wimmen tell us.

You can't be as big as your name, secin' that,

Be as big as you can, not askin',

Young man, too much we're not o'er-tasking

You if your name is Robert E. Lee Some-t-h-i-n-g.

—Flora Ellice Stevens.

SOME COMFORTING FACTS.

There was recently published a collection of facts that should be given to every family from which men have gone into the service. It is offered by the *Western Review* and is founded upon official figures. These figures show that

The soldier has twenty-nine chances of coming back home to one chance of being killed.

He has ninety-eight chances of recovering from a wound to two chances of dying.

He has only one chance in five hundred of losing a limb.

He will live five years longer because of physical training.

He is freer from disease in the army than in civil life.

He has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets.

In this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

This war is less wasteful of life than any other in history.—Selected.

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G. H. Derrick, Pulaski, Va.: "In memory of both mother and father, I send my subscription for three years."

U. J. Owen, Eagleville, Tenn.: "I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* since its beginning, some twenty-five years ago, and hope to be for many more years if conducted as it is now."

W. W. Grigg, of Mount Pleasant, Tex., wants to hear from any survivor of the "volunteer detail" who burned the deck of the Cincinnati gunboat, sunk near the mouth of the Yazoo River, above Vicksburg, by the old siege gun called "Whistling Dick."

—VETERANS—

are invited to send us postal card for our new U. C. V. Uniform Catalog. It will prove interesting and useful in helping them make suitable selections to meet their requirements.

Ask for Catalog 352

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TO

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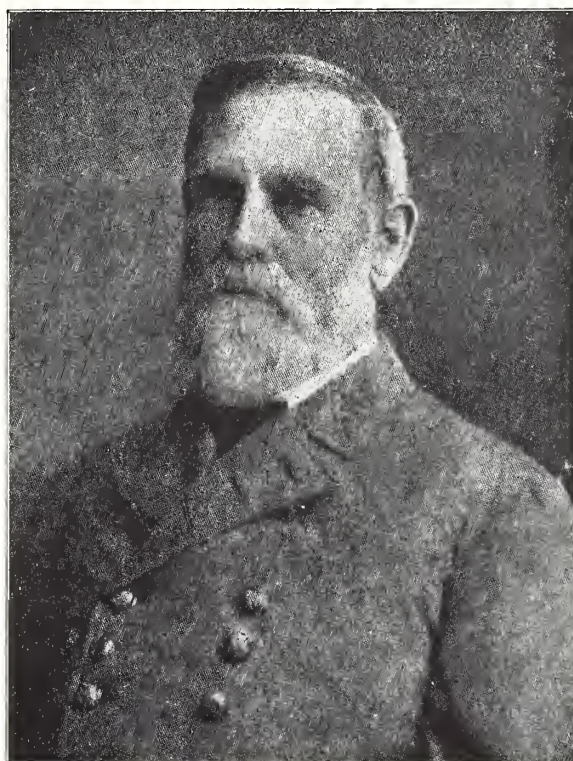
Confederate Veteran.

Exbert J. Jones
U. C. V. Camp
June 20
Cr. C. L. Nolen Adj.

VOL. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1918

NO. 10



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT

Elected Commander in Chief U. C. V. at Tulsa Convention, September, 1918





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Absolutely a booklet sent on request.

W. H. Howard, 1427 Bermyn Avenue, Chicago, Ill., would like to get in correspondence with some of the non-combatants in the villages and on farms along the territory passed over by Sherman in his march to the sea.

Capt. F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky.: "I enjoy and appreciate the contents of the VETERAN as much as ever; and notwithstanding I get all the war news I am looking for, I find time to read and enjoy the VETERAN from cover to cover."

BEST WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Jefferson Davis. Two volumes. Cloth. Net	\$ 7 50
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Half morocco	25 00
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THE FIGHTING LOAN.

As the campaign for the fourth Liberty loan approaches, the American army in France moves on toward Berlin. Under our own leaders the great American army has won a notable victory.

The fourth loan must be a great success. The fourth Liberty loan is a fighting loan.

When our soldiers on the battle front are braving death, each one offering to make the supreme sacrifice for his country and the great cause, we who remain safely at home surely should give them every support, should make every sacrifice to strengthen them. If we cannot fight ourselves, we can make our dollars fight.

It is a great cause for which America is engaged in this war; it is a great struggle in which the very hope of the world is bound up, that is being waged in Europe and on the high seas. It is an honor to have a part in it, and all Americans, all their lives, will be proud of the part they had in it or ashamed of their failure to do their part.

The fourth loan is a fighting loan. Every subscriber to the loan strikes a blow for liberty, for victory.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM FRANCE.

The Food Administration in Michigan credits the *Lansing State Journal* with the following:

Roy E. Carver, of the medical department, 119th Field Artillery, writes in an interesting way of food conditions and the country in France. He says, in part: "The people here buy food only when they have a food card. If they have no food card, they can't buy. Soldiers are not allowed to buy any food in a city. They have to buy what extra food they want in camp, where there is an extra place provided for that purpose. Then they can buy only eight pence worth at a time. Here is one place where money will not talk.

"Take my tip and tell the people not to waste food. They don't see why now, but if they were placed as these foreign countries are they would realize it then. You see, the people are allowed only so much, so that the soldiers may have more. We have good, healthy stuff to eat here. I like the war bread better than I do white bread. It is something like brown bread and sure is nourishing. We have sugar in our coffee and are certainly living high for soldiers."

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1918.

No. 10 S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
FOUNDER.

NEW COMMANDERS U. C. V.

Commander in Chief, Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Tex.

Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.

Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.

Commander Army of Tennessee Department, Gen. C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.

GEN. K. M. VANZANDT.

Gen. K. M. VanZandt, the new Commander in Chief, is one of the most beloved of Confederate veterans, in every way worthy of this high honor, and comes to the office after many years of prominent connection with the organization. For ten years he was Commander of the Texas Division and succeeded to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1910, when General Cabell was made its Honorary Commander. His record as a Confederate soldier is among the best. He first enlisted in the State service in June, 1861, and in October he was transferred to the Confederate army as Captain of Company D, 7th Texas Infantry, which went into service east of the Mississippi. He was among the prisoners surrendered at Fort Donelson and spent eleven months at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island. After being exchanged at Vicksburg, his regiment was sent to VanDorn at Holly Springs, later was under Gen. Frank Gardner at Port Hudson, and then went to the command under Pemberton in Mississippi; and he was with Johnston in the Mississippi campaign of the summer of 1863 and with Bragg at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, where he commanded his regiment. On account of bad health he was sent by General Hardee to the Trans-Mississippi during the winter of 1863-64 to secure recruits for his regiment; and continued bad health forced him to give up field duties in the spring of 1864, when Gen. E. Kirby Smith assigned him to post duty, in which he continued to the end, being paroled at Marshall, Tex., May 1, 1865.

Although a native of Tennessee, General VanZandt has spent the greater part of his life in Texas, his parents having removed to that State when he was a small boy. In the fall

of 1865 he removed his family to Fort Worth, then a small village. He has been one of its most public-spirited citizens, generous in his success, and always devoted to his Confederate comrades.

STANDING BEHIND THE PRESIDENT.

One of the first acts of the U. C. V. Convention was the passage of a resolution giving unqualified indorsement of President Wilson and his administration. It was as follows:

"The United Confederate Veterans' Association, in convention assembled, desires to go on record before the world with reference to the great world war our country now is engaged in as heart and soul back of the Washington administration and one hundred per cent loyal to the colors. Therefore

"Be it resolved, That we hereby pledge our best and continuous efforts in upholding the hands of our great President in his faithful execution of the most gigantic trust ever placed upon the heart and brain of a human being, adding our prayers to the God of all earth that his life and his health may be precious in divine sight and that he may be continuously guided by heavenly wisdom through all the difficulties he must encounter until, in the providence of God, there comes the full and glorious fruitage of our nation's struggles and sacrifices in behalf of democratic liberty for all mankind."

MESSAGE TO GENERAL HARRISON.

Owing to illness, Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., was not able to attend the Convention at Tulsa, and the following message of sympathy and good wishes was sent to him at his home in Opelika, Ala.: "Your comrades now assembled in the twenty-eighth Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Tulsa, Okla., deeply regret your enforced absence. They are much distressed to learn of your temporary indisposition. They wish for you a speedy recovery. They pray your life may be long extended, and they send you their choicest benedictions and sincere and profoundest sympathies."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

COMMENDATION FROM A HIGH SOURCE.

Judge Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., Commander District of Columbia Brigade, U. C. V., formerly Judge of the U. S. Court of Claims, writes as follows:

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a publication that should be in the hands of every living Confederate soldier, and the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers should perpetuate its existence for the benefit of posterity. In the history of warfare there is no more brilliant page than the deeds of those who held at bay for four long years the legions of a vastly superior force in defense of rights guaranteed to our section by the Constitution of our common country. That time will continue to vindicate our labors for the good of the whole country is the prayer of one of those who in his boyhood believed in the righteousness of our cause when the conflict was on, and without variableness or the shadow of turning has adhered to the belief that the cause was right and one to be forever justified."

AMERICANS OR YANKEES?

The press of the country seems determined to fasten a nickname upon the American soldiers in France, whether it is acceptable to them or not. The better plan would be to let them select the name by which they are to be known, and so far they have preferred to be called Americans. That England has her "Tommies" and France her "Poilus" need call for no similar designation for the soldiers of the United States, and especially should there be no discrimination against any section if they are to be otherwise designated.

There is reason for protest against the nickname of "Yanks," not only because of its meaning to the people of the South, but to the world. The "Yankee Nation" was a contemptuous reference by the people of Europe in pre-war days, and they cannot be expected now to understand that the people who heretofore resented the term are proud to fasten it upon their brave soldiers. The following, from C. W. Lively, of Sapulpa, Okla., makes the objection stronger:

"From recent press reports it seems that Chief of Staff March has apparently given official recognition to the appellation of 'Yankees' as the name by which our boys in France will be known. I do not like to offer anything that would seem disloyal in any way, but as a Virginian by birth, a Southerner in all my beliefs, and as the son of a Confederate veteran, I do feel that a protest should be made against this seeming insult to the South. As far as I am concerned and as far as my acquaintance goes with friends in the South, I know that the word 'Yankee' has two meanings. That by which the Union soldiers were referred to in the War between the States is not to most Southerners repulsive; but the other and general sense, which applies to the New Englander and sometimes to New Yorkers, is both repulsive and hateful. To call all the boys in the American army 'Yankees' would be, it seems to me, an insult to many of them. I always thought of a Yankee as one who would

hesitate at nothing to effect an advantageous bargain; and while the New Englander hardly goes that far in his definition, he does seem to apply it to those who are slick traders. Ebenezer Cook, an early colonial poet, wrote these lines expressing his idea of Yankees:

"I met a Yankee, "Yea" and "Nay,"
A pious, conscientious rogue
As e'er wore bonnet or a brogue,
Who neither swore nor kept his word,
But cheated in the fear of God."

"I will be in the draft age under the new law and may be called to fight for my country. I am willing to go, but I could go with a much better heart if I knew that a sectional name which had always been hateful to the South would not be the one given us by official sanction. The European press always referred to 'Yankees' with half contempt, and some name should be agreed upon that would be acceptable to the different sections of the country and especially to a section that is bearing its part nobly and well. We are bound to believe that if there is a sentiment for the term 'Yankee' there has been propaganda for it."

B. C. Campbell, of Opequon, Va., seems to have found the inspiration for the obnoxious term. He wrote the Washington *Times* protesting against calling our boys "Yanks" or "Yankees" and received this reply under date of August 26: "Some days ago we published prominently on the first page a box calling attention to the fact that Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, one of the leading papers of the South, has adopted the name 'Yanks' to designate the American forces now fighting in France. It seems to us that if the name is acceptable to such a reconstructed Confederate as Mr. Watterson it ought to be acceptable to anybody. Certainly the *Times* means no discourtesy in applying the name 'Yanks' to all the American soldiers who are abroad."

Of course, if Mr. Watterson has dubbed them "Yanks," "*Yanks*" they will have to be. But listen to a Yankee opinion as given in the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C.:

"The baptism of our troops in France has taken place in spite of everybody's wishes and plans. 'Whatever you name us, don't call us Sammies!' cried the first Americans to strike the Western front. Yet the name is the only one that seems to appeal to the French, and it is fairly current in all French writing, says the *New York Tribune*.

"When fraternizing with the English began, 'Yankee' was frequently heard. And again protests filled the air. The name was dammed as local and as savoring of old enmities. Yet it has stuck. It had much foreign, world-around custom to back it, custom dating from before the war. Also Mr. George Cohan carelessly embalmed it in 'Over There.' Now it seems to be the common British tag for our troops, 'Yanks' for short, and nobody objects.

"Better names may come out of the future. Meantime let us remember that the surest way to pin a nickname securely on one is to struggle against it. 'Sammies' and 'Yanks' may yet die a natural death before the advance of new and better inspiration if we only let them alone.

"It must be gall and wormwood to the blooded aristocrats, sons of Confederate sires, to be called 'Yanks.' We of the North fought hard enough against the distinctively New England term being applied indiscriminately to everybody north of Mason and Dixon's line, but it availed nothing. We are all Yankees to this day. Now the South has to take its medicine or misnomers."

OUR LAND.

[These lines first appeared in the *Southern Field and Fireside*, a periodical published at Augusta, Ga., in the sixties and edited by John R. Thompson, the poet and litterateur and former editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Written by E. Young, of Lexington, Ga., as the anthem of the Confederate States, to be sung to the air of "God Save the King," the reverence and patriotic sentiment, with the rare poetic value, make them timely now as ever voicing the true spirit that abides with our people.]

O God, our only King,
To thee our hearts we bring;
Now hear us while we sing,
God bless our land!
Grant her prosperity;
Crown her with liberty;
Rule thou her destiny.
God guide our land!

With all thy bounty yields
Crown thou her harvest fields;
And when the sword she wields,
Strengthen her hand!
O'er every enemy
Give her the victory;
Thou who mad'st her, keep her—free.
God keep our land!

In art and letters still
May she increase, until
Time shall his course fulfill.
God help our land!
Her coffers fill with wealth;
Her children bless with health;
God save our commonwealth;
God save our land!

May Justice, Truth, and Love
To all her counsels move,
That in all good she prove
First of all lands.
Pattern of excellence,
Bulwark of innocence,
Freedom's secure defense—
God love our land!

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

Of the general officers of our regular Confederate army, consisting of eight full generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-seven brigadier generals, or four hundred and seventy-five generals as a whole, only eleven now survive and can remind us of their part in the greatest of defensive wars, the Confederate struggle for independence.

This list of the surviving Confederate generals can be absolutely relied on: Brig. Gen. Arthur P. Bagby, Hallettsville, Tex.; Brig. Gen. William R. Cox, Richmond, Va.; Brig. Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.; Brig. Gen. Adam R. Johnson, Austin, Tex.; Brig. Gen. Robert D. Johnston, Winchester, Va.; Brig. Gen. John V. McCausland, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; Brig. Gen. Roger A. Pryor, New York City; Brig. Gen. Felix H. Robertson, Crawford, Tex.; Brig. Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, Nashville, Tenn.; Brig. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.; Maj. Gen. Evander McIver Law, Bartow, Fla.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

BY HUGH BREWSTER, S. C. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

There are a great many people in the North even to-day who have very little confidence in the loyalty of the South to the Union. They, of course, are the ignorant and those so blinded by prejudice that they cannot or will not see and understand matters as they really are.

It is not our purpose to attempt to convince these people that the South is just as loyal to the United States as any part of the country. One has but to note the achievements of her sons to understand the spirit of the South. She has a right to rejoice on account of her record in protecting and preserving the Union since the War between the States. The men of the South, like the heroes they have always proven themselves to be, do not hesitate to give their all, if necessary, to defend our land and protect our common rights. Indeed, the readiness with which the South laid aside the bitter feelings engendered by the armed invasion of its borders, accompanied in many instances by the wanton and inexcusable destruction of its property and the almost barbaric treatment of its citizens, and the unswerving loyalty with which it has rushed to the protection of the people who but yesterday apparently sought to destroy it, has never been equaled in the world's history.

The spirit of the South is worthy of emulation by every home-loving, liberty-loving, brave-hearted people of every land. Many of the men who wore the gray marched and fought side by side with the men who wore the blue in the late Spanish-American War. Their only thought was of the protection of human liberties and American rights. The readiness and cheerfulness with which the sons of the South responded to the call for defenders of our common rights during the Spanish-American War is a fact of which every son of the South can be justly proud.

The present great war continues to demonstrate the true spirit of the South. There has been no change since the days of our terrible conflict of the sixties. It is the same South as when invaded and destroyed by Sherman in his march to the sea. Its spirit has not changed one whit since that day. The same spirit which led our fathers in that war is now directing the sons of the South to deeds of heroism and sacrifice on the battle fields of Europe. Bethel Gresham, one of the first Americans to give his life in the present great war, was the son of a man who fought under Robert E. Lee.

The South has a right to be proud of her history as a promoter and preserver of the highest ideals. And the man, whoever he may be, who does not admire and try to emulate the spirit shown by the sons of the South is unworthy to be called an American, for he has not the spirit of America.

NO USE FOR YANKEES.—An old negro, standing on a street corner in Macon, Ga., on the day after the surrender and watching Wilson's army coming down Cotton Avenue, was told by some one that General Wilson was coming in to set the negroes free, to which he responded: "Ef dat's wot dey's comin' fer, dey mout ez well go right back home, kase Er ain't seed one yit wot Er truss no funder dan Er kin sling er bull ber de tail. De las' one er dem sojers look lak dey'd jess ez soon kill er nigger ez look at him. Dey sho' do look servagrous. Er gwine right home en lock up mer house; en Er don't want ter be sot free, nohow."—*Bridges Smith, in Macon Telegraph.*

GEN. JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY.

[Extracts from a speech delivered by Capt. J. C. Featherston, of Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, on February 6, 1913, in presenting a picture of General Early to Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, Lynchburg, Va.]

In the county of Franklin, near Rocky Mount, Va., on November 3, 1816, Jubal Anderson Early was born. His father was Col. Joab Early, who had held various county offices and represented his county in the Virginia Legislature. Being ambitious for his sons, he gave them all the education obtainable in his county. His mother was Miss Ruth Hairston, of the largest slaveholding family in the State. In 1833 young Early received an appointment to West Point and at once entered the national military academy. Among his classmates were several who figured prominently in the War between the States, one notably being Gen. Joe Hooker. Their hostile attitude thirty years later was antedated by a personal encounter at West Point. In a debating society Hooker made a scurrilous attack on the slaveholders of the South, and among other vile things he said that as soon as the old slaves became unserviceable they were summarily killed and buried. Immediately Early denounced it a slanderous lie, and after the society adjourned he proceeded to vigorously assault Hooker, with results satisfactory to himself.

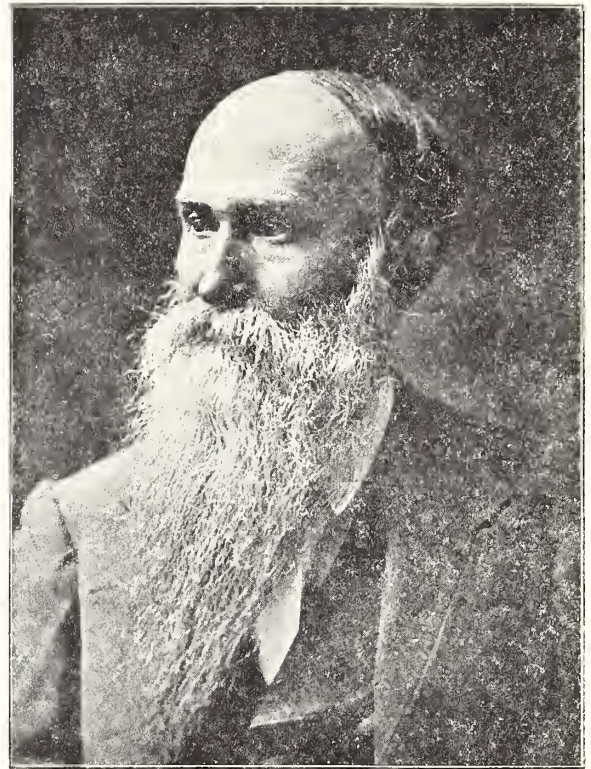
Early graduated in 1837 as a second lieutenant of artillery and was assigned to duty in Florida, where he served several months in the Seminole War. He then resigned his commission in the army and returned to his home, in Franklin, Va., where he studied law and went into a successful practice and soon became commonwealth's attorney. He represented his county two years in the State Legislature. When war was declared with Mexico in 1846, Early tendered his services and was made major of the Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel Hamtramck. After the fall of the City of Mexico, Major Early was made Governor of the City of Monterey. For several months he discharged his duties ably in that capacity. While in service in Mexico he contracted rheumatism, from which his body was so bent that he never recovered from it.

In 1861 Major Early was elected a member of the Secession Convention as a Union man. He was recognized as the most extreme Union man in the body. So extreme was he that an article appeared in the Richmond *Examiner* at that time giving Early the cognomen of "The Terrapin from Franklin." He was the last member to sign the Ordinance of Secession. It was passed over his protest, but he at once tendered his services to Governor Letcher, which were accepted. He was assigned to command of the post at Lynchburg, where he mustered into service ten companies as the 24th Virginia Regiment, and he was appointed to command it. He at once reported to General Beauregard at Manassas and began his active military service, which advanced him to the next highest rank in the Confederate army. He was successively a colonel, brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, and an army commander.

He was engaged in the battles of Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Fauquier Springs, Bristoe, Second Manassas, Oxhill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, Winchester, Spotsylvania, Bethesda, Lynchburg, Monocacy, Washington, Parker's Ford, Shepherdstown, Kernstown, Winchester again, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Waynesboro, and in many lesser affairs. Some of these bat-

tles mean several days' fighting. He was the right-hand man of Jackson in his corps and the same with Lee after Jackson had fallen.

The first time I ever saw General Early was in the battle of Williamsburg, just prior to his being wounded. The command to which I belonged, Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, brought on the battle. While we were driving the enemy through an abatis of fallen timber General Early said: "You



GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

are doing splendidly, men; press them hard." Soon after this General Early was carried to the rear a severely wounded man.

Early was with Lee in both of his Northern invasions and was the only other Confederate general who led two invasions. He won the only battle ever won by Confederate arms beyond the borders of the Confederacy, as witness the defeat of Gen. Lew Wallace at the Monocacy July 9, 1864. His victories in 1864 were the last in which the Army of Northern Virginia drove its foes from the battle field, such as Hunter's flight from Lynchburg June 18 and Wallace's from the Monocacy July 9, 1864. He led the expedition which, though the smallest in numbers, came the nearest of all to capturing Washington, D. C. He was not overcome finally until those in his immediate front were more than threefold his own in numbers; not until the cavalry of his enemy was more numerous than his infantry and reported more men present for duty than his entire command; not until he had killed, captured, and wounded more men than he ever mustered on a battle field.

Soon after the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse Early was made a lieutenant general and assigned to the command of a corps, with orders from Lee to move at once to the Shenandoah Valley to meet an army commanded by the Union general, Hunter. Early had discretionary orders.

Neither he nor General Lee knew the whereabouts of Hunter. Arriving at Charlottesville June 16 in advance of his troops, he received a telegram from General Breckinridge, who was in a hospital in Lynchburg suffering from a fall from his horse, which gave him the first information that Hunter was only forty miles distant and moving down on that city like a besom of destruction. With the instincts of a soldier, Early at once took possession of the trains of the railroad leading to Lynchburg and dispatched his troops thither as rapidly as possible. His army was sixty miles distant, while Hunter's was only forty, and everything depended on speed. Another telegram was received from General Breckinridge informing him that the enemy was at Liberty (now Bedford City), in Bedford County, only twenty-five miles distant. The race then became desperate, with Lynchburg for the prize and destruction the forfeit. By a coincidence a number of distinguished men were in and around Lynchburg, which was at that time a railroad center with factories, foundries, hospitals, and army stores. There was Breckinridge, Ex-Vice President of the United States; Gen. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina, who happened to be in town, was assisting in constructing hasty intrenchments; Gen. Harry T. Hayes, of Louisiana, was there wounded; General Elzy was there to take the place of Breckinridge, wounded, and Gen. Robert Ransome to command the cavalry. On the other side were Hunter, the firebrand, commanding the Northern army, with Gen. R. B. Hayes (afterwards President of the United States) commanding one of his brigades and General Cook and Major McKinley (who subsequently was also President of the United States).

General Early reached Lynchburg in the afternoon of June 17. Not a moment was to spare, for as his troops went at quick time through the streets of the town Hunter was in sight, advancing in line of battle on its southern border. The few troops of Breckinridge, who was in command under Early, were the convalescents from the hospitals, with six guns of the horse artillery, the reduced cavalry brigades of Imboden and McCausland, and the cadets from the Military Institute. These and the Silver Grays (old men) constituted his entire force. The post commander, Gen. Francis Nichols (since Governor of Louisiana), one-armed and one-legged, rode out on the lines to cheer the men with the news that early was arriving. Some of the citizens fled the town, believing it was doomed to destruction. As Hunter's skirmishers were pushing back the Confederate cavalry close to the edge of the town a few pieces of artillery near the toll-gate on Salem Turnpike under Lieut. Carter Berkeley were doing their best to stop the oncomers.

At this time Early's bugler was heard sounding the advance as he came up the streets, closely followed by the skirmishers of Ramseur's North Carolina Division with rapid strides. Following them closely, the troops saw the white hat and black plume of General Early, guided by Dr. John J. Terrell. Looking over toward the enemy, the General exclaimed: "No buttermilk rangers after you now, d—n you." Poor Tinsley sounded his last bugle call; but, like the bagpipes which foretold the rescue at Lucknow, his bugle foretold the rescue of Lynchburg, and on that field he found a soldier's grave.

On the afternoon of the 18th of June Hunter's troops in battle array advanced to the assault, but his attack was feeble and quickly repulsed.

Rodes's Division of Early's command arrived that afternoon from Charlottesville. Early determined to attack at dawn on the 19th; but during the night Hunter retreated,

having lost 100 killed, 500 wounded, and 100 missing. So hasty was his flight that he left all his wounded without surgeons or supplies of any kind. Early at once began pursuit; and that night Ramseur drove his rear guard through Liberty, twenty-five miles away. Hunter passed on into West Virginia; while Early made a detour down the valley to Staunton, where he received reinforcements, and then continued his march to Washington. He crossed the Potomac River and met Gen. Lew Wallace strongly intrenched on the Monocacy. Early at once hurled his army against that of Wallace; and after a fierce and decisive fight, he drove it from the field with a loss of 1,959. The Confederate loss was 700.

On the 11th of July Early's head of column arrived in full view of the city of Washington. Rodes's skirmishers were at once deployed, and the big guns of Washington opened upon them. It has been frequently asked: "Why did not Early capture the capitol, as it was only defended by home guards?" In a conversation with General Early I asked that question, and he said that he had received information of the arrival of the 6th United States Corps and a part of the 19th by the transports coming up the Potomac River from Norfolk. He and General Rodes rode out on the field and were viewing the situation when presently, he said, a blue line leaped over the works, and their skirmishers deployed in the field so accurately that General Rodes exclaimed: "They are no hundred-day men, General. They are veterans."

On further and more thorough investigation Early called a council of war that night, and it was then decided to attack at daybreak, but before dawn he received definite information that the city had been heavily reinforced. Reluctantly then Early determined to withdraw. As he was doing so he was attacked by a part of the 6th Corps while Lincoln and a part of his Cabinet looked on from Fort Stephens. This cost the enemy 280 men, while Early's loss was slight.

Early then recrossed the Potomac River on the 14th of July near Leesburg. This was, indeed, a brilliant campaign. Within thirty days and with less than 4,000 men all told he had driven out of the field the army of Hunter, 18,500 strong, defeated Lew Wallace at the Monocacy and drove his army of 7,000 into Baltimore, and diverted the 6th and 19th Corps from Grant's army. The march of Early from Cold Harbor by Charlottesville to Lynchburg, Salem, Staunton, and Winchester, across the Potomac and to Washington, a distance of 510 miles, without the loss of a gun is almost, if not quite, without a parallel.

I have said that Early in his campaign killed, wounded, and captured more of the enemy than he had ever mustered on a battle field. Sheridan, his principal adversary, reports his own losses at 19,611. The most that Early ever had on his rolls were 15,949, present and absent.

To say that Early had faults is to say that he was human. To say that he made mistakes is to say that he made war.

Gen. R. E. Lee always took upon himself the failure at Gettysburg. It is needless to recount the causes of failures and who made them; for there were many and grievous ones, and grievously did we pay for them. We saw some of them and know who made them and know that they were in some instances attributed to the innocent man.

The world never produced a body of men superior in courage, patriotism, and endurance to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies. Repeatedly did they submit with cheerfulness to hardships which would appear almost incredible and with a wild cheer drove back overwhelming num-

bers of the enemy reeling, staggering, and flying, which thrilled every fiber of our souls. Through the vista of many years I seem to see them now with their shoeless feet, their slouch hats, their gray jackets, their battle flags all tattered and torn, their steps elastic, and their faces eager for the fray, standing defiant and dauntless amidst dead and dying comrades, bronzed, sweat-begrimed, and powder-stained, half starved, half clothed, without reward, without complaint, asking for nothing but orders, fearing nothing but defeat, hoping nothing but victory. I believe them entitled to eternal glory and everlasting life.

Early was a man of great intellectual gifts. His memory was the most accurate and retentive that I have ever known. He was scrupulously honest and truthful. He abhorred shams and nothing probably more than "camp titles." I have frequently heard him say: "I knew of no such officer as Colonel or General So-and-So." "To be and not to seem" was this man's wisdom. He was liberal. He was the first President of the Lee Monument Association and the most liberal of all the contributors to the monument. Indeed, he was never known to fail to contribute to a Confederate monument or a needy Confederate soldier. Lynchburg, which he saved, owes it to herself to build to his memory a monument that will show her appreciation of his protection, for her enemy was at her gates with the torch in one hand and the sword in the other. Early was not ordered to Lynchburg by General Lee; he came of his own volition under discretionary orders.

I can think of only one similar instance in history. When the Turks were besieging Vienna and the city was on the point of surrendering to the enemy, which to them meant destruction, a Polish army led by John Sobieski came down on the Turks and scattered them to the four winds and relieved Vienna. Under the first impulse they almost deified Sobieski, and in their religious enthusiasm one of their priests took for his text the following from the Bible (John i. 16): "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." But Austria forgot in a few years this great blessing and ignominiously joined Prussia and Russia in the partition of Poland. Will Lynchburg forget to honor Early by building to his memory an enduring monument? I hope not.

On March 2, 1893, in the town of Lynchburg and in the seventy-eighth year of his age, General Early passed away. I assisted his former chief of staff, U. S. Senator John W. Daniel, in arranging the program for his funeral. One of his former chaplains, Dr. T. M. Carson, preached his funeral from the text: "A prince in Israel has fallen." Floral tributes, letters, and telegrams poured in from all quarters. Many of his old soldiers and officers from a distance were present. The State flag hung at half-mast over the capitol. Every proper respect was shown to his memory. We clothed him in Confederate gray, which he always wore, and buried him in a Confederate gray coffin on a beautiful site which was donated by Spring Hill Cemetery, but a short distance from the spot where he had his field headquarters when he saved Lynchburg from destruction. There let him rest.

"The lightning may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not; he's free from all pain.
He sleeps his last sleep; he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again."

Virginia holds the dust of many a faithful son, not one of whom loved her more or fought for her better or would have died for her more willingly than Gen. Jubal Anderson Early.

WOMAN'S SERVICE IN WAR.*

[In her "Reminiscences of Peace and War" Mrs. Roger A. Pryor gives an interesting account of her work with the women of Richmond in the hospitals there after the Seven Days' fighting about the city. The extract here given vividly portrays both humor and pathos in that service, and it will doubtless be to many yet living a reminder of similar experiences.]

The intense heat of July 26 has been noted in many of the diaries and records of the day. I remember it because I had feared its unfavorable effect upon my husband, not yet discharged by his physicians and now lying weak and listless upon his bed at the Spotswood Hotel.

I was reading aloud to him the news in the morning papers, fanning him the while, when a peremptory knock at the door sent me to my feet. An ominous note was handed in to "Brigadier General Pryor." Upon reading it my husband slipped to the side of the bed and reached out for his cavalry boots. The note ran: "Dear General Pryor, put yourself at once at the head of your brigade. In thirty-six hours it will all be over. Longstreet." Before I realized the tremendous importance of the order he was gone.

McClellan was almost at the gates of the city. The famous Seven Days' fight was about to begin.

Several of the officers of our brigade were in the hotel, and I ran out to find their wives and learn more news from them. On the stairs I met Colonel Scott, and as he passed me he exclaimed: "No time until I come back, madam." Turning, he paused, raised his hand, and said solemnly: "If I ever come back." The wife of Captain Poindexter came up at the moment. She was weeping and wringing her hands. "Do you think," she said, "that we could drive out to camp and see them once more before they march?"

We hurried into the street, found a carriage, and, urging our driver to his utmost speed, were soon in sight of the camp. All was hurry and confusion there. Ambulances were hitching up, troops forming in line, servants running hither and thither, horses standing to be saddled, and light army wagons loading with various camp utensils.

Captain Whitner, of the General's staff, met me and said, as he conducted me to my husband's tent: "The General will be so glad to see you, madam. He is lying down to rest a few minutes before we move."

He opened his arms to me as I went in, but there were no sad words. We spoke cheerily to each other, but, unable to control myself, I soon ran out to find John and see that he had provided brandy and cold tea—the latter a necessity, lest good water should be unprocurable. Never have I seen such a number of flies. They blackened the land, corrupted the food, and tormented the nervous horses. When I returned, Mrs. Poindexter was standing outside the tent waiting for me. "I can see my husband only at the head of his company," she said. "Look! they are forming the line."

We stood aside as the brigade formed in marching order. The stern command, "Fall in, fall in!" reached us from company after company stretching far down the road. My husband mounted his horse and, drawing his sword, gave the order to advance, "Head of column to the right," and with steady tramp they filed past us—the only two women, of the many who loved them, who had known of their going and had come out to cheer and bless them.

We could not bear to remain a moment after they left.

*From "Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Sarah Agnes Pryor. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Finding our carriage, we were about to enter when the driver pointed back with his whip. There, sure enough, rose the puffs of blue smoke from McClellan's guns—so near, so near!

We set our faces homeward, two stunned, tearless women, neither yet able to comfort the other. Presently the carriage stopped, and the driver, dismounting, came to the door. "Lady," said he, "there's a man lying on the roadside. We just passed him. Maybe he's drunk, but he 'pears to me to look mighty sick."

Fanny Poindexter and I were out of the carriage in less than a minute, embracing the opportunity for action—the relief for tense feelings.

The man wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier. His eyes were closed. Was he asleep? We feared the worst when we perceived a thin thread of blood trickling slowly from a wound in his throat and staining his shirt. We knelt beside him, and Fanny gently pressed her handkerchief upon the wound, whereupon he opened his eyes, but was unable to speak. "What in the world are we to do?" said my friend. "We can't possibly leave him here."

"I can tote him to the carriage," said the kind-hearted driver. "He ain' no heavyweight, an' we can car' 'im to dat hospital jus' at de aidge of town. Come now, sir! Don't you be afeared. I'll tote you like a baby."

We were terrified, lest he should die before we reached the hospital. To avoid jolting we crawled at a snail's pace, and great was our relief when we drew up at the open door of the hospital and summoned a surgeon. He ordered out a stretcher and took our patient in, and we waited in a little reception room until we could learn the verdict after an examination of his injuries.

"It is well for him, poor fellow," said the surgeon upon returning to report to us, "that you found him when you did. His wound is not serious, but he was slowly bleeding to death. Which of you pressed that handkerchief to it?"

I had to acknowledge that my friend had rendered this service. She was one of those nervous, teary little women who could rise to an occasion.

"He had probably been sent to the rear after he was wounded and tried to find General Pryor's camp," said the doctor. "He missed his way and went farther than necessary. It has all turned out right. He is able now to write his name, 'Ernstorff.' So you see he is doing well. When you pass this way you must call and see him."

We never went that way again. Two years afterwards I was accosted at a railway station by a handsome young officer, who said he had never forgotten, never would forget me. He was Lieutenant Ernstorff.

All the afternoon the dreadful guns shook the earth and thrilled our souls with horror. I shut myself in my darkened room. At twilight I had a note from Governor Letcher telling me that a fierce battle was raging and inviting me to come to the Governor's mansion. From the roof one might see the flash of musket and artillery. No, I did not wish to see the infernal fires. I preferred to wait and watch alone in my room.

The city was strangely quiet. Everybody had gone out to the hills to witness the aurora of death to which we were later to become so accustomed. As it grew dark a servant entered to light my candles, but I forbade her. Did I not mean to go to supper? I would have coffee brought to me. God only knew what news I might hear before morning. I must keep up my strength.

The night was hot and close. I sat at an open window, watching for couriers on the street. The firing ceased about

nine o'clock. Surely now somebody would remember us and come to us.

As I leaned on the window sill, with my head on my arms, I saw two young men walking slowly down the deserted street. They paused at a closed door opposite me and sat down upon the lower step. Presently they chanted a mournful strain in a minor key, like one of the occasional interludes of Chopin which reveal so much of dignity in sorrow. I was powerfully affected—as I always am by such music—and found myself weeping, not for my own changed life, not for my own sorrows, but for the dear city, the dear, doomed city, so loved, so loved!

A full moon was rising behind the trees in the Capitol Square. Soon the city would be flooded with light, and then—would the invading host come in to desecrate and destroy? How dear the city had always been to me! I could remember one just such night as this when I was a little child. The splendor, the immensity of the city had so oppressed me, coming, as I had come, from the quiet country, that I could not sleep. Hot and fevered and afraid, I had risen from my little bed beside my sleeping mother and had stolen to the window to look out. Like tonight, there was a solemn moon in the sky; like tonight, an awful stillness in the city. Just below me a watchman had called out: "All's well!" Presently the cry was repeated at a distance: "All's well!" Fainter and fainter grew the echoes until it became a whisper, far away in the distant streets. The watchmen were, telling me, I thought, telling all the helpless little babies and children, all the sick people and old people, that God was taking care of them; that "All's well, all's well!"

Ah! forever gone was the watchman, forever silent the cry. Never, never again could all be well with us in old Virginia. Never could we stifle the memories of this bitter hour. The watchman on the nation's tower might some day mark the triumphant return of this invading host and declare: "All's well!" Our hearts would never hear. Too much blood, too much death, too much anguish! Our tears would never be able to wash away the memory of it all.

And so the night wore on, and I waited and watched. Before dawn a hurried footstep brought a message from the battle field to my door. "The General, madam, is safe and well. Colonel Scott has been killed. The General has placed a guard around his body, and he will be sent here early tomorrow. The General bids me say he will not return. The fight will be renewed and will continue until the enemy is driven away."

My resolution was taken. My children were safe with their grandmother. I would write; I would ask that every particle of my household linen, except a change, should be rolled into bandages, all my fine linen be sent me for compresses, and all forwarded as soon as possible. I would enter the new hospital which had been improvised in Kent & Paine's warehouse and would remain there as a nurse as long as the armies were fighting around Richmond.

But the courier was passing on his rounds with news for others. Presently Fanny Poindexter, in tears, knocked at my door. "She is bearing it like a brave Christian woman."

"She! Why? Tell me quick!"

"Mrs. Scott," I had to tell her.

She simply said: "O, I shall see him once more! The General wrote to her from the battle field and told her how nobly her husband died—leading his men in the thick of the fight—and how he had helped to save the city."

Alas that the city should have needed saving! What had

Mrs. Scott and her children done? Why should they suffer? Who was to blame for it all?

Kent & Paine's warehouse was a large, airy building, which had, I understood, been offered by the proprietors for a hospital immediately after the battle of Seven Pines. McClellan's advance upon the city had heavily taxed the capacity of the hospitals already established.

When I reached the warehouse, early on the morning after the battle at Mechanicsville, I found cots in process of preparation. An aisle between the rows of narrow beds stretched to the rear of the building. Broad stairs led to a story above, where other cots were being laid. The volunteer matron was a beautiful Baltimore woman, Mrs. Wilson. When I was presented to her as a candidate for admission, her serene eyes rested doubtfully upon me for a moment. She hesitated. Finally she said: "The work is very exacting. There are so few of us that our nurses must do anything and everything—make beds, wait upon anybody, and often half a dozen at a time."

"I will engage to do all that," I declared, and she permitted me to go to a desk at the farther end of the room and enter my name.

As I passed by the rows of occupied cots I saw a nurse kneeling beside one of them, holding a pan for a surgeon. The red stump of an amputated arm was held over it. The next thing I knew I myself was lying on a cot, and a spray of cold water was falling over my face. I had fainted. Opening my eyes, I found the matron standing beside me.

"You see, it is as I thought. You are unfit for this work. One of the nurses will conduct you home."

The nurse's assistance was declined, however. I had given trouble enough for one day and had only interrupted those who were really worth something. A night's vigil had been poor preparation for hospital work. I resolved I would conquer my culpable weakness. It was all very well, these heroics in which I indulged, these paroxysms of patriotism, this adoration of the defenders of my fireside. The defender in the field had naught to hope from me in case he should be wounded in my defense.

I took myself well in hand. Why had I fainted? I thought it was because of the sickening, dead odor in the hospital, mingled with that of acids and disinfectants. Of course this would always be there—and worse, as wounded men filled the rooms. I provided myself with *sal volatile* and spirits of camphor (we wore pockets in our gowns in those days) and, thus armed, I presented myself again to Mrs. Wilson.

She was as kind as she was refined and elegant. "I will give you a place near the door," she said, "and you must run out into the air at the first hint of faintness. You will get over it, see if you don't."

Ambulances began to come in and unload at the door. I soon had occupation enough, and a few drops of camphor on my handkerchief tided me over the worst. The wounded men crowded in and sat patiently awaiting their turn. One fine little fellow of fifteen unrolled a handkerchief from his wrist to show me his wound. "There's a bullet in there," he said proudly. "I'm going to have it cut out and then go right back into the fight. Isn't it lucky it's my left hand?"

As the day wore on I became more and more absorbed in my work. I had, too, the stimulus of a reproof from Miss Deborah Couch, a brisk, efficient middle-aged lady, who asked no quarter and gave none. She was standing beside me a moment with a bright tin pan filled with pure water, into which I foolishly dipped a finger to see if it were warm, to learn if I would

be expected to provide warm water when I should be called upon to assist the surgeon.

"This water, madam, was prepared for a raw wound," said Miss Deborah sternly. "I must now make the surgeon wait until I get more."

Miss Deborah, in advance of her time, was a germ theorist. My touch evidently was contaminating.

As she charged down the aisle with a pan of water in her hand everybody made way. She had known of my "fine-lady faintness," as she termed it, and I could see she despised me for it. She had volunteered, as all the nurses had, and she meant business. She had no patience with nonsense, and truly she was worth more than all the rest of us.

"Where can I get a little ice?" I one day ventured of Miss Deborah.

"Find it," she rejoined as she rapidly passed on. But find it I never did. Ice was an unknown luxury until brought to us later from private houses.

But I found myself thoroughly reinstated—with surgeons, matron, and Miss Deborah—when I appeared a few days later accompanied by a man bearing a basket of clean, well-rolled bandages, with promise of more to come. The Petersburg women had gone to work with a will upon my tablecloths, sheets and dimity counterpanes and even the chintz furniture covers. My springlike green-and-white chintz bandages appeared on many a manly arm and leg. My fine linen underwear and napkins were cut by the sewing circle at the Spotswood, according to the surgeon's directions, into lengths two inches wide, then folded two inches, doubling back and forth in a smaller fold each time, until they formed pointed wedges for compresses.

Such was the sudden and overwhelming demand for such things that, but for my own and similar donations of household linen, the wounded men would have suffered. The war had come upon us suddenly. Many of our ports were already closed, and we had no stores laid up for such an emergency.

The bloody battle of Gaines's Mill soon followed, then Frazier's Farm within the week, and at once the hospital was filled to overflowing. Every night a courier brought me tidings of my husband. When I saw him at the door my heart would die within me. One morning John came in for certain supplies. After being reassured as to his master's safety, I asked: "Did he have a comfortable night, John?"

"He sho'ly did! Marse Roger cert'nly was comfortable las' night. He slep' on de field 'twixt two daid horses."

The women who worked in Kent & Paine's hospital never seemed to weary. After awhile the wise matron assigned us hours, and we went on duty with the regularity of trained nurses. My hours were from seven to seven during the day, with the promise of night service should I be needed. Efficient, kindly negro women assisted us. Their motherly manner soothed the prostrate soldier, whom they always addressed as "son." Many fine young fellows lost their lives for want of prompt attention. They never murmured. They would give way to those who seemed to be more seriously wounded than themselves, and the latter would recover, while from the slighter wounds gangrene would supervene from delay. Very few men ever walked away from that hospital. They died, or friends found quarters for them in the homes in Richmond. None complained. Unless a poor man grew delirious, he never groaned. There was an atmosphere of gentle kindness, a suppression of emotion for the sake of others.

Every morning the Richmond ladies brought for our patients such luxuries as could be procured in that scarce time. The city was in peril, and distant farmers feared to bring in their

fruits and vegetables. One day a patient-looking middle-aged man said to me: "What would I not give for a bowl of chicken broth like that my mother used to give me when I was a sick boy!" I perceived one of the angelic matrons of Richmond at a distance, stooping over the cots, and found my way to her and said: "Dear Mrs. Mahen, have you a chicken? And could you send some broth to No. 39?" She promised, and I returned with her promise to the poor wounded fellow. He shook his head. "To-morrow will be too late," he said.

I had forgotten the circumstances next day, but at noon I happened to look toward cot No. 39, and there was Mrs. Mahen herself. She had brought the chicken broth in a pretty china bowl, with napkin and silver spoon, and was feeding my doubting Thomas, to his great satisfaction.

It was at this hospital, I have every reason to believe, that the little story originated, which was deemed good enough to be claimed by other hospitals, of the young girl who approached a sick man with a pan of water in her hand and a towel over her arm. "Mayn't I wash your face?" said the girl timidly.

"Well, lady, you may if you want to," said the man wearily. "It has been washed fourteen times this morning, but it can stand another time, I reckon."

I discovered that I had not succeeded, despite many efforts, in winning Miss Deborah. I learned that she was affronted because I had not shared my offerings of jelly and fruit with her, for her special patients. Whenever I ventured to ask a loan from her of a pan or a glass of water or the little things of which we never had enough, she would reply: "I must keep them for the nurses who understand reciprocity. Reciprocity is a rule *some* persons never seem to comprehend." When this was hammered into my slow conception, I rose to the occasion. I turned over to Miss Deborah the entire contents of a basket the landlord of the Spotswood had given me, and she made my path straight before me ever afterwards.

At the end of a week the matron had promoted me! Instead of carving the fat bacon to be dispensed with corn bread for the hospital dinner, or standing between two rough men to keep away the flies, or fetching water, or spreading sheets on cots, I was assigned to regular duty with one patient. The first of these proved to be young Colonel Coppens, of my husband's brigade. I could comfort him very little, for he was wounded past recovery. I spoke little French and could only try to keep him as far as possible from annoyance. To my great relief, place was found for him in a private family. There he soon died—the gallant fellow I had admired on his horse a few months before.

Then I was placed beside the cot of Mr. (or Captain) Boyd, of Mecklenburg, and was admonished by the matron not to leave him alone. He was the most patient sufferer in the world, gentle, courteous, always considerate, never complaining. I observed that he often closed his eyes and sighed. "Are you in pain, Captain?" "No, no," he would say gently. One day when I returned from my "rest" I found the matron sitting beside him. Tears were running down her cheeks. She motioned me to take her place and then added: "No, no, I will not leave him."

The Captain's eyes were closed, and he sighed wearily at intervals. Presently he whispered slowly,

"There everlasting spring abides,"

then sighed and seemed to sleep for a moment.

The matron felt his pulse and raised a warning hand. The sick man's whisper went on:

"Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

The surgeon stood at the foot of the bed and shook his head. The nurses gathered around with tearful eyes. Presently in clear tones,

"Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Shall fright us—from—the—shore,"

and in a moment more the Christian soldier had crossed the river and lain him down to rest under the trees.

Each of the battles of those days brought a harvest of wounded to our hospital. I used to veil myself closely as I walked to and from my hotel, that I might shut out the dreadful sights in the streets—the squads or prisoners and, worst of all, the open wagons in which the dead were piled. Once I *did* see one of those dreadful wagons! In it a stiff arm was raised and shook as it was driven down the street, as though the dead owner appealed to Heaven for vengeance—a horrible sight never to be forgotten.

After one of the bloody battles—I know not if it was Gaines's Mill or Frazier's Farm or Malvern Hill—a splendid young officer, Colonel Brockenbrough, was taken to our hospital, shot almost to pieces. He was borne up the stairs and placed on a cot, his broken limbs in supports swinging from the ceiling. The wife of General Mahone and I were permitted to assist in nursing him. A young clergyman was in constant attendance, coming at night that we might rest. Our patient held a court in his corner of the hospital. Such a dear, gallant, cheery fellow, handsome and with a grand air even as he lay prostrate! Nobody ever heard him complain. He would welcome us in the morning with the brightest smile. His aid said: "He watches the head of the stairs and calls up that look for your benefit." "O," he said one day, "you can't guess what's going to happen! Some ladies have been here and left all these roses and cologne and such, and somebody has sent champagne! We are going to have a party!"

Ah! but we knew he was very ill. We were bidden to watch him every minute and not be deceived by his own spirits. Mrs. Mahone spent her life hunting for ice. My constant care was to keep his canteen, to which he clung with affection, filled with fresh water from a spring not far away, and I learned to give it to him so well that I allowed no one to lift his head for his drink during my hours.

One day, when he was alone, I was fanning him and thought he was asleep. He said gravely: "Mrs. Pryor, beyond that curtain they hung up yesterday poor young Mitchell is lying. They think I don't know. But I heard when they brought him in. As I lie here I listen to his breathing. I haven't heard it now for some time. Would you mind seeing if he is all right?"

I passed behind the curtain. The young soldier was dead. His wide-open eyes seemed to meet mine in mute appeal. I had never seen nor touched a dead man, but I laid my hands upon his eyelids and closed them. I was standing thus when his nurse, a young volunteer like myself, came to me. "I couldn't do that," she said; "I went for the doctor. I'm so glad you could do it!"

When I returned Colonel Brockenbrough asked no questions, and I knew that his keen sense had already instructed him.

To be cheerful and uncomplaining was the unwritten law of our hospital. No bad news was ever mentioned, no foreboding or anxiety. Mrs. Mahone was one day standing beside Colonel Brockenbrough when a messenger from the front suddenly announced that General Mahone had received a flesh wound. Commanding herself instantly, she merrily exclaimed: "*Flesh* wound! Now, you all know that is *just*

impossible!" The General had no flesh; he was as thin and attenuated as he was brave.

As Colonel Brockenbrough grew weaker I felt self-reproach that no one had offered to write letters for him. His friend the clergyman had said to me: "That poor boy is engaged to a lovely young girl. I wonder what is best? Would it grieve him to speak of her? You ladies have so much tact, you might bear it in mind. An opportunity might offer for you to discover how he feels about it." The next time I was alone with him I ventured: "Now, Colonel, one mustn't forget absent friends, you know, even if fair ladies do bring perfumes and roses and what not. I have some ink and paper here. Shall I write a letter for you? Tell me what to say." He turned his head and with a half-amused smile of perfect intelligence looked at me for a long time. Then an upward look of infinite tenderness—but the message was never sent, never needed from a true heart like his. One night I was awakened from my first sleep by a knock at my door and a summons to "come to Colonel Brockenbrough." When I reached his bedside I found the surgeon, the clergyman, and the Colonel's aid. The patient was unconscious; the end was near. We sat in silence. Once when he stirred I slipped my hand under his head and put his canteen once more to his lips. After a long time his breathing ceased, with no evidence of pain. We waited awhile, and then the young soldier who had been detailed to nurse him rose, crossed the room, and, stooping over, kissed me on my forehead and went out to his duty in the ranks.

Two weeks later I was in my room, resting after a hard day, when a haggard officer, covered with mud and dust, entered. It was my husband.

"My men are all dead," he said with anguish, and, falling across the bed, he gave vent to the passionate grief of his heart.

Thousands of Confederate soldiers were killed, thousands wounded. Richmond was saved!

JOHNSTON'S PLAN TO CAPTURE GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

BY JOHN J. BRADFORD, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Having been a captain of Company G, 3d Mississippi Infantry, Featherstone's Brigade, Loring's Division, Johnston's Army, I heartily indorse all that Comrade H. S. Taylor, of the 30th Tennessee Regiment, states in the May issue of the *VETERAN* touching our gallant old commander, Joseph E. Johnston. But it is well to keep our history correct, and Comrade Taylor is in error in asserting that "General Johnston was expected to attack Grant with his (Johnston's) handful of men." Shortly after the battle of Baker's Creek, which was fought by General Bowen, General Johnston began the concentration of an army on the south side of Big Black River, about ten miles above the railroad bridge and about the same distance from Vicksburg, then (June, 1863) surrounded by Grant's army of ninety thousand.

By the middle or the 20th of June General Johnston had gathered under his command Loring's, Breckinridge's, and Walker's Divisions, with corresponding proportions of artillery and cavalry. Not regarding his force sufficient for an attack on Grant's rear, the object being to relieve the garrison at Vicksburg, consisting of about thirty-five thousand Confederates, he delayed making the contemplated attack a week or ten days, awaiting the arrival of French's Division, which came the last of June. With these four di-

visions, General Johnston had about thirty-five thousand fighting men, besides artillery and cavalry. In the meantime, and while awaiting the arrival of French's Division, he was sending spies through Grant's lines almost daily to General Pemberton, advising him of his movements. After the arrival of French's Division, General Johnston notified General Pemberton that he would attack Grant in the rear at daylight on the Fourth of July and that when the attack was made General Pemberton was to attack Grant in front and join the rest of his army. This would have given General Johnston an effective army of at least seventy-five thousand men, almost equal to that of Grant. With this army it was General Johnston's purpose to cut Grant off from his transports.

If Comrade Taylor remembers, General Johnston's army was drawn up by brigades in hollow squares on the 3d of July, and his entire army had revealed to them his whole plan of attack and his expected capture of Grant and his army. Every detail of the plan of attack was disclosed to the army through mail order of General Johnston. Breckinridge's Division had the pontoon bridges in position in the Big Black River, and Loring's Division was to make the attack at daylight on the 4th of July, supported by Breckinridge. But on that sad and fateful 4th General Pemberton wholly disregarded and disobeyed General Johnston's specific order by a surrender to Grant on that morning. By the disobedience of this order a great disaster overwhelmed the Confederacy, and that, with the battle of Gettysburg against us the same day, sealed the doom of State rights and a Southern republic.

Early on the 5th of July Johnston began his retreat to Jackson, reaching there the afternoon of the next day, closely pursued by Grant's army, and there he made a heroic defense for eight days.

In his extended report of the surrender of Vicksburg and his plan to relieve the garrison and capture Grant's army General Johnston criticized General Pemberton very severely for disobeying his orders. No general of any army was more trusted and bound to his men in mutual confidence and admiration; and if we accept General Sherman's estimate, "he was second to no general."

KIFFIN ROCKWELL.

(The "happy landing" of a "happy warrior" on September 23, 1916.)

Thus spake our stalwart son: "I go my part
To pay for Lafayette and Rochambeau.

Should Fate be false and favor foe,
To God, my soul; to dust, my dust; to France, my heart!"

His dauntless deeds were freely given,

Until a flash and smash and crash through air
Above the fought-on fields of France, somewhere,
And brave, bold youth knocks at the gates of heaven!

Then silent, swift the glory gates ope wide.

O, canst thou tell me who is there to meet,
O, canst thou tell me who is there to greet
The stranger where the deathless dead abide?

I hear a voice sound from the vault of blue;

In accents clear Monsieur le Marquis speaks
(He kisses Kiffin on both his cheeks):

"Mon fils, bienvenue! Entrez vous!" —Joan Molloy.

WHAT THE YANKEES DID TO US.

BY L. C. VARNADOE, THOMASVILLE, GA.

It is remarkable what curious ideas the children entertained of the impending conflict between the North and the South as a result of hearing their elders discuss it. My younger sister inquired innocently if the expected invaders of our land had tails and, if so, how they managed about sitting down. But before the end of the war we all as a family became well acquainted with the genus Yankee, both in the wild and tame aspects, having seen him abroad in the land during Sherman's famous raid through Georgia and afterwards by thousands in confinement in the great prison stockade at Andersonville.

At the breaking out of the war we were living in Liberty County, Ga., one of the coast counties, and I was eleven years of age. The first positive evidence of hostilities that came to the notice of our family circle was the roar of the cannon during the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter, at Charleston, S. C. The detonations of the guns rattled the window sashes of our house, and we realized with sadness, mingled with fear, that the great struggle had actually begun. Even the countenances of the negroes as well as those of the white folks showed anxiety and distress. It was believed by many that this last bloody outbreak of human rage and strife meant the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy of the world's destruction; that the prelude of "wars and rumors of wars" and other forebodings spoken of in the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel had been entered upon, to be speedily followed by the dissolution of all things mundane.

My father, L. L. Varnadoe, was appointed quartermaster of Colonel Millin's battalion, which was at first encamped on the coast of our county to perform guard duty. The novelty of it and the immunity from danger were such as to make this duty a sort of picnic for the recruits, especially the younger element, those who were in their "teens"; but the day soon came when the battalion was ordered away to Virginia, and was there destined to see the more serious side of war.

The departure of my father left our family without a head. The family consisted of my mother and six children, of whom I was the eldest, all left to the care and mercy, I might say, of the negro foreman, or "driver," as he was called in those days, of the plantation and some fifty slaves under his charge. And right here I must say that the services rendered and the attention shown us by these negroes in servitude during my father's absence were both faithful and exemplary. My mother at this time felt so lonely without a grown man in the house that she used to keep us children awake as long as she could by telling us stories in order to have our company for at least a part of the long winter nights.

My father's service in Virginia covered a period of about two years, when he was transferred to Lawton, Ga., to assist in the building of a stockade for a prison camp. This camp was just completed when the coming of Sherman's invading army compelled its hasty abandonment and the removal of the prisoners to Andersonville. Our family still remained in Liberty County, while father went on to Thomasville, where the prisoners were kept for a while previous to their removal to Andersonville.

Now came to us the exciting period of the approach of Sherman's army. On all sides we could hear the alarming cry: "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!" We removed from our plantation to the village, so as to have the company of near neighbors. It was currently reported

and believed that the Federal soldiers would slay all male children without mercy. There were three of us boys, belonging to as many separate families, who were directed by our mothers to go and hide in the woods to escape the murderous hands of the enemy. It would have been amusing, but for the tragic side of the situation, to have seen us loaded down with provisions, bed clothing, etc., by our anxious mothers and hurried away to safety in hiding. For lack of time to prepare for our flight the food given us was uncooked, consisting mainly of rice and pork, so we carried pots and other utensils for cooking purposes. We also took our guns along with us; whether for defense in case of being brought to bay or for shooting game I hardly know. And we took with us a little negro boy for aid and company.

Just as we got well into the woods we could hear the tramp of the Federal cavalry and cries of "Halt! halt!" accompanied by the reports of carbines as they encountered the Confederate pickets. We poor boys tramped all night long, unable to find a place in which we considered it safe to rest or sleep. About the first thing we did was to throw away our guns to lighten our loads. We didn't have to throw away our bedding, for the bamboo vines and briars picked it away from us piece by piece as we hurried along, unconscious of our loss in the excitement of the hour. All we had left of it by morning was an old service blanket too tough to be thus shredded away.

In the morning we were, if possible, wilder than ever and ready to hide our distracted heads in any hole or cavern we could find. The firing continued all around us as the soldiers shot the domestic animals on the surrounding farms. The bellowing of wounded cattle and the squealing of hogs, mingled with the crack of rifles and shouts of men, were well calculated, as they did, to drive us to a still greater degree of terror.

A most pitiable sight must we four boys have been as, tired, sleepy, and hungry, we at length sank quite exhausted upon a mound of earth in the forest, essaying to swallow some of the raw food, afraid to build a fire to cook it, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy. Occasionally the ping of a rifle ball would be heard as it passed over our heads, and we expected to see at any moment a blue-clad forerunner appear to end our earthly careers in short order by means of bullet or saber. We lay flat on the ground, praying that the kindly earth might open and swallow us up, that we might escape being hit by the singing missiles of death.

On the third evening of our hiding out we held a prayer meeting, praying earnestly that the good Lord would permit us to return to our homes unmolested for food. As an attempt to eat our uncooked rations had proved a failure, we had been practically without bodily nourishment since we left our homes. On the night following our prayer meeting we sent the negro boy to the village to reconnoiter and ascertain if it were safe for us to come out of our hiding. Presently we heard him returning whistling, and our anxiety was much relieved. He brought word that our mothers bade us come home, that the soldiers would not trouble us, and that our folks had been searching for us for two days past. Who says prayer is not answered?

It was a beautiful moonlight night when I returned to my home. When approaching the yard I heard the footsteps of a horse and promptly crawled under some steps, fearing it might be some of the Federal cavalry. I soon saw, however, that it was a loose horse, so I proceeded on to the house. The family had all retired for the night. I called, and my mother, recognizing my voice, ran joyfully down the stairs

and, clasping me in her arms, hugged and kissed me with all the fervor and devotion of a fond mother whose son has been providentially restored, seemingly, from the very jaws of death.

Learning that I had eaten nothing worth speaking of during my absence, my mother set before me an abundance of food, and in my famished condition I gorged my empty stomach to repletion, which a little later I had ample cause to regret, for the overloading of my stomach made me deathly sick.

At the first coming of the enemy many of the anxious mothers sought to disguise their sons of tender age by dressing them in girls' clothing, thinking they would thus save them from the reported destruction of all male offspring. One youth thus metamorphosed for the time was engaged in sliding down the stair rail in the presence of some of the Yankee soldiers, when his mother, fearing he might thus betray his true sex and forgetting for the moment about his disguise, called out to him: "Bessie, my son, come down from there."

"Oho!" remarked one of the troopers, "I thought it was strange that the children of this neighborhood should be all girls; but now I see how it is."

But the day before we returned from our concealment the residents had found out that the soldiers would not hurt the children; so the boys had all been restored to their natural garb, much to their peace of mind.

The next morning the first scene that met my sight on awaking was the road past our house filled with blue-coated soldiers intent on forage, plunder, and destruction. Houses were entered, keys demanded, and when not furnished promptly the locks were broken and every nook and corner, chest and closet ransacked for valuables. In some instances the women were roughly addressed by the soldiers; but I know of no case of personal violence being used upon the sex. One ruse adopted by the women, I remember, to prevent the soldiers from entering a house was to crowd the doorsteps and doorway so that, in order to get into the house, the men would be obliged to use force upon them, which they seemed loath to do, perhaps on account of orders from superiors, or it may have been from an inherent regard for the sex. One soldier engaged in pillage was asked by the lady of the house how he would like it if his home should be thus unceremoniously entered and his mother's property overhauled and appropriated. In reply the offending son of Mars swore by all that is blue that he never had a mother, hence he couldn't say.

Nothing escaped the hand of the omnipresent trooper. In overhauling a trunk in our house one of the men came across one of my father's uniform caps. "Hello," said he, "here's a d—d Rebel captain's cap." Throwing it on the floor, he stamped upon it, saying: "I only wish I had his head in it now." My mother's best bombazine bonnet shared the same fate, though I hardly know what prompted the man to wreak his vengeance on that inoffensive article of female apparel. Pianos were reduced to ruins with an ax, carpets ripped from the floors and torn into shreds, and carriages piled together in the road and the torch applied. Everything not available for the use of the army was rendered useless for any one else. The planters of that section of the country were generally wealthy and kept up fine livery. Elegant carriages were loaded with farm produce of every description, and oftentimes the bleeding carcasses of slaughtered hogs and cattle, and hauled away to camp. If harness was not available, the soldiers managed in some way to attach the

vehicle to a pair of their own saddle horses and so drag it off.

All sorts of expedients were adopted for the transportation of the plunder. A milch cow might have been seen being led away bearing on her back a pair of some absent planter's best Sunday-go-to-meetin' trousers riding astride and filled to the waistband with sweet potatoes, or perhaps a specimen of the same sort of animal would bear the hams of a hog similarly bestowed.

A soldier entered our house one day and demanded of my mother that he be supplied with a meal. When told that none was prepared just then he said: "Then get some ready, and be d—n quick about it." My mother went about trembling to obey his orders. O how my blood boiled at this indignity shown toward my gentle mother! I retired out of sight and gritted my teeth and clenched my fists in impotent rage, saying to myself: "O that I were a man, that I might kill this insulting ruffian for his brutal treatment of my dear mother!" But, being powerless, there was nothing to do but submit with the best grace possible.

My aunt, being in feeble health at the time, had a bottle of choice wine for medicinal use. Like everything else about the home, it fell into the hands of the enemy. My aunt begged the fellow to spare her the wine, as she was ill and greatly needed it. The heartless wretch deliberately swallowed the contents of the bottle before her eyes, avowing that he was ill too. "I will take the wine," said he, "and you may have the bottle," tossing the empty bottle to her.

Everything in the shape of eatable live stock was wantonly butchered with reckless waste. Bees and hogs were slaughtered and in many cases but a small part taken for use, the rest being left to waste and decay. Systematic methods were not used. The preliminary skinning and scalding processes were omitted. The soldier simply shot the animal, cut out the part he wanted or had the facilities for carrying off, and left the remainder behind.

Chickens and other domestic fowl soon became rarities, as these table delicacies were much sought for by the soldiers. We had a few chickens that escaped the early onslaughts of the foraging parties and soon became educated to the situation. At the approach of a cavalry detachment the tramp of horses and jingle of saber and trappings warned these experienced fowl of coming danger, and with outspread wings and alarmed cackle they would flee as from a hawk or other bird of prey to cover beneath the house, where they would stay until the danger was past. We managed to save these few chickens until we were obliged to leave our home, when they were killed and helped to furnish us with food during our pilgrimage to other scenes.

Hams were hung high up in the chimney to escape the prying eyes of the foraging bands. I hid a barrel of sirup under a pile of fodder in the stable, but in taking away the fodder for their own use the men discovered the sirup. The head of the cask was quickly knocked in and its contents appropriated to sweeten the diet of our unwelcome guests.

My father's fine stud of horses and mules was all confiscated. In exchange for my beautiful little pony, the pride of my heart, the soldier left a poor old broken-down hack with a fearful saddle sore on its back extending from withers to hips. To save this sorry equine specimen from also being taken from us I resorted to the expedient of keeping this sore fresh and preventing it from healing by rubbing it over daily with a rough pole. Needless to say, the poor old horse didn't enjoy this peculiar treatment for a sore back; but it was a desperate measure on my part to keep at least one

horse on hand for future use, even though it was but a poor equivalent for the dozen or more of good animals that had been taken from us.

By degrees I saw our supply of fodder and grain disappear from the inroads made upon it by the foraging squads of Kilpatrick's men. When the last of it was about to disappear, I asked to be allowed enough to keep alive my one poor piece of horse flesh. The jovial trooper pointed to some palmetto scrub growing green across the road and said to me: "Yonder is plenty of green forage. Why don't you feed him on that?"

To our surprise, one morning the negro servant that father had taken with him to Virginia returned with instructions from his master that our family were to remove at once from within the Federal lines. The responsibility rested on me to manage this expedition. Procuring an old buggy that had somehow escaped the general destruction, probably being considered too worthless to destroy, with my mother and aunt, I rode to Federal headquarters and interviewed the officer in charge to obtain a pass through the lines. At the hands of this officer we received kind and courteous treatment. I remember our experience with Colonel Jordan (if he were a colonel; I don't remember his rank) with the pleasure and gratitude one always feels on coming in contact with a true gentleman among so many of the other sort. He readily granted the wished-for passport, and we forthwith prepared for our journey, which was to be a distance of between thirty-five and forty miles.

I managed to obtain another old jaded horse from a negro and a rough wagon, such as is commonly used for hauling firewood, and on this were placed the valuables of three families, such as had been left from the looting and as far as this unsatisfactory team would accommodate them. On hitching up my sore-backed steed, to my chagrin it wouldn't pull a pound. Seeing some soldiers not far off returning from a foraging expedition, I applied to them for an exchange of horses, explaining my difficulty. In return for the balky animal I got a mule that had been shot in the hoof, but was not seriously lame. This proved to be a good draft animal. When we were about to start, a soldier came and took away my reins. I appealed to an officer near by for the restoration of this indispensable part of the harness, and the soldier was ordered to return the reins to me. On the officer's departure the angry soldier, pointing his rifle at my head, said: "You d—d little Rebel, I've a great mind to shoot you for that."

We finally got started on our toilsome journey. The wagon being already heavily loaded, all of the family proceeded on foot. We traveled the entire night. It was in the month of January. Coming to the branches, we were obliged to wade them, oftentimes waist-deep in the chilly water. Women tenderly reared, hitherto unused to hardship of any sort, had this severe experience to undergo and, strange to say, suffered no lasting physical injury thereby. The wagon having been overloaded at the start, we were forced to jettison a part of its treasured contents from time to time to ease the burden on our feeble steeds. At one stage of the journey a halt was made in order to bury the family silver we had taken along. This silver was afterwards recovered, its hiding place proving secure.

After getting inside the Confederate lines my father met us, and we then had transportation by railroad and wagon to his station at Andersonville, Ga. Our lame mule was stolen from us somewhere *en route*. The horse that I got from the negro to make up our team for the journey above

described we kept until we returned after the war to Liberty County. Its name was "Peter Yank." The negro of whom I procured it afterwards, under the provisions of the Freedman's Bureau law, sued my father for its value, swearing in court that "every leg of that horse was worth a hundred dollars." Finally a compromise was made at two hundred dollars, which sum my father was obliged to pay. The negro afterwards expressed to my father his regret at having sued him for the money, as the wily carpetbag lawyer who conducted the case for him had appropriated as his fee all that was left after paying court expenses, leaving the negro without a dollar of the proceeds from the sale of his horse.

We arrived at Andersonville in due time. My father performed the duties of quartermaster there under General Winder, who had charge of all the prison camps. Even though they were enemies, it made my heart sick to see the poor bluecoats in confinement there and note the contrast between them and those I saw at large in Liberty County. Ignoring the treatment that his family and property had received at the hands of the Federals in Liberty County, his compassion excited by the misery and suffering he saw in the prison camp, my father was instrumental in improving the condition of the prisoners by having better shelters built and other attention given them as to food and clothing to relieve somewhat their discomforts. Many of the more trusty of the prisoners were paroled to do useful service about the camp. Our family had the services of some of these trusties. One of them, I remember, acted as a tailor for us, and among other articles of clothing which he made for us was a very nice cloak for my mother. Another one of these paroled prisoners did the family shoemaking. Father saw to it that these men had an early chance for exchange in return for their faithfulness and useful service.

The industry of the prisoners in the stockade produced many curious articles which they sold or presented to friends. Considering the crude material and implements with which they did the work, the results were very creditable. Beef bones were worked into finger and scarf rings, ornamented with designs inlaid with sealing wax. One of the prisoners made my father a beautiful pipe of laurel wood with his name engraved on it, presenting it with an expression of gratitude for some favor that had been shown.

Occasionally an exchange of prisoners would occur. The feeblest were selected for this purpose. At such times those who were to be exchanged were tolled off and passed in double line before Captain Wirz, the commandant, to be counted. Thence they proceeded to the cars to be conveyed away to the Federal lines. As I stood by watching this process of counting the men one day during an exchange of prisoners one poor fellow, unable to walk in the line, was crawling on hands and knees; but failing in his way to make satisfactory progress and hindering those who followed, he was brusquely ordered to get out of the way. Seeing his prospects for exchange thus ruined, the sick man broke down completely and wept like a child. My sympathy for him in his disappointment was so great that I spoke a word of encouragement to him as the officer's back was turned, and, going to my father, I explained the case. He interceded for the disappointed prisoner and secured for him the privilege of being exchanged.

We were still at Andersonville when the war came to an end. A squad of men of Federal General Wilson's command came from Macon and arrested Captain Wirz. His wife was consoled by the assurance that he was merely needed as a witness in some case and would soon be restored to her.

But more serious and tragic results were in store for him in this arrest, as was afterwards proved. My father had advised him to flee the country while there was yet time, but he appeared to think there was no hiding place where the avenging spirit, then active and eager to be appeased, would not ferret him out.

After the close of the war we returned to our abandoned home and devastated plantation in Liberty County. The negroes now being free, new conditions had to be met. My father went bravely to work to restore his ruined establishment, but the well-being and prosperity of former days could not be revived. Circumstances finally caused us to remove to Thomas County, Ga., and our home was made there.

FAMOUS CATTLE RAID.

BY REV. L. H. DAVIS, FREDERICKTOWN, MO.

Among the many heroic deeds performed by Southern cavalry, Gen. Wade Hampton's raid in the rear of Grant's army in September, 1864, in point of perilous adventure, furnishes an example seldom surpassed in military achievement.

For several days prior to September 14 the 7th Virginia Regiment had been on picket duty around Reams Station, twelve miles south of Petersburg. Early in the day we were relieved and returned to the camp on Gravel Run, where we joined the rest of the brigade, which consisted of the 11th and 12th Regiments and Col. Lige White's battalion and a detachment of horse artillery under Col. R. P. Chew.

Rumors were afloat that General Hampton had in mind a prospective raid in the rear of the Federal army which was at that time confronting Petersburg, Richmond, and James River near City Point, where General Grant had his headquarters. In confirmation of the truth of these reports five days' rations were issued. Other troops that had been detached to participate in this maneuver included W. H. F. Lee's Division, Dearing's Brigade, and about one hundred from Young's and Dunovant's Brigades under Colonel Miller, of the 6th Carolina Regiment.

In connection with these, our brigade, led by Thomas L. Rosser, moved out in rather a circuitous course, inclining southeast, and, according to my diary, rested for the night near the bridge over Rowanty Creek in Sussex County. All of the commands had been greatly depleted by more than four months of strenuous and continuous service. I feel pretty well assured that our troop did not consist of more than three thousand, if so many, effective men.

Since the cavalry engagement near Reams Station on August 23 and the hard-fought battle between A. P. Hill's and Hancock's Corps on the 25th, in which instance General Hancock's command was driven back from Reams Station and the Weldon Railroad was regained, there had been a comparative lull in military operations between the two opposing forces.

On the morning of the 15th the march was resumed and still continued in a circumventing course in order not to attract the attention of the scouting parties of the enemy that might be reconnoitering in the country through which we had to travel. During the afternoon the column halted on Blackwater, which forms the dividing line between Sussex and Surry Counties. Here opportunity was afforded for rest and refreshment for the men and their horses. About midnight we were again in the saddle and moving for a time in the direction of Cabin Point; then our course diverged toward City Point. From the precaution used it was evident that General Hampton was not unmindful of

the danger to which his command was exposed. There were times when our line of march led through dense forests which obscured the moonlight and left us in comparative darkness.

From the first intimation of the raid the men in the ranks seemed to have had pretty clear views of the nature and object of the impending service that would be required of them. Through scouts sent out General Hampton had been informed of an immense herd of cattle which had been brought from the prairies of Illinois for the purpose of supplying Grant's army with beef. These unusually fine cattle were being herded on a beautiful plateau of grazing land owned by Dick and Wingfield Harrison, six or eight miles from City Point and about fifteen miles from Petersburg.

On the road over which our men were moving, and which formed the approach to the locality of the cattle, four hundred men of the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry, under Col. L. C. Baker, were quartered to defend the outpost of General Grant's army and to protect the cattle. The position occupied by Colonel Baker was near Sycamore Church, in Prince George County, which has since been moved a mile or two nearer Petersburg. This regiment had but recently been armed with sixteen-shooters, Henry rifles, newly invented, and the only command in the service at that time so equipped.

On the preceding day it had been rumored along the line of march that Rosser had asked Hampton to assign him to make the assault. From the disposition of the troops it soon became manifest that the onset upon the outpost and the capturing of the cattle would devolve upon the men of that once splendid brigade which had by their deeds of courage made the name of Turner Ashby illustrious.

General Lee, a son of Gen. R. E. Lee, was ordered to move up the stage road toward Petersburg and take position between Grant's army and Sycamore Church, drive in the picket, and force back any troops encountered. General Dearing was to move toward Cabin Point and take position on Rosser's right, where he could guard the approaches in that direction, and when the attack was made at Sycamore Church he was to move over to Minger's Ferry Road and drive back the picket. Captain McDonald, in his "History of the Laurel Brigade," says: "To Rosser was assigned the duty of carrying the outpost position at Sycamore Church and then to press on and capture the cattle." Evidently, from Hampton's great confidence in Rosser and his men, he had left Rosser without restrictions; and on this occasion, as well as many others, he showed himself a most capable officer. When he reached the vicinity of the Federal camp, which was a short time before daylight, the column halted. The 11th Virginia Regiment was in front and the 7th next in order. The moon had sunk behind the distant hills, and a portion of the ground along the road was covered with young timber, which greatly aggravated the situation. Rosser called for the 11th Virginia Regiment, or at least a part thereof, when he said to Lieutenant Gatewood, who was in command of what was known as the Bath Squadron, from the fact that the members of the two companies had been enlisted from Bath and the adjoining counties: "I want you to lead the advance. I will furnish you a guide who knows the country and the location of the enemy. If the picket does not hear you or fire on you, try to capture him without firing on him. If he fires on you, follow him closely into the camp, and I will support you with the 7th Regiment."

The picket was soon discovered sitting on his horse under

a small tree. He broke for the camp, and in his flight some of the men fired on him. Of course the enemy were now aroused from their slumber to a realization of the situation, and they were soon formed on the road on which our men were advancing. They were somewhat protected by trees and brush, with a barricade of fallen trees in front, with only a narrow way in the road through which Rosser's men could pass, which afforded time to the enemy to adjust his line of battle. When the charge was ordered, the Confederates were soon met by a storm of deadly missiles. Amid the roar of battle and difficulties too great to be overcome, this brave troop of horsemen found it necessary to fall back on the west of the brigade. In the fearful contest one man of the squadron, W. A. Bratton, was killed and fourteen more were wounded, and there were probably some others who were among the fallen. With scarcely a moment's hesitation the men of the 7th Regiment who carried carbines responded to the order to dismount and deploy in a skirmish line, and in double-quick time they passed out of the woods into an opening, or rather a small field.

We moved on a more direct route than the road on our right over which the charge had been made. In some measure the gray light had begun to appear, and the goddess of the early dawn was scattering rosy light over hill and dale. Thus far the quiet which had reigned since we left our horses had been broken only by officers in suppressed accents giving orders to our men. Our thin line deployed from right to left and, consisting of perhaps less than a hundred and fifty men, had reached the middle of the field when the ominous silence prevailing was broken and our men were checked by a terrific fire. Colonel Baker had formed his men just outside the small field, which was skirted by woods and thick undergrowth, and the enemy were on a considerable elevation. Their position was more favorable than ours, since they were somewhat concealed, except as we saw the continuous flashes of their guns. I do not think the firing continued more than two or three minutes, but it was long enough for them to empty their sixteen shots into our line, when their column gave way, and in retreat they fled from the field.

The 12th Regiment and White's Battalion, which had thus far been held in reserve, were pushed forward in pursuit, taking many of them prisoners. No attempt of mine to describe the suspense of those fateful moments when bullets were whizzing thick and fast about our heads could adequately portray the nature of the ordeal through which we passed. My own company (F), with scarcely twelve men in the contest, had one noble youth seventeen years of age mortally wounded and two others disabled for life—in fact, one of them died just a few years later, doubtless from the effects of the wound. When I consider the shower of lead to which we were exposed, it seems incredible that the number killed and wounded was not greater.

The cattle were nearly two miles farther on, and soon another detachment was discovered in line of battle near the cattle to oppose Rosser's impetuous advance; but, being foiled in their persistent attempts to hold our troops in check until the cattle could be driven beyond our reach, they too fled from the field, some of them being taken prisoners. Soon 2,486 fine cattle were in our possession; also wagons were captured and other army supplies and more than three hundred prisoners, including those already mentioned. The 12th Regiment also had lost some valuable men. In the duty assigned to Generals Lee and Dearing they had in a most gallant manner rendered admirable service, and on the

reverse march they were intrusted with guarding the rear of the command from assault by troops that might be dispatched from Grant's army for that purpose.

It was no surprising matter that this daring feat, occurring as it did under the shadow of Grant's headquarters, in sight of gunboats on the James River and but a few miles from the best-equipped army which up to that time had ever marched to the music of fife and drum, should produce the wildest commotion in military circles, and particularly among the officers in command. The extent of the apprehension that prevailed may be seen by reference to the fifteen pages of dispatches and reports on the cattle raid in Volume XLII., Series I., of the "United States War Records."

Apart from the spoils of battle as an incumbrance to Hampton's reverse maneuver, it would have required special tact to have escaped from a situation so perilous. Roads intersecting the one over which our troops must pass had to be picketed and defended, but the gallant Hampton, who a few years later was destined to render his State in the dark period of reconstruction such eminent service, in this instance of pressing emergency proved himself equal to the occasion.

During the afternoon, when Blackwater had been crossed, two or more cavalry divisions, Kautz's and Gregg's, having moved down the Plank Road, appeared in formidable array in line of battle on the right of our moving column. General Rosser was ordered out to check their approach. The conflict where the two armies met was near Ebenezer Church. Rosser in the adjustment of his troops sent Col. Lige White with his battalion in advance. The main body of his forces dismounted and hastily provided breastworks by piling up rails for protection. Besides the incessant roar of small arms, the cannonading between the batteries of each army became most furious. While Colonel Chew was hurling shot and shell into the advancing forces of the enemy, they in turn kept up for more than an hour a most rapid firing, not only on the battle line, but threw their deadly bombs over among the men who were caring for the horses of those who had dismounted and also of the wounded. Amid the confusion of battle and the noise incident to charging battalions the men on our side would yell at the top of their voices to those on the other side: "Come on and get your cows."

General Lee, with his division, and Dearing, with his brigade, who had been held in reserve as a support, were ordered forward to the front. Shortly before the sun sank behind the far-off hills the enemy was driven back, and our men withdrew from the field and resumed the march, joining the column, consisting also of prisoners, ambulances, etc. Soon after nightfall we bivouacked for the night at Wilkinson's Bridge, on Rowanty Creek, near Stony Creek Station. Many of us lay down to sleep with sad and sorrowful hearts. Ten of our brigade had fallen during the day, forty-seven had been wounded, and four were missing. The next evening, after an absence of four days and three nights, and after having marched more than a hundred miles, during which the enemy had been defeated in several conflicts, we were back again on our own camping ground and had turned the immense herd of cattle, prisoners, and other booty over to the Confederate authorities.

In the preparation of this sketch the writer has had but one motive in view, and that has been to present the real facts as they came under his observation, aided by his diary and gleanings from other sources. In this task I wish to acknowledge indebtedness to A. C. L. Gatewood, Brigadier General of the First Brigade, West Virginia Division, U. C.

V., who led the first assault on the Federal outpost. There has been no disposition whatever to praise unduly any one or any particular body of troops nor to detract from any one to whom honor may justly belong.

It may add interest to this communication to close with a personal reference to Colonel Baker, who was in command of the Federal post on the memorable morning of September 16, when the battle occurred. On the day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, ordered the chief of the secret service of that department to take charge of the detectives engaged in the hunt for Booth. This officer at the time was Colonel Baker, already referred to. Acting on a clue obtained from a negro, he learned of Booth's whereabouts and chose two detectives of his staff to lead a fresh pursuit of Booth. They were Everton J. Conger, of Ohio, and Luther B. Baker, of New York, the latter a cousin of Colonel Baker, and both former officers in the Colonel's regiment, the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry. We are here reminded of the recent death of E. J. Conger, the last survivor among the actors in the capture of J. Wilkes Booth, whose frenzied deed had caused the greatest tragedy in our country's history and prepared the way for the dark period of reconstruction and the defeat of any conciliatory measures toward the South.

A fitting addition to this article is an extract from General Hampton's report, on September 27, 1864, of this great cattle raid, which concluded with the following:

"The next day the command returned to their old quarters after an absence of three days, during which they had marched upward of one hundred miles, defeating the enemy in two fights and bringing from his lines in safety a large amount of captured property, together with 304 prisoners.

"Of the 2,486 cattle captured, 2,468 have been brought in, and I hope [to] get the few remaining ones. Three guidons were taken and eleven wagons brought in safely, several others having been destroyed. Three camps of the enemy were burned after securing from them some very valuable stores, including quite a number of blankets. My loss was ten killed, forty-seven wounded, and four missing.

"I beg to express my entire satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men. Major General Lee and Brigadier General Dearing carried out my orders and wishes most skillfully, protecting the flanks and covering the main attack, thus contributing greatly to the successful issues of the expedition. General Rosser, in the center, displayed his usual skill and gallantry, carrying out my plans there with entire success. In the fight on the Plank Road the conduct of these officers was equally satisfactory, and I beg to acknowledge my obligations to them. Besides the officers of my staff mentioned above, I am indebted to Major Barker for valuable assistance on the field and also to Captain Lowndes and Lieutenant Hampton. Captain Edelin, who volunteered for the occasion, aided me by acting on my staff; and Captain Henry, assistant quartermaster, was most efficient in assisting in bringing off the captured property. Captain Belcher, who lives on the Plank Road, volunteered as a guide and was of great service to me.

"I cannot close my report without notice of the conduct of the scouts who were with me. Sergeant Shadburne, of the Jefferson Davis Legion, who gave me the information about the cattle, acted as guide to General Rosser, accompanied the leading regiment in its charge, kept his party always in the front, and acted with conspicuous gallantry.

Sergeant Hogan, in charge of Butler's scouts, also displayed great activity, intelligence, and boldness. Of the scouts, Sergeant McCalla, 1st South Carolina Regiment, a most valuable man, was killed, and three others were wounded."

RUNNING FROM THE YANKEES.

George E. Estes, Adjutant of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., sends the following in appreciation of Dr. McNeilly's article on the Army of Tennessee:

"I have just read your 'Retreat from Tennessee' in the August VETERAN and am greatly pleased that I still am not the only survivor of that retreat. Your account of it so nearly corresponds with my experience that I decided to write you. I was there with both feet and a pair of faithful legs that proved useful on many such occasions in the early sixties. I was a part of Company A, 14th Mississippi Regiment, and, fortunately, was knocked out at Franklin. I was being cared for, as were many others, by Mrs. James McGavock, just across the Harpeth River from the battle field of November 30, 1864. Blessed be her name! She was an angelic mother to us, and her dear daughters and sons, as well as the old-time servants, were so good to us that I always feel indebted to them for my life and the comforts that were mine during my stay with them. But, O me! those pesky Yankees! I wish they had stayed at home and let me get my rest till daylight that memorable morning in 1864. But I had to get up; and the quicker I did so, the better for all concerned.

"I got on one of Lieutenant Hunt's boots and one of my shoes, my pants and jacket, and hied myself right into the darkness and rain of that terrible storm of sleet, rain, and mud. I got out through the back door and right into the garden, accompanied by three Texans who belonged to Ross's Brigade of Cavalry. One of them had been shot through and through, but seemed less demoralized than any of us. We soon reached the Harpeth River, which looked to me at that time as large as the Mississippi. I saw that the only way to get across that stream was to fly over, wade through, or walk on the waters, as our Saviour did; but my faith was not sufficient for the occasion, so I decided to do as Cousin Sally Dillard did and waded through to the south bank of the river. I went in accompanied by my three Texas companions. O how cheerless and chilly was that stream! We soon got across, as wet as the proverbial rat and as cold as a plate of ice cream, but we shook off some of the coldest of the water and struck out for Dixie. We soon came to the Lewisburg Pike, which was full of cavalry moving south, all asleep; but I was wide awake and full of enthusiasm and covered with Tennessee mud. We watched for some sign that would indicate whether those cavalymen were Yankees or Rebels; but a gap in the line soon appeared, and we ran across the pike and into one of the slickest fields I ever got into. I did not make much progress, but I did step lively and long and made little progress. Finally daylight came, and surely it was welcomed as it never was before. Looking across to the west, we could see troops on the Columbia Pike, but we could not decide whether they were friends or foes. We plodded along as best we could, endeavoring to ascertain the identity of the travelers on the pike. After awhile I saw a possum tied on to a fellow's gun, which indicated to me that he was a Rebel. We cautiously drew nearer the pike and saw evidence unmistakable that they were friends. That 'a friend in need is a friend indeed' was proved by their proposal to swap me

some skinned pork for a piece of corn bread. I had neither, consequently I was out of the market.

"I had now lost sight of my Texans and was out on the ocean of life foodless, homeless, without a place to lay my weary body, with no covering for my head except a Confederate cap and the broad expansion of a cloudless sky. Though I had lost much of my energy, I felt somewhat safe from the pesky Yankees; but I had had no breakfast, and there were no signs of any in the near future. I continued to 'pull my freight' for the old friendly Tennessee River with a degree of energy unknown to the common people of America. I passed on with nothing to eat until I crossed the river at Columbia, where a lady to whom I appealed gave me a piece of bread and a drink of cold coffee. After leaving Columbia I plodded on in the sleet and rain to Pulaski. I went to the courthouse for shelter; but, to my disappointment, the other fellows had gotten there first and had taken all the lower berths. I was tired, wet, hungry, and cold, but had lots of latent energy under my shirt in the way of bugs. I kept moving on with my mind immovably fixed on getting myself on the south side of the Tennessee River. Moving on a little way, I came to a two-story house that seemed to beckon me under its hospitable roof. I entered it very reluctantly, but with unbounded faith. A lady met me, and I asked her if she would give me shelter just for one night from the wintry blast that was bellowing down through Tennessee about this time. She replied: "You can come in out of the weather, but I cannot provide anything except shelter and fire." I thanked her and entered the room to find twenty or more just such Rebels as I trying to get warm and dry. I entered into the joys of the occasion and felt that I had drawn the capital prize. After I had gotten pretty warm and dry I heard a knocking and thumping upstairs that sounded as if the people were preparing to move, but such was not the case. The lady had taken up the carpet and brought it down for us poor things to cover with, as we were trying to sleep on the benevolent floor. Such acts of kindness to this day I have rarely seen. Several years after the war I was in Pulaski and spent more than an hour in search of this place, but I did not find any that coincided with my idea of it.

"After spending the night on the floor and covering with this good lady's carpet, I arose from my slumbers, donned my boot, shoe, and Confederate cap, and struck the mud again, accompanied by a large delegation of Hood's army, all in rags and tags, stomachs empty, feet sore, depressed in spirits, but covered all over with glory and bugs. By this time I had gotten me a blanket—I won't tell how, but I got one, and it is nobody's business where or how I got it. I started out and soon fell in with Jim Butler and two more of Company K, 14th Mississippi Regiment. We at once formed an alliance for self-protection, and one of my companions gave me some bread and beef, for which I expressed much gratitude. I soon had put it out of harm's way and was ready for another dose. We plodded along day after day, sleeping in straw stacks and barns or anywhere we could get protection from the cold. The weather had now become clear, but quite cold. We met no obstacles until we came to Shoal Creek, where we were halted and ordered into line of battle to hold the Yankees in check till our army could get across the creek on an improvised bridge made of fence rails. A rail pen was built in the middle of the stream by placing rail upon rail and rail upon rail till the pen was above the water, and then a man would get on each corner and hold

down the pen till stringers could be placed from the bank reaching into and upon the rails. After this they would cover the stringers crosswise till a thing somewhat resembling a bridge had been constructed. General Featherston was in command, and he was as busy as a cranberry merchant trying to get the men in some sort of order to resist the Yankee cavalry that was pressing so hard on our disordered ranks. He was flying around here and there and everywhere he could see a man with a gun. He would catch a squad of stragglers and put them in the line, then run off after another bunch. When he returned, the first bunch would have run off; so he gave up the effort to make a formidable resistance. But good luck came along our way—the Yankees did not make any attack on us, and Hood's army passed on over the creek dry and hungry. Late in the evening we came to a tanyard, where we found plenty of dry tanbark and a stove. We surely did have a good time by that red-hot stove. We slept all night, and in the morning I decided to have a little rest and recreation from those bugs aforementioned. I got in the morning sunshine, disrobed, turned things upside down and inside out, very much to the discomfort and dislocation of those bugs.

"We passed on through the mud and slush until we finally came in sight of the Tennessee River, with its wide expanse of murky waters bearing down the stream drifts of logs, trees, brush, and everything imaginable. We could see, too, a rickety pontoon bridge hastily and insecurely built. It was serpentine in shape, about twelve feet wide and half a mile long, covered from end to end with all kinds of beasts, wagons, and, in fact, you could see everything in the shape of humanity except women and dogs. Besides this, there was a Yankee gunboat half a mile or more down the river throwing bombshells, trying to break the bridge; but the shoals prevented it from getting near enough to do any damage. The north end of the bridge had a promiscuous mass of humanity and animals all trying to get on and over the bridge at the same time. Finally my time came, and I went forward in great fear that the cable would break and let us all go down into eternity together. But the Lord was surely with us and permitted us to reach the southern shore without the loss of one. I turned my eyes toward the northern bank, and O what a sight! Just then I agreed for myself and all concerned that I would no more cross that river in the interest of secession. I started again on my run. My wound was now almost well, though I was weak and in bad shape generally; but I had been a Confederate soldier now nearly four years and was accustomed to cold, hunger, and all sorts of privations. We soon came to a lot of backwater across the road; and in attempting to 'coon' a rail fence I fell in and got a wetting that stuck to me till I got out of the swamp and upon high ground, where I saw a smoke off a little way in the woods and decided to go out and dry my clothes from the ducking. When I got there I found four men skinning a hog they had killed, and they most kindly offered me a slice off the ham, so I concluded to broil my pork and dry my clothes at the same time. After broiling my slice, I found that I had no salt and could not eat it, hungry as I was. But I had gotten dry from my ducking; and, though lean and lank, I had won the race and felt that I was safe and nearly sound. I soon fell in with Company A, 14th Mississippi Regiment, and to this good day I have never regretted the many rapid steps that I took to get the Tennessee River between me and the pesky Yankees."

SOUTHERN POETS—JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

A CRITICAL STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore January 1, 1839, and died at Augusta, Ga., January 15, 1908. The story of his life is related with admirable clearness and conciseness by Matthew Page Andrews in his edition of "Randall's Poems," published in April, 1910. Mr. Andrews has also given to the world the first thoroughly authentic and consistent account of the origin of "My Maryland," with which the fame of Randall is forever associated. In the "Library of Southern Literature," Volume X., there is a judicious and discriminating estimate, also by Mr. Andrews, of the place of Randall in American literature. Our poet received his early scholastic training from Joseph H. Clarke, an exact and austere teacher of the ancient English type, in whose academy at Richmond Poe had been prepared for the University of Virginia. From the hands of "Master Clarke" Randall passed, at the age of eleven, into the preparatory department of Georgetown College. The poetic instinct asserted itself, even at this early stage, in the stanzas sent to his mother entitled "On First Seeing Georgetown College." Despite the interval of years, one spontaneously recalls Gray's "Ode on a Distant View of Eton College." The devotion to his *Alma Mater* which reveals itself at this embryonic period is illustrated in more mature and graceful form and, above all, in his "Sunday Revery." He was a center of literary inspiration, the poetical oracle of his classmates. The "Ode to Professor Dimitry," written at eighteen, will sustain a comparison with similar creations of college laureates, even when novices and tyros like Tennyson were meditating their fledgling muse.

At the close of his Georgetown life Randall, after an extended course of travel, including the Southern States, the West Indies, and South America, accepted the chair of English literature in Poydras College, Point Coupee, La. The institution was at the time in a prosperous condition; but the specter of war rose like a darkening cloud, and his auspicious career was brought to an end by the all-absorbing struggle. It was during his residence at Point Coupee that "My Maryland" leaped to life on April 23, 1861. The circumstances of its origin and the sources of its inspiration have become a familiar episode or incident linked with the first pass at arms that ushered in the drama of the War between the States. The message fell upon his ears with the attack upon the 6th Massachusetts Regiment in the streets of Baltimore on April 19. He retired to rest, and as he was musing the fire burned. Then he spoke as if touched with living flame. The song swept across the land as soon as its notes pierced the vernal air of 1861. There can be no more impressive illustration of poetic power than the simple fact that an appeal inspired by a political situation in a single border State should have broken down all geographical and sectional barriers, traversing the land from sea to sea.

In blending into harmony the historic invocation, the fire of passion, and the logical faculty "My Maryland" is unique in our native literature. The Platonic ideal attains a perfect realization, intellect, affections, will, fusing into unity. This single poem has so nearly won a monopoly of Randall's fame that even at this late day there may be found students of his works and editors of collections who have not discovered that there are other stars in his crown as radiant as the peerless song which is for all time associated with his name.

"At Arlington" (1869) was, in Randall's own judgment, the finest flower of his art. "I have never equaled it," he said to the writer within a few months of the bodeful January day which marked his death in far-off Georgia. The poem, despite its excellence of form and the thrilling incident on which it is founded, has never seized upon the heart of the South as did "My Maryland" from the hour that its clarion call broke upon the calmness of an April morn in 1861. In the former instance the South was aflame with fire and aglee with hope. Randall's spoke out loud and bold for an entire people. The soul of a cause breathed through his words. The latter was written when hope had almost faded into despair.

"Pelham" must be assigned a foremost rank in the poetry of Randall which finds its inspiration in our national conflict. The charm of the hero adds luster to his eulogy, revealing a likeness to such stars of chivalry as Falkland and Sidney. In the seventh stanza Randall's muse attained one of its purest and loftiest flights:

"We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed
The grace of a divine surprise."

Neither Keats nor Tennyson has surpassed the radiant grace of conception and form illustrated in the final lines. Robert Browning, too often regardless of artistic perfection, suggests a striking analogy in his "After":

"How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can.
And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both strike
On his senses alike
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change."

Thus far the poems that have passed in review are such as trace their origin to the period extending from 1861 to 1865. The range of Randall's muse is, however, far broader and more varied than that phase of his creative activity which is linked with the days of storm and stress. Nor does his war poetry exhaust its measure with the enumeration given, for "On the Rampart," "The Lone Sentry," "Memorial Day," "At Fort Pillow," "The Unconquered Banner," "Placid Bossier," "The Battle Cry of the South" at once reveal the source from which they sprang. Still, not war alone, but the gay and the lively as well as the pathetic and the austere, fell under the sway of Randall. Not his art alone, but the strong spiritual instinct that marked his nature drew him to the service of religion through the ministration of the sacred muse. The genius of Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, Keble is in pure accord with the hallowed strains that find utterance in "Resurgam." What Randall accomplished in "Resurgam, or Easter Hymn," is an earnest of what he might have achieved had he entered more frequently and generously into this sphere of his high vocation. The most genial of companions and gifted with the keenest appreciation of the ludicrous and humorous phases which form part of our complex life, an intense religious earnestness pervaded his nature.

The author of "My Maryland" was dowered with the moral fiber of which heroes and martyrs are made, as was Southwell, the Jesuit of the sacred lyre. "The blade, the shot, the bowl" did not fall to the fate of Randall; but there

were the shadow and the cloud, at times lightened by the silver lining. The sadness of his earthly day never developed in his trustful heart more than a fleeting trace of gloom; the eclipse was partial and for a moment. The spirit of misanthropy rarely maintained the ascendancy; at eventide there was always light. The sacred vein in Randall's nature did not exhaust its energy with "Resurgam." Still it was never again revealed in so finely tempered an utterance. To "Labor and Prayer" may be accorded the second place in this special sphere. The fourth line of the closing stanza is one of the most striking and suggestive conceptions in contemporary poetry:

"Faith, to illumine the coming day,
That wakes the tragic trance of dust."

In no place of his work does Randall reflect his inner life more vividly than in his "Sunday Revery." In the acutest sense it is autobiographical, as intensely as "In Memoriam," more deeply so than "Lycidas" or "Adonais." To Randall Maryland was ever home. It grew into an idealized dream; time and distance could not obscure the charm which invested the land of his nativity. The magic of Keats appealed to a spirit as responsive and susceptible as Randall's. If his "name was writ in water," it was, as Saintsbury quaintly suggests, "the water of life." The English cemetery in Rome, upon which the Maryland poet had never looked with his natural eye, had for him an attractive power such as it had for Shelley and Matthew Arnold. Few spots even in Rome are richer in inspiration, for past and present, the antique and the modern world, blend into unity. No marvel that the genius of the place wrought upon the muse of Randall! Who can withstand the "Cor Cordium" and the matchless lines from "The Tempest"? His "Keats" may be assigned the foremost rank among those of his works that have no relation to the supreme issues of 1861-65. Other illustrations of his radiant fancy may be easily cited, such as "La Fete des Morts," "The Oriel Window," "Lost and Saved," "Ha! Ha!" "Far Out at Sea." These, however, do not exhaust his art; they merely illustrate its range and variety. He is now no longer concealed in moldering journals, illegible scrapbooks, or collections of Southern poetry compiled by editors who efface his identity by laying violent hands upon the spelling of his name. A few stanzas of inspired verse have borne the fame of his native State beyond the ranges of civilization, fusing passion, logic, history appeal into a synthesis such as has few parallels in the richly dowered records of English speech.

Four years intervene between the "Ode to Professor Dimitry," the fine fancy of a lad of eighteen (1857), and the advent of that matchless ode which engirdled the globe with its music (1861). That Tennyson should have written "A Dream of Fair Women" and "The Palace of Art" at twenty-one and Rossetti "The Blessed Damozel" at eighteen are not greater marvels than the feat achieved by Randall when a youth of twenty-two. The coming of "My Maryland" not only marks a transformation, but a transfiguration to which the annals of poetic development present rare and isolated parallels or analogies.

The genius of Randall had not its vocation exclusively in the field of the muses. In other spheres his spirit found its walk. His prose, no less than his verse, attests his pure literary instinct, his grasp upon the issues of our modern life. For a prolonged period he was absorbed in the relentless toil involved in journalism. During more than twoscore years "My Maryland" lived principally upon the lips and in the

hearts of singers. Even at this day some who have heard its invincible strain do not know the name of the author. The marvelous vitality that binds it in a golden unity shielded it from the faintest touch of oncoming decay. The laurel wreath was won on the April evening which brought the thrilling tidings from his native city. In the purer light of our broadening age, with calm of mind and passion spent, the aureole as well as the laurel will rest upon the head of the most representative of Maryland poets.

MINE RUN—A GHOST STORY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After the battle of Gettysburg Lee's army returned to Virginia and took up again its old position south of the Rapidan. The enemy did little or nothing to break the monotony of camp life; and the Confederates had time to rest and recuperate until late in the fall, when General Meade, then in command of the Federals, decided to try General Lee once more. Why he came to this sudden conclusion at that time has never been explained, but perhaps it was because the term of enlistment of a great many of his men would soon expire, and Lincoln was urging him to do something before that should happen. He chose to make the crossing at Morton's Ford—named, I suppose, for old Dr. Morton, who lived on the public road only a short distance from the river in a large two-story house surrounded by a grove of large oaks, the grounds of an acre or more inclosed with a plank fence. On every side the house was surrounded by an open field. A row of negro houses extended from the road and residence some distance toward the south. Farther south the land was high and covered with a heavy growth of timber.

Previous to this time a short distance back in this forest General Lee had fortified his position well with excellent breastworks and was only too glad to know that his opponent had chosen this place to fight, as he was anxious to pay him back for Gettysburg. From the higher ground he could see every movement made by the Federals in the open fields, while his force was concealed by the forest.

When our brigade arrived on the scene a hot skirmish battle was in progress, and I came near getting a ball through my head. We were shifted from one place to another and finally placed in the trenches on both sides of the public road leading down to the ford. After skirmishing with the Confederates two or three days, General Meade decided that the time was not propitious for a big battle and began to withdraw his forces to the north flank. To protect his rear he left a strong guard at the Morton residence and negro quarters until all the army should get safely over the river.

Gen. John B. Gordon, who was then in command of our brigade, discovered that there was a ravine which started near the left of our brigade and extended toward the river and in the rear of the Morton house. He accordingly decided to attack the enemy in front with a line of skirmishers and, while their attention was occupied with this force, send another consisting of three companies of our regiment (31st Georgia) under Captain Shorter down the ravine and, coming up from the rear unexpected, capture the whole force, whose number he greatly underestimated. As soon as Captain Shorter started Captain Lewis was ordered to hold his company in readiness to go to the relief of our men if there should be need for them.

The fighting was pretty hot about the negro houses when

Captain Shorter started, and when he arrived on the scene he and his men emerged from the ravine and advanced in the twilight toward the Morton residence. The enemy discovered their presence, but Captain Shorter and his men continued to advance in spite of the hot fire from the house and from the shade trees in the yard until they reached the yard fence. The Federals fought stubbornly; but the Confederates under Captain Shorter by superior marksmanship finally cleared the premises of all except their dead, which lay at the root of every tree, in the rooms, hallways, and piazzas of the house, and outside in the chimney corners. The only man of the three companies to receive a wound was Captain Shorter, who had a finger shot off.

When the engagement was at its hottest, Captain Lewis was ordered to march his company down the road to assist Captain Shorter; but when we arrived there we could see nothing of the enemy, now fleeing in the darkness toward the river, but the flash of their guns and could hear the whistle of their bullets about our heads. Captain Lewis ordered us to lie down in line of battle under the trees and told Sergeant Warn to post a man in front as a vidette at a small outhouse adjoining the road. Now, the man selected for this duty was a brave and vigilant fellow named Knight, but he was somewhat superstitious. Near by a wounded Federal soldier lay groaning in agony. Only a few minutes elapsed until the light flashed from Knight's trusty rifle. He quit his post and came trotting toward us, saying in a low voice: "Captain, I have killed a ghost. It's white and as big as a cow." This caused great amusement among the men, but Jack protested and said that any of them could see it lying out there in the field. Captain Lewis told him to go back to his post; but he refused to do so, saying he couldn't. Sergeant Warn and a young fellow named Bell went to the corner of the house and saw the "ghost," sure enough. Warn left Bell there and came back laughing and said there certainly was a white object lying out in the field, but it didn't appear to be as large as a cow. It seems that Bell had been on post but a few minutes when he was approached by an officer wearing a sword, perhaps searching for some one lost in the fight. Each fired at the other simultaneously and at short range. The ball from the officer's pistol struck the root on which I was sitting, but did me no harm. We were all keen to see the ghost; and when day broke, a little white, shaggy poodle dog lay there with its head split wide open. No doubt it was old Dr. Morton's little pet, which he had taken away with him before the fight began, running rapidly across the field when it fell a victim to Jack's deadly rifle.

If any of my old comrades should see this and remember the fight at Mine Run, I should be pleased to hear from them.

During the war a city-reared boy tried to chop some wood, which was an entirely novel experience with him. In his awkwardness he blistered his hands and got very red in the face, but made very little progress chopping. A very old man rode up on a very old fleabitten gray horse and sat watching the boy manipulating that cordwood. The old man was evidently filled with disgust, because he said to the boy in a very pitying, compassionate tone: "My boy, if you ever marry, and your wife depends on you for a fire, she will freeze to death." The old man then slowly rode off, but the boy was looking after him, laughing.

RECUPERATING IN THE FAR SOUTH.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

When we ended our disastrous campaign into Tennessee, I was nearly blind from exposure. It was the fulfillment of the doctor's warning as I left the hospital in 1863, where I had been blind for weeks, that if I were to remain a month longer I would be completely cured and that if I went back to the regiment I would suffer for it. Now I had to get away from the army or become permanently blind.

The sergeant got a sixty-day furlough for me, and I was to spend the time wherever I chose. I could not go to my home, in Tennessee; so I concluded to go to Mobile, where I had many warm friends. I also wished to be in reach of a skilled oculist. But to get to Mobile was a serious question. The only chance seemed to be to go in a box or cattle car. The military authorities had taken possession of all the railroads and cars of all kinds. The passenger cars were few and dilapidated. The evening I was to start there was a large number of sick soldiers to be sent down the Mobile & Ohio Railroad to various hospitals along the line. They were in box cars well supplied with straw, and with their blankets they could manage to be quite comfortable. When I reached the station, the only available place for me was with a few of the stronger men in an open, slatted cattle car. A norther had come up, and the wind was very cold and piercing. I was suffering intensely with neuralgia, and I felt that if I were exposed to that wind all night I would not only lose my sight permanently, but probably my life.

In the train was a single passenger coach, occupied by a brigadier general and his staff, which was quite large, and there were several negro servants of the officers. There was a fire in the stove, and the doors were locked, with a guard at each one to keep out everybody except those of the general's party. I determined to ask permission to go in that coach. I never wore any mark of rank, and so, of course, I was taken for a private, although my rank was that of a captain. I went to the door and asked the guard to present my request to the general, telling him how I was suffering and who I was. He spoke to the general, and I received a very curt refusal, with the remark: "Let him go with the men where he belongs." I scarcely knew what to do after this brutal refusal. While I stood on the platform an elegantly dressed young officer came to the car and, noticing my suffering, asked where I was going and what he could do for me. I did not tell him that I was a chaplain, but he said at once: "You must go in this coach, which goes all the way to Mobile." I then told him that I had just been refused an admittance. He seemed very indignant and said that he had charge of the whole train and that it was for him to say who should go in any car. He told me to wait there, and he would see that I got a seat. In a little while he came and opened the door and put me in a comfortable seat near the stove in the rear end of the car. I found out that he was a Major Mason, on the staff of Major General Clayton, I think, and he had in charge the shipping of invalid soldiers.

The brigadier looked at me very contemptuously and angrily, and directly one of his negro servants sat down in the seat by me. Whether sent by his master or not, I do not know, for I was almost unconscious with pain. But the negro seemed to pity my suffering and went forward and called the surgeon, who was as kind as he could be. He prepared for me a pill of opium and watched over me until it took effect. After that I had the seat to myself and got along comfortably the rest of the journey. The brigadier

paid no attention to me, but several of the staff were kind and considerate. They left the train at Meridian.

The conduct of this brutal brigadier was so exceptional that I made some inquiry as to his war record; but I could not find that his service was commensurate with his pompous manner and his large personal staff, for I did not hear of his having distinguished himself in battle. I will not try to recall his name, lest I do some man an injustice. I think I have mentioned in one of these articles that grand "Old Joe" rode all one night from Meridian to Mobile on the platform on a camp stool rather than take one of the seats offered him by the soldiers on the train.

It was a great relief to get back to Mobile, the delightful city by the Gulf, where our brigade had received so much kindness during the months we were quartered there and where we had formed so many pleasant friendships; but it was sad to be reminded everywhere that so many of my comrades who had shared with me the pleasures of those former days were sleeping now on the blood-stained battle fields of Georgia and Tennessee.

On my return I was welcomed by my old friends. One of these, a big-hearted Scotchman, an elder in one of the Presbyterian Churches, took me to his home and treated me as a son. The Presbyterian and Methodist ministers were very kind in their attentions. I was frequently invited to hold services for them. One of the pastors had been a classmate of mine in the theological seminary; and as we were about the same in physical dimensions, I depended on him for the loan of proper clothes for a city pulpit. I preached three weeks in his church, with the result that about forty members were added to its membership. It may help my younger readers to understand the relative value of fiat money if I mention the cost of a generous gift to me by that congregation. They determined to supply me with a suit of clothes and so relieve me of the need to borrow. I was taken to a clothing and furnishing store and dressed from crown to toe. Of course the styles were somewhat antiquated, for the stock had not been replenished for four years. The material was the best in the store, and the following were the prices paid: Coat, \$750; vest, \$300; trousers, \$500; hat, \$300; boots, \$500. Other items—shirts, socks, etc.—brought the amount to over \$2,500. Yet I did not feel vain of my apparel.

While I was in Mobile a terrible disease appeared, mainly among the soldiers, whose sudden attack and quickly fatal result alarmed every one. A number of cases were reported in which a man apparently well at sundown would be dead before the following morning. The doctors called it cerebro-spinal meningitis. I had never heard of it before and knew nothing of its symptoms. One night I woke up very restless and itching terribly. Putting my hand on my body, I found that my skin all over was in great welts and felt like an alligator's body looks. I was frightened, thinking that it was surely the beginning of the dread disease. Just as soon as it was day I dressed and hastened to the office of Dr. J. C. Nott, one of the most distinguished physicians in America, an author on scientific subjects of wide reputation. I felt that I must have the best skill possible if my life was to be saved. Of course the Doctor was not in his office at that early hour, and I had to wait. I felt like I might die before he came, and, between fear and impatience, I was fast becoming really sick when he came in. As I was there first, I claimed his attention first. Rolling up my sleeve and showing him the big welts on my arm, I said: "Dr. Nott, some dreadful disease has attacked me, and I am very sick. I wish you would take my case and do what you can for

me." The Doctor was a tall, splendid, distinguished-looking man, brusque in manner and sparing in words; but as he glanced at my arm and saw my anxiety and noted that I was a soldier, his expression softened and, with an amused twinkle of the eyes, he said: "Pshaw! Nothing but nettlerash! Go and take a dose of salts." That word was like life from the dead, and my gratitude was gushing. I drew out my big roll of \$10,000 Confederate money and said with quite an air: "Doctor, you have relieved me wonderfully. What do I owe you? I am willing to pay you any price." The Doctor, with a rather contemptuous look, said: "Put up your money. You don't owe me anything. Any fool ought to know nettlerash." But I was so relieved by the Doctor's diagnosis of my case that I did not resent his opinion of me.

When my furlough expired, about the middle of March, 1865, the fragment of the old brigade was in North Carolina under "Old Joe" again and again facing General Sherman. My eyes were still in no condition for field service, though much improved. I did not know what to do nor where to go. I had enlisted for the war, and I could not bear the thought of quitting the service. To use one of the expressions I often heard from our men in times of discouragement, I made up my mind "to see this thing through."

Just at the right moment the question was solved. Dr. Robert Anderson, who had charge of me when I was blind at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., in 1863, was now director of the hospitals in Tuscaloosa, Ala. Hearing that I was again almost blind, he applied to the proper authorities to have me appointed chaplain of that post. So, unexpectedly, I received orders from the War Department to report to him for duty at once.

That journey from Mobile to Tuscaloosa was "through toils and dangers" that will give an idea of the difficulties of travel in the South at the close of the war. The distance from Mobile to Tuscaloosa is, I suppose, two hundred and twenty-five miles. My route led me over three hundred miles on a shakeling railroad in a dilapidated car to Meridian, to stay all night with rats and bugs in a big board shanty, lodging five dollars on a bunk and straw bed, supper and breakfast (corn bread, fat bacon, meal coffee), five dollars for each meal. But I had plenty of money of the same quality as the rations. Then on another worn-out railroad I went east to Marion Junction and on a short line to Marion in a box car fitted up with seats. The only thing I remember about Marion Junction is a story told me that a man riding over the road in that prairie country was mired up, and he and his horse smothered in the mud. There had been heavy rains. I don't know whether the story was a hoax or not, but I never saw deeper mud. My next move was in a stage, drawn by a poor old "bag of bones," to Greensboro, where I stayed three days because of high waters, rendering creeks impassable.

After about a week of jerky travel and tedious delays, I got a man to take me to Tuscaloosa. It was an exceedingly pleasant little city of cultivated and hospitable people, whose hearts as well as their doors were open to Confederate soldiers. It was and is the seat of the State University. It was once the capital of the State, and the old Statehouse was now occupied by a girls' school. The Black Warrior River, that flowed by, was navigable for small boats to the city, but the stream was so narrow that it required considerable nautical skill to turn a boat around in it. It was here that I spent the last two months of my war experience, and part of that experience was quite strenuous.

Dr. Anderson assigned me a room in his own house, where

I was treated as a member of his family. One of the Confederate Senators, Mr. Jemison, lived in the city. There were a good many refugees in the place, some from Tennessee, and there was a most agreeable social life, to which I had free access.

One of my most delightful memories of those days was my association with Mr. Joseph Davis, the elder brother of the Confederate President, who was over eighty years old. He had to leave his plantation on the Mississippi River and, with his granddaughter and a widowed niece, was living with Dr. Anderson, his neighbor and family physician when at his home. While I was in the hospital at Lauderdale Springs, in 1863, his wife died, and, in the absence of a minister of her own Church (Episcopal), I conducted her funeral. Now he welcomed me warmly to Tuscaloosa.

Mr. Davis's room and mine adjoined. He was a great reader, especially of history, and his information on the political history of this country and of England was extensive and accurate. When my sight was much improved, I frequently read to him, and his conversation was to me very interesting and instructive.

His brother, the President, was devotedly attached to him, writing frequently, I think every week, letters breathing the affectionate spirit of a son for a father. Indeed, the President seemed to have the greatest confidence in the judgment of his brother, who was, of course, very proud of the distinguished honors that the younger man had received.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Morgan, the Raider.—General Hartsuff, U. S. A., wrote Rosecrans on July 18 thus: "Morgan has been pressed so closely since the moment he crossed the river that all the damage he did would scarcely exceed that made by a good-sized Thomas cat dragged by the tail." And history bears out this general's assertion.

Confederates Stole and Yankees Seized.—General Rosecrans said: "Morgan's Rebel force is on a horse-stealing expedition in Kentucky." And Halleck told Rosecrans to "seize all horses in the enemy's territory." See the difference?

Concentrating by Confederates.—It is a well-known fact that the Confederates never made use of their superiority over the Yankees in their interior lines but once, and that was in the Chickamauga campaign, and history tells us that it was a great success as far as Bragg would let it go. One man, however, saw the advantage we possessed as early as June of the same year, for Beauregard wrote on the 21st of that month: "It may be that Lee could have spared 30,000 men from Virginia for the purpose of reinforcing Bragg, he certainly could have sent him Longstreet's 20,000 men from North Carolina and elsewhere who took no part in the battle of Chancellorsville. With these and the 10,000 men and seven light batteries I sent to General Johnston at Jackson, Miss., about the beginning of May, Bragg would have had about 95,000 men to attack suddenly and boldly Rosecrans with 65,000. Having crushed them, he could have left 30,000 to march on to Nashville and Kentucky and have sent 50,000 to take possession of Memphis and Fort Pillow. The whole of this brilliant campaign could have been terminated by the end of June with the destruction of Rosecrans's and

Grant's armies and the conquest of Tennessee and Kentucky. We could have then taken the offensive, as circumstances would have best indicated."

Grapevine.—From a Union source on February 13: "A division of troops said to be Stonewall Jackson's passed south last week to join Bragg."

Grapevine.—From another Union source on May 27: "Johnston dispatched Bragg that he had nearly annihilated Grant's army and that Vicksburg is entirely safe. In Friday's fighting Grant had the advantage, Saturday was without result, Sunday and Monday Johnston beat Grant." Well, it's refreshing to know that he did beat somebody, even by grapevine.

July 17.—"It is said that Rosecrans's advance is at Rome." True, but as prisoners (Streight's raiders) to Forrest.

Yankee Cavalry.—In April, 1863, General Rosecrans wrote Halleck: "The cavalry appears to have behaved gallantly, and I am glad to observe and call attention to the evidence of its increasing effectiveness. With proper officers and arms, it will soon be able to cope with its Rebel foes effectively."

Some Review.—J. B. Baltzell, assistant inspector general on Bragg's staff, on April 11, 1863, wrote from Tullahoma, Tenn.: "To-day has been a great day with us. There has been a grand review of the army, beyond all doubt the grandest affair of the war. The troops were reviewed by Gen. J. E. Johnston. Sixty thousand infantry marched in the grandest order before that old chieftain. Just behold the heroes that accompanied him, such as Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Breckinridge, and a host of others with unstained reputations. I think I can safely say that we have one of the grandest armies that ever walked upon earth. It took the troops four hours to march by. They passed in column by companies, with music from one end of the army to the other, and I think it was the grandest sight I ever witnessed." It surely was some army.

Negro Characteristics.—Gen. T. G. Ransom, U. S. Army, reported on July 16 that he "desired some instructions as to what policy I shall pursue with regard to the negroes. They flock by thousands (about one able-bodied man to six women and children). What shall I do with them? They are all anxious to go; they do not know where or what for." That's all; just wanted to ramble. Have they changed any?

A Ticklish Lieutenant Colonel.—Col. William Utley, 22d Wisconsin, says of the battle of Thompson Station, Tenn., in March, 1863: "During the engagement my lieutenant colonel from a safe retreat annoyed me by sending word to me to retire. Casting my eye to the right wing, I saw several companies headed by the lieutenant colonel in full retreat. I immediately gave the order to halt, which they did not seem to heed. As I had no one to send, I immediately started to head them off, which for a time made things very much worse; for when the men saw me run they all broke from the hill and ran after me, thus leaving the position entirely defenseless. I finally got them all halted and stepped to the front to align the ranks, and while thus engaged I saw a portion of the regiment again in full retreat at the double-quick, headed by the lieutenant colonel, and I could not overtake him this time." A very bad plan for any colonel to break to the rear, but the lieutenant colonel in his report doesn't mention anything like the above.

A Different Race of People.—After being abandoned by his executive officer, Colonel Utley was picked up by the Rebels and sent to Richmond, and upon being exchanged and returned to duty he said: "My impression is, from all that I could see and learn from intercourse with the people and from actual observation, that they were at that time the worst whipped people on the face of God's earth. There was nothing left of them but their bombast. In short, I saw that the marks of God's avenging hand were upon all their land and the finger marks of Uncle Sam were upon all their throats. I have learned that what they say is true respecting their being a different people. The difference is very marked, and I think we have all come back impressed with the idea that there is a very great difference and all in favor of the North." Well, his opinion didn't hurt anybody, as both sides were satisfied.

Whites Ran and Negroes Stood.—Gen. Henry McCullough, C. S. Army, says of his attack on Milliken's Bend on June 8: "The line was joined under a heavy fire from the enemy, and the troops charged and carried the breastworks immediately. The charge was resisted by the negro portion of the enemy's force with considerable obstinacy; while the white, or true Yankee, portion ran like whipped curs." The negroes were probably fortified with "fire water."

Officers of Northern Birth in the C. S. Army.—Gen. J. E. Johnston wrote President Davis on June 10: "It has been suggested to me that the troops in this department are very hostile to officers of Northern birth, and on that account General French's arrival will weaken instead of strengthen us. I beg you to consider that *all* the general officers of Northern birth are on duty in this department. It is important to avoid any case of further discontent." There were, however, a few left in the Eastern Department.

Iron Revolving Fort.—General Bowen, C. S. Army, proved himself ahead of his time by offering to build at Grand Gulf, Miss., "an iron casemate, or tower battery, which I propose to erect on the following plan: On a platform similar to a locomotive turntable I would build a round tower about ten feet high capped with a roof of railroad iron. The tower will revolve on a pintle and will be turned with cranks. There will be ports to allow the guns to protrude, and each gun after firing will be turned from the enemy and reloaded for action." I suppose the General got his idea from the Monitor, but, at any rate, it would have worked all right if it had been built. On July 16, shortly after the surrender of Vicksburg, General Bowen died from sickness contracted during the siege.

Disorderly Flight.—Lieutenant Colonel Ferguson, C. S. Army, reported concerning the skirmish at Fish Lake Bridge, Miss., in February: "I remained some little time to observe the enemy and then started by a short cut through the fields to cut off my artillery and get them in a position I had previously selected. I had barely got into the road along which they were advancing when my whole cavalry command dashed up in full flight. Officers and men mixed up together, throwing away their arms and all that impeded their flight. Not one shot had been fired. The enemy was in sight, but still half a mile distant, not more than sixty in number, and separated from them by a stout fence. I did all in my power to stop them, with the success one man might expect in a herd of stampeded cattle. Some ten or twelve of the rear files did stop perhaps for one minute. I called on them to follow me and started for the artillery, now, although abandoned utterly by all supports, gallantly firing on the enemy.

Not one man would follow me, but the panic-stricken cowards rejoined their worthy comrades at a rate which soon made up for lost time." There was a saying at this time that no one ever saw a dead man with spurs on.

Fiery Valor versus Cool Courage.—Colonel Stone, U. S. Army, says that in the battle of Port Gibson, on April 30, "we fought the veteran troops of the Confederacy, who gloried in the laurels won upon the earlier fields of the war. They were gathered from several States and were led by a general who fought us at the memorable battle of Shiloh. We met them again upon more equal terms and in a contest as fierce as Shiloh, considering the numbers engaged. Hand to hand we fought them and demonstrated the fact beyond all dispute that the fiery valor of the South is no match for the cool and stubborn courage of the Western soldiers." Especially when there were more Westerners than Southerners.

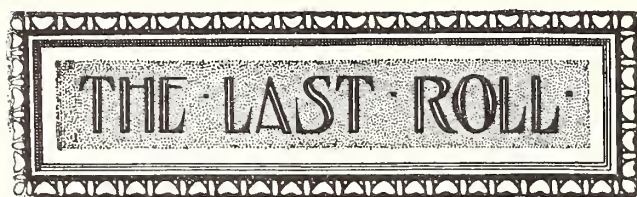
Not Justified by Rules of War.—General Sherman said that "some buildings in Jackson, Miss., were destroyed by some mischievous soldiers (who could not be detected), which was not justified by the rules of war, including the Catholic church and Confederate hotel, the former resulting from accidental circumstance and the latter from malice." Rules of war, then as now, are mere "scraps of paper."

Making the War Self-Sustaining.—Gen. S. D. Lee, C. S. Army, said on April 12: "Adjutant General Thomas, U. S. Army, on the 9th visited Lake Providence and made a speech to the troops, stating that all the negroes were to be returned and the men *conscripted* (freemen). Each division should have three negro regiments, to be officered by whites. All the rest of the negroes, men and women (freemen), were to be put to work under overseers to raise cotton and corn for the government to make the war self-sustaining." And yet the "Great Emancipator" had issued his famous proclamation!

U. S. S. Essex for Sale.—Gen. Frank Gardner, C. S. Army, told General Pemberton on February 27: "The Essex can be bought for three hundred bales of cotton. This is reliable." To which Pemberton answered: "Buy her at any price; I will guarantee payment." But the sale never took place, as the traitor they were dealing with backed out.

Street Corner Generals.—In August, 1863, the *Mobile Register and Advertiser* had the following article: "Nearly two months have now elapsed since the surrender of Vicksburg, and during that time the public journals of the country have literally teemed with abuse of General Pemberton. He has been denounced as a traitor who betrayed his trust and sold Vicksburg to the enemy and as an imbecile incapable of command. We have many able generals, many redoubtable warriors, men who fight a battle every week and always conquer, but their battles are fought on street corners and in bar rooms and are consequently bloodless. Military critics, too, we have, 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa'; but they take especial pains to keep their precious bodies out of harm's way. To these warriors and critics it is nothing that a soldier's reputation is murdered, his name blasted, and his future blighted." Pemberton was not a traitor. He is said by good authority to have been incompetent, but after this he resigned his lieutenant generalship and stayed to the finish as a lieutenant colonel of artillery.

Meet Me in Atlanta.—General Sherman wrote General Parke, U. S. Army, on July 6 that he hoped to meet him in Atlanta in October. He would have done this a year later if Parke had been there.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"When the last sad taps is sounded,
When the Rebel shout is stayed,
Heaven's the happy camp, unbounded,
Where God's orders are obeyed,
Where the Prince of Peace benignly
Lulls to rest the soul divinely."

COL. WILL H. THOMPSON.

Following an extended illness, Col. Will H. Thompson, distinguished poet-author and Confederate veteran, passed away at his home, in Seattle, Wash., during the month of August, 1918.

Colonel Thompson was seventy years old last March. He was born in Calhoun, Ga., March 10, 1848, and received his early education in the private schools of his home city, later graduating from Calhoun Academy and the Georgia Military Institute. He was married to Miss Ida Lee at Crawfordsville, Ind., June 11, 1874, his wife dying about ten years ago.

In 1863 young Thompson joined the cause of the South in the War between the States, serving with the 4th Georgia Infantry. He participated in the campaign of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, and other hard-fought battles. His service was as a private in the ranks, the title of "colonel" being an honorary one.

After the war for a time he was a civil engineer in Indiana, then studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1872. In 1889 he went to Seattle, where he had resided continuously from that year. He formed the law firm of Thompson, Edsen & Humphries, which was continued until 1896, when he was appointed General Western Counsel for the Great Northern Railroad, with which he remained until 1904. He was a member of the Washington State Bar Association.

Will H. Thompson attained a national reputation as an author and poet and was a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. Doubtless his best work was the poem, "High Tide at Gettysburg."

Colonel Thompson was a crack shot with rifle, revolver, and shotgun. He was an enthusiastic archer and as the organizer of the American National Archery Association was known as the father of archery in America. He was the national archery champion from 1878 to 1884. He still retained his bows and arrows and targets. With his brother, the late Maurice Thompson, also famous in literature, he wrote on "How to Train in Archery," and he wrote the libretto of a comic opera, "The Lion Heart," which was accepted by Victor Herbert.

At the time of his death Colonel Thompson was Commander of the John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans in Seattle. He is survived by a daughter and two sons.

CAPT. W. T. RATLIFF.

In his eighty-third year, Capt. W. T. Ratliff died on January 20, 1918, at his home, in Raymond, Miss. He was buried with military honors, participated in by Confederate veterans and a detail of United States soldiers from Camp Jackson.

Captain Ratliff commanded Company A, known as Ratliff's Battery, of the 1st Mississippi (Wither's) Artillery, and was acting chief of artillery of Hebert's Brigade at the siege of Vicksburg. He attained distinction as a soldier, as he did later as a citizen and Christian. He held many offices of honor and trust and was a leader in both civic and religious life. He was always active and effective in supporting all causes for the betterment of his country. For forty-five years he had been President of the Board of Trustees of Mississippi College, at Clinton, and at his death was President of the Mississippi Anti-Saloon League and of the Board of Trustees of Archives and History of Mississippi. He was a member of the Mississippi commission which erected the monument to Mississippi troops in the National Park at Vicksburg and of the commission to represent Mississippi at the meeting of Confederate and Federal soldiers at Vicksburg in October, 1917.

For many years the survivors of Ratliff's Battery met at Jackson on June 3 for their annual reunion.

D. L. GLAVES.

D. L. Graves, one of the oldest citizens of Fredericktown, Mo., died suddenly at his home on August 26, 1918. He was the son of Frederick and Elizabeth Graves and was born at Carthage, Smith County, Tenn. The father was a native of Germany and when young emigrated to the United States and located at Carthage, where he married. His wife was born in Smith County, Tenn., and was of German descent. She was the mother of nine children, all of whom have "passed over the river." Daniel L. was an infant when his father died and was but seven years old when he lost his mother. He was taken by an uncle, John Goodner, with whom he lived, at Cleveland, Tenn., until he had attained young manhood, and in the year 1859 he came to Madison County, Mo.

Mr. Graves enlisted in Company C, 4th Missouri Light Artillery, of the Confederate army, at Doniphan, Ripley County, Mo., on the 10th of August, 1862. He was in the battles of Bloomfield, Mo., Helena, Little Rock, Mansfield, Jenkins Ferry, Gascondale Ridge, Glasgow, Pilot Knob (being the first to fire a shot here), Bloomville, Blue Mills, and numerous other engagements. He surrendered in June, 1865, as evidenced by the following honorable testimonial:

"This is to certify that D. L. Graves, a private in the 4th Missouri Light Artillery, has faithfully performed his duty as a soldier of the Confederate States and remained true to his colors until honorably discharged under the terms of a surrender of the Confederate forces to the military authorities of the United States effected at Grand Ecore, La., this 5th day of June, 1865.

HARRY T. HAYES,
Major General Commanding Subdistrict of West Louisiana."

Mr. Graves then returned to Twelve-Mile Township, in Madison County, Mo., where he located; and on March 11 following he was married to Miss Elizabeth Sitzes, a native of Bollinger County, Mo., born in 1848 and the daughter of Rufus Sitzes. To this union five children were born, four of them surviving him—J. F. Graves, Mrs. R. N. Davis, of Fredericktown, Mrs. J. F. Neal, of Cape Girardeau, and Mrs.

Eugene Haesener, of Alliance, Ohio. His wife died several years ago. He was a thirty-second-degree Mason and also a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge. These two orders had charge of the funeral, which was held at the Methodist church, of which he was a member. He was buried in his Confederate uniform, which he prized very highly, and the honorary pallbearers were composed of Confederate and Union veterans.

It has been my privilege to be associated with Mr. Graves socially and in a business way for a number of years, having accompanied him to several Confederate Reunions, which he enjoyed to all intents and purposes, and only four days before his death he called to ascertain if I would go with him to Tulsa this year. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Security Bank of Fredericktown at the time of his death and had served in that capacity for a number of years.

[N. B. Watts.]

JOHN WESLEY BASORE.

On August 5, 1918, at his home, in Broadway, Va., another of the loyal sons of the South answered the roll call of the Great Commander and "passed over the river." John Wesley Basore, son of the late Michael Basore, was born on the Potomac River at Berkley, W. Va., November 25, 1836, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-second year.

At the outbreak of the war in 1861 he promptly enlisted in the Southern cause, becoming a member of Company A, 25th Virginia Infantry. He was later transferred to the 62d Infantry, Imboden's Brigade. Except when on parole, he took part in every engagement of his brigade until the close of the war. Until the time of his death he was a member of the Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of Winchester.

Shortly after the cessation of hostilities Mr. Basore went to Broadway and, with his comrade in arms, the late P. W. Pugh, engaged in the mercantile business. Being one of the pioneer settlers, he was prominent through long years in Broadway's business life. After retiring from active business, he served several terms as mayor of the town and was closely identified with all of its interests. He possessed a philosophical mind, genuine literary tastes, and the old-school love of such authors as Dickens and Burns. For many years he had been a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Basore was twice married, his first wife being Miss Ortelia Kellog Enos, who died many years ago. His second wife, who survives, was Miss Nannie Fletcher, daughter of the late Rev. Peterson Fletcher. He is also survived by one son, John W. Basore, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Classics in Princeton University.

The community mourns one who for a number of years adorned its life by his intelligence and the courtesy of the old-time gentleman.

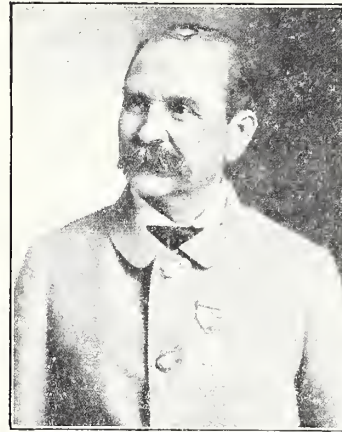
GEORGE TALLY BIGGS.

George Tally Biggs was born June 17, 1830, and died on June 17, 1918, at his home, in Lauderdale County, Miss. He had made this county his home since early manhood. He was a farmer by choice, a law-abiding citizen, a true friend, and a Christian gentleman. As a Confederate soldier he served in Company H, 2d Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's command. He was true to every trust and never ashamed of the laurels he won as such.

[J. J. Hall, Marion, Miss.]

WILLIAM ALFONSO HOLT.

William Alfonso Holt (better known as "Forney") died January 24, 1918, at the home of his niece, Mrs. L. F. Etter, at Dermott, Ark. He was the son of Neal B. and Mary Gregory Holt, of Memphis, Tenn., and was born at that place June 28, 1840. There he spent most of his life.



WILLIAM ALFONSO HOLT.

He enlisted May 15, 1861, in the 4th Tennessee Infantry, Company H, under General Bragg. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Tenn., and on the picket line in front of Corinth. He was with General Bragg on the raid through Kentucky. He also engaged in the fights of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Ga., and Rocky Fall Mountain. He was captured at Lafayette, Ga., while serving in the signal corps and secret service and was sent to Rock Island Prison. After eleven months' imprisonment he made his escape and went to Canada. There he was a Canadian raider and was outlawed by the United States government. When the war closed, he was at Houston, Tex. He then went into Mexico with Gen. E. Kirby Smith, J. B. Magruder, Sterling Price, Joe Shelby, Governor Harris, and many others. He was never discharged from the Confederate army nor paroled, so he never took the oath of allegiance.

When the Ku-Klux Klan was organized in Memphis in 1868, Mr. Holt joined and was a staunch member under General Forrest. Not only was he brave and dauntless in fighting for his beloved South, but he also risked self when he enlisted as a member of the Howard Association in 1878, when Memphis was threatened with annihilation on account of the yellow fever.

His life was one of love and sacrifice. Though a sufferer for the last two years of his life, he was always bright and cheerful, kind to all, and a true Christian. His cross of honor was his most prized possession. He was buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn.

EDWIN W. DYER.

On the 3d of June, 1918, our comrade and brother, Edwin W. Dyer, of Plainview (Tex.) Camp, No. 1548, U. C. V., passed over the river to join the innumerable host of the heavenly camping ground. He was born in Cherokee County, Ala., August 16, 1839, enlisted in the Confederate army in January, 1862, from Baylor University, Tex., and was discharged in May, 1865. He will never again respond to the call of duty here. He has answered the last roll, and we cherish the fond hope and belief that when taps sounded lights out for him his ransomed soul was greeted by the sound of reveille in the better land. In his death our Camp has lost a valued helper and wise counselor, always faithful and true.

[Committee: R. H. Holland, J. C. Jones, H. W. Harrel.]

SAMUEL M. HANKINS.

Samuel M. Hankins, who died recently at the Confederate Home at Biloxi, Miss., was born seventy-three years ago in what was then Itawamba County, Miss., now Lee County. He had just entered his sixteenth year in the spring of 1861 and was very anxious to enlist for the Confederacy, to which at last his father gave reluctant consent, as he was to enlist himself and thought the boy should stay at home with his mother. Young Hankins joined a company of volunteers from his town and county, which at Corinth was made a part of the 2d Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. John M. Stone. This regiment was one of the first to be organized, and he served with it to the surrender. After the war he was appointed clerk of the chancery court in the district, holding court at Tupelo, where he served until the appointees of Governor Alcorn, of whom he was one, were removed.

It will be remembered that Comrade Hankins wrote the story of his army experiences which was published in the *VETERAN* during 1912 and 1913 under the title of "Simple Story of a Soldier," and this was afterwards issued in pamphlet form. His last years were devoted largely to such labors, and he was correspondent for a number of publications. Writing gave him much pleasure in the opportunity to defend or exploit the deeds of his comrades of the Southern army. He had been an inmate of the Beauvoir Confederate Home for some years.

COL. CARY BRECKINRIDGE.

Died, at his home in Fincastle, Va., on May 11, 1918, Col. Cary Breckinridge, in his seventy-ninth year. Colonel Breckinridge was the son of Capt. Cary Breckinridge and Emma Walker Gilmer, and was born at "Grove Hill," Botetourt County, Va., that fine old estate where his ancestors had lived and dispensed a generous hospitality for generations, and from which the Kentucky branch of the family migrated. He was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute and at the outbreak of the War between the States enlisted as a private. He rose rapidly to Colonel of the Second Virginia Cavalry and served through the entire war, having five horses shot under him and being three times wounded. In the last days of the struggle he was promoted to brigadier general; but never having borne that title on the field of battle, he never claimed it. A member of the Episcopal Church, he was as a man kind, gentle, modest, high-minded, of uncompromising integrity, and lived above reproach. A neighbor who knew him well remarked on learning of his death: "There wasn't a spot on him." His fine, commanding presence attracted attention in any company and proclaimed him the product of a time that has gone. The environment of his day contributed to a nobleness of mind that coming generations may find it difficult to emulate, but must always revere. Physically a giant, he was otherwise superb; and as a soldier he was the peer of any. He was truly of heroic mold, one of those magnificent characters that a kind Providence sometimes lends to us as an inspiration.

JOHN M. BRADY CAMP, LOUISVILLE, MISS.

J. Pink Cagle, Adjutant, reports the following:

"Since our last annual Reunion we have lost nine members of John M. Brady Camp, who have answered the last roll call: W. H. Richardson, James M. Davis, John McNeill, James Lee, all of the 14th Mississippi; Levi Livingston, 20th Mississippi; Oswald Taylor and Sanford Bain, 35th Mississippi; John Wilk, 2d South Carolina; T. P. M. King, State troops.

JAMES Z. GRANT.

James Z. Grant, a prominent farmer of Montgomery County, Tenn., died at his home, in Palmyra, on the 13th of February, 1918, at the age of seventy-five years, following a long illness with heart trouble. He was a member of the Methodist Church and of the Masonic Lodge and Forbes Bivouac of Confederate Veterans of Clarksville, Tenn. He was four years in the Confederate army, joining in his early teens, serving in the 49th Tennessee Regiment. He was wounded twice, and he carried a rifle ball in his right side all his life. He and a few of his comrades jumped the breastworks at Franklin, Tenn. In December, 1877, Comrade Grant was married to Miss Mary Fannie Crouch, the eldest daughter of the late Dr. John Crouch. To this union were born nine children, seven of whom survive, four sons—Boleyn, James, Charles, and Foster—and three daughters—Mrs. H. W. Pfister, of Waco, Tex., Mrs. S. L. Wright, of Nashville, Tenn., and Miss Lizzie Grant. The youngest son, Foster Grant, is a volunteer in the marines and will soon go overseas.

The funeral was conducted on the 15th of February at Grant's Chapel, in the Fifth District, by Rev. F. G. Dickson, and he was buried by his old comrades.

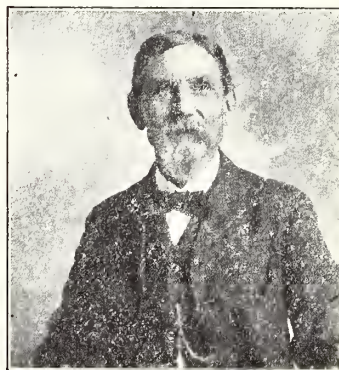
GASTON COUNTY VETERANS.

Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, Historian Gastonia Chapter, U. D. C., Gastonia, N. C., reports the following deaths for the past year among the veterans of that county:

Thaddeus Clinon, Company H, 23d Regiment; W. M. Black, Company C, Infantry and Cavalry; William S. Cannon, Company C, 10th Regiment; G. F. Smith, Company E, 72d Regiment; J. W. Walker, 10th Artillery; Frances Wright, Company F, 34th Regiment; Robert B. Stone, Company B, 28th Regiment; R. A. Groves, Company A, 11th Regiment; G. P. Clemmer, Company H, 49th Regiment; Marcus Carpenter, Company B, 28th Regiment; B. Black, Company H, 37th Regiment; Robert Haynes, Company B, 23d Regiment; George Clemmer, L. Thompson, John Groves.

CAPT. FRED MEYER McQUEEN.

An honorable and useful life closed with the death of Capt. Fred M. McQueen, Confederate veteran and prominent citizen of Montgomery, Ala., on December 22, 1917. His life illustrated the ideal type of Southern manhood.



CAPT. FRED M. McQUEEN.

Captain McQueen was a gallant Confederate soldier. At the age of eighteen he entered the war as a sharpshooter and served under Generals Lee and Jackson from 1861 to 1865, with one complimentary furlough. He was a consistent member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., of Montgomery. After the war Captain McQueen married Miss Luta J. DeForbes, of Savannah, Ga. He was devoted to his home and family. His was an ideal life. No greater pleasure ever came to him than to be surrounded by his family and to relate the brave and trying experiences of the war. His loyalty to the cause of the Confederacy could never be shaken. His last days were spent in pleasant reminiscences.

JAMES FRANKLIN BOLTON.

"He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read."

James Franklin Bolton, of Bennettsville, S. C., a Confederate veteran, was born April 12, 1843, and died May 25, 1918. In what was known as the old "Beauty Spot" community he lived a noble, faithful, and useful life, the worth and beauty of which are known only to God, in whose precepts he walked, with whom he held daily communion, and to whom he yielded glad, loving obedience.

Perhaps there was no man in that community who was more beloved by a larger circle of relatives and friends. His death brought sorrow to many hearts. Though he has been called to the mansions above, he still lives in the hearts of all who knew him and in the beneficent influence of his consecrated life upon their lives.

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?"

When a lad of thirteen years of age he joined the Methodist Church near his home and continued a happy, active member of the same until his death. There was nothing that he enjoyed more than the reading of his Bible, thinking on things of the heavenly kingdom, singing the sweet songs of Zion, and lifting up his heart in praise and thanksgiving to God.

In 1861, when only eighteen years of age, James Bolton responded to his country's call and went forth to battle in her defense as lieutenant in Company F, — Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. Later he was transferred to Company B, Waite's South Carolina Battery. Near the close of the war this battery was stationed at Fort Tyler, West Point, Ga., where on April 16, 1865 (nine days after General Lee's surrender), one of the most heroic and gallant battles of the four years' struggle was fought and the last Confederate fort to surrender fell into the enemy's hands.

In this battle Veteran Bolton lost his left arm. During his convalescence from his wound in the home of Mr. George H. Winston, near West Point, he formed friendships which lasted through life and will be renewed in heaven. On April 18, 1918, in a letter to the friend who as a little girl of twelve years had nursed him during his convalescence in her father's home, he said: "To-day completes fifty-three years that an empty sleeve has hung at my side. Haven't I reason for thankfulness?"

A battle-scarred Confederate veteran, he loved the South as only those who made great sacrifices for it could love; and he was loyal to its principles, traditions, and memories. He loved his old comrades in arms and was loved and honored by them. He was Commissioner of Confederate Pensions for Marlboro County and Chaplain of Camp Henagan, U. C. V., and went as the representative of this Camp to many Reunions. He hoped to attend the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., this year, but feared that the long journey would be too taxing for his failing strength. He has gone instead to a more glorious reunion in heaven with the thousands of comrades who have preceded him to that better land.

Mr. Bolton is survived by his wife, Mrs. Nannie J. Bolton, and by three daughters, Misses Madge, Mabel Winston,

and Frances Bolton, who live near Bennettsville, S. C., in the home from which he has gone. He is also survived by four sons, James Edmund Bolton, of Columbia, S. C., Charles Gilmore Bolton, of Gainesville, Ala., Benjamin Franklin Bolton, of Bethune, S. C., and Robert Bolton, now in camp at Pittsburgh, Pa.; and by several grandchildren, one of whom, Marlboro Hamer, is in the aviation camp at Waco, Tex. All of these are sadly bereaved by the going from them of such a devoted husband, father, and grandfather.

On Sunday, May 26, 1918, funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Rev. T. E. Morris, were held in the Tatum Methodist Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity by neighbors and friends who had gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to an honored and beloved Christian citizen and friend. Several old Confederate veterans acted as an escort of honor and as honorary pallbearers, and, as an additional mark of honor, his casket was enshrouded with the flag he loved so well and for which he so valiantly fought. "Taps" was sounded at the grave, and there, in a casket of Confederate gray and in a grave which with loving hands the Daughters of the Confederacy had filled with flowers, they gave

"His body to that pleasant country's earth
And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now he rests."

[Mrs. Mollie Winston Higginbotham, West Point, Ga.]

N. C. ROSE.

Capt. J. L. Rogers, commanding Camp D. C. Walker, U. C. V., of Franklin, Ky., reports the death of N. C. Rose, a member of the Camp who served in the 14th Tennessee Infantry. Comrade Rose died on September 11, 1918, at the age of seventy-nine years, having been born September 18, 1839. He was a valiant soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia, participating in the battles about Richmond, and at Gettysburg he was severely wounded. That was his last fight, as his wound incapacitated him for further duty. Returning to his home, he took up farming and became an estimable citizen of his community, and he leaves behind him a noble record as one of the many heroes who wore the gray. He was an appreciated member of Camp Walker at Franklin and by his comrades was laid to rest in beautiful Greenlawn Cemetery with military honors.

J. M. WALLACE.

J. M. Wallace, a member of Joe Shelby Camp, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla., died at his home there on June 8, 1918. He was born November 9, 1839, near Montgomery, Ala., but was living in Red River County, Tex., when the war came on, and in 1861 he enlisted in Company B, 9th Texas Regiment. He was wounded at Allatoona, Ga., captured, and sent to Camp Douglas Prison, where he remained until the close of the war. Comrade Wallace was a devoted member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church from his boyhood and was a Mason of the Royal Arch Commandery. He had lived in Chickasha for a number of years and was much beloved.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENEHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: October is the "gathering-in" month of U. D. C. work. We are all looking forward to our General Convention, which opens in Louisville, Ky., on Tuesday evening, November 12, and already the call for the convention, the instructions and credentials, and amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws have been distributed to the eleven hundred and ninety-one Chapters officially recorded on our roll of Chapters through our faithful and efficient Recording Secretary General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant. Chapter Presidents who have not received this official printed matter, which is so necessary for a proper representation at the General Convention, are advised to apply at once to their State President, notifying her of their failure to receive their credentials, etc.

A General Convention is the source of the greatest inspiration for constructive U. D. C. work, and your President General cannot urge too strongly the need for every Chapter to make an effort to be represented by one of its own members at our forthcoming Louisville meeting. Never before in the history of our organization have we done so much patriotic and constructive work as in the past year. The touchstone of war has brought out all the latent power in our membership. The appeals to patriotic service have found a ready response in the heart of every U. D. C. Those who had let their energies slacken in times of ease and prosperity have sprung back into the "working front," and the reports at Louisville will show the tremendous volume of work and influence that has been put in operation during the past year by the U. D. C. Every Chapter has had a part in this work, and I want every Chapter to catch the message and take it back home first-hand to its local workers, so that they too may feel the dignity, the privilege, and the honor that are now associated with membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Louisville is centrally located; and the proximity of the great national cantonment, Camp Zachary Taylor, to the convention city adds to the desirability of meeting in the beautiful Kentucky city. It will be our first General Convention in Kentucky; and while we all are pledged to conserve in railroad traveling and in expenditures for idle pleasure, in the case of a working organization this yearly meeting is imperatively necessary to dispose of the business of the past year and to formulate plans for the further development and execution of our patriotic war service in all fields of our endeavors for the coming year. The program for the Louisville meeting will be a working one. Effort is being made to strip it of all unnecessary features. The reports of the standing and special committees, together with the officers' reports, will be the important busi-

ness of the Convention, and the program is being so arranged. With all the sessions being held at the Seelbach Hotel, the headquarters hotel, the meeting should be a comfortable one, with opportunity for much business dispatched. The local committee has arranged for a Bureau of Information, in charge of Mrs. John L. Woodbury, where, in addition to the usual information about the city and the Convention needs, they have arranged for an exhibit of literature and plans of work of all committees along with every U. D. C. blank which is in use by our organization, so that delegates may inform themselves of all the systems in operation to develop the U. D. C. as an organization. All officers and chairmen of U. D. C. general committees are requested to send to Mrs. Woodbury by November 1 an exhibit of all printed matter or blanks issued by their departments and any other printed matter which they may desire distributed at the Louisville meeting, so that she may have time to put it in proper shape for display in this Bureau of Information.

War Relief Work goes on with an ever-increasing volume. All Chapters should have filled out before October 1 and returned to their State War Relief Director the two important blanks which give a full record of their special war relief work. Those that have not are urged to look up their two blanks at once, fill in carefully, and return to their special war relief director for her State tabulations. Your President General is most anxious that this work shall be accurate, and its sum total will show in no faint way how faithfully and how self-sacrificingly the U. D. C. have toiled for their country, its army and its navy, in the past twelve months. Make your war relief report at once. We need it to make our report to the world as a great national patriotic society.

Education.—No Chapter has done all the war relief work it can do unless it has given something toward the educational work of the U. D. C. in the past year. Remember, education is as much patriotic war relief work and Confederate work as nursing the soldiers, knitting for them, or caring for old Confederate men and women. A nation lives in its children; and if we do not keep this in mind; we shall fail in our duty to our Confederate ancestors, who suffered and dared that we might live honored and respected in the world of brave men and good women. Your Chairman of Education, Mrs. Bashinsky, has toiled through the summer arranging for the awards of your scholarships. One of your Washington and Lee scholars whom you educated is flying in France. Your Vassar girl whom you graduated is filling an important scientific position in government work. Your boys from many of your endowed scholarships are officers in the nation's army and navy. Do you not think that this work is

a large foundation upon which our future may rest secure? We have set our faces to make it a permanent part of our association's life by raising a fifty-thousand-dollar endowment fund for loan scholarships. This Committee on Education asks you to give to this fund at once. How much have you sent to the Vice Chairman in charge of this fund, Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.? Let every Chapter in the U. D. C. have its name listed on the roll of contributions to this fund when that roll is read at Louisville as a part of the educational work of the U. D. C.

The Confederate Veterans held their Reunion in Tulsa, Okla., in September. The necessity for their coming together for a few days of remembrance was recognized by the Government Railroad Administration, and the comfort and happiness this gathering was to these old men will be an inspiration to the youth of our land to their cheerful fulfillment of their patriotic duty in military and naval service for their country. The President General regretted that she could not be present at the Reunion this year. The meeting, falling so late in September, pressed too closely on my preconvention duties, and the difficulties of transportation prevented me from fitting in the pleasure and inspiration of attendance at the Reunion with the personal duties of attending three important State U. D. C. conventions whose immediate membership counted on my presence in their midst.

This is my last message but one to you before we meet face to face to render our reports of our year's service in the cause of patriotism, history, memory, education, and the social ties of friendship which bind us together as a group of Southern women with a common, glorious inheritance of courage and fidelity to duty. Let us make a supreme effort to complete a great year's work and see it all at the feet of that splendid civilization from which we sprang, as a tribute of our filial love and loyalty.

Yours faithfully.

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the Loan Scholarship Endowment Fund for the month of August have been as follows:

Missouri Division: Monett, Theodore Lee Harvey Chapter	\$ 2 00
Marshall, Robert E. Lee Chapter.....	2 00
South Carolina Division, Aiken, Edward Croft Chapter ..	2 10
Columbia, M. C. Butler Chapter.....	5 00
Fairfax, Fairfax Chapter.....	2 00
Previously acknowledged	295 75

Total September 1.....\$308 85

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Education Committee U. D. C.

Yes, there's a charm about the name of Mary
Which haunts me like some old enchanter's spell,
Or rather like the voice of some sweet fairy,
Singing low love songs in a lonely dell.
It hath a music that can never weary,
A strain that seems of love and grief to tell,
The echoes of an anthem from the shrine
Of peace and bliss and rest and love divine.

—William Woodson Hendree.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

Although many of the Chapters adjourned for the summer, their war activities have gone on just as faithfully, and splendid reports of the very efficient work and untiring energy of the U. D. C. in all kinds of war work are coming in from over the State.

June 27, through the National Defense League, the St. Louis Chapter had charge for the day and sold \$6,015 worth of stamps. The President of the Chapter and her daughters give four days a week to war work, entertain two soldiers at dinner every Sunday, and give knitting instructions in the evening.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Kansas City has assisted in all the liberty loan drives, Red Cross campaigns, and tag days, has sent a piano to the Y. M. C. A. hut at Camp Funston, Kan., and the President, Mrs. Porter, has given delightful readings for the boys at the camp and at the base hospital at Fort Riley. Twenty new names have been added to the Chapter roster, ten crosses of honor bestowed, and two more will be given in October.

The Clara Ward Wilson Chapter is also very active in war work. It has a membership of sixty children, who have spent their summer vacation in sewing for French orphans.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY, STATE EDITOR.

The Georgia Division will meet in convention October 23, 24, 25, with the Atlanta Chapter as the hostess. The President General, Miss Poppenheim, and Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, the General War Relief Chairman, will be the Division's distinguished guests.

The Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, of Columbus, has initiated a beautiful custom in keeping an honor roll of the men of Columbus who die fighting for home and universal freedom in this world war and of sending to their families a letter in which sympathy and pride are peculiarly mingled. The message of love is printed in script on the official paper and is expressed as follows:

Lizzie Rutherford Chapter extends sympathy to the family of —.

Like his Master, your loved one heard the call of duty and made the sacrifice, giving his life that others might live. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for others, bearing the burden placed upon him.

We will always think of him as the noblest and truest soldier, one who did his best for God and country.

His Way Is Best.

*You may not know the reason
Of the darkness you are passing through,
But this you know: that every testing season
He makes a blessing if to Him you are true.
His way is best.*

MRS. JOHN T. FLETCHER, *Chairman*;
MRS. THOMAS COLEMAN,
MRS. WOODIE S. THWEATT,
MISS MARY REDD,
MISS ANNA CAROLINE BENNING, *Ex Officio*.

Historical Department, H. B. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the State Historians.—I trust as many of you as possible will be at the Louisville Convention, and I hope to see you there. A number of little problems about the work have come up from time to time which, I am sure, can readily be solved when we confer together, for "in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

My attention has just been called by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd to an error in the program dealing with the life of Admiral Semmes where it is stated that he was "graduated from Annapolis." I knew that the Naval Academy at Annapolis was not established until 1845, and the error was one of transcription. Raphael Semmes was appointed midshipman from Maryland by President Adams April 1, 1826, and obtained his naval training partly at sea and partly in the Norfolk Navy Yard, but won the first honors of his class and became passed midshipman April 28, 1832. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1918.

GEN. AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

Born November 9, 1825, in Culpepper County, Va.; killed April 2, 1865, before Petersburg, Va.; buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

"Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action."

"Tell Hill he *must* come up."

1. Tell how this Virginian, descended from the heroic minutemen of Culpeper, graduated so high in his class at West Point that he was entitled to choose his own branch of military service.

2. Describe his services in Mexico and with the United States forces against the Seminoles.

3. Show the distinguished service his regiment, the 13th Virginia Volunteers, rendered in the Army of Northern Virginia during the War between the States.

4. Tell why both General Lee and General Jackson constantly relied upon the commander of the "Light Division" for services requiring expedition, skill, and courage.

5. Describe his heroic death and remind future generations that this brave soldier, whom fate denied military honors in burial on account of stress of battle and inevitable defeat, was given glorious immortality by the dying words of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

References: Volume I, "Confederate Military History"; Volume XXVII, "Southern Historical Papers."

Poem to use: "Tell A. P. Hill," in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, February, 1903.

GEN. BEN McCULLOCH.

Born November 11, 1811, in Rutherford County, Tenn.; killed at Pea Ridge, Ark., March 7, 1862; buried in Austin, Tex.

1. Narrate the experiences of his early life among the pioneers struggling amid great difficulties to build up the commonwealth of Tennessee.

2. Show how these trials fitted him to take his place among those securing the independence of Texas.

3. Describe his invaluable service to General Taylor as a scout in the Mexican War.

4. As a brigadier general in the Confederate service, show how well he organized the troops in Arkansas.

5. Tell how, unafraid, the old warrior led his brigade and the cavalry brigade of General McIntosh against the Federals at Elkhorn Tavern and fell with his face to the foe in the full tide of success.

References: Volume II, "Confederate Military History"; files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1918.

MAJ. JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

(Author, soldier, poet.)

Born November 3, 1830, near Winchester, Va.; died September 27, 1886, at his country home, "The Briars," in Clark County, Va.

There was a book written in Virginia after the War between the States which became as dear to Southern children of that generation as "Scottish Chiefs" was to Scotch children. All of you know and love "Surry of Eagle's Nest."

The brave young Confederate officer who wrote it was also a poet, and the tender lyric, "Band in the Pine Wood," written after Pelham was killed, is well worth memorizing, and no poem about the great war raging now is more touching than one he wrote in 1864 called "The Scout."

At the beginning of the war John Esten Cooke enlisted as a private, but rose to the rank of major and was upon the staffs of both General Stuart and General Pendleton, and throughout the war he fought with one hand and wrote with the other.

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR.

("The War Poet of Georgia.")

Born November 13, 1822, in Fortville, Jones County, Ga.; died December 18, 1874, at his home, "Torch Hill," a few miles from Columbus, Ga. Had this beloved poet-physician been giving his services to-day, when medical science meets such deserved recognition in our army, he doubtless would hold a high commission; but his work for the Confederacy was not so recognized, though he was in charge of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals in and near Columbus.

It was in one of these temporary hospitals that he found and ministered to "Little Giffen of Tennessee," whose heroism he described in immortal verse, so that the blacksmith's child from East Tennessee has been placed among the boy heroes of the ages. This beautiful poem, as well as many others the good Confederate physician wrote, is worth careful memorizing. It is now found in all collections of the best poetry.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring.
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

—F. O. Ticknor.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

(In response to an appreciation of Poe in the VETERAN of August, 1918, by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore.)

With eager hope, and yet with bated breath,
He sought to solve unto his longing soul
The ancient mysteries of life and death,
The transient single life, the abiding whole.

And oft he dwelt 'neath overshadowing gloom;
Then faith and hope were done, and joy had fled;
He only heard sad voices from the tomb,
And cherished only memories of the dead.

Again above the world of sordid care
His brooding spirit caught the vision fair
Of thrones, dominions, treasures rich and rare—
The dream that rouses men to do and dare.

Awile appearing indistinct and dim,
Then waving splendors in his dazzled eyes,
It passed beyond the far horizon's rim
And seemed to faint and fade in distant skies.

The challenge comes to every soul that waits,
'Mid things that are, on hopes that shine afar
Beyond the golden morning's opening gates
Or purple radiance of the evening star.

The question, Whence do we come and whither go?
Does life forever cease with dying breath?
And is he loving friend or ruthless foe,
That phantom monarch dread whom men call Death?

Shall we at last in worlds of living men
Behold the loved ones coming on our sight?
And shall we hear their kindly speech again
And dwell with them in realms of perfect light?

He sought the deeply hidden truth in vain
In many a volume of forgotten lore;
There came upon his heart the sad refrain
In mournful accents: "Never, nevermore."

A CONTRAST IN COMMANDERS.

BY J. E. BYWATERS, REMINGTON, VA.

There were two battles at Cold Harbor, one in 1862 and the other in 1864. In 1862 the Confederates attacked and drove the Federals from their position; in 1864 the Federals attacked, but were repulsed with frightful slaughter. It is undisputed that both McClellan's army and Grant's outnumbered Lee's—Grant's overwhelmingly—and it is asserted that the position occupied by the Federals in 1862 and the Confederates in 1864 was substantially the same.

We were in line of battle at Cold Harbor of 1864 from the 1st to the 12th of June—say twelve days. The battle proper did not last perhaps that many minutes. In some respects, at least, it was one of the notable battles of history, certainly on its brevity measured in time and in its length measured in slaughter, as also in the disproportion of the losses. A fair epitome of it in these respects would be that in a few

moments more than thirteen thousand men were killed and wounded on the Federal side and less than thirteen hundred on the Confederate. As to the time consumed in the conflict, the longest duration assigned is sixty minutes and the shortest less than eight. A brief epitome of some of the salient features and results of this campaign of 1864, following as it did the battles at Gettysburg July 1-3, 1863, from the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, to Cold Harbor, inclusive, may be of interest.

This campaign covered, say, sixty miles of space and thirty days of time. General Lee had a little under 64,000 men of all arms present for duty at the outset, and he put *hors de combat* an equal number of Grant's army, man for man. Mr. Swinton, on page 482 of his "Army of the Potomac," puts Grant's loss at above 60,000 men, so that Grant lost in killed and wounded and prisoners more than 1,000 men per mile and more than 2,000 men per day during the campaign. Again, Lee had, as stated, at the start, present for duty, less than 64,000 men, and the reinforcements he received numbered 14,400 men. So that from first to last he had under his command in this campaign, say, 78,400 men, while Grant had at the start, present for duty, 141,160 men; and the reinforcements he received numbered 51,000 men. So that, from first to last, Grant had under his command, in all, 92,160 men.

Now, Grant's one desire and effort was to turn Lee's either flank, preferably his right, and thus get between him and Richmond. To accomplish this purpose, with his preponderance of numbers, he might have left man for man on Lee's front and at the same time thrown an army of 77,000 to 114,000 on his flank; and yet he utterly failed to get around or to crush that inevitable, indomitable flank. From what we have read and heard of Grant and the opinion formed of him, we believe that if this proposition had been put to him he would have admitted candidly that he would not dare to leave man for man in Lee's front; that it would have been utterly unsafe for him to do so. Well, then, he might have left two for one in front of Lee and yet have free from 13,000 to 36,000 men with which to turn his flank; and yet he failed utterly to turn it.

The figures here used are less favorable to Lee than those of most of the Confederate authorities upon the war. General Early, for example, says that Lee at the outset had less than 50,000 effectives of all arms under his command. It is not my purpose to accentuate this contrast in any unfair or unpleasant way; and yet an intelligent soldier of our army, who fought at Chancellorsville in 1863 and again from Rapidan to Cold Harbor in 1864, cannot but set opposite to the picture just sketched that of Lee holding the front of Hooker's 92,000 men with "scant 14,000 muskets." With about one-third his numbers Lee utterly crushed in the right flank and rear of Hooker's great host. It should not be forgotten in this connection and in endeavoring to form a just estimate of Lee's operations throughout this campaign of 1864 that in the death of Jackson Lee had lost his great offensive right arm at Chancellorsville, to which he had looked to carry into execution his confounding strategies and his overpowering, resistless attacks.

The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia did not generally consider Grant as a great strategist or maneuverer. General Badeau's "Life of Grant" says that Grant did not maneuver against the Army of Northern Virginia, because he found it of no avail against that army. Other Federal generals have made in substance the same remark. Maneuvering differs from fighting as a force in war in this, that

fighting is purely physical, while maneuvering gets in its work largely upon the moral plane. Its most deadly and disastrous effect is wrought by the destruction of confidence—confidence of the outmaneuvered general in himself and in his army, of the outmaneuvered army in itself and in its general.

In the case of Lee's army none of these consequences followed when, for example, Hancock, on May 10, at Spotsylvania, marched clean and clear around our left flank and even for a time drove us in the fighting there. The men in our line fully appreciated what was happening, and yet there was not the slightest trepidation. Two infantry soldiers were listening to the fire farther and farther in our rear and quietly discussing the situation, when one broke out and said: "Look here, Tom, if those fellows should get much farther around, we would be in a bad fix here. We'd have to get out of this." "Law, John," said a third, "Marse Robert'll take care of those fellows. He knows just what to do."

So we all felt; and if he had deemed it best and so ordered, we would have fought just as steadily in two lines, back to back and facing both ways. Two days after this the gallant Hancock made further and, if possible, higher proof of the soundness of Grant's plea and of the steadfast, indomitable courage of Lee's army when, after bursting through its center with 40,000 men and taking and holding the "Bloody Angle," embracing, perhaps, counting both sides, nearly two miles of its line and capturing the infantry and the artillery that defended it, Hancock yet found himself unable to advance one foot beyond the point where the first impulse had carried him in the darkness and surprise; and he met, across the base of the salient and at each extremity of the captured line, troops as stanch and sturdy and unconquerable as any he had ever met in battle.

MUSIC IN WAR.

BY JUDGE J. T. GOOLRICH, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Song and music have played a very prominent and potent part in the dread drama of war. For music hath charms not only to soothe the savage, but to enthuse and inspire men to deeds of daring and of dying. Bayard Taylor beautifully pictures its power in admirable and attractive verse when he tells us that just before the storming of Sebastopol in the Crimean War (1856)—

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
'We storm the forts to-morrow.
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

Not only has song been invoked ere the battle was begun, but afterwards for the victory won. In full testimony of this we have heard the beautiful and triumphant song of Miriam, sister of Moses, as recorded in the Bible, for the great victory of the Israelites over the Egyptians, who were pursuing

them in order to force their fetters farther on them and hold them longer in their bondage. When the Lord opened wide the waters of the Red Sea to make a pathway for the Israelites, closing them upon the advancing Egyptians, she then sang: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."

The Holy Book gives us another instance of this when, in celebration and appreciation of the victory achieved over the Mennonites, led by Sisera, Deborah, the prophetess of Israel, sang: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Indeed, all along the pathway of history, both sacred and profane, we are taught and told of the influence and power of music, both vocal and instrumental, on the field of Mars.

The Normans, under William the Conqueror, battled at Hastings against the Saxons, led by the valiant Harold. The issue involved and the problem to be solved there was whether the future rulers of Britain should be of Saxon or of Norman blood. The Normans won, and that victory is seen to-day in the present dynasty which rules Great Britain. At the head of the Normans a minstrel, flourishing his sword, sang the "Song of Roland," and under the inspiration and influence of this song William was triumphant.

Schiller, in his admirable and attractive historical narrative of the Thirty Years' War, graphically describes the battle of Lutzen, where the Swedes and Protestant Germans, under Gustavus Adolphus, won a great victory. Before going into this battle his entire army sang an inspiring hymn, accompanied by a military band, and upon gaining the victory they sang the "Te Deum." This Thirty Years' War has been called a religious war, when, paradoxically as it may appear, one sect and branch of the Christian Church, under the banner of the Prince of Peace, cruelly butchered the other to attain and to obtain the sovereignty of their respective Churches over certain peoples and in certain lands.

Coming down the corridors of time, we have a striking reminder of all this by what has been written of the great Napoleon at Waterloo; for when he must have felt that the day of his destiny was nearly over and the star of his glory nearly set, seeing his loyal legions wavering as the Prussians, under Blucher, advanced, he turned to his trusted lieutenant, Marshal Ney, and said: "We must have music. Order up the band." But it was too late. The end of the meteoric career of the Little Corporal had come.

In 1856, during the rebellion—really a warfare—known as the mutiny of the inhabitants of India against England, Lucknow was surrounded by the enraged, maddened savages. Day after day the besieged watched and waited for the coming of reinforcements, only to be disappointed. One morning at the dawn of day a young Scotch girl thought she heard martial music. Very faint, far, far away it was. Dropping to the ground, she listened; then breathlessly, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she ran crying: "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" Then nearer, nearer came the Scotch bagpipes, and the welcome music of "The Campbells Are Coming" brought joy and gladness to those grief-stricken and suffering people; for reinforcements under Sir Colin Campbell had come to their relief.

As a Confederate soldier I remember so well how our lives were made brighter, our steps quickened, and our hearts gladdened when the music of our own beloved "Dixie" was sung or played. It was the same with the soldiers of the Union when they heard the "Red, White, and Blue."

Who has not thrilled beyond expression when reading or hearing of the splendid soldiers of war-torn France baring

their breasts to the storm of shot and shell upon the blood-stained fields of Flanders and of France while their bands played that unexcelled and unequaled martial music, the "Marseillaise"?

In the story of one of the battles on the western front the brave sons of old Erin have been reported as gleefully singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" as they drove the Huns before them. And each of our noble allies has its own song, which they sing as they march along the weary way of war.

We are, therefore, more than pleased to know that the service of song in and for this war is being cultivated and that music, vocal and instrumental, has been made an important part of the curriculum of our training camps and naval stations. This will help so much to "keep the camp fires burning" as our boys bear "Old Glory" to victory.

"Singing they go in old-time fashion

To the murderous trenches of wasted France,
And quick in our souls flares a leaping passion
Of pride in these knights of the new romance.

Ah, singing lads in the gloom-choked trenches,
The heart of the nation sings with you!
Proud is the heart 'mid grief that wrenches,
Honored and glad in the deeds you'll do."

FIRST SUBMARINE IN THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

BY W. B. FORT, PIKEVILLE, N. C.

Submarine activity in American waters has revived memories of the first submarine ever employed in real warfare, which was a tiny craft known as the "Fish Boat" and used by the Confederates in the last years of the war between the States. A model of the "Fish Boat" may to-day be seen in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The boat was invented by Captain Hunley, of Mobile, Ala., who became one of the many victims of the treacherous and unmanageable little craft. By a singular coincidence the only Federal ship ever sunk by the "Fish Boat" was the United States sloop of war Housatonic, which was sunk with nearly its entire crew in Charleston harbor. Its captain died only a few weeks ago. He was saved, with part of the crew, by climbing into the rigging of the sunken ship, which was out of the water. They were taken off by the blockading fleet off the bar. The namesake of the original Housatonic was only recently destroyed by one of the more modern German submarines. C. H. Hasker, of Richmond, Va., formerly of the business firm of Hasker & Marcuse, who died in Richmond July 8, 1898, was one of the crew of the "Fish Boat."

This boat was constructed at Mobile by Hunley & McClintock. Before his death Mr. Hasker gave a description of the "Fish Boat" and told how he himself came near losing his life in the little vessel after having his leg caught and broken in the iron manhole at the top. He says the boat was designed with a pair of wings, or fins, which were connected by a bar running through the boat just aft of the forward manhole. The boat was propelled by eight men seated along its bottom. The shaft was fashioned so that the hands of four of the men would be at the top at the same time that the hands of the other four were at the bottom, in this way giving more leverage.

The boat, according to the account left by Mr. Hasker, was from thirty-five to forty feet long, five feet deep, three and one-half feet in beam, and with two hatches, or man-

holes, much the same as a boiler manhole. The boat was designed to dive like a fish, and the fins alluded to were for this purpose. A lever connected with the bar which connected with the fins turned them on an angle of about fifteen degrees. The boat was by this means carried down until it had attained the proper depth, when the fins were readjusted and the "Fish Boat" was supposed to remain stationary. It could remain under the water only one hour. A candle was always lighted when she made a dive, and when the candle grew dim they had to come to the surface for more air.

While equipped with no periscope, the "Fish Boat" was, nevertheless, supplied with a ventilator, of which Mr. Hasker says: "A pipe about four feet long, worked from the inside, afforded fresh air when near the surface. The foul air was pumped out through the bottom." Mr. Hasker was anxious to see how the boat worked and volunteered as one of the crew to take a dive in her. "We were lying astern of the steamer Etowah, near Fort Johnson, in Charleston harbor. Lieutenant Payne, who had charge, got fouled in the manhole by the hawser and in trying to clear himself got his foot on the lever which controlled the fins. He had just previously given the order to go ahead. The boat made a dive while the manholes were open and filled rapidly. Payne got out of the forward hole and two others out of the aft hole. Six of us went down with the boat. I had to get over the bar which connected the fins and through the manhole. This I did by forcing myself through the column of water which was rapidly filling the boat. The manhole plate came down on my back; but I worked my way out until my left leg was caught by the plate, pressing the calf of my leg in two. Held in this manner, I was carried to the bottom in forty-two feet of water. When the boat touched bottom I felt the pressure relax. Stooping down, I took hold of the manhole plate, drew out my wounded limb, and swam to the surface. Five men were drowned on this occasion. In all, the 'Fish Boat' drowned about thirty-five members of its several crews. I was the only man that went to the bottom with the 'Fish Boat' and came up to tell the tale."

Charles H. Hasker was a native of England, born in London in 1831. As a youth he served in the British navy. He came to the United States when he was about seventeen years old. Upon reaching America he entered the navy of the United States. When the Confederate States seceded he left New York City and journeyed to Portsmouth, Va., where he entered the Confederate navy. He served as boatswain on the Merrimac and was later commissioned lieutenant. After the war Mr. Hasker, whose first wife had died, married Mrs. Virginia Creekmore, the ceremony being performed in Richmond in 1872. The second Mrs. Hasker still survives and resides on Church Hill. Mr. Hasker died in Richmond July 8, 1898, and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery. Five of his grandsons are now in the United States army. One of them, his namesake, is in the Officers' Training Camp at Macon, Ga.

I was at the University of North Carolina and as a member of the junior class would have graduated in 1862; but Marsden Bellamy, of Wilmington, N. C., Sherrard Williams, of Washington, N. C., and I joined the Confederate navy at Charleston, S. C. I was in the Paymaster's Department in the navy and paid the crews of the submarine boat. I was only nineteen years of age when I joined the Confederate navy. In 1911 the University of North Carolina called all the surviving pupils who joined the Confederate service back to the university and gave us our diplomas. President Wilson was present then and handed us our diplomas. The

Daughters of the Confederacy erected a bronze statue, costing \$7,800, to the memory of the students who joined the Confederate service, our class of 1862 giving them \$100. In 1913 I witnessed the unveiling of our monument. I was at the evacuation of Charleston, Wilmington, and Richmond, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SOLDIER LIFE.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

I think it was in May or June of the year 1862, while the 35th Mississippi Volunteers were in a camp of instruction at Verona, in that State, that a man named Samuel B——y joined my company, H; and an attachment sprang up between us, although our tastes differed in nearly everything. He was a man of very little education. One thing that amused me was that he was always in a bad humor about something—the exposure, the diet, absence from his family of wife and child, or dislike of some of his officers. He was, too, a very profane man and forever abusing the poor Confederacy; but he was as brave, kind-hearted, and candid as Shakespeare's character of Kent. Soon he developed a severe case of homesickness, and in desperation he applied for a detail to go home to Columbus to make saddles and harness for the Confederate government, being a skilled worker in that line. Sam waited weeks and weeks, hoping every day to receive orders to go to the home he so longed to see. One day he came hurrying to our tent, his face as radiant with smiles as a physiognomy habitually so solemn with frowns and wrinkles would allow, and, meeting me at the tent door, he cried out: "Jim, I think my furlough detail has come at last, for Colonel Barry has sent for me to report at regimental headquarters." I congratulated the poor fellow on his prospect and hoped that he was not going to be disappointed. After an absence of three or four hours he came into camp looking like he had lost the last friend he ever had in the world or as if he had drawn no rations for a week. Hailing him cordially, I said: "Well, old fellow, I suppose you got your detail." With a look of extreme disgust and despair, he muttered: "Detail ——! What do you think the Colonel sent for a squad of us to do?" I expressed ignorance, of course, with: "What was it, Sam?" "Why, there was a well near Colonel Barry's tent, and he wanted it cleaned out, with the idea of getting some good water to drink." And his sulphurous references to what was found in the well and other things almost made the air blue. For a month after this incident, if a soldier wanted to get a fight on his hands, all he had to do was to ask Sam if he had gotten his detail yet.

Poor fellow! When worse hardships came on in the Vicksburg campaign—such as building breastworks, eating corn meal with whole grains in it, blue beef, and weevil-eaten peas, and nearly freezing while doing regimental picket duty in February and March on the Mississippi River—Sam's nostalgia grew worse from hope deferred, "which maketh the heart sick," till he was stricken with a severe case of brain fever. In his paroxysms it took two or three of us to hold him down on his pallet. During one of his lucid intervals he requested me, if I ever got home again, to take his watch and wedding ring to his wife, which I did a few weeks after he passed away.

We buried him by the Chickasaw Bayou, where, let us hope, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." It seems like the irony of fate to record that a day or two after his death the papers came ordering him to report to the Quartermas-

ter's Department at Columbus to make saddles and harness. When I called on his widow in her humble home, I had a melancholy duty to perform in delivering to her the precious mementos of their earlier love.

Here was the case of a strong, courageous soldier literally killing himself by giving way to a single weakness; and there were more like him than the world will ever know, for it is a disease which many brave men are ashamed to confess. No doubt some of the VETERAN'S readers know of like instances.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, OHIO.

"Somewhere in France" a soldier lies
With folded hands and sightless eyes;
Upon his breast a dab of red,
Dun skies and war flags overhead.
He died for you, he died for me;
He poured his blood for liberty
Beyond the ever-restless sea—
"Somewhere in France."

No more home's sweet delights to share,
No more to lisp his childish prayer,
No more to feel love's dearest kiss
That fills the human heart with bliss;
But where the shell and shrapnel fall
And where the battle bugles call
He lies at peace from all the wars
Beneath the banner of the stars—
"Somewhere in France."

He leaves to us a treasure grand,
His martyrdom for native land;
His sires upheld the flag he bore
And stained it with a patriot's gore.
'Tis left to us with love to crown
Columbia's soldier of renown,
Who kept the faith until he fell
Heroic 'mid the battle's hell—
"Somewhere in France."

The sum of all sins 'neath the sun
Is centered in the ruthless Hun,
Who daily to his God on high
Defiant hurls an impious lie.
His lifted hand to earth must fall,
The world must breach his boasted wall,
And right must crush his ranks that tread
Above the dying and the dead—
"Somewhere in France."

Rise in thy might, O land of mine,
Imbued with love and truth divine!
Remember him who lies to-day
Amid the carnage far away;
And let us swear on hill and plain
That he shall not have died in vain.
Avenge, avenge the boy who gave
His life for us beyond the wave,
One of our Bayards true and brave—
"Somewhere in France."

ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY IN THE NORTH.

Some recent utterances in a Northern publication show an effort to give credit for the establishment of a Memorial Day in the North to other inspiration than that ascribed by Mrs. John A. Logan. Fortunately, her letter on the subject establishes the fact beyond question. She wrote:

"It is especially pleasant to know that the idea of Memorial Day was unwittingly suggested by the devotion of the people of the South to their heroes. In the early spring of 1868 I was one of a party, the other members of which were Col. Charles L. Wilson, of Chicago, Miss Anna Wilson (afterwards Mrs. Horatio May), and Miss Lena Farrar, of Boston, who later became the wife of Colonel Wilson, to make a pilgrimage to the battle fields of Virginia. General Logan had long been anxious to make a personal inspection of this section of the country over which the great conflict raged, in order to enlarge his knowledge of the entire course of the war, his own part in the actions having been in the West with the Army of Tennessee. Unfortunately, however, circumstances prevented his accompanying me, and he did not see with his own eyes what really prompted the first Decoration Day. It is my pleasure to revert to it and to pay a just tribute to the gentle people whose acts gave me the inspiration that resulted in the Decoration Day of to-day.

"No one who has never made the pilgrimage that was my lot can conceive of the desolation of that country immediately after the war. The ruin seemed complete. We found it well-nigh impossible to get any sort of conveyances from points on the railroads to the battle fields, and those men who were acquainted with the country and the history of the various battles were all too busily engaged in repairing their fallen fortunes to spare the time to guide us. Yet there was no spirit of enmity in their disinclination to help us, but merely the pitiful tale of war's disasters and the necessity for constant toil to rebuild the waste caused by four years of bitter strife. We finally managed to get wagons of one sort and another from place to place as we journeyed and an occasional guide who had participated in the battles whose sites we were visiting. It was probably the most interesting experience in all my life, yet one which I would not care to repeat, for not until then had I known the true purport of war.

"But it is not of this that I would speak, but of the incident that gave me the inspiration which resulted in Decoration Day. We were in Petersburg, Va., and had taken advantage of the fact to inspect the oldest church there, the bricks of which were brought from England. There was an old English air all about the venerable structure, and we passed to the building through the churchyard, filled with graves after the manner of English churchyards. The weather was balmy and springlike, and as we passed through the rows of graves I noticed that many of them had been strewn with beautiful blossoms and decorated with small flags of the dead Confederacy. The sentimental idea so enwrapped me that I inspected them more closely and discovered that they were all the graves of soldiers who had died for the Southern cause. The idea seemed to me to be a beautiful tribute to the soldier martyrs and grew upon me while I was returning to Washington. General Logan was at that time Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, with his headquarters in Washington, and as soon as he met me at the station I told him of the graves of the soldiers in the cemetery in the churchyard at Petersburg. He listened with great interest and then said:

"What a splendid idea! We will have it done all over the country, and the Grand Army shall do it. I will issue the order at once for a national Memorial Day for the decoration of the graves of all those noble fellows who died for their country."

"He immediately entered into conference with several of his aids with a view to selecting a date which should be kept from year to year. He realized that it must be at a time when the whole country was blooming with flowers, and May 30 was finally selected as the best season for the annual observance. It was not too late for the warmer States nor too early for the cooler ones."

A YOUTHFUL WARRIOR.

Joseph R. Anderson, of Lee, Va., writes: "On page 402 of the September VETERAN John C. Stiles tells of a young lad named Randolph, from Fauquier County, Va., who carried dispatches to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart from General Jackson in the Sharpsburg fight, and says he would like to know if he survived the war. I can give his history. For two years this youth, Charles Carter Randolph, of from twelve to fourteen years of age, served as courier to General Jackson. In the year 1863 the General secured a cadetship for him at the Virginia Military Institute. He went with the corps of cadets to New Market and was conspicuously gallant in the fight on May 15, 1864, being very severely wounded. In 1866 young Randolph returned to the Virginia Military Institute and was graduated in 1870. He then went to the Episcopal Seminary of Virginia and in 1873 was ordained a minister in the Episcopal Church Diocese of Virginia, where he has served most faithfully ever since. He has retired from the active ministry, but is in very good health. His eldest son, also a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, is in the military service of our country. I send you this note with a great deal of pleasure, as the "Old General," his nickname at the Institute then and ever since, was my beloved classmate. Both Generals Jackson and Stuart were greatly attached to Randolph."

The reference in the September VETERAN was in John C. Stiles's compilations from the Official War Records quoting General Stuart's saying that in the Sharpsburg fight "a young lad named Randolph, from Fauquier, brought me several messages from General Jackson under circumstances of great personal peril and delivered his dispatches with great clearness and intelligence."

TRUE TO THE BLOOD.

Now, here's a coincidence for you, if ever there was one. On September 23, 1863, Jack Thornton and W. A. Callaway, two eighteen-year-old lads of La Grange, Ga., set forth together to join the Confederate army. And on yesterday, September 23, 1918, just fifty-five years later, Jack Thornton Kontz, son of Judge E. C. Kontz and grandson of Jack Thornton, and W. A. Callaway, Jr., grandson of W. A. Callaway, left together for the world war. And may good fortune bring them back home safely, hand in hand, when it's all over "over there," even as their grandfathers returned half a century ago from the battle fields of the Civil War, is the earnest prayer of their many friends.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

[The elder Callaway lives in Atlanta and is a patron of the VETERAN. Blessings on the boys!]

NOT A SKILLFUL KNITTER.

Mrs. Enoch J. Vann, of Madison, Fla., Historian of the Elizabeth Harris Chapter, also Honorary President of the State Division United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes that seeing a young girl skillfully knitting called up memories of her first attempt at knitting a pair of socks. She alternated in the widening and narrowing until the sock was as hilly as a potato patch and as uneven as a camel's back. These socks were intended as a gift to President Davis, but the monstrosities were not suited for a human being. For years they were retained as a specimen of the "fine arts," and the sight of them always produced laughter. "Finally," she says, "my old negro mammy put them to use as iron holders."

"Like Captain Carnes, of Bradentown, Fla., I am wondering which army of the South had flour alone issued for bread. I had three brothers in the Army of Tennessee, and I know there were two years when corn meal was issued to the soldiers, and often the meal was so unfit for use that parched corn was preferable. After his four years' experience in the army my eldest brother, the late A. Livingston, 3d Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Bate's Division, made these resolutions: Never to eat corn bread, never to walk when he could ride, never to shoot a gun. All of which he religiously kept."

WHOSE IS THE FAULT?

The following comes from J. C. Reeve, Jr., Dayton, Ohio: "Your editorial in August I notice. I have noted many parallels between the Old South and Germany. I have read but one, by Henry Watterson: 'Germany will lose for the same reason that the South lost, because it was fighting for the wrong.' I should like to read more. Woodrow Wilson, the greatest man the South has produced, says the cause of the Confederacy was entirely wrong. It is Southern school-books which are wholly false on the subject. I was brought up in Ohio by an English father, a Copperhead."

SHERMAN NOT A CATHOLIC.—J. B. Fay, of Dunn Loring, Va., calls attention to the statement made in the "Notes" to the article on "Airy Mount" in the *VETERAN* for May, referring to the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Columbia, S. C., during Sherman's march to the sea, that, "notwithstanding protection had been promised, he (Sherman) was perfidious even to those of his own faith." "The fact is," writes Mr. Fay, "that, though his wife was a Catholic and brought up their children in that faith, Sherman himself never was a Catholic."

W. P. Jones writes from Andrews, N. C.: "I appreciate the *VETERAN* very much and wish I could get one every week. I was a Confederate soldier for the last three years of the war and saw hard service. The battle of Murfreesboro was my first experience in fighting. I fought at the Cowan house, between the railroad and the pike, right where the soldiers are buried now. I very well remember the 20th and 45th Tennessee Regiments. They were good soldiers. I should like to hear from any surviving members of either of those regiments. I am seventy-four years old and still able to work. I go to most all the Reunions and was in Washington last year. I have four grandsons in this war."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$3,618.90 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview from August 15 to September 15.

TRIBUTE.

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH.

Roses drenched with sun and dew,
Woodlands where sweet birds flit through,
Singing just like angels do—
That's Dixie.

Rivers slipping deep and slow
Through green fields that love them so
They just hate to see them go—
That's Dixie.

Hearts as true as day is long,
Fit for laughter, love, and song,
Still ways where old memories throng—
That's Dixie.

Lips that seem to catch the sigh
Of the soft winds drifting nigh
In an endless lullaby—
That's Dixie.

Hills asleep against the sky,
Dreaming of the days gone by
And great deeds that never die—
That's Dixie.

Let me wait awhile below,
Let me linger till I know
Heaven has fairer things to show
Than Dixie.

W. T. Downey, of Marion, Ala.: "As a Confederate veteran now seventy-five years old I feel as loyal as I did when I served four years during the War between the States. All veterans should feel proud of the service the *VETERAN* is rendering to the correction of the history of the war. * * * I expect to subscribe to the *VETERAN* as long as I live."

H. S. Carter, of Wellington, Kans., although in his eighty-third year, is still active and able to take and read the *VETERAN* and, he says, "occasionally to pick up a Liberty bond to help on the war, which is a stern reminder of the days of 1861-65."

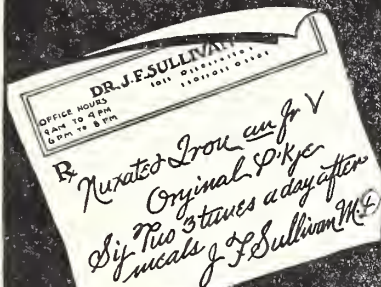
R. T. Turner, of Terrell, Tex., sends renewal for another year and says: "I cannot afford to be without the *VETERAN* as long as I live and am able to pay for it."

J. S. Adcock, of Barnett, Mo., sends renewal to 1920 and writes: "I am now seventy-eight years old, but I always lay aside everything else when the *VETERAN* comes."

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

NUXATED



IRON

"Nuxated Iron helps put astonishing strength and energy into the veins of men and bring roses to the cheeks of pale, nervous, run-down women," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) N. Y. and Westchester County Hospital. "I prescribe it regularly in cases of depleted energy, anaemia and lack of strength and endurance. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to quickly enrich the blood, make beautiful, healthy women and strong, vigorous, iron men." Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Abram Coplin, Okemah, Okla.: "I do not like to give up the VETERAN. My wife and I celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage on July 30. If any of the veterans want to send us cards, we will appreciate them. I would like to find the man, if living, who fired the first shot of the artillery in the battle of Monocacy Junction, near Frederick City, Md."

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

THROUGH TRAINS Sleepers, Dining Car

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Best Route to

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WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

WHAT THE LIBERTY LOAN HAS BOUGHT FOR THE ARMY.

From the beginning of the war to June 30, 1918, the last day of the past fiscal year, contracts were placed by the Ordnance Department of the United States totaling \$4,300,000,000. The estimate for the current year is over \$7,000,000,000. The major items of last year were as follows: Artillery, \$1,050,000,000; automatic rifles, \$300,000,000; small arms, \$100,000,000; artillery ammunition, \$1,900,000,000; small-arms ammunition, \$340,000,000; small-arms ammunition (practice), \$80,000,000; stores and supplies (personal, horse, and organization), \$23,000,000; armored motor cars, \$100,000,000.

Some other expenditures by the War Department were: \$375,000,000 for engineering operations (mostly in France), \$37,000,000 for flour, \$145,000,000 for sugar, \$43,000,000 for bacon, \$12,000,000 for beans, \$9,000,000 for tomatoes, \$2,000,000 for rice, \$47,500,000 for rolling kitchens, \$127,000,000 for shoes, \$565,000,000 for clothing, \$147,000,000 for blankets.

Some smaller expenditures were: Over \$6,000,000 for axes, \$1,635,000 for field stores, \$2,700,000 for carpenter and \$224,000 for blacksmith tools, and \$2,500,000 for shovels.

The department has bought 266,000 wagons and carts, costing \$37,000,000; 410,000 horses and mules, costing \$99,000,000; while food for them cost \$62,000,000 and harness \$29,000,000.

These are only some of the figures. They seem large, but not so large when it is remembered that we have nearly 2,000,000 men in France and almost as many in training here at home. All of this money and all the other money raised by the Liberty loans goes to make our army, our navy, and our people powerful and victorious in their war for freedom and right.

"We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've got the money too."

C. E. Fitts, of Mulberry, Fla., would like to communicate with a member of Company C, Chalmette Regiment, Louisiana, with a view to establishing the record of service of William May, of that command. He was a prisoner at the close of the war.

W. P. McMinn, of Hereford, Tex., writes that he belonged to Company C, 1st Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, and would like to hear from any of his comrades still living.

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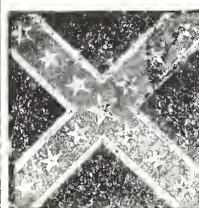


THE MOB SPIRIT.

I have called upon the nation to put its great energy into this war, and it has responded, responded with a spirit and a genius for action that has thrilled the world. I now call upon it, upon its men and women everywhere, to see to it that its laws are kept inviolate, its name untarnished. * * *

I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty either for ourselves or for the world who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country whom he affects to despise.—President Wilson.

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VOL. XXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1918

NO. 11

FROM FATHER TO SON

By D. G. Bickers

In France he fights, this son of Dixie. There
He passes through the fire
Of flaming battle, as his sire
Once saw. There he is patient, too, to bear
The waiting times, as once his mother bore
The stress of anxious moments; and as brave,
As chivalrous, as true clean to the core
He is as that brave father in the days
Now more than fifty years ago. But more:
His father's dream of glorious and victorious ways
In after peace, the thing that father prized,
Is now to him, in fuller form, nigh realized.


Read this again

"Echoes from Dixie," old-time Southern songs, compiled by Mrs. J. Grifft Edwards, leader of the Confederate Choir of America, and edited by Matthew Page Andrews, compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days," with an interesting foreword by Mr. Andrews on the place music holds in Southern life, has come under the President General's eye lately. This collection contains all the sweet old songs our mothers used to sing, the Confederate songs our fathers marched by in the sixties, the negro lullabies our old black mammy hushed us to sleep with, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained our grandparents when they were giving up their best beloved for the service of their country. The music accompanies the words, and the book is simply bound, easily handled, and would be a welcome asset to any Southern gathering. (Confederate Veteran, September, 1918.)

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YOUR BADGE OF DISHONOR.

If you are making money out of the war, your wealth is a badge of dishonor. President Wilson has said: "No man should make a fortune out of the war. Such a fortune would be a badge of dishonor and would constitute a badge of dishonor to whoever such a fortune was transmitted."

Now, while our country is calling for money and men and life itself that liberty may live, those who would profiteer by ravishing the hives of honest industry are but drones who should be stung to death or expelled from the colony. Those who would profit at the price of the nation's peril and the people's sacrifices are void of patriotism and honor. Those who in their selfish lust for gain see in our country's crisis nothing but opportunity for exploitation of the people are void of common decency. That which has been taken with dishonor cannot be kept with honor. Any war wealth must constitute a badge of dishonor.—*Exchange.*

OUR INDIVIDUAL PART.

Some observers think that the most characteristic thing about the American soldiers in France, something which astounds the enemy and excites the admiration of our allies, is the capacity of the American soldiers to do individual thinking and fighting. The German fights successfully only in mass formation, in organized bodies, while every American soldier has an initiative and independence of action which gives him remarkable efficiency in open fighting. They are not senseless cogs, but each is an individual working unit in a great fighting machine.

Every American at home should feel an individual responsibility and do his or her individual part in winning the war. There is not an American citizen who cannot help win the war. The fourth liberty loan drive, which began September 28, offered a great opportunity for individual action, and the loan was a tremendous success because each American did his or her individual part as each American soldier in France does his part. Our soldiers deserve such support from the people at home.

William Anderson, Blacksburg, S. C.: "I shall continue to help swell your subscription list, as I am anxious for the VETERAN to be sustained and perpetuated. It is a veritable history, interestingly written, of a great and gallant people and a just and righteous cause."

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1918.

NO. II.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THANKS TO TULSA.

As the sun in splendor rising
On the plains of Oklahoma,
So the city now called Tulsa
Rose in beauty and in grandeur
On the flowery hills and prairies,
Where just late the wolf and panther
In their search for something toothsome
Made the little hills and valleys
Hideous with their screams and howling;
While the Apache and Comanche
Roamed on in their savage freedom,
Hunting deer and buffalo
To satisfy their gnawing hunger;
Where all nature in her quietude,
With flowers of every kind and color,
Bloomed and faded in profusion
And filled the air with sweetest fragrance;
Where the red man, son of Adam,
With no fear of man or evil,
Passed his days without reflection
On the pale face's keen perception
Of the power which lay hidden
In the old earth's deep recesses.
But the "Great One," who created
All the mysteries of nature,
From the very first intended
That every element and substance
Should be brought into subjection
To the will of man and woman,
Whom he placed within his garden,
That man should there abide in comfort,
But not in wanton idleness.
So God put in man the element
Of progression and advancement,
And when he saw the land of Tulsa
At once a great and lofty vision
Filled his mind with inspiration
Of a great and growing city
Moving on to great achievement
Of renown and worldly prestige.

Having men of broadest culture
And the loveliest of women,
And from Boy Scout unto banker,
All so very kind and generous
As to call the Southern soldiers
From each village and small hamlet
In the far-famed land of Dixie
To their happy homes and firesides.
And these old men, though their ranks are
Thinning fast and faster still,
Came far out toward the sunset,
Where this great and lovely city
Has grown up in wealth and beauty;
And these old men, called Confederates,
Have met such kind, royal greeting,
Such treatment as ne'er can be exceeded,
That they fain would take their coats off,
Here of their time would pass the remnant
With all the lovely, generous people.
But other scenes and ties recall them
Whence they came and other duties;
But as they go they leave behind them
Naught else but love and gratitude
To all the bright and lovely women
And the men so good and generous
Who abide in Tulsa city.
"May their shadows ne'er grow less!"
And when they come unto the crossing
Of the river, where the rapids
Flow so swiftly, may the Pilot
Grant them the same greeting
They have accorded old Confederates
And to his everlasting habitation
May receive them and grant an entrance!

—W. W. Sloan, San Antonio, Tex.

IN HONOR OF GENERAL LEE.—During the Reunion a new school building in Tulsa was dedicated and given the name of Robert E. Lee. Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., delivered an address on the life and character of the great Southern chieftain.

THE REUNION IN BRIEF.

"We old vets were treated splendidly at Tulsa. Every courtesy and whole-souled hospitality were shown us by the fine people of that wonderful city."

Such commendation from one of the veterans attending the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., and it has been echoed by many others, attests the genuine hospitality extended by the people of Tulsa to the Confederate veterans and their families during the week of September 24-27, when the long-anticipated U. C. V. Reunion was held. Weather conditions were very favorable for this fall meeting in that section, which added considerably to the pleasure of those making the trip to Tulsa.

While the veterans in attendance were largely from the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., every other Department and State Division had its representation in the 14,000 veterans estimated to be a part of the 40,000 visitors during Reunion week. The conditions under which the low railroad rate was allowed barred a large percentage of the usual Reunion crowd, else the number of visitors would have been larger. Texas led, of course, with the largest delegation of veterans, not only because of its nearness to the Reunion city, but also because it is the largest Division in the organization. Each Camp is credited with one vote for every twenty members; and as Texas has some 271 votes in the Convention, it indicates that there are some 5,420 veterans now in the membership of that Division, in addition to which there are a large number of veterans in the State not enrolled in the membership of any Camp.

Tulsa takes credit for its ability to handle crowds of any size, for the bounds of its capacity have not been set; and notwithstanding its crowded condition at all times, this Reunion crowd was located comfortably in buildings and homes, and nothing but praise has been given the Reunion Committees for their management.

The twenty-eighth annual Convention, U. C. V., opened on Tuesday morning, September 24, with Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Texas, presiding in the absence of General Harrison, Commander in Chief, who was too ill to attend this Reunion. Greetings of welcome, response, speeches, and social meetings took up much of the first two days, and the first feature of business came on Wednesday with the passage of the resolution which pledged the organization as a whole to stand with President Wilson in winning this war for world freedom. "And if the boys can't do it, call on us" was still the spirit animating young hearts in the old bodies which once followed where Lee and Stonewall led. This meeting was rife with patriotism, and that was the theme of every address before the Convention. Among the prominent speakers were Judge Scott Ferris and W. T. Brady, of Tulsa, Governor Brough, of Arkansas, and Judge C. B. Stuart, former Federal judge of Oklahoma. The latter made the principal Reunion address. He is a Louisianian by birth, a Virginian by ancestry.

Much interest centered in the election of officers this year, and General VanZandt was the unanimous choice for Commander in Chief. Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, also went in by acclamation as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Spirited contests in the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia Departments resulted in the reelection of the Commanders of those Departments, Generals Vance, of Mississippi, and Carr, of North Carolina, respectively.

The meeting place for 1919 was not decided upon, but it is expected to be of more central location than for several

years past. From the invitations received a selection will be made by a committee headed by the Commander in Chief and Department Commanders.

The parade, scheduled for Friday morning, was, as usual, the great feature of the Reunion. Led by Grand Marshal D. M. Hailey, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, closely followed by the new Commander in Chief and staff, it was estimated to be eight miles long, requiring an hour and a half to pass a given point. A unique finale was the passage of the procession—marchers, motors, and horses—through the convention hall and over the stage, which extends an entire block, with a solid driveway at each end. After leading the parade to that place, General VanZandt and staff reviewed the participants from a box at the rear of the stage.

Thus the Reunion at Tulsa became a memory among the many other occasions of the kind, each of which had its special attractions. Though lacking in that historic association which had made other cities attractive for meetings of the U. C. V., there was nothing lacking in other respects, and Tulsa is to be congratulated upon the success of this Reunion, held under so many disadvantages. The veterans were especially well cared for and entertained. Street cars and autos were at their service without charge, and the Boy Scouts were ever ready to conduct them across a street or to guide them to the homes assigned. A special entertainment, which no other Reunion city could provide, was the shooting of an oil well, and the thousands who saw it were taken to the place in autos as special guests. The resolution of thanks passed by the Convention was especially hearty in expressing appreciation of the hospitality extended by the Reunion committees, the city, and the State.

The "Immortal Six Hundred" were represented at this Convention by Maj. J. Ogden Murray, of Charleston, W. Va.; Captain Loudermilk, of North Carolina; Capts. J. O. Fink, Tom Boyd, and J. L. Weer, of Texas; Capt. Lamar Fontaine, of Louisiana; and Captain Hopkins, of Virginia.

The Confederate navy had a few representatives at Tulsa, led by the commander of their organization, A. O. Wright, who is seeking to have the stigma of being "dismissed" from the Federal naval service removed from the names of those who resigned to enter the Confederate navy. One of these was Admiral Semmes himself.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans, meeting at the same time, elected Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., as Commander in Chief, and N. B. Forrest was continued as Adjutant in Chief. Mr. Hinton has been serving by appointment as Commander in Chief since the resignation, some months ago, of Ernest G. Baldwin, of Virginia, to enter the army service, and who is now overseas with the American expeditionary forces. Past Commander Baldwin sent a message of greeting and regret that he could not be with his comrades at Tulsa. S. H. King, of Tulsa, was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V.

A special compliment to this organization and to Commander Hinton was the presentation by the State of Colorado of a monster service flag showing more than 160,000 stars as representing the number of Sons of Confederate Veterans now in the service of their country. A large delegation, headed by the Governor of Colorado and the Mayor of Denver, prominent members of the U. D. C. of that State, and others, took the flag to Tulsa and presented it on Monday night, when the Sons opened their convention.

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Memorial hour came at noon on Thursday, when the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A. joined in paying tribute to the memory of the comrades and associates who had passed away since the last Reunion. The list of the honored dead reveals the names of some whose going has left wide gaps in the ranks. Among them were: J. W. Whiting and A. J. West, of Georgia; Gen. William McComb, of Virginia; Henry C. Myers, of Tennessee; Dr. S. E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C.; Howell Carter, Commander of the Louisiana Division; A. C. Trippe, Commander of the Maryland Division.

RESOLUTIONS.

The resolution recommending that the Sons of Veterans be admitted as members of the U. C. V. was defeated, as the veterans are not inclined to admit any to membership who did not fight in the War between the States.

Another resolution urging that President Wilson make plans for a world jubilee to be held in some American city at the conclusion of the present war, in which the Allies and neutral nations might take part, was also defeated, the veterans declaring that they were a fighting organization, and suggestions bearing on peace developments were out of their province and safely left with the President.

A resolution was adopted urging the construction of a Southern highway from coast to coast.



W. T. BRADY, CHAIRMAN REUNION COMMITTEE.

Mr. Brady is one of the prominent men of Tulsa, and it was largely through his efforts that the Reunion was secured for that city. He delivered the welcome address for the city. The veterans of the Confederate Home were his guests during the Reunion.

11*

NORTHERN PROPAGANDA.

BY WILL T. HALE, DONELSON, TENN.

In the October VETERAN I note that J. C. Reeve, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, tells us that "Woodrow Wilson, the greatest man the South has produced, says the cause of the Confederacy was entirely wrong." I challenge Mr. Reeve's statement. Let him "give chapter and verse," as the saying goes. But if correct, that's one man's idea.

Had you noticed that the North is taking advantage of this war to extend its propaganda to put the South in the wrong? In a story, for instance, in a widely read Philadelphia weekly Will Irwin slips in this falsehood in mentioning his hero, who came from Germany in 1864 and enlisted in the Union army: "His ideas of America were few in number; that it was a land of liberty and opportunity for the poor man; that the Northern States were engaged in a war with the Southern States to abolish slavery," etc. Such false assertions creep in throughout the Northern press, and all for a purpose. The North was not fighting the South to free the slaves.

Then note the term "Yank" literally forced on our soldier boys. It is really an epithet and not a nickname. I protest. I guess our Southern heroes "over there" kick when proclaimed as of the tribe which was a reproach to New England.

You have noticed also how Lincoln's name and sayings are lugged in every whipstich. What had Lincoln, the time-server, to do with protecting and fighting for a people who through oppression sought self-government? What protest did he make against the destruction wrought in the South during the War between the States?

A lady said the other day that "the next generation of Southerners will not know why their parents or grandparents made such a noble fight." It looks that way, for even many fatheads among our Southern editors are giving space, perhaps ignorantly, to the Northern propaganda.

THE UNCONQUERED BANNER.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD, TARBORO, N. C.

There's a banner that waves in the city of light,
Unfurled by the saints for eternity there
On the temple of peace, where the martyrs of right
Now see it upraised from adversity's snare;
And the angel that guards it has written its story
Unencumbered by fate in the annals of glory.

Though the sages of earth trace in marble and stone
Its image, a symbol of death and of strife,
In the kingdom of love it has come to its own
As an emblem of truth from the Author of life,
Who has blazoned its stars where the souls of the shriven
At the gateway of bliss read its welcome to heaven.

O! we look on our harvesting land, where the blood
Of patriots flowed for a wound or a scar,
And we listen in vain by the deep-rolling flood
For tales of its numberless victims of war;
But the voices of nature are everywhere singing
Of the victory born of our loyalty's clinging.

For recounted as naught in the history of earth
The laurels once gathered from liberty's sod,
And the hand of the spoiler which darkened our hearth
But offered our cause to the justice of God,
Who in wisdom united what man would discover,
Yet uplifted our banner, unconquered forever.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS OF WAR.

[The following article was prepared by Gen. Bennett H. Young in response to a statement appearing in the *Courier-Journal* of October 3 in regard to the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville during the War between the States and was published in that paper in condensed form. It is here given in full. The time has passed when we should accept tamely such slurs upon the South and her people, and all publications which deal in this propaganda should be called upon to give the facts.]

To the Courier-Journal, Louisville: In your issue of Sunday, October 3, the following statement occurs: "In our Civil War there was but one marked instance of total disregard of the methods of civilized warfare in the treatment of prisoners. At Andersonville Prison Federal captives were starved, maltreated, and murdered. The man most directly responsible for this was Captain Wirz, a German born and bred, and after peace was declared he was tried and hanged."

This paragraph must have been used by your "filler man" on an urgent call for something to complete a form. He evidently nodded, for it is not like the *Courier-Journal* to publish such a charge against the people of the South. Without going into detail, I make the following statements, which are and always can be demonstrated to be absolutely true:

1. That the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons was, in round numbers, 270,000; that the Confederates captured and held in Northern prisons were 220,000. There were, therefore, 50,000 more Federals in Southern stockades than Confederates in Northern prisons, and yet the deaths among the Federals was 4,000 less than the deaths among the Confederates.

2. That the death rate of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons was twelve per cent, while the death rate of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons was only nine per cent. These figures are from the reports of the Northern surgeon-general and have again and again been acknowledged to be correct. No man can take these simple facts and say that there was any cruelty or barbarity on the part of the Southern people.

The records also show that the death rate among Confederates at Elmira, N. Y., was just the same rate as was suffered by the Federals at Andersonville.

These statements show that if there were wrongs affecting the confinement of military prisoners during the war they were common to both sides and were not in any sense worse in the South than they were in the North.

It must not be forgotten in connection with this that in the North there was an abundance of everything that could alleviate human suffering—food, clothing, and medicine—while in the South there was absolute want, oftentimes starvation, and all medicines were contraband, and a large portion of the Southern people were compelled to rely upon herbs and roots to aid in treating human suffering.

It is further historically true that General Grant directed that no exchanges be made and that the terms of exchange put up to the Southern people were such, according to General Butler, Federal Exchange Commissioner, that it was impossible for them to accept. General Grant was always frank in these matters.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler wrote in April, 1864, that "Lieutenant General Grant forbade me to deliver to the Rebels a single able-bodied man." And General Butler further wrote, in answer to Colonel Ould's proposition to exchange man for man and officer for officer, that he was directed to

prevent and stop exchange of prisoners. General Butler said: "This argument set forth our claims in the most offensive form possible, consistent with ordinary courtesy of language, for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the Lieutenant General that no prisoners of war should be exchanged." He also said: "Then I had determined, with the consent of the Lieutenant General, as a last resort to prevent exchange, to demand that the outlawry against me should formally be reversed and apologized for before I would further negotiate the exchange of prisoners."

General Butler further said: "I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners, the orders under which I acted and the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions—the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which by the refusal to exchange were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon, the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths—each and all have compelled me to this exposition, so it may seem that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the general in chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost."

Mr. Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says: "One final effort was made to obtain an exchange. This consisted in my sending a delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville to plead their cause before the authorities at Washington. It was of no avail. President Lincoln refused to see them. They were made to understand that the interests of the government of the United States required that they should return to prison and remain there. They carried back the sad tidings that their government held out no hope of their release. We have a letter from the wife of the chairman of that delegation (now dead) in which she says that her husband always said that he was more contemptuously treated by Secretary of War Stanton than he ever was at Andersonville."

Colonel Ould offered to allow Federal surgeons, under proper rules, to take charge of the health and comfort of the Federal soldiers; that these surgeons should act as commissaries with power to receive and distribute such money, clothing, food, and medicine as might be forwarded for the relief of Federal prisoners. No answer was ever made to this humane proposition.

Again, in 1864, Colonel Ould offered to turn over to the United States government their sick and wounded without any equivalent whatever. This offer was made in June, 1864, and no boats were sent by the Federal authorities for the transportation of prisoners until the last of November, 1864.

General Grant, in an official communication, said: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humane to those left in the ranks to fight our

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It was my custom during the siege of Atlanta to take a couple of hours about midday, when there was a lull in the firing, to go back to the field infirmary, where our wounded were cared for and sent to the hospitals in the country south of us. I looked after our wounded, took note of their condition and of the hospital to which they were sent, wrote letters for them, and provided such little conveniences as they might need. We had at the infirmary a little Irishman named Billy, who was about five feet tall, with shoulders three feet across and arms and legs like solid posts of oak. He was the best and kindest nurse I ever saw, and there is no telling how many lives he saved. Billy always saved dinner for the parson and went with me on my rounds. He had one weakness. He wouldn't take a drop from the medical supplies, but sometimes he would get a brand of stuff we called pinetop whisky and would become not drunk, but very talkative and effusive in his kindness.

One day we had a little "scrimmage," as Billy called it, in which half a dozen or more were wounded. We captured some prisoners, among them a boy eighteen years old, a handsome youth, whose leg was shattered. He was the son of a widow from Oswego, N. Y. As he lay along with our wounded men, awaiting his turn on the operating table. I gave him some morphine to relieve his pain and asked him if I could do anything for him. He said he wished above all things that his mother might know of his condition. At that time we could send letters by flag of truce through the lines. So I wrote to his mother and gave her the address of the hospital to which he would be taken, and I wrote for him careful directions how he could send letters from the hospital. He had no money, so I gave him some Confederate notes; but he would need some United States currency to pay postage on his letters home. Nearly all of our boys had some Yankee shinplasters of ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents which they had secured in surreptitious trading with the Federal soldiers between the lines; so I explained the situation and asked that any of them who had as much as a dollar in these bills to let me have them for this Yankee boy. At once every one of those wounded boys drew out his treasure and gave to me freely what I needed.

Billy was in a joyful mood that day and was deeply touched by the Christian spirit shown, and he had to express himself.

"Parson, that Baptist' Church is a grand old Church. It has made me all I am," he said.

"Yes, Billy, it is a grand Church."

He went on: "Parson, you are a Baptist'?"

"No, Billy, I am a Presbyterian."

Without a moment's delay he spoke: "Well, as I was sayin', that grand old Prisbytarrian Church has made me all I am."

The men by this time were much amused. I said: "Why, Billy, you said you were a Baptist."

He was indignant. "Did I say Baptist'? Did I say Baptistis'? I meant Prisbytarrian, the grandest Church in the wurrold. To the divil wid the Baptistis'."

But Billy never let ecclesiastical or political prejudice interfere with his ministrations. When a man was wounded, be he Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian, Catholic or Protestant, Confederate or Federal, Billy was ever to the fore to help him.

I took leave of the Yankee boy, and I never heard of him again. His leg was amputated, and the probability is that he died in the hospital. I lost my record of his name, and he may be sleeping in some nameless grave in the South. Such is the tragedy of war.

A conversation which I heard on one of these daily visits may be of interest to others, as it was to me. Nearly every day the infantry was visited by some of the higher officers of our army to look after their wounded. One day about the end of July or the first of August half a dozen or more generals and colonels were gathered there, and they were earnestly discussing the removal of Gen. Joe Johnston. Of course I had no part in the conversation, but I listened with eager eyes, for I was devoted to "Old Joe," and I took notes in a diary, now lost. General Loring, who was major general commanding a division, was the chief speaker. He said with great emphasis: "Gentlemen, I say what I know. In the light of what has happened, I am sure that if General Johnston had been left in command ten days longer he would have destroyed General Sherman's army."

He then went on to explain in terms that I did not fully understand. The idea was that if battle had been delivered a day earlier Sherman's divided army would have been defeated and would have had to retreat to Chattanooga, over one hundred miles. The battle that General Loring had in mind was the first attack made by General Hood on the 20th of July, two days after Johnston's removal; and his idea was that the delay of one day was fatal to us, as it gave General Sherman time to concentrate his army.

On that day I had one of the saddest experiences of a chaplain's life. Our brigade was not heavily engaged, and our losses were comparatively light; but we suffered in the loss of one of our noblest officers, Colonel White, of the 53d Tennessee. Whether he was killed or wounded I never knew, and I believe none of his family ever found out his fate. If he was captured, he died in prison; but it was possible for him to have been killed and his body never found. It was partly in thick woods that our brigade was engaged, and I found it impossible to keep track of them. After our repulse I had with me one of our litter bearers, and we found some of our men not seriously hurt who went on to that command. We found the body of one of our regiment lying in a little country road near a deserted cabin. I did not know the location of any of the troops and felt that if we tried to carry the body to our own lines we were just as likely to run into the lines of the enemy, so we determined to bury him where he was killed. We found an old ax at the cabin, and with that and a board for a shovel we scooped out a grave two or three feet deep, rolled him in his blanket, and laid him in the grave. We placed some limbs with thick leaves on his body and covered him over with earth. Then I read the burial service and offered a prayer, and I carved his name on the trunk of a tree at the head of the grave. We left him there, hoping to come back and remove him; but in the pressure of daily battles I never could go again to the place, which was between the opposing lines.

One more experience, to give an idea of the activities of a chaplain's life. On the 28th of July, 1864, we attacked General Sherman on the Powder Springs or Lickskillet road. The battle is known as that of Ezra Church. We were repulsed with heavy loss. Our brigade went in with nine hundred men, and we lost in two hours over five hundred. The captain of my company, D, Capt. Robert L. Dunlap, was killed. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher and a

man of the coolest courage I ever saw. I went to get his body, but the firing was so hot that the litter bearers could not do more than care for the wounded. I had to be content to get his sword and sash and some letters and other papers from his person. I had to walk across an open field to reach his body, and the bullets were flying thick across it, with frequent whiffs of grape and canister. A brigade which had been repulsed lay behind some rail piles on the edge of the field. As I went forward to my comrade's body I ran, but when I started back it wouldn't do for the preacher to run with all those eyes fixed on him, so I walked to the rail pile and stepped over. But if I were to say I was not scared I would lie, for I would have given a hundred dollars not to run but to fly across that field.

When night came, after we had gotten all our wounded back to the field infirmary, I took my litter bearers and went over the field gathering the dead for burial. It was Thursday night after midnight before I got them all gathered, and they were buried the next day. I was very busy all day Friday helping to care for our wounded, and it was night before I could get time to bury Captain Dunlap and Lieut. Ashton Johnson, of General Quarles's staff, for I wished to put their bodies where they could be found and removed after the war. I got about a dozen men, and, placing the bodies on stretchers, we carried them to a large brick house in the edge of Atlanta, and the owner, a Mr. Kennedy, gave me permission to bury them in his garden. He loaned me some tools, and we dug one large grave for both bodies. While we were at work by the light of pine torches I noticed in the yard the tents of a general's headquarters. It was quite late, and the general and his staff were getting ready to retire. Just as we finished the grave a messenger came from the general to inquire at what hour we would have the funeral. I told him that we had brought the bodies with us and who they were. He immediately had all of his attendants to dress and come with him to the grave, and there at midnight I held a funeral service—reading the Scriptures, prayer, a hymn, and a brief address. The general and his staff, standing by the grave, took part in the singing and in every way showed respect for the dead and reverence for religion. That officer was Maj. Gen. William B. Bate, of Tennessee, and there began a friendship between a general and a private that lasted until the high officer was laid to rest after many years of honorable service to his State and the nation.

I might go on indefinitely with these recollections. To me they are sadly interesting, but I cannot hope that they will be so interesting to others, now taken up in the strenuous endeavor of present-day activities. I tell them that the younger people may learn that a Confederate chaplain's life was no sinecure. My work was not exceptional. I remember with tender affection the noble band of chaplains whom I knew—grand old John B. McFerrin, patriarch of us all, S. M. Cherry, DeWitt, Girardeau, Flynn, Bryson, Bennett—a goodly fellowship in which denominational names were forgotten, most of them now in heaven.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.—A native of Maryland, he drew his sword in defense of his State and his people with the same self-sacrifice and high purpose that marked the course of General Lee and other Confederate leaders who fought under the old flag. Semmes was a versatile man, whose attainments were as solid as they were varied.—*Raphael S. Payne.*

AN ESCAPE AND A DRESS PARADE.

BY J. N. GAINES, BRUNSWICK, MO.

In the fall or early winter of 1863, just after his escape from prison at Columbus, Ohio, Gen. John H. Morgan issued a call for the remnant of his command to rendezvous at Decatur, Ga. Pursuant to this order, by January or February, 1864, we had gathered there to the number of four or five hundred. Shortly after we began to gather there a chunk of a boy, too young for military duty, came out each day in a little one-horse wagon peddling ginger cakes and peanuts. "Gingerbread and goobers" we called them, and the boy we soon knew as "Goober." Well, at a dollar apiece for ginger cakes and a dollar a quart for goobers, it did not require a great while to exhaust the cash on hand of even a Morgan man or the majority of the whole outfit. But we loved to eat when we were hungry, and we were generally hungry, willing to pay for it when we had the wherewith and just as willing to eat when we had to scheme for it.

Our outfit soon ran short of funds (there were thirteen of us then); so we selected a little fellow named Reed to get in the wagon by the side of Goober and to start up a little trouble with him, and a big red-headed Irishman named Neugent was to take Goober's part when the right time came, grab Reed by the collar (reaching over Goober's head), and jerk him out of the wagon. As a matter of course, Reed would grab Goober as he went over, thus bringing all of them down on the ground together. George Cross, Tom Adams (afterwards killed at Bull's Gap), and I were to raid the wagon, which we did, every other fellow around joining in, not a soul paying any attention to the fight—pretty good evidence that most of us would rather eat than fight, no matter how we got the grub. It was only a moment till the wagon was cleaned up. The boys got tired of fighting, got up, and surveyed the wreck. Then little Goober with an oath accused the Irish friend of working a trick on him, and Neugent, with all the dignity of honor insulted, "cussed" him back. The crowd broke up, and Goober went back to Atlanta, never to come to see us any more.

This incident probably brought about the only dress parade I ever knew of our command having. Captain Kirkpatrick, the senior officer in command, was a Presbyterian preacher, a Tennessean, and a noble, good man. The next morning he had us all out in an old field near camp on dress parade, he said, but we rather thought it was more to lecture us. At any rate, after a few maneuvers he gave us a nice talk about our raid on Goober's wagon and asked the guilty ones to come forward and confess. But we didn't come. He gave us another nice talk and again entreated us to confess, but we couldn't see it just that way. He then seemed to lose patience a little and told us frankly that if he could find out the guilty ones he would make us smoke for it. That we never doubted, but there was "nary" a traitor among us.

I wonder if there is another reader of the *VETERAN* who was concerned in this or witnessed any part of the proceedings. Neugent and Cross were from New Orleans, I think, Tom Adams from Mobile, Reed from Kentucky, and I from Missouri. Some of our veterans claim to have gone through four years of hardships and done nothing they would not have done at home, but I think them scarce. I always felt that if I should ever meet little Goober and he

wanted anything I could command as badly as we wanted his goods he should certainly have it; and lest I never have the opportunity to return the favor to him, I have tried to pass it on to others I met in like condition.

NARROWLY ESCAPED PRISON.

BY H. S. FULLER, DONALDSON, ARK.

In the VETERAN for February, 1917, J. W. Higgins, of Grapevine, Tex., writes of his experience as a soldier in the 6th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. I belonged to the 23d Georgia Regiment and was in the same brigade as the 6th at Yorktown in 1861 and remained so until the end in 1865. In justice to Col. E. F. Best, of my regiment, I shall give the true history of a very important incident that should be set right before we are all gone.

On the morning of May 2, 1863, which was the day of the great battle of Chancellorsville, my regiment was detached from the brigade and left to guard a very important point immediately in front of Hooker's army. The rest of the brigade, which consisted of the 6th, 19th, 27th, and 28th Georgia Regiments, went with General Jackson on his flank movement around Hooker's right wing. Our orders were to hold that point until our wagons and artillery passed. We advanced some three hundred yards toward the enemy and lay in line until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We had not the least idea of Jackson's maneuvers, but we were confident from our former knowledge of him that something would soon develop. We held our position from early morn until two in the afternoon without a sound of anything to remind us of war save the rattle of our wagons and artillery passing the road in our rear following the main army.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Hooker's army, or rather, I should say, Ward's Indiana Brigade, advanced on us, and we gave them a warm reception, and, of course, we had to retreat, which we did in good order back to the road where the brigade had left us in the early morning. There was a battery passing as we arrived, and Colonel Best had them get in position and fired some grape or canister into the Yankees as they advanced on us. We were soon forced from that place and took shelter in a railroad cut some two hundred yards in our rear. There we remained until we were flanked on both ends of our line. We held them back in front, but our line was too short. Our only chance was to climb an eight- or ten-foot embankment and retreat or go to a Northern prison. It was very plain that we had done all that we could do. Colonel Best gave the order to escape the best way we could, and he and some fifteen or twenty men scaled the wall and made their escape. I started with them, but the enemy opened fire on us, and I turned back into the railroad cut with the rest of them and gave up to go to prison. As they were a little tardy about coming to us or telling us to come to them, I had divested myself of all my accouterments and felt that I could run a quarter of a mile in less than no time, so I climbed the bank in our rear and set out alone for a run of some two hundred and fifty yards to a skirt of timber that would hide me from them. When I had climbed a slight grade and could see the Minié balls strike the ground in front of me, I wished I were back in the cut; but I had started and would not turn back, so I made it to cover without a scratch.

Now comes the part I wish a record of, and it is right that it should be told by some one unprejudiced, and I think I am. I thought little and cared less then for what trans-

pired. The captains who stood next in line for promotion, to make it appear that they did their duty in refusing to retreat when ordered to do so by the Colonel, preferred charges against Colonel Best. He was charged with cowardice, and before a court-martial in Charleston, S. C., the charge was sustained, and he was dismissed from the service. I know he remained at his post as long as good judgment and bravery required. I have never seen nor heard of him since. He may be living, or he may be dead; but in either case it is but justice to him that it should be known that he was made a martyr.

[The "Official Records" give no account of Colonel Best's being censured for his actions in this engagement, but one report makes mention of an investigation having been ordered. If there is record of this anywhere, the VETERAN would like to know.—Ed.]

THE PASSING OF A REGIMENT.

BY VIVIAN EDITH RAYZOR, HEREFORD, TEX.

(Dedicated to my grandfather.)

The old regiment is passing
From the battle field of life,
Not with martial tread nor music
Of the stirring drum or fife;
But in silence they are going
To the land from which they came,
And in tribute they are leaving
Deeds of history and fame.

From the birth of war at Sumter
Flowed a strong, determined tide
To the court of Appomattox,
Where they laid their guns aside.
To a crushed and bleeding army,
Remnants of a war-tried land,
Strength returned with stronger purpose
To rebuild her own Southland.

The old regiment is passing,
Soldiers battle scarred and bent,
Weary from the strife of battle
And a life to service lent.
There's a spirit left behind them
War and bloodshed cannot kill;
'Tis the spirit of the Southland!
'Tis the love of freedom's thrill!

Can a shaft of cold white marble
Herald deeds like theirs afar?
This the honor that we pay them,
Heroes of our country's war?
So we prize them as a treasure,
Gun and uniform of gray;
These will keep their deeds before us,
Though the heroes pass away.

Not in vain has been their passing,
Nor in vain the blood they shed;
They have left a mighty tribute
To their living and their dead.
The old regiment is passing,
Grim old warriors, bent and gray;
Monuments they leave behind them
In the khaki of to-day.

A BRILLIANT CAVALRY COUP.

BY DAVID CARDWELL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

[The article in the *VETERAN* for October on Hampton's famous cattle raid is followed here by an account from the viewpoint of W. H. F. Lee's part of the expedition, who was to do the fighting on the left, while Rosser's part was to do the "cowboy" act, which was done in the spirit with which the Laurel Brigade always carried things through, and they got their full share of the fighting on the right flank. Comrade Cardwell writes that he knew both Hampton and Rosser and had heard General Hampton refer to General Rosser as the "Murat of the army," and he adds: "No man of the cavalry corps can ever say that Col. Lige White ever laid down on any job given him." This account is a thrilling story of the greatest cattle raid of the war.]

After that fateful day, May 11, 1864, when a bullet of the enemy took from the cavalry corps its greatest commander, J. E. B. Stuart, at Yellow Tavern, the man who, Longstreet said, was the greatest cavalryman America ever saw, the man upon whom Jackson threw his mantle like Elijah of old, the man upon whom General Lee depended for eyes and ears. General Lee did not have to look far for his successor, for he was close at hand and had carved his name with his saber high in the list of the world's great soldiers. It was Wade Hampton upon whom the mantle fell, and who was worthier? We have heard and do know of the achievements of this command and that command from the pens of officers and privates, and I am glad it is so. Stuart's great ride around McClellan's army on the Chickahominy was a wonderful performance. It is considered by military men as a unique feat. I recall the enthusiasm it created and also remember the fate of the gallant Latane, the only casualty.

But it is not of this that I would write. I was not with the boys then. It is of Hampton's great "cattle raid" in September, 1864, that I propose to write just as I remember it and just as I have read of it.

In the early fall of 1864 General Lee's army was facing General Grant at Petersburg, and his infantry lines extended from Appomattox Courthouse on the east to about Dinwiddie Courthouse on the southwest. South of this the cavalry held the lines. I say held them, not as the infantry did, but patrolled them all the way down to Stony Creek and sometimes beyond. We were too few to man the lines, so we rode them one night here and to-morrow somewhere else on the lines, repelling from time to time by the hardest kind of fighting the repeated attacks made upon the lines of communication, the Weldon Railroad and the Boydton plank road. The preservation of this meant the life of the army and of the country.

And this brings us to a question of bread and meat, and I tell you it was at the time a very serious matter. My comrades know how we were put to it for something to eat. Sometimes we had bread, such as it was, sometimes meat, and sometimes neither. Men resorted to all sorts of devices to get a square meal. If perchance they met a farmer, they at once cultivated him as a long-lost brother and made all sorts of excuses to call, took the girls to ride, etc., and never left without eating some meal, either dinner or supper. Our orderly sergeant, a Frenchman of many accomplishments, is said to have called on the widow Hancock in Dinwiddie County and on taking his leave also took her gray cat, and his mess ate her in a stew smothered with

garlic the next day. "They say so," I don't know. A Frenchman has the reputation of eating anything.

Be that as it may, on the 8th of September General Hampton addressed a note to General Lee informing him that his scouts reported to him a large herd of cattle grazing in the rear of Grant's army in the neighborhood of Coggins's Point, on the James River, and asking permission to take a force of cavalry and go down and drive out the cattle. The old General was perhaps hungry himself. On the 9th General Lee replied that the only difficulty of importance he saw was in getting back with the cattle; that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the country to say how that could be effected if embarrassed with wagons and cattle, and he advised General Hampton to take such a circuit as would allow ample space for his flank pickets to notify him of danger. He said that the Federal general, Gregg, was near the Weldon road and that he would move two brigades of infantry down the plank road behind General Dearing, who was on that road with his brigade of cavalry.

On the 13th Lieut. John F. Lanneau, of Hampton's engineer corps, wrote Major McClellan, Hampton's adjutant general, for a detail of forty men and two commissioned officers from Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's divisions. He would furnish the detachment with tools. They would be armed with pistols and would serve during the expedition as a mounted engineer troop under his direction. He designated Lieutenant Johnson, Company A, 4th South Carolina Cavalry, and Lieutenant Bauskett, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, as suitable officers to take charge of the detail from General Butler's division.

The detail from Gen. W. H. F. Lee's division was ordered to report to Lieut. F. Robertson at Gen. W. H. F. Lee's headquarters, and tools would be furnished them by Lieutenant Lanneau. The men were to be selected from those accustomed to the use of the ax.

On the morning of the 14th of September, 1864, long before daylight, we were aroused from our camp by the notes of the bugle sounding "boots and saddle," and the command to which I belonged, the Stuart Horse Artillery, was ordered to saddle up and move out behind the 13th Virginia Cavalry. We waited, seated on our horses, for a long time (all waiting seems long), and while we waited we speculated upon where we were going and what we were going for. So little do soldiers know of the intentions of their officers that some said we were going to surprise and capture a brigade of negro troops, and we began in a spirit of humor to tell what we were going to do with our share of the negroes. We had no intention or idea that beeves had any place in the picture at all.

General Hampton in his account says: "On the morning of the 14th I moved with the division of Maj. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, the brigades of Rosser and Dearing, and a detachment of one hundred men from Young's and Dunnivant's Brigades, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Miller, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, and moved down Rowanty Creek to Wilkinson's Bridge, on that stream, where the command bivouacked that night."

The command left Wilkerson's Bridge at an early hour on the 15th and struck out at a trot for Sycamore Church, in Prince George County, a point most central and nearest to the cattle and the place where the largest force of the enemy was camped. General Hampton's idea was that by disposing them here it made it impossible for them to concentrate any force in time to interfere with the main object of the expedition. By a rapid march the command reached

the Blackwater at Cook's Bridge, which had been destroyed. General Hampton knew that the bridge had been destroyed and purposely selected this route, as the enemy would not be likely to look for an attack from that quarter.

When we reached the bridge we were halted and dismounted to await the arrangements being made by the pioneer people for us to cross. I shall never forget how the boys went out into the fields and dug up sweet potatoes and how they were stopped when they made fires to cook them. We could not afford to make a smoke, we were informed, and so some men devoured potatoes raw. General Hampton had stopped all citizens *en route*, allowing none to go forward, for fear information might reach the Yankees of his movements. While here we rested and fed our horses.

The bridge was completed, and at night we crossed over the Blackwater and were now particularly enjoined not to make a noise, and several times the musical men of the column were cut short in attempted songs which they thoughtlessly began. Nothing was heard but the steady tread of the horses and the rattle of the sabers. The guns of the artillery had been muffled by grain sacks being inserted between the elevating screws and the guns. About half past three or four o'clock we were halted in a road very dark and overhung by the branches of trees; everything was as still as death. Nothing disturbed the whippoorwill's notes, so lonesome at all times, but more doleful then.

One by one the men slipped down from their horses to the soft grass, overcome by the fatigue following rapid movements. We had now ceased to speculate upon where we were going. We were too sleepy, and soon most, if not all, were dozing on the ground, with our bridle reins around our elbows. If we dreamed, it was of home, not of battle nor of war's alarms. The horses too slept and showed no disposition to move or disturb their sleeping masters. Here we waited. General Hampton, it seems, had directed General Lee to move by the Lawyer road to the stage road, at which point he would encounter the first pickets of the enemy. Here's where we were sleeping. These pickets he was to drive in and move them to occupy the roads leading from the direction of the enemy to Sycamore Church. General Dearing was to proceed by the Hines road to Cook's Mill, where he was to halt until the attack in the center was made, when he was to dash across to the Mingo Ferry Road, attacking the post on that road and cutting off all retreat, guarding at the same time against an attack from Fort Powhatan. Rosser's Brigade and Miller's detachment moved on by-roads direct toward Sycamore Church. General Rosser was to carry the position of the enemy here and after doing so to push forward at once to secure the cattle. General Hampton says the three columns all reached the points to which they were ordered without giving alarm. Our long wait was to end, our naps were soon to be broken.

At five in the morning Rosser, over on the right, made the attack. At the sound of the first shots every man in the road who had dismounted sprang to his saddle, and we heard the well-known yell, that cry known as the Rebel yell, which had struck terror to our enemies on a hundred bloody fields. It is an exultant sound, unshrouded by the form of words, and on our right it rang out on the early morning air from lusty lungs, and in a minute every horse was in full gallop in our road, and we were upon the picket, who seemed to have no idea of an enemy, although we had been so near him since nine or ten o'clock that night. We rode the picket down and found the camp on both sides of the road. Some, of course, were up and on guard, but the

majority of the Federals were in bed in their little buttoned tents. We ran them out and took them prisoners in their night clothes. It was the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry, and I think we took the most of them, with their camp and splendid horses. I remember how forlorn they looked as we mustered them out later in the day, many sitting on barebacked horses, with nothing on but their shirts. General Rosser, it appears, had about as much as he could attend to. He encountered Colonel Spears, 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, the same command that had made a name for itself as a fighting regiment. They made a good fight for their meat, but Rosser finally whipped them, and they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, as well as their camp. General Dearing, on the right, made his attack according to program and was entirely successful.

General Rosser without delay began to drive out the cattle, and General Hampton says: "There were 2,486 head of them." General Hampton says in his report to General Lee that he withdrew all forces before 8 A.M., and the different columns were united before reaching the Blackwater. That's all right in the abstract, but now comes the return, which General Lee said he feared more than anything else. Before we united at the Blackwater, the command I belonged to moved on to Prince George Courthouse and looked for the opposing troops. Some of the cavalry found the enemy; and while others cut down trees on the edge of a piece of woods, we tried to toll him up to where we had our artillery posted with a dismounted support.

They did not at once show a disposition to come over, but very soon Uncle Sam's gunboats on the James River got our range; and as we did not go down there really to fight, we took the back track at a trot, stimulated by the bursting of huge shells every now and then in uncomfortable proximity. As I said, we moved at a trot. In fact, we trotted most of the time—that is, when we were not in a gallop. We were making haste to join the columns at the Blackwater, Rosser ahead with the cattle, followed by General Dearing and Colonel Miller, General Lee bringing up the rear.

After the command had crossed the Blackwater we trotted toward the plank road. General Rosser advised General Hampton that a large force of the enemy was approaching on that road. General Hampton ordered him to take position at Ebenezer Church and to hold the road there and send the cattle by Hawkinsville Crossing, the plank road two miles in the rear of the line of battle, which was at once formed. Major Venable, General Hampton's adjutant general, and Major Ryals, provost marshal, took charge of the cattle and were to put them across the Nottoway River at Freeman's Ford. General Rosser held his ground, and Colonel Miller and General Dearing soon came to his assistance.

General Lee came into the fight before it was over, and I well remember how his dismounted men, as they advanced to a mill pond through the bushes, called to the Yankees to come over and get their bulls, bellowing at them in derision.

We had some little fighting, not half as much as we anticipated, and before nine o'clock we had left our enemy far in the rear and crossed the water by a dam and were trotting toward our own lines. We had captured some prisoners and among them a telegraph corps. They were splendid-looking fellows, much better dressed than the ordinary Yankee soldier, and their wagons and teams were splendid. In crossing the dam, which was very narrow, one wagon, with

six mules, fell down the bank, and to make the road clear it was bodily thrown into the water so we could cross.

I shall never forget how sorry I felt for the telegraph men, who had to drop all their dignity and trot to keep up with the hurrying column. Among our killed was the gallant McCalla, of the 1st South Carolina Cavalry. He and Hogan, one of Butler's scouts, were along and rendered valuable service. We had traveled one hundred miles and had two fights and, best of all, had furnished fresh meat for General Lee's starving army, many of whom had not tasted fresh meat for months.

I have always understood that General Hampton's entire force on this expedition was about 2,700 cavalry and four pieces of artillery, two of McGregor's guns and two of Hart's Battery, of which all South Carolinians have heard.

Now let's see by the records what our "friends the enemy" were doing all this time. It seems that they had gotten wind of the proposed raid.

The first thing in the "Official Records of the War" is a dispatch from Col. George H. Sharp to General Humphries, chief of staff to General Meade, simply stating that he had information from a prisoner from the 7th Virginia Cavalry, who reported that Hampton had broken through at Sycamore Church and had captured 2,500 head of cattle with but little loss, etc. Humphries ordered General Davies to strike the returning enemy at once.

The next is a dispatch at 6 A.M. of the 16th from General Kautz to Capt. H. C. Weir, assistant adjutant general, to the effect that his pickets had been driven in from Mount Sinai Church to Powhatan stage road; that the commanding officer of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry thought quite a number of horses had been captured. He did not consider it serious, as the reserves had not yet been disturbed. He had not the news well yet. At 7 A.M. he says he feared that the 1st District Cavalry had been entrapped, that the sounds of firing were quite lively on the Powhatan road, and that he had sent a squad of the 3d New York Cavalry to the stage road and Colonel Jacobs had been ordered to dislodge them. At 8:30 he knew we were after the cattle; at 9:15 he knew that the cattle guard and the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry were captured; at 11:30 he knew that we had the cattle and that we were "14,000 strong."

A dispatch from Maj. W. A. VanRansselaar, of the 8th New York Infantry, to General Patrick, provost marshal, says: "I have just met a private of the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry who was captured, and he says they had four killed and about three hundred captured. They also got one herd of 2,600 cattle. One man reports that he saw ten regiments of infantry and a battery of eight guns. The 1st District is terribly demoralized. One of their captains says he killed a brigadier general. From what I can learn, I think the Rebels are about 5,000, with eight guns. They all belong to Hampton's Legion. Generals Kautz and Gregg are after them." The suggestion that General Hampton's Legion was 5,000 strong is amusing. I don't think he ever had over half that number in the best days. The same major reports us in full retreat at 9 A.M. I think in this he was correct.

General Patrick at once ordered Col. T. B. Gates, commanding at City Point, to put his command in position to protect the depot. At 10 A.M. of the 16th General Meade advised General Grant that at daylight his pickets and reserves, between the James and the Blackwater, were strongly attacked and that at the same time a dash was made for

the cattle herd at Coggins Point, and he feared that the herd had fallen into the enemy's hands.

General Meade was certainly correct in his report. He says he had feared this raid for some time, as with the limited force of cavalry at his command and the great extent of the country to be watched he had always considered Coggins Point an unsuitable place for the cattle herd, it being liable to capture at any time by a *coup de main* of the enemy in force. Now, I thought it was a beef raid, and all the time it was a *coup de main*. I had heard of them, but here I was face to face with one "in force."

General Grant telegraphed to General Meade from Harper's Ferry at 9 A.M. of the 18th that if the enemy made so rich a haul as this cattle herd he would be likely to strike far to the south or southeast to get back with it and that their cavalry should either recover what was lost, or else, in the absence of so much of the enemy's cavalry, they should strike the Weldon road. General Meade reported to General Grant on the 16th at 10:30 P.M. that Kautz reports the enemy retired as soon as he got the cattle and that he was in pursuit on the Prince George Courthouse road and Davies on the Jerusalem road, but that Hampton's force was so mar superior to theirs and had so much the start of him he could do no more than harass us. I did not (at one time) see how he could get out of the trouble. From this on everybody began to make reports, and they seemed to think that we would certainly attack Fort Powhatan, on the James River. They did not know how anxious we were to get away from the river.

Now let's see who they sent after us. First, General Humphries, General Meade's chief of staff, sent General Davies, with all his cavalry. Then came a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery to the Jerusalem road. Next came General Kautz, with his cavalry, to the Prince George Courthouse road. Next General Humphries ordered Colonel Smith, of the 2d Division, 2d Corps, to send a strong brigade and a battery of artillery down the plank road, and last he directed the cavalry force, which was picketing between the plank road and the Blackwater, to be withdrawn and to join in the pursuit.

And all that any of them did was to make the little fight that General Davies reports at 10:30 P.M. of the 16th. He reported from Proctor's, on the Jerusalem road, that he met there at 12:30 P.M. and sent a brigade over the Jerusalem plank road to intercept the enemy, met them at a point about five miles thence, and drove them about a mile (he did not drive us; we were going for all we were worth) to the vicinity of Hawkinsville, where he found them strongly posted between earthworks, having in their front an impassable swamp. He moved down and found Gen. W. H. F. Lee's division, which he failed to dislodge, and gave up the job on that road and sent a brigade to Stony Creek to try to intercept the head of the column there. All this time our cattle were on the trot, and with all their forces they could not stop them.

I think, as before intimated, that this raid ranks as high as any performance by any troops, and I am surprised that abler pens than mine have not long since given it the prominence it deserves.

"He who ruleth every fight hath been with us to-day,
And the great god of battles that led the glorious fray;
O, then unto His holy name ring out the joyous song,
The race hath not been to the swift, the battle to the strong!"

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MORGANTON, N. C.

A long-cherished dream was realized when, through the generosity of Capt. W. J. Kincaid, of Griffin, Ga., the Confederate monument at Morganton, Burke County, N. C., was completed by the addition of a handsome bronze statue; and on June 22, 1918, the monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies in the presence of a large assemblage. Captain Kincaid was there to make the presentation in person, and told how he counted it a privilege to have been allowed to make this contribution to the monument. He was reared in Burke County and holds the place of his nativity and its people in tender regard. He has made a great success in life and is now counted among the foremost men of Georgia.

The statue is that of a Confederate soldier standing on guard, the sturdy type of the private in the ranks. It is nine feet high and stands on a base of North Carolina granite, on which are marble tablets inscribed with the names of the men of Burke County who fought for the Southern Confederacy.

The address of the occasion was made by Judge Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and it is here given in full. He was introduced by Capt. L. A. Bristol, who has the distinction of being the youngest man from the county to win the title of captain, having run away to the war at the age of fourteen. Just before the statue was unveiled Captain Kincaid made a short talk, in which he said: "A people without ideals is a people without inspiration; a people without inspiration is a people without sentiment; a people without sentiment is a people without memories; a people without memories is a people without vision; a people without vision is a people without monuments; and a people without monuments is a people without heroes."

At the conclusion of his talk the cord holding in place the Confederate colors draped about the statue was released by Miss Augusta Bristol, daughter of Captain Bristol and kinswoman of Captain Kincaid, and the statue was revealed amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd rising above the strains of "Dixie."

JUDGE CLARK'S ADDRESS.

Patriotism and valor can claim no section as more peculiarly their own than this from which marched the gallant columns which at King's Mountain stayed the unbroken success of the British army and made that mountain crest the turning point of our long struggle for liberty and independence.

Though the totals in this great war in which we are now engaged are thus far in excess of any that history has yet known, the numbers employed in our Civil War made it the greatest contest that the world had known up to that time.

In the great struggle, soldiers, in which you were engaged the enemy put into line, first and last, 2,800,000 soldiers, or 45 per cent of their man power. On our side we got into line between 600,000 and 800,000 troops, first and last, being 90 per cent of the men between seventeen and forty-five. This was a larger percentage on the part of the South than has been drawn out as yet by either of the warring nations.

In our great war there were 2,400 battles, exclusive of skirmishes, and the extent of our far-flung battle line exceeded even that in the great war now being carried on in Europe. We must remember, too, that when our war was fought the population of the entire Union, the North and the South com-

bined, was less than the population of the Confederate States. In North Carolina we have to-day 2,500,000 people, all of whom, irrespective of race, are liable to furnish soldiery. In 1861, by the census of the previous year, North Carolina had 992,000 people, of whom one-third were negroes, leaving less than about 650,000 white population, out of which we sent to the field 125,000 stalwart soldiers, being one-fifth of our entire manhood. North Carolina did her full duty in that great struggle. It is doubtful if any State in any age of the world has sent and maintained at the front so large a proportion of her men for four long years. Besides these 125,000, the State organized the men over fifty into companies and battalions and regiments as home guards for the protection of your firesides.

Of that gallant army of 125,000 North Carolinians, 43,000, or more than one-third, came not home again. They sleep where the Shenandoah brawls along amid the swamps of the Chickahominy, around Petersburg; in front of Charleston; on Missionary Ridge; at the bloody crossing of Stones River, in Tennessee; on the long retreat to Atlanta, where the Georgia pines are bare; at Bentonville; around Wilmington; in Eastern North Carolina; and where Potomac's breezes, "answering low, soothe many a soldier's endless sleep"—for these men, like the 600 Marseillaise, "knew how to die." Across the fields of yesterday they come back to us in the splendor of their young manhood. We knew and remember them. They gave their lives for their country, and a greater gift than this can no man make.

We can best estimate the magnitude of our war by comparison with the numbers engaged on great historic battle fields. Cæsar won the empire of the world over Pompey at Pharsalia when he commanded only 22,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry. Napoleon won the mastership of France at Marengo with 21,000 men, the supremacy of Europe at Austerlitz with 90,000, and lost it at Waterloo, where he commanded 65,000 men. We achieved our independence at Yorktown, where we captured 7,073 British, with a loss in killed of 156 Americans and 85 French. In all former wars the combat was between armies. The present great struggle is between nations and arms. Besides, the population of the world greatly exceeds that of any previous period.

We can also judge of the relative importance of our struggle by the fact that in the Revolutionary War, in which we won our independence against the greatest power in the world at that time, we left during the entire seven years only 1,735 men dead on the field of battle, and we would have been beaten then but for the help of France.

In the war of 1861-65 North Carolina alone had 5,016 killed in battle, 9,000 more died of wounds and 29,000 of disease (for sanitation and antiseptics were unknown), making a total of 43,016 men.

The most remarkable thing in our contest was the absolute want of preparedness on our part. The North had an organized government, an army, a navy, and a treasury. In the South the States seceded one by one and had to form a government. The South had not a soldier, but had to call out an army and clothe, arm, equip, and discipline it. It had no treasury and not a dollar to put into one. It was without factories to make munitions or arms and without adequate facilities to clothe or feed the troops, for we had relied for years upon the North for manufactured articles and upon the Northwest for meat and corn and flour. Our principal product, cotton, was unavailable, for we were without factories to manufacture it, and, owing to the blockade which was soon established, we could ship it only in small quantities to market.

To the War of the Confederacy Burke County sent seven companies of infantry, one company of cavalry, and a half of two other companies of infantry, making in all nine companies, or about 1,500 men, besides her contributions of individuals to other commands. The number of the soldiers she furnished was largely in excess of her voting population. Besides, she furnished half a company of senior reserves and about as many home guards.

There has been appropriately placed upon this monument the names of most of the soldiers that could be rescued from oblivion, and the summit has been crowned with the figure of a Confederate soldier, the gift of one of their number, Capt. W. J. Kincaid, of Company D, 11th North Carolina Regiment. It is a splendid representation of that immortal figure of the Confederate private, who has had no superior in history for soldierly virtues.

It is not inappropriate to make a short summary of the services of these men.

First and foremost, there was Company G, of the Bethel Regiment, which was the first regiment we sent to the front and which took part in the first battle of the war at Bethel, Va., near Norfolk, Va., on June 10, 1861. This regiment was commanded by Col. D. H. Hill, who rose to be a lieutenant general. The lieutenant colonel, C. C. Lee, became colonel of the 37th Regiment and was killed in battle. The major, James H. Lane, became famous as the brigadier general of one of the best-known brigades in the Army of Northern Virginia. Among the many officers in this regiment who afterwards attained distinction was the second lieutenant of Company K, the junior officer in the regiment, who later became Maj. Gen. Robert F. Hoke and merited still higher promotion; 2d Lieut. F. M. Parker became colonel of the 30th Regiment; Capt. William J. Hoke became colonel of the 38th; Capt. Joseph B. Starr and John A. Pemberton became lieutenant colonels; 1st Lieut. W. M. Hardy became colonel of the 6th Regiment; 2d Lieut. W. G. Lewis became brigadier general; Lieut. William A. Owens became colonel of the 53d Regiment. Without naming all, it is sufficient to say that this regiment furnished 4 generals, 14 colonels, 10 lieutenant colonels, 8 majors, 57 captains and other officers, making a total of 202. It was a veritable school of valor.

In this glorious company the peer of any was Company G, the Burke Rifles, commanded by Capt. Clark Moulton Avery, who later became colonel of the 33d Regiment and found a soldier's death at the Wilderness in May, 1864. The first lieutenant was Calvin S. Brown; second lieutenant, John A. Dickson; and junior second lieutenant, James C. S. McDowell, who became colonel of the 54th Regiment. In the latter part of April the Bethel Regiment was organized at Raleigh and was sent to Richmond on the 18th of May, two days before this State seceded, on May 20. Indeed, part of the regiment did not get to Richmond until the 22d. On May 24 the regiment left for Bethel, Va., where it won the first battle and victory of the war on June 10. Truly in those days it did not require twelve months of setting-up exercises to make a man a soldier. The company took a distinguished part in that battle. It was thrown beyond the stream on the right of the road near the old milldam, where it took part in repulsing the first advance of the enemy on our right. In the battle the regiment lost one man killed, Henry L. Wyatt, the first Southern soldier killed in battle, whose bronze monument stands in the Capitol Square at Raleigh, and six men wounded. Randolph's Virginia Battery lost three wounded. On the side of the enemy, Maj. Theodore Winthrop, a staff officer of distinction, and Lieut. John T. Greble were killed. The loss to

the enemy was eighteen killed, fifty-three wounded, and five prisoners, making a total of seventy-six.

This regiment was enlisted for only six months. Having served out its time on the Peninsula, it was mustered out of service November 13, 1861. Its personnel, with scarcely an exception, at once reentered the service, a large number of them as officers.

The next companies to go from Burke were Company D, under Capt. S. McDowell Tate, composed mostly of Burke men, with a few from Catawba and McDowell, and Company E, under Capt. Isaac E. Avery, with men from Burke, McDowell, Mitchell, and Yancey. These two companies belonged to the 6th North Carolina Regiment, one of the so-called "State" regiments, which were enlisted for three years of the war. They had a distinguished record. Captain Avery rose to be colonel of the regiment and was killed in command of the brigade (General Hoke being absent, wounded) in the attack on Cemetery Heights during the second day's battle at Gettysburg.

Capt. S. McDowell Tate became lieutenant colonel of the regiment and after a distinguished career as a soldier survived the war to become our State Treasurer. The first colonel of the regiment, William D. Pender, became one of the most distinguished generals of the Confederacy and was mortally wounded at Gettysburg, where he was major general. These two companies, with their regiment, were in the famous battle of Manassas on July 21, 1861, where its colonel, C. F. Fisher, was killed and where they arrived as part of Kirby Smith's column from the Valley just in time to turn the tide of the battle. That fall they saw service on the Potomac, and the following May their regiment was moved down to the Peninsula. They were in the retreat of that army in the face of McClellan's advance. They were in the battle at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks on May 31 and June 1. They were with the troops that were hurried up to the Valley on the cars and, immediately returning under Stonewall Jackson and falling upon the rear of the enemy around Richmond during the Seven Days' fight, aided in turning McClellan's army into a rout. They took part in Gaines's Mill, or First Harbor, and down to the terrible battle on the last of the seven days at Malvern Hill.

During the latter part of that month they started on the first Maryland campaign and were engaged at Second Manassas on August 30, where they again aided in defeating the enemy on their battle ground of a year before, the positions being reversed. They then with the army crossed over into Maryland. They were at Boonesville and then fell back to Sharpsburg, which in many respects was the bloodiest and most remarkable battle of the war, in September, 1862. In that battle, with 33,000 men we held the line against McClellan's 106,000 and fought him with our backs to the river. Had our line been broken at any point, the entire Southern army would have been captured.

We rested one day after the battle, in which your speaker had the honor of being present, and crossed the river that night in face of the powerful enemy without the loss of a soldier or even a wagon wheel. In December the regiment, having been brigaded with the 21st, 54th, and 57th North Carolina Regiments, under Gen. Robert F. Hoke, faced the enemy on December 13 in the first battle of Fredericksburg, in which the enemy, under Burnside, was defeated. The regiment was in battle at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, where Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. It then advanced with the army in the Gettysburg campaign and was in the desperate assault by Hoke's and Hay's brigades on July 2, 1863, in the

assault upon Cemetery Heights, where Col. Isaac E. Avery was killed while commanding the brigade. Returning to Virginia, it was at Mine Run in December, 1863. It was later brought to Eastern North Carolina and among other battles was in the storming and capture of Plymouth April 20, 1864, for which victory its brigadier general, Robert F. Hoke, was made a major general. The expedition would have captured Washington and New Bern, but the brigade was hastily carried back to Virginia, where it again became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia and faced Grant day after day in its memorable campaign from Fredericksburg down to Richmond, in which Grant lost more men than Lee had in his entire army. At Second Cold Harbor it was in that wonderful victory when Grant lost 13,000 men and the Confederates less than 1,200. The loss to the Federals was so great that when Grant ordered his troops forward not a regiment nor a company moved. The regiment was in the force that was sent up the Valley of Virginia in the summer of 1863 and, crossing the Potomac, came in sight of the Capitol at Washington. In that summer and fall it moved back and forth up the Valley and was in the battle of Winchester and in the disaster at Fisher's Hill. It was then recalled to Richmond. It manned the trenches around Petersburg, and when our lines there were broken on April 2, 1865, it shared in the retreat to Appomattox, which has been appropriately styled the "Funeral March of the Confederacy," and the names of its few surviving comrades appear on that roll of fame, the parole list at Appomattox, of men who were faithful to the end.

The next two companies from this county were Companies B and D in the 11th Regiment, which was largely organized from the remnants of the Bethel Regiment. Of Company B M. D. Armfield was captain. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg and died at Johnson's Island. First Lieut. Thomas Parks became captain. Lieut. E. W. Dorsey became first lieutenant. The other lieutenants were P. A. Warlick and G. L. Warlick.

Company D was commanded by Capt. Calvin S. Brown, who resigned in 1864, when 1st Lieut. William J. Kincaid, the donor of this statue, became captain. Louis Elias became first lieutenant. Lieut. George W. Kincaid was killed at Gettysburg. Other lieutenants were J. M. Tate, who was promoted to another command, O. J. Britton, and James J. McCorkle. This regiment was organized at Raleigh in March, 1862, with Collett Leventhorp as colonel, who afterwards became brigadier general. This regiment served in the fall of 1863 around Suffolk, Va., and on December 12, 1862, was in the battle of White Hall, near Kinston, N. C. It took part in the expedition of General Hill against Washington, N. C., in the spring of 1863. It was then hurried to Virginia, where it was assigned to Pettigrew's Brigade, and took a most distinguished part in the battle at Gettysburg and in the retreat in which General Pettigrew was killed at Falling Waters. In October Kirkland was assigned to the command of the brigade, and under him it was in the battle at Bristow Station in October. It was at Mine Run in December of that year, and in May following the brigade, then commanded by Gen. William McCrae, was at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, and thenceforth shared the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia in the battles down to Petersburg and served in the trenches around the latter city. It was in the desperate assault on Fort Stedman on March 25, 1865, and was in the immortal retreat to Appomattox, where its few survivors were paroled.

The next company from this county was Company E, of the

16th Regiment, commanded by E. J. Kirksey. In the fall of 1861 the regiment to which it belonged was in the disastrous campaign in West Virginia under Gen. Robert E. Lee. In the spring of 1862 it was sent to Yorktown and shared in the Peninsular campaign. At Richmond the regiment was assigned to Pender's Brigade, A. P. Hill's division, and was at Seven Pines and later in the Seven Days' campaign around Richmond, where it lost heavily, especially at Gaines's Mill and at Frazier's Farm. In August it was in the advance during our first Maryland campaign. It took part in the battle at Cedar Run August 9 and suffered heavily at Manassas on August 3. On the first day of September it distinguished itself in the battle at Ox Hill. On September 4 it crossed the Potomac and materially aided in the capture of Harper's Ferry with 12,000 prisoners on September 14. Being left to aid in paroling the prisoners, it was hurriedly marched on the 17th to Sharpsburg, where, crossing the river about 4 A.M., A. P. Hill's division, to which it belonged, saved the army by preventing Burnside's advance from cutting us off from the Potomac. Thenceforward it shared the fate of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and on the retreat to Virginia. When Pender was promoted to major general he was succeeded by Gen. A. M. Scales, who later became the Governor of this State. It was at First Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, and in the battles facing Grant down to Petersburg. It manned the trenches around Petersburg in the fall, winter, and spring of 1862. It was in the memorable charge at Gettysburg, at Bristow Station, at Mine Run, at Second Cold Harbor, on the memorable retreat from Petersburg, and its few survivors stacked arms at Appomattox. A. S. Cloud, of this county, from South Mountain, rose from sergeant to be lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

Company K was principally a Catawba company, but had many men from Burke. It was a part of Ransom's Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, and as such took part in all the campaigns and battles of that historic command.

The next company from the county was Company F, of the 41st Regiment, a cavalry company, which was commanded originally by T. George Walton, who was succeeded in 1862 by Elisha A. Perkins. Of this company Hugh G. Bennett and J. S. Tate were successively first lieutenants, and the second lieutenants were: J. A. Stewart, W. F. Avery, J. Rufus Kincaid, J. A. Connelly, and Henry P. Lindsey. The colonel of this regiment, known as the 3d Cavalry, was originally J. A. Baker, Alfred M. Waddell lieutenant colonel, Roger Moore major, and later Maj. C. W. McClammy, who after the war was a member of Congress from the Wilmington district. This regiment served in Eastern Carolina until April, 1864, where it was ordered to Virginia and became a part of Barringer's North Carolina Cavalry Brigade. It served with great distinction, but on the retreat from Petersburg a large part of the command was captured at Namozine Church, and the rest escaped through the lines, so that very few names appear on the Appomattox parole list.

The next company from the county was Company B, 54th North Carolina Regiment, commanded originally by James C. S. McDowell, who finally became colonel of the regiment and was killed at Chancellorsville. This regiment was ordered to Virginia in the fall of 1862 and was brigaded with the 6th, 21st, and 57th Regiments, under Gen. R. F. Hoke, and distinguished itself in its first battle, which was at First Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. The history of its campaigns from that time on was the same as that of the 6th Regiment, two companies of which were from this county, and

whose story has already been related. G. B. Kibler became captain of the company.

The last company from the county was Company G, 72d North Carolina Regiment. This was a company of Junior Reserves of seventeen-year-old boys from Burke, but partly from Caldwell, which was commanded by that gallant soldier, the honored Clerk of your Superior Court, Capt. Lambert A. Bristol. He had seen service previously in the Army of Northern Virginia and made a most efficient and gallant officer. The first lieutenant was Marcus G. Tuttle, who was succeeded on his resignation by George T. Dula, John W. Harper, and Horace H. Connell, who were second lieutenants. This command served with distinction at Belfield, Va., in December, 1864, and in the attack upon Fort Fisher. It was at Southwest Creek on March 8, 1865, where it aided in driving back Slocum's army and where Lieut. J. W. Harper laid down his young life for his country. In the last great battle of the war, at Bentonville, in Johnson County, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, 1865, the regiment in the brigade commanded by Nethercutt and in the division under the command of Gen. Robert F. Hoke served with marked gallantry, and the boys proved themselves the equals of their fathers and brothers in the Army of Northern Virginia. They gallantly held the battle line against the veterans of Sherman's army who had passed through four years of war.

On April 6, 1865, the last great review of a Confederate army was held at Mitchener's Depot, near Selma, N. C., under Joseph E. Johnston, when Governor Vance made a stirring speech. On that occasion the brigade of Junior Reserves was by far the largest and most enthusiastic body that passed in review.

General Lee having surrendered on April 9, though our army did not know it, we began our memorable retreat on April 10 from Smithfield. We passed through Raleigh on the 17th, and by slow marches we passed through Orange, Chatham, and Randolph, and were surrendered by the convention between Generals Johnston and Sherman on April 26 and were paroled near High Point on May 2, 1865, more than three weeks after the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. We then took our several routes homeward under a contract with the United States government not to take up arms until duly exchanged. There was distributed to us without distinction of rank \$1.25 in silver to each man from general to private.

It was my fortune to serve the larger part of the first three years of the war with the veteran army in Virginia. In the last year of the war I served with the Junior Reserves of North Carolina and can bear testimony to their courage and fidelity and stoical endurance of every hardship.

There are those who say that the South had no chance to succeed. Had the South been solid, it would have succeeded beyond question; but from the border States of Maryland, Virginia, nearly the whole of West Virginia, and East Tennessee, from Kentucky and Missouri, and from our slave population there were more than 300,000 soldiers who were not only absent from our columns, but were added to the overwhelming numbers against us. But even with this disparity time and again we were near success. At Shiloh, in April, 1862, the enemy were a disorganized rabble fleeing to an unfordable river in their rear, and the capture of their entire army was inevitable when our leader, Albert Sidney Johnston, was shot from his horse, giving the enemy time to re-form. Leading that army was Grant and Sherman; and if it had been captured, the war without them would have been a failure for the enemy. At Chickamauga the Federal army

was again in utter flight, but was saved from capture by the gross incompetence of the Confederate general. Again at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, Hooker's army was demoralized and cut off from the United States ford. The fall of Stonewall Jackson by a volley fired by our own men by mistake stopped the advance at the critical moment, when we were on the eve of capturing Hooker's army and ending the war.

There were other occasions when we were almost as nigh success. The qualities of our soldiers and the genius of our generals would have insured independence, but, as Napier said of Napoleon: "Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of an infinite power, was wanting to us, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

But they say that, nevertheless, we failed. The Confederacy failed, but not the Confederate soldier. Your past is secure. The Confederate soldier is a worthy comrade and the equal of the greatest soldiers of history. The fame of your valor, of your splendid soldierly qualities survived the short life of the Confederacy and Appomattox and will endure throughout all generations.

The intention of this occasion is to do honor to the memory of the Confederate soldiers, but the real honor is to those who have aided in erecting this monument or who by their presence would give proof of their admiration of valor and patriotism and devotion to duty. Most of those whose names are here recorded and who served their country so gallantly and faithfully are beyond the reach of praise. "Nothing can touch them further." By these ceremonies you do show that you appreciate the sacrifice they made of themselves for their country and their duty and thus testify that you are of the same blood and faith and that to you patriotism and valor are not idle words, but a living, burning faith.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SELMA, ALA.

[Some extracts from Hardy's "History of Selma," showing the wonderful accomplishments of the Confederate government in providing materials for its army and navy.]

When the war began, with its terrors and its destruction of life and property, the advantages given by nature to the location of Selma, Ala., soon became apparent. The Confederate government had to have cartridges, saltpeter, powder, shot and shells, rifles, cannon, and steam rams, as well as men. For the production of all these articles the facilities at Selma were greater than at any other place in the Confederacy. Colonel Hunt, who had charge of the Niter and Mining Bureau, was sent to Selma and at once took steps to supplant the Megler Alabama Manufacturing Company with the grand and powerful Naval Iron Foundry, which in a few months turned out the largest and best cannon, and from Alabama iron, that had ever been manufactured in America; and before the end of the war there was scarcely any army corps of the Confederate army but fired cannon manufactured at the Selma Naval Foundry in their service.

The inexhaustible coal fields, the immense iron beds, the great abundance of lime rock, as well as the lead indications along the line of the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad, pointed to Selma as the place to manufacture the substantial and durable materials of war, and by 1863 about every war material was manufactured within the limits of Selma.

We had first in magnitude and importance the powerful Naval Foundry, under command of Captain Jones, employ-

ing at least three thousand men in all its branches, and an arsenal, within the walls of which hundreds of people were employed in the manufacture of cartridges, knapsacks, and clothing, commanded by Col. J. L. White.

The Central City Iron Works, under the command of Capt. Henry H. Ware, making every conceivable material for war purposes, from a horseshoe nail to cannon cartridges.

The Central City Iron Foundry, an immense establishment for the making of crude iron pigs into any conceivable shape to destroy life and property, managed by M. Meyer, W. S. Knox, W. R. Bill, and C. C. Pierce.

The Dallas Iron Works, managed by John Robbins and Jacob McElroy.

The Alabama Factory, directed by Thomas B. Pierce, at which everything in the way of steam machinery was manufactured.

Brooks and Gainer directed a large manufactory of harness, trace chains, canteens, and wagon gear.

A large iron works, over which Phelam and McBride presided, where shell and shot of every conceivable size were wrought.

Campbell's Foundry was taken possession of and put to work in making steam boilers and engines.

Works for the manufacture of saltpeter were in full blast under the control and direction of Jonathan Haralson.

A building covering over five acres of land was erected in the eastern portion of the city, at which tons upon tons of powder of all varieties were made, arranged, and directed by W. R. Rogers.

There were numerous other manufactories, in every direction of the city, of various capacities, all directed to the wants of the new government.

Thus by 1863 our little city presented a busy scene of skill and labor, employing at least ten thousand men and women within its limits. The city was a perfect jam of humanity.

Not only did Selma present the most advantageous point in the Confederacy for manufactories, but it was accessible to and surrounded by one of the most productive sections of the South. Armies had to be fed. Corn, fodder, hay, bacon, and beef could be more easily centered at Selma than at any other point. And as soon as Maj. C. E. Thomas and Capt. John C. Graham were placed in charge of the Subsisting Department millions of dollars' worth of army supplies accumulated and were distributed from Selma, from about 1863 to 1865, employing hundreds of men.

The idea was suggested that the blockade could be broken up at Mobile, and to do this rams of immense power and strength had to be constructed. The construction of these vessels was placed in charge of Captain DeHaven, an experienced shipbuilder, who, after visiting and examining various places, selected Selma as the most favorable point anywhere to be found. He went to work and in less than nine months had built the rams Tennessee, Selma, Morgan, and Gaines, all equipped in point of completeness, not equaled by any in the Federal army, and all out of material obtained and manufactured at Selma, thus proving the fact that as powerful and perfect ships could be built at Selma as anywhere in the world, out of Alabama iron, Alabama wood, and nails, rods, and bolts manufactured at Selma, showing that there was nothing needed in this war which could not be produced at Selma.

An account of the conspicuous part that these four vessels took in the action in Mobile Bay on the 5th of August, 1864, was given by Commodore Farragut, of the Federal navy. He says: "At six o'clock in the morning the fleet of four-

teen splendid vessels with slow and stately pace steered toward Fort Morgan. The Hartford, the flagship, but the Tecumseh in the lead, fired the first shot. Both Forts Morgan and Gaines opened on the fleet. The Tecumseh struck a torpedo, and the gallant Cravens and his crew, about one hundred and twenty soldiers, found a watery grave. Every gun that could be brought to bear from the fleet was constantly served. In the beginning Fort Morgan itself seemed a wall of fire, but in a few minutes it was obscured by smoke. As the Tecumseh sank, the Hartford rushed forward and took the lead. One hour of intense excitement, one hour of straining toil at the guns, and the fleet passed the fort and entered the bay. Then the Confederate navy, the rams Tennessee, the Morgan, the Gaines, and the Selma, opened fire. The Metacombit gave chase to the Selma and captured her and her crew and ninety officers and men. The Morgan escaped up the bay. The Gaines took shelter under the guns of Fort Morgan. The iron ram Tennessee, like a monstrous thing of life, stood up with threatening aspect for the Hartford. Seeing this, the commodore [Farragut] signaled the monitors and wooden vessels best adapted to attack her not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed. For two hours the struggle was desperate and fearful. The ironclads grappled fiercely with their huge antagonist, and the wooden vessels, with no romantic valor, bore down on her invulnerable sides. Finally the Manhattan with fifteen-inch shot penetrated her armor, and a shot from a monitor in her steering apparatus rendered her helpless. The white flag appeared, and twenty officers and one hundred and seventy men surrendered. Her loss was only eight men killed and wounded. The loss in the Federal navy was fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded."

Thus did a Selma-built vessel single-handed fight for two hours at close quarters against the combined attacks of thirteen of the finest constructed vessels of the Federal navy, a contest unexampled in the history of naval warfare, and at a loss of only eight killed and wounded of a crew of one hundred and ninety officers and men.

As a matter of precaution it was thought best to fortify Selma. The work was put in charge of Captain Ledbetter, aided by Colonel Lerner, an experienced engineer, who, with the labor of a large number of slaves collected from the planters of the surrounding country, succeeded in the construction of a bastioned line around the city from the mouth of Beech Creek, on the river, to the mouth of Valley Creek, where it empties into the river, about four miles in length.

The capacities and importance of Selma in its relation to the Confederate movement were notorious in the North and too great to be overlooked by the Federal authorities as early as 1862. But to reach it with a Federal force baffled the ingenuity of the Federal generals. As the place grew in importance, the greater the necessity to reach it with a Federal force. General Sherman first made an effort, but after advancing as far as Meridian, within one hundred and seven miles, he retreated to the Mississippi; General Grierson, with a cavalry force from Memphis, was intercepted and returned; General Rousseau made a dash in the direction of Selma, but was misled by his guides and struck the railroad forty miles east of Montgomery.

Finally in the winter of 1864-65, through the advice of General Thomas, who commanded the Department of Tennessee, General Grant selected Maj. Gen. J. H. Wilson, a prudent and sagacious officer, for the task of capturing

Selma with an independent command. General Wilson selected from the Federal army of the West a force of about thirteen thousand men and encamped them at Gravel Springs, on the Tennessee River. After a thorough drilling and with an equipment unsurpassed by any cavalry force of the world, on the evening of the 17th of March, 1865, this force, composed of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Divisions, commanded respectively by Generals McCook, Long, and Upton, was in motion to strike a blow that would be felt by the Confederacy. It moved on through the mountainous country of Alabama with scarcely any opposition until the last day of March, at Ebenezer Church, near Dixie Station, on the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad, twenty-seven miles from Selma, where General Forrest made a stand. It was there that Forrest and Captain Taylor, of the 17th Indiana Regiment, had a running fight of over three hundred yards, resulting in the death of Taylor. Forrest fell back upon Selma pressed hard. On the night of the 1st of April, 1865, this force was just twenty-two miles from Selma, and General Wilson was informed by spies from Selma that it was the intention of Dick Taylor to evacuate the place and make no defense; that Forrest himself advised it; and for a time Wilson was led to believe that he would meet with no resistance at Selma.

On Sunday morning, the 2d of April, 1865, this force was again in motion, the advance arriving in view of the city about twelve o'clock. The guns mounted, the movement of soldiers, and various other demonstrations inside the breastworks were too plain to leave resistance in doubt, and by four o'clock the whole force was in position to make the attack. * * * It was not quite dark when the Federal troops penetrated the city and swept everything before them.

General Wilson's visit was expected for ten days, but the Confederate forces were so scattered over the country, and especially the cavalry part of it, that to center a force at Selma was utterly impossible. General Forrest's forces had been reduced to a mere handful, and really the only reliable force within reach was General Armstrong's, numbering only about fifteen hundred. There were a large number of officers and stragglers in the city, upon whom little reliance could be placed. But on Saturday it was determined that the place should be defended. Everybody who could walk was called upon to go to the breastworks with whatever arms could be procured. Squads of armed men were traversing the streets and examining the various buildings for soldiers to go to the breastworks, sparing nothing that wore pantaloons; and by Sunday at twelve o'clock there were collected in the ditches around the city about four thousand persons, not more than two thousand of whom were reliable, to meet a force of nine thousand of the flower of the Federal army and equipped in a manner unexampled in the history of ancient or modern armies. Gen. Dick Taylor left the city as fast as a steam engine could carry him about twelve o'clock on Sunday, leaving the command of the city divided between Generals Forrest, Adams, and Armstrong. The latter, having control of really the only force in the fight, was gallant enough to meet the invaders at the point of the first attack on the Summerfield road, and Long's Division felt the result. A large number of women and children had been sent out of the city. A number of quartermasters too had gone with their supplies, mostly to Meridian. The assault was made, and no one who comprehended affairs could doubt the result. The Federal forces, in the flush of victory, entered the city in the hour of night, and terrible scenes of plunder and outrages were witnessed in

every direction. At the breastworks the Confederates fought with all the vigor that their arms and experience allowed.

About ten o'clock Sunday night the first house set on fire was the three-story brick building on the corner of Water and Broad Streets, the third story of which had been used by the Confederates for a year or so as a guardhouse for Union men and skulkers from the Confederate service. It was said that this house was set on fire by a man by the name of Gibson, who had been imprisoned in it. From this house others along Broad Street took fire, and all the places of manufacture were set on fire by an order from General Winslow, commander of the post in charge, whose orders from Wilson were "to destroy everything that could benefit the Confederate cause." The fire continued to rage until Tuesday night, by which time the city was nearly destroyed. During this time there was scarcely a house in the city, either private or public, that had not been ransacked by the Federal soldiers. The small contents of private stores were most wantonly destroyed, and by Friday morning there was but little of any kind of property left in the place. The 2,700 prisoners, comprising almost every man in the city, were huddled together in a large stockade just north of the Selma and Meridian Railroad track, which was built and had been used by the Confederates for Federal prisoners. In this pen, in which there was not a dry place large enough for a man to lie down, the prisoners were kept until Saturday morning, when they were all paroled and allowed to go wherever they pleased or could.

On the 6th of April General Wilson met General Forrest at Cahaba for the purpose of arranging for an exchange of prisoners, but no definite arrangement was perfected. On the 9th Wilson's forces commenced evacuating the place by crossing the river on pontoons, and by the 10th his entire force had succeeded in crossing the river. Thousands of negroes, of all ages and both sexes, had flocked to the Federal camps, and after crossing the river four regiments were organized out of the able-bodied black men in and around the Federal camps. To those regiments proper officers were assigned, and those unable to bear arms were driven from the camps. General Wilson, in speaking of these regiments, said that, "in addition to subsisting themselves upon the country, they would march thirty-five miles a day and frequently forty." About four hundred wounded Federal soldiers were left behind in Selma, but in about two weeks General Steele came up the river with gunboats and transports and removed them to Mobile.

A scene of utter ruin was presented in the commons around the city, which were almost covered with dead and crippled animals, and the people were without means to move them. A meeting of the few citizens of the place was held, and all went to work, and in a few days all the dead animals had been thrown into the river, and subsistence was collected from the spoils and wastes of provisions, thus enabling the people to get a scanty living.

Taking into consideration the severity of the battle and the overwhelming numbers of the Federal forces, the small loss of the Confederates was remarkable. Of the four thousand in the battle, there were not more than twenty Confederates killed and scarcely as many wounded.

"Furl the great flag, hide cross and star,
Thrust into darkness star and bar.
But look! across the ages far
It flames forevermore."

CAPTURE OF HOOD'S SUPPLY AND PONTOON TRAIN.

BY A. J. GODWIN, CHIEF MECHANIC GENERAL SUPPLY TRAIN.

As I have never seen an account of the capture of Hood's supply and pontoon train, I shall give it as I saw it occur, having been captured with it. It was in the month of December, 1864, somewhere near the 26th, I think, after our great disaster at Nashville, Tenn. I was then doing service under General Hood's command and was at that time detailed on duty with his supply and pontoon trains. We were stationed at Franklin, Tenn., to await orders. The weather was exceedingly cold, and on that night it was very cloudy, dark, and gloomy when we received orders to retreat. Then the great struggle began with us trying to get out of the way of the oncoming enemy and save ourselves and supplies from capture.

We filed into line, and the hard march was on us. Back we went to Columbia, thence to Pulaski, and on to the Tennessee River. There two days and two nights were taken up in the work of getting our artillery and supply trains across the river. It had snowed heavily and was then sleeting and freezing on everything, and the work of unloading the pontoon equipage, putting the bridge in, getting all crossed over, then taking it up and reloading it onto the wagons again was a most terrible thing for men to have to do in such great haste. But we passed over and moved on in the midst of snow, sleet, mud, ice, slush, and confusion, tired, hungry, sleepy, and half frozen. We entered Tusculumbia, Ala., only to shove on through the town, and continued our forced march to Cherokee Station, where he had hope of some rest and refreshment. We reached that point, a halt was called, and we went into camp for the night, as we thought.

We got our suppers, scraped the snow and sleet away, and lay down on our pallets for sleep and rest, but there was none for us there that night. I had not more than gotten warmed and to sleep in my blankets when I was awakened by Capt. T. W. Foster, quartermaster of our general supply train, who handed me an order to report at once to the quartermaster general's headquarters at the station. I got out of my bed and reported to him. He told me that Captain Fountain, who had charge of the pontoon trains, was very dangerously sick and gave me orders to take eighteen boats, planking, and stringers and proceed at once to throw a bridge across Big Bear Creek, out eleven miles west of the station. As soon as it could be done I got everything out and went at once to obey the order. It was horrible work. The weather was so very cold that everything was freezing into ice; but I got to the creek, put in the bridge, and the army passed over that night. The quartermaster crossed over early the next morning and gave me orders to take up the bridge and follow the army as soon as the stragglers or the most of them had gotten across.

We were there all that day, and near sundown I received orders countermanding the first order given me by the quartermaster that morning and ordering me to report back to Captain Foster at Cherokee Station. It was eleven miles back to the station, and we all became disheartened at the maneuvers and the seemingly unnecessary hardships we had been put through all the night before and that day; but we were well-drilled, good, and faithful soldiers and felt that it would be best for us to obey orders promptly. So up we took the bridge, reloaded it, and on we went back to the station.

We arrived there safely, but, to our utter surprise, we found no Captain Foster. He was gone, and we were there without further orders, and, being most painfully near the sharp and continuous sound of guns firing just a little way off from the station in the direction of Tusculumbia, I decided that we would follow up Captain Foster for orders; so we started out to find him. We met a captain of Forrest's command, and I got some advice from him. And just at night again, twenty-four hours behind Captain Foster, I had some plunder unloaded and gave orders that the teams be pressed to a long trot on all good roads. And here the hardest strain of all set in on us. We did not know just where our captain was with his orders; but on we went all that night, not knowing but that at any moment the Yankees would meet us in the road. However, we pressed on, and just at daylight the next morning I called a halt. We fed our mules as they stood hitched to the wagons, and we also ate a few bites, then on we went in the hope of overtaking Captain Foster.

I was a young man then, and it was on this march that I began to turn gray. I hope I may never again have just such another ordeal as on this particular day's march which I was to pass through. After eating our breakfast that morning we pressed on as fast as we could well go, and soon the bushwhackers began to get in their nefarious work. During the day we lost by them twelve mules and one man shot to death and had three wagons burned up and two other men wounded. But as all things have an end, so did this day. We traveled about fifty-six miles in twenty-four hours on this march. At a bridge on Big Bear Creek, the same creek that I had pontooned for Hood two nights and a day before, we met a courier, and I got a hearing from Captain Foster. It was an order to burn that bridge behind me. I turned back and began to set the bridge on fire, when a company of cavalry came up, and the captain ordered me not to burn it. I told him my orders were from Captain Foster and that I would surely burn the bridge, and I did. When the captain told me that he was of Roddy's command I lost all hope, for before this I had felt sure that General Forrest and his men were between us and the enemy; but when I learned that Roddy and his men were all our dependence for defense, my spirit failed me, and I could not help feeling that we were as good as lost. From this point I looked for and expected the Yankees to come and take us at any moment.

After burning the bridge behind us we marched on, still in the hope of overtaking Captain Foster soon, and in two hours we came upon our train in camp. I reported to Captain Foster. Night was then on us again; the snow, sleet, and ice were all over everything upon the earth; the heavens were close, heavy, and dark; the wind was from the north, and the air was bitter cold. We had then been five days and four nights on a continuous forced march without rest or much food. We were simply worn out. Captain Foster gave orders for us to go into camp for the night, so we pulled in on a ravine, the pontoon train being placed on one side of the ravine and the supply train on the other; our camp was in between the train camps.

After everything was in position for the night, I hunted up my mess, got me some pork and bread, of which we had a plentiful supply at that time, placed myself in my blankets down by a good, warm, generous camp fire, and filled myself as full as I could well hold of broiled pork and bread. Pretty soon all the camp was fast asleep, we hoped, for the rest of the night; but our hopes were vain, for soon the

enemy was upon us. He came and found us all wrapped in our blankets heavy in sleep, the first we had had in five days and nights, upon the cold ground of the camp on a dark and dreary night, the end of human endurance in a long and hurried flight. Here in this helpless state of sleep the Yankees took us all prisoners. When I awoke it was to the jabs of a Yankee bayonet piercing through my blankets into my worn-out and sleeping body, and the first thing I heard was the satanic command of that infernal Yankee soldier to "Come out of them blankets!" Of course there was nothing for me to do but to get on my feet as quickly as possible. I got out of my blankets, only to find myself and all my camp helpless prisoners in the hands of a merciless, mad, pursuing enemy. In a few more moments all the men of our camp had been bayoneted up even as I had been, then the awful scene of wanton and willful destruction began. It was such destruction as only the soldiers of war can have the heart to do in the face of an enemy. The Yankee soldiers took our pontoon and supply trains, threw them together, and set them all on fire. In a little while they were all gone up in smoke, nothing remaining but smoldering ashes on the camp ground. Next these ashes were mixed with blood, ice, and mud, for all of our fine mules but forty or fifty were butchered on the spot.

Some of our company were out in the general camp and escaped, but we who were with the pontoon and supply trains were secured as prisoners, mounted on the mules that were not killed, and rushed into the lines of the enemy and on to Northern prisons. Then we began to suffer, such suffering as our past experiences were nothing with which to compare it.

THE MEAT DIET AT PORT HUDSON.

BY LINN TANNER, CHENEYVILLE, LA.

During the siege of Port Hudson in 1863, where for forty-three days the siege guns of the United States and about forty thousand Enfield rifles handled by Uncle Sam's soldiers kept the less than four thousand Confederate soldier boys busy night and day in returning compliments thundered forth in shot and shell, there came a time when rations were so scarce that even Yankee hard-tack would have been regarded as a treat could it have been obtained by those who so determinedly held the fort despite the frequent appeals made by General Banks to "surrender and stop the effusion of blood."

About twenty days prior to the surrender of Boon's Battery a company of one hundred and twenty-five men in charge of six brass field pieces was reduced to the small allowance of three ears of corn each daily. Small rations truly when it is known that this corn was raised in the pine hills, where fertilizer was not abundant, and the corn had never attained to the size of full-grown ears, but had stopped perforce somewhere between childhood and the adult stage and earned the name justly of "pinewoods nubbins." It was really a most laughable sight to see the men at "ration time," which, in a spirit of humor, was announced by the commissary sergeant getting up on the wagon and calling out in a loud voice, "Pig-gee, pig-gee, pig-goo-ah!" with a long-drawn accentuation on the last syllable. On hearing the call every man in the command would fall on his all-fours and begin squealing and grunting in all the various tones and chords known to "hogianity"; and on reaching the wagon and receiving the corn, which was pitched to the recipient, he would place one ear in his mouth and with one

in each hand make the return to quarters, playing as many pranks as possible to keep up the jollity of the camp.

Ofttimes, though, while indulging in the rude sports common to camp life, a shot or shell would go crashing through the trees and shrubbery, causing only a momentary stop to the light-hearted jokers or perhaps a remark that "Old Banks is mad because we don't invite him to eat with us."

There being no way to grind this corn into grist, the Confederate soldier adopted such means as were at hand to utilize it. Some boiled it, some beat it into coarse meal by using an ax head, and others roasted it in the ashes. But little grumbling was done, and the moment a growler was heard he was surrounded by those who chanced to hear him, who proceeded to guy him unmercifully, thus making sport for the camp for a day after.

There was one wagoner belonging to the company who, because of his natural tendency to complain, was known as "Grif Growler." Old Grif was a kind and attentive master to the four mules given him to care for. There seemed to be no thought in his mind outside of the comfort of the animals intrusted to him, and any one who struck one of them was sure to have all the maledictions in Grif's vocabulary hurled at him blazing with anger.

Fifteen days before the surrender of the fort the men, worn out with dry corn, asked the officers to issue horse or mule beef. This was done, and the killing of the fattest of these animals was ordained. It was a matter of course that Grif's mules, which had had so much care bestowed on them, would be among the first slain, and so it was.

The next morning, while I was seated on a log with my tin plate holding a fat, juicy steak of mule, I observed Grif coming toward me with an expression of grief and anger visible on his face. As soon as he was seated near me he opened up his growls by cursing the sergeant for killing "Old Jack," his saddle mule. Wishing to console with him, I said: "Well, Grif, old fellow, you need not care. Our men are starving and must have meat." Here with difficulty I succeeded in swallowing my first morsel of the sacrificed mule and hoped to overcome my prejudice by talking to Grif, explaining that the scarcity of food would cause a surrender in a short time of not only the fort, but of everything in it, guns, wagons, and mules.

"I know that," said Grif in a whining tone; "but, d—n 'em, why couldn't they kill other mules without taking mine?"

"It was because yours were in the best order," said I. "See here how fat and nice this piece looks," and with an effort I got another piece swallowed.

Grif eyed the meat on the plate with an eye of grief and then said: "Poor old Jack! They took you first and didn't give me time to cure that big sore on your back!"

He was going to say more, but with a spasmodic motion, arising from internal turbulence, I threw the plate and contents at his head, and for the next five minutes I had a fight with the pieces swallowed to keep them from following the plate. By the next morning, however, I had recovered from my squeamishness and could eat mule without thinking of his back or of old Grif.

Summer is dead, ah me! Sweet summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have built his funeral pyre,
Through which e'en now runs subterranean fire;
While from the east, as from a garden bed,
Mist-vined, the Dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
Great golden melon, saying, "Fall has come."

—Madison Julius Carwein.

"THAT BASTARD RAG."

BY CLARA DARGAN M'LEAN.

When the 15th Corps of Sherman's army, under General Slocum, was occupying Winnsboro, S. C., in February, 1865, an incident occurred that justified the term "Spartan Mothers" as applied to Southern women. It is well known that the town was burned and devastated, as Columbia had been a few days before. On the morning succeeding the vandal act two ladies, both past middle age, resolved to beard the ruthless lion in his den and call upon the commanding general in behalf of a helpless and innocent victim. The husband of the poor woman was a veteran of the Mexican War and had become a lunatic by the approach of the enemy. He fled to the woods in abject terror, leaving behind a wife and several small children.

In the midst of their own suffering (for not only were the jewelry, money, etc., appropriated, but all articles of food not needed by them had been heartlessly destroyed by the Federals) these two ladies discovered the threatened starvation of the family and resolved at any risk to procure relief.

Picture them in their worn and faded black garments walking silently through the wreck-strewn streets, lately the scene of horrid orgies, fire and pillage, and drunken debaucheries, with steady purpose, but downcast eyes, followed by the curious and insulting gaze of the stragglers in blue uniforms, still engaged in pillage. They reached the headquarters of the commanding general, the residence of Mr. Hugh McMaster, opposite the Methodist church. The family was huddled in some back room, while the staff officers of the victorious army strolled about or lolled in the parlor and piazzas. The two ladies, Mrs. J. B. McCants and Mrs. J. S. Stewart, gentle and refined in face and manner, but decided and deliberate in their actions, were met by a careless aid, who informed them in curt accents that they could not see "the general," who was engaged in important affairs.

Calmly ignoring the reception, they seated themselves with the remark: "We will wait until we can."

Seeing their determination, the aid summoned his superior, no doubt adding his own impression, and after a lengthy interval the great man, in full uniform, even wearing his sword, descended the stairs and stood, without greeting of any kind, before them. They rose, and Mrs. Stewart at once made known the object of their errand, stating in strong but dignified words the absolute destitution of the lunatic's family. "We ask nothing for ourselves, but we are stripped of everything and cannot aid her."

The man seemed amazed at their temerity. To come to him with an appeal, not for restitution, but for absolute charity! The red blood surged over his face, and his eyes flashed. "No!" he thundered, "I will never furnish food or help to one of you Rebels. You have hoisted that bastard rag instead of the legitimate flag. Go to it for protection and sustenance."

The sarcasm was almost too bitter for utterance. He stammered with rage: "I have lost a son in this war; your people killed him, and I'll make you pay in every possible way for what I have had to suffer."

The quiet, low-voiced ladies in their faded mourning said not a word. They turned and walked down the steps through the group of officers, going to share their last handful of parched corn, it may be, with their starving neighbor. But they were neither abashed nor confounded. General Slocum saw in these two the assembled hosts of the women of the

Confederacy, whose spirit was never crushed, even when their hearts were broken.

This incident was given me almost verbatim by Mrs. McCants a few years before her death. My aunt had often alluded to it, and the people of Winnsboro know it to be true in all details.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union, Memorial Edition.*

THE CAPTURED SWORD.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

A relic of a mighty war,
I hang where flash the sun's last fires
A sword replete with battle's scars,
Dealt with a trooper's hot desires.
I know not at whose side it swung
Where through the long midsummer day
The somber war cloud tensely hung
Above the heads of blue and gray.

The hand that drew it from its sheath
Hath moldered where the cones are dry,
And there he sleeps the sleep of death
Who flashed it 'neath a Southern sky.
I'd not despoil the deathless crown
Of Southland's brave, heroic son
Who in the battle charge went down
For Lee of haunted Arlington.

No! let some sister sadly claim
The love that with his spirit fled
And couple with a brother's name
The cause for which he freely bled.
The foemen sleep who fiercely met,
Each to his own convictions true,
And God a single watch hath set
Above the graves of gray and blue.

The ghastly scars of war have healed,
And in the brazen cannon's mouth
The songsters build upon the field
Where fell the heroes of the South.
This is the sword that lost, you know,
Another blade the battle won,
And guards beside Potomac's flow
The sleeping dead at Arlington.

Tell me thy story, battle blade;
How went the conflict man to man
Amid the pines' far-reaching shade,
Along the dashing Rapidan.
They found thee on the deadly plain
After a well-contested day,
Upon thy steel a dark'ning stain
And near a trooper dead in gray.

For him a patient wife may wait,
For thee, old sword, a son may yearn;
Ye comrades were, but hapless fate
Decreed that neither should return.
A face is draped upon the wall,
The trooper's final ride is done,
And Sorrow spreads her somber pall
As Night spreads hers o'er Arlington.

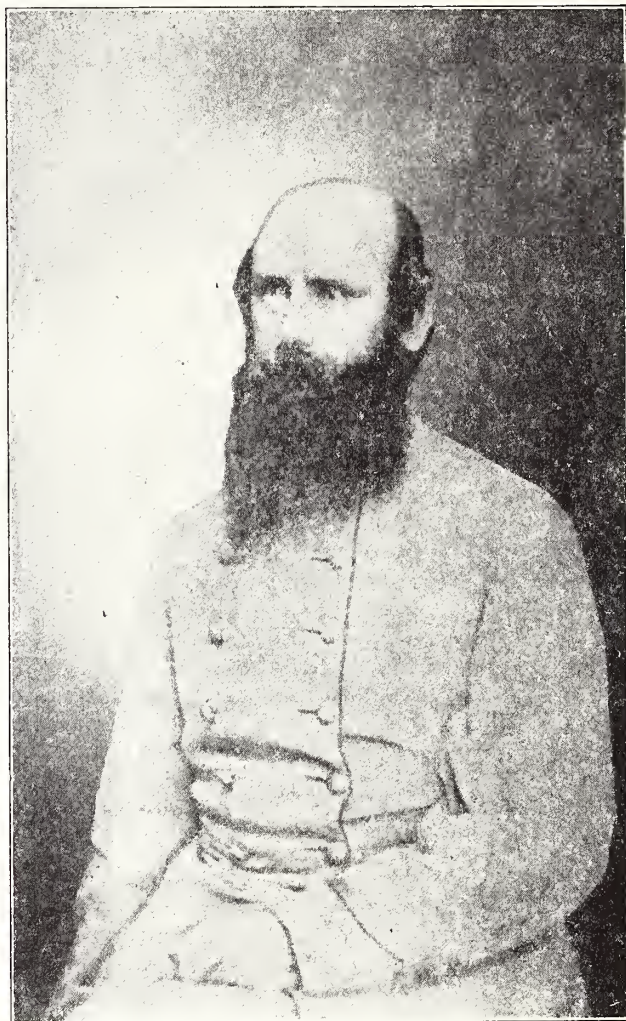
WITH THE CONFEDERATE RESERVES.

[This article was written by the late Col. R. T. W. Duke, of Virginia, as a letter to a friend, and was found among his papers by his son and namesake, who, in sending it to the *VETERAN*, wrote: "It is one of the few allusions I have ever seen to the reserve forces which the Southern Confederacy raised in its dire straits. My father entered the Confederate service on May 12, 1861, as captain of Company B, Albemarle Rifles, of Charlottesville, Va. As attorney for the commonwealth he was exempt from service; but, being an original secessionist, he believed in fighting for the cause he advocated, regardless of exemption. He was complimented by General Beauregard for gallant service at the first battle of Manassas. In 1862, at the reorganization in May, he was elected colonel of two Virginia regiments, neither knowing at the time that the other had chosen him. He selected the 46th Virginia Regiment and served with it until March, 1864, when he resigned on account of a personal difficulty with the commander of his brigade, sending his resignation direct to the War Department; but he was out of service only thirty days, when, as shown by this letter, he took charge of the reserve forces in Albemarle, subsequently becoming lieutenant colonel of a battalion. He doesn't mention in his letter an intensely touching fact which took place in the battle of Sailor's Creek. Those old men and boys fought like demons, and when compelled to surrender, as they marched through the Federal lines, the infantry came to a salute, and the cavalry took off their hats and cheered them. This incident was told me by several men of my father's command and also by a Federal officer who was in the regiment which captured my father and with whom he afterwards had some correspondence."]

In May, 1864, the reserves from Albemarle County, Va.—boys between sixteen and eighteen and old men from forty-five to fifty—were called out into the Confederate service. They met at Charlottesville, the county seat of Albemarle County, and were organized into two companies. W. T. Early was elected captain of Company A and Dr. Dennis of Company B. Shortly prior to that time I had resigned as colonel of the 46th Regiment, Wise's Brigade, then in South Carolina, and was at my home, near Charlottesville, having been out of service about a month after active service from the 17th of April, 1861, until my resignation about the latter part of March, 1864. The officers and men of these two companies asked me to take charge and go with them to Richmond. I did so, and on our arrival we were sent out to the Fair Grounds. Shortly afterwards two companies from Bedford County, Va., were sent to the same place, Camp Lee, as the grounds were then known. About the same time a company from Greene County under Captain Malone, a company from Madison under command of Capt. George Booten, a company from Orange under Captain Herring, a company from Louisa under Captain Hughson, and a company from Fluvanna under Captain Strange also reported. They were organized into a battalion; and the company officers being authorized to elect a lieutenant colonel and major, I was elected lieutenant colonel and Captain Strange major.

After drilling the men in camp for about a week, we were ordered to Belle Isle, Richmond, Va., to guard Federal prisoners. Sometime early in July we were ordered to one of the bridges on the Chickahominy River and remained there a week or ten days. We observed and reported General Grant's flank movement to my immediate commander,

but it could hardly have been reported to General Lee at once from this fact: the report was made early in the afternoon of one day, and the head of General Lee's column did not reach the point at which we encamped until about



COL. R. T. W. DUKE.

twelve o'clock the succeeding day, thus enabling General Grant to get from eighteen to twenty hours' start.

After General Lee's command had passed—the regulars, I mean—we followed on and encamped for a day or two, as I remember, not far from Chaffin's farm. We were then ordered back to Belle Isle. After remaining there a month or six weeks, the command was again ordered into the trenches near Fort Harrison. I was at home sick of camp fever. The command was driven back along with other troops. Fort Harrison was captured and held by the enemy, and a new line was formed about five hundred yards in the rear of Fort Harrison. We remained in the lines between Fort Harrison and Fort Gilmer all the fall (I rejoined the command just as soon as I heard they had been engaged) until some time in February, 1865, when we were ordered back to Richmond to furnish a guard for Libby Prison and for the various quartermaster and commissary stores in the city. On the night of the evacuation of the lines I was at Wilton, nearly opposite Drewry's Bluff, on a visit to some friends. About 11 P.M. I was informed, greatly to my sur-

prise, that the lines were being evacuated on the north side of the river. I immediately set out on foot to Richmond, some nine miles, and reached there about 2 A.M. My adjutant, Linden Kent, a splendid soldier (who died in Washington City after having reached eminence as a lawyer), showed me an order requiring my command, at a certain signal, to fire all the public warehouses in the city. Adjutant Kent had already made all the necessary preparations for executing this order, having placed combustible materials at and around these buildings. I at once detailed officers and men to light these fires when the signal was given. It was accordingly done at the signal, and thus Richmond was burned. It has been claimed that these warehouses were fired without orders. If that is so, the order which came to me and which appeared to be genuine must have been a forgery. My impression is that it came from General Ewing through Gen. Pat Moore. Adjutant Kent and I, both in prison at Johnson's Island and afterwards, often spoke of the reception of this order and its execution. Unfortunately, all of my papers were either destroyed in Richmond or lost when my command was captured on the retreat.

We went on with the army under General Ewing as lieutenant general, Custis Lee as major general, and General Barton as our immediate brigade commander. My command had been reduced to about eighty men. We were not interfered with until on the morning of Wednesday, when Sheridan's command broke our lines about three hundred yards from my command, striking a wagon train. There were an artillery fight and a skirmish, the enemy being at Deatonville and we about a mile north of that place. After some hours the firing ceased, and we moved on. When we were within a mile from Sailor's Creek we came to the forks of a road, one bearing a little to the left and the other to the right. We took the left-hand road, passing through gateposts. General Gordon, who was bringing up the rear, took the right-hand road and thus escaped the trap into which we soon came. As we passed through the gate I noticed a mounted officer whose movements attracted my attention. I came to the conclusion afterwards that he was a Jesse scout, actually numbering us as we went through the gate. After marching about a mile, heavy firing, both of artillery and infantry, was heard in our immediate front. We crossed Sailor's Creek, where I saw one of the members of my old regiment (the 46th Virginia) who were wounded and left on the battle field. They informed me that Pickett's Division and Wise's Brigade, as they believed, had been pretty well wiped out. We immediately formed a line of battle on the hills nearly parallel to Sailor's Creek, we being almost on the extreme left, which was somewhat retired from the creek, our position being on the slope of a high ridge, with a deep ravine in front of us and a steep, high hill behind. I think the only command to the left of us was the marines from the gunboats under the command of Captain Semmes, and on our right was a battalion from the fortifications around Richmond under the command of Colonel Crutchfield. We had hardly taken our position in line of battle when the enemy commenced a furious cannonade on our position, and in a short time the Federal infantry appeared on the opposite ridge, and the musketry became pretty sharp. Our loss was trifling, our position being on the slope of the hill and the enemy firing over us. I remember that Colonel Crutchfield, who was not very far from me, was mortally wounded and borne from the field.

I think here should be mentioned the fact worthy of re-

membrance. During the action I had stepped back a few paces to communicate with General Barton. As I returned to my command I found that they had faced about and were moving to the rear, but in pretty good order. I halted them, pointed to the marines on our left who were standing firm, about-faced the command, and they marched back, every man, and resumed their position in line, although under a regular fire. These were boys and old men who had seen very little of war, and I do not think regulars could have done better.

After the firing had continued for perhaps more than an hour, the enemy in our front fell back on the ridge out of sight. Soon thereafter a Federal officer approached our line with a flag of truce. He was halted about a hundred yards off. I was ordered by General Barton to see what it meant, so I went down and met him. I think he gave his name as General Edwards. He informed me that we were entirely surrounded and that our extreme right, which was out of our sight, had been cut to pieces; that General Ewell, Gen. Custis Lee, and all the right of the command had surrendered. Mark you, we were in the woods and somewhat separated from the right of the division. I replied that his command had certainly retired from our front, and I saw no cause for our surrendering. We then parted, he retiring toward where his command had last been seen; and I returned to my command, then went back to General Barton, about thirty steps in the rear, and was making my report when a squadron of Sheridan's Cavalry dashed from the rear immediately upon us. There was nothing for us to do but to surrender. General Barton, being satisfied that the enemy were on our front, flank, and rear, surrendered his command.

This was a little before sundown. We marched into a field, and there ascertained that it was true that General Ewell had surrendered. The enemy captured, as well as I can recall, about six thousand Confederates that day. We remained in camp during the night and were marched back to Burkesville Junction the next day, reaching there about night. After dark we were given eight crackers each from the Federals, which were all the rations we received from the time we left Richmond, Sunday night. From Burkesville we went by easy stages through Petersburg to City Point. We heard of General Lee's surrender before we reached Petersburg; and I remember that the night after we left Burkesville we got about a pound of raw beef without salt or bread, my share being a rib, which I toasted a little over a fire and which tasted very good. Until we reached City Point we were guarded by soldiers who had seen service, and their conduct was in every way soldierlike and humane; but on arriving at that place we were placed under militia, who treated us with great harshness. A regiment of New York Zouaves, good soldiers, just before we were turned over to the tender mercies of the militia, went along the line and gave us the entire contents of their haversacks.

At City Point the privates were sent to Point Lookout and the officers to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, and we were there the night Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. There were about four or five hundred of us in the Old Capitol. Some hours after it became known that Mr. Lincoln was assassinated a mob assembled around the Old Capitol, prepared fagots, and proposed to burn the building and all of us in it. They were dispersed by a single regiment of Federal troops. From this place we were sent to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, where I remained until July 25, 1865.

PEGRAM'S STRATEGY AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

BY WILLIAM S. ODELL, PAST DEPARTMENT COMMANDER
G. A. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.

[In sending this account of an incident said to have happened on the evening after the battle of Cedar Mountain, in August, 1863, as given by a Federal veteran, Col. W. W. Chamberlaine, of Washington, D. C., writes: "I knew Pegram well, having served in the same command with him (the artillery of the 2d Corps and afterwards the artillery of the 3d Corps, Gen. A. P. Hill's Army of Northern Virginia); and while not with the command at Cedar Mountain, I have heard about Pegram's following the enemy when they were falling back after the close of the battle and getting into a very close place with his battery. And I am acquainted with William S. Odell, a Union veteran of the war, and feel confident that the story is absolutely correct. The coolness of Pegram and the ruse that he played on the enemy on that occasion are characteristic of that brave soldier, who rose to the rank of colonel and soon afterwards was killed in the battle of Five Forks."]

On August 9, 1862, the battle of Cedar Mountain (sometimes called Slaughter Mountain) was fought. The action took place a few miles south of Culpeper Courthouse, in the State of Virginia, between the forces of Gen. N. P. Banks, of the Union army, and those of Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate army. The field on both sides was hotly contested, resulting in what is called a drawn battle. Stonewall Jackson on the 10th withdrew from the field to the south of the Rappahannock River.

The brigade to which my regiment, the 7th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, belonged was under the command of S. S. Carroll and was apart of McDowell's Corps. We were at Culpeper, twelve miles away, while the battle was in progress. We received orders to go to the front and arrived on the field at about 9 P.M., after the battle had apparently been concluded, and we were placed on a part of the field of whose conditions we were in total ignorance.

Our regiment was placed in an open field with no connections to the right nor to the left, "in the air," thick woods on our right and on our left a dense growth of bushes, while the moon, shining down on us clearly, exposed us plainly to view.

About 10 P.M. General McDowell, accompanied by his staff, came out of the woods to our lines and passed through the place occupied by our company, stopping for a moment at our lines as we gave way for him. Accompanying General McDowell and seemingly one of his staff was a young officer mounted on a thoroughbred mare, wearing a linen duster over his uniform, with a Havelock cover over his cap, shoulders, and neck. General McDowell remarked, "Men, rest just where you are; everything is all right in front," as he turned and with his staff rode away.

The young officer wearing the linen duster remained with us, saying as he looked down from his horse: "You look like Yankees." Bill Stephens, who was lying on the ground beside me, started to rise and, grasping his gun, replied: "And you must be a d—n Rebel." I placed my hand on Stephens's arm and said: "Be quiet, Stephens; this man must be one of McDowell's staff." Stephens subsided, still grumbling.

The young officer evidently overheard this conversation, for he immediately called for the adjutant of our regiment (Miller) and ordered that a detail of two men from each company be made for picket duty. The detail reported, and

the young officer proceeded to place them on picket. My brother was one of these pickets.

About 11 P.M. we could see and note the movements of men and horses a short distance from the "end" of our regiment, which proved to be a section of artillery being placed in position. A shot was sent over us, and we supposed that "our battery was shelling the enemy." The next shot was sent low enough to rake us if we had been standing up. Then came the order from the officer in command: "Lower that gun and put in grape." The shot that followed raked the 7th Indiana from one end to the other, wounding fifty-seven. We changed position, and a battery came to our assistance, firing on this section of artillery and killing thirteen horses and 1st Lieutenant Featherstone, of the Confederate battery.

The young officer in the linen duster proved to be Captain Pegram, of the Confederate army, commanding a battery under Stonewall Jackson, who often complimented him in orders. Before the war was over he attained the rank of colonel of artillery and was killed, I think, at Five Forks a few days before Appomattox. He came of an old American family, was a gentleman, a thoroughbred, and a soldier of dauntless courage.

The writer of this short sketch does not know the circumstances under which the youthful captain happened to come into the enemy's camp as if belonging to the staff of an enemy officer. But the surmise is that in the confused condition of the battle field and the darkness of the woods through which they were riding he had joined the staff of General McDowell under the supposition that he was with his own army, else he would not have made the remark he did to the effect that the soldiers in whose company he had so unexpectedly found himself looked like "Yankees." But for his quick thinking in such a dilemma and for such dash of action in giving orders to the enemy in their own camp this episode has probably never been surpassed.

[If any Confederate survivor of that battle knows anything of this incident, he is asked to add his testimony to this.—Ed.]

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

A Ring of Fire.—Major Atherton, 2d Iowa, says of the assault on Vicksburg on May 22: "While here we were exposed to a murderous fire from the front and an enfilading one from the right and left. We maintained our position during the day; but a continuance of the contest was deemed unavoidable, and we retired under cover of the night." A very wise decision.

Percussion Caps for Vicksburg.—General Grant wrote on May 25 that they had "captured eight men with 200,000 percussion caps who were trying to make their way into Vicksburg." They were slipping in all through the siege, and it would be very interesting to hear of some one's personal experience while engaged in this pursuit.

Repulse Not a Repulse.—General Grant wrote Halleck on May 24: "I attempted to carry Vicksburg by storm on the 22d, but was unsuccessful. Our troops were not repulsed from any point, but simply failed to enter the works of the enemy." Well, if he was satisfied, certainly nobody else had any kick coming.

Providence and Joe Johnston.—General Grant wrote Sherman on June 25: "From letters captured from a Rebel courier we have gained the information that food was scarce in Vicksburg, as a number of the letters said they were getting four ounces of bacon a day and bread made of rice and flour mixed, and they cannot believe they have been so wicked as for Providence to allow the loss of their stronghold. Their principal faith seems to be in Providence and Joe Johnston." And this army felt that way all the war through.

Mule Meat in Vicksburg.—I remember as a boy a veteran who had been surrendered at Vicksburg telling me that he had found a mule's foot with the shoe on it in a barrel of pork issued to his regiment during the siege, and I had always considered it a joke. But a report to General Pemberton on July 3 says: "The bacon has been held in reserve for some days (mule meat issued in lieu thereof), to be used in the event of a forward movement." General Pemberton confirmed this by saying: "About this time, our stock of bacon being almost exhausted, mule meat was tried as a substitute, being issued only to those who desired it; and I am gratified to say it was found to be not only nutritious, but very palatable and in every way preferable to poor beef."

Picket Lines at Vicksburg.—Capt. J. M. Wilson, U. S. Army, says: "Great friendliness prevailed among the pickets at night, the enemy's and ours being within ten yards of each other without a shot being fired. On one occasion, indeed, in the anxiety of each party to get all the ground possible, the opponents became completely intermixed, and the lines were only arranged after quite a discussion on mutual rights by the opposing officers."

A Warm Corner.—Col. Ashbell Smith, 2d Texas, in his report of the siege of Vicksburg, says: "The traverses were made in part of cotton bales. The embrasures were revetted with cotton bags. Early in the day these cotton bags were displaced and uncovered of dirt by the enemy's artillery. The Minié balls playing on them incessantly bowed out the cotton as if from a flue of a gin and scattered it all over the fort. It was ignited from the muzzles of the enemy's rifles, the air was filled with smoke, and the fire was making its way to the ammunition boxes. The middle of the fort was swept within two feet of the ground by Miniés. Accordingly I ordered men, lying flat on the earth, to brush away with their hands the burning cotton, and this prevented the explosion of the ammunition." Another warm day in Mississippi.

Why Vicksburg Fell.—On July 4 General Pemberton surrendered to the Union army 1 lieutenant general, 4 major and 8 brigadier generals, 29,000 other officers and men, 40,000 pounds of bacon, 51,000 pounds of rice, 5,000 bushels of peas, 92,000 pounds of sugar, 428,000 pounds of salt, an unknown quantity of mule meat, 172 cannon, 42,800 projectiles, 58,000 pounds of cannon powder, a good allowance of musket ammunition (barring caps), and at least 25,000 muskets. Now, what made him do it? I shall let him tell you: "The assertion that the surrender of Vicksburg was compelled by want of subsistence or that the garrison was starved out is entirely devoid of truth. There was at no time any absolute suffering for want of food among the garrison. That the men were put on greatly reduced rations is undeniably true; but, in the opinion of many medical officers, it is at least questionable whether under all circumstances this was at all injurious to their health. It must be remembered that

for forty-seven days and nights these heroic men had been exposed to burning suns, drenching rains, and heavy dews, and that during all this period they never had by day or night the slightest relief. The extent of our works required every man in the trenches, and even they were in many places insufficiently manned. It was not in my power to relieve any portion of the line for a single hour. Confined to the narrow limits of a trench, with their limbs cramped and swollen without exercise, constantly exposed to a murderous storm of shot and shell, while the enemy's unerring sharpshooters stood ready to pick off every one visible above the parapets, is it strange that the men grew weak and attenuated? They had made a most heroic defense. Many had met death with a smile upon their lips. All had cheerfully encountered danger and almost without a murmur had borne privations and hardships well calculated to test their manhood. They had held the place against an enemy five times their number, admirably clothed and fed and abundantly supplied with all the appliances of war. Whenever the foe attempted an assault they drove him back discomfited, covering the ground with his killed and wounded. Knowing the anxious desire of the government to relieve Vicksburg, I felt assured that the siege would be raised; but when forty-seven weary days and nights had passed, with the knowledge I had in my possession that no adequate relief was to be expected, I felt that I ought not longer to place in jeopardy the brave men whose lives had been intrusted to my care. Hence, after the suggestion of the alternative of cutting my way out, I determined to make terms, not because my men were starved out, not because I could not hold out *yet a little longer*, but because they were overpowered by numbers, worn down with fatigue, and each day saw our defenses crumbling beneath their feet. The question of subsistence, therefore, had nothing whatever to do with the surrender of Vicksburg. With an unlimited supply of provisions, the garrison could not, for reasons already given, have held out much longer." There it is in a nutshell; and the only thing that I am not satisfied with is, as he admits he could have held out "yet a little longer," why he made the United States a Fourth-of-July present when, according to his own statement, it was not a necessity. I feel sure that a great deal of idle talk as to his being a traitor was based on this statement alone.

Useful Shells.—Colonel Greathouse, 48th Illinois, says of the Jackson (Miss.) campaign: "During our stay at this point we were subject at all times to an incessant fire of grape and canister that did quite an extensive business, manufacturing and agricultural, in the way of plowing the ground and making scrub brushes of the timber." And ammunition scarce at that.

Whisky and Fire.—General Hatch, U. S. Army, reports that when Jackson was occupied, "our men having found thirty barrels of whisky, it gave me as much trouble to save the town from fire during the fight as it did to whip the enemy." Certainly a bad mixture.

Brave Women.—The same General said: "The women of Jackson previous to our attack on the town carried ammunition for the enemy in a very gallant manner under fire." They always do the right thing at the right time.

Strange Wounds.—Colonel Malmsburg, of the 55th Illinois, was wounded twice during the siege of Vicksburg, both times in the same engagement, first in the right eye and next in the left."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

AZRAEL.

(According to an Oriental legend, Azrael, the angel of death, accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an apple from the tree of life.)

And it shall chance on a not distant day
A stranger shall come upon me on my way,
Just from the very gates of Paradise,
And bid me leave this inn of mortal clay.

For he comes from the kingdom of light,
A messenger from God Almighty's sight,
Aye, and his visits thin the ranks of wrong,
Just as his visits thin the ranks of right.

His face is sweeter far than words can tell,
His the power all my fears to quell.

If I but receive him with the call of faith,
He will gently break this earthly spell.

For in his hand he brings his magic power;
It is the fruit of the tree that bears no flower;
Aye, the apple that grows on the tree of life,
And I shall meet him, shall quail not nor cower.

I shall face him with the joy innocence knows,
And he shall place the apple to my nose,

And I shall inhale it with pleasure,
And its entrancing odor shall give delicious repose.

—Joan Molloy.

COL. LUTHER RICE EDWARDS.

Col. Luther Rice Edwards, of Franklin, Va., beloved son of Southampton County, chivalrous gentleman, and gallant veteran of two wars, passed over the river on September 27, 1918, and now rests in the shade with the comrades gone before. He was born July 19, 1839, the son of Jordan and Susan Clanton Edwards. He was a student at the University of Virginia in 1861 when Virginia entered the war, and he immediately volunteered his services in her defense, enlisting as a private in Company A, 13th Virginia Cavalry, with Joseph E. Gillette as captain. He participated in about forty battles and was wounded three times—at Gettysburg, Spotsylvania C. H., and Brandy Station. By conspicuous gallantry he was promoted to a first lieutenant. He was at Appomattox when General Lee surrendered, but with a number of others he got through the lines and was on the way to North Carolina to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston when the latter surrendered. He volunteered and served through the Spanish-American War, though above military age, and was nearly a year in Cuba. For his services in this war he was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel. His native county honored him in its political life, and he was its representative in the General Assembly of 1875-76 and was several times a magistrate. In 1895 he was elected

Treasurer of Southampton County and served continuously in this position, except when in the Spanish-American War, until his death. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Virginia Bourke, of Portsmouth, who left a son and a daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Anna Lankford, who survives him with a son, Capt. Franklin Edwards, now in France.

Among those assembled to pay their last tribute were the members of Urquhart-Gillette Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he had been a member since its organization, and also comrades of the Beaver Dam Camp, U. C. V. Colonel Edwards was buried in his old Confederate uniform, and on the casket was draped the Stars and Bars he loved so well.

JOSEPH L. BOSWELL.

Joseph L. Bossell, a member of the Plainview Camp, U. C. V., of Plainview, Tex., was called to the heavenly home on August 12, 1918. He was born in the State of Georgia on November 20, 1836, son of the Rev. James Boswell, a Baptist minister. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served in Company G, 23d Mississippi Infantry, Army of Tennessee, and was a faithful soldier during the whole war, being honorably paroled at Greensboro, N. C. He lived the life of a Christian, beloved by all members of the Baptist Church wherever known. Surely it is well with him.

B. F. JARRELL.

B. F. Jarrell, 1st lieutenant Company A, 45th Tennessee Regiment, died September 5, 1918, at his home, in Bedford County, Tenn., aged eighty-three years and ten months. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Church and an efficient clerk of its Annual Conferences for a number of



B. F. JARRELL.

years. He was magistrate of his district for several years. He leaves a devoted wife, four daughters, and one son, all actively engaged in making the world better. The Master will pronounce his life a success. Though he never attained to high honor or wealth, he elevated humanity by his example of right living.

Thirty years after the War between the States Comrade Jarrell held a reunion of his company at his home, at which there were present all but four of the members who had sur-

rendered, numbering fifty-one, whom he entertained royally, with their families. Since that time Company A has held twenty-three annual reunions at some home in Williamson County because of its central location, and he attended all of them, meeting his comrades and their wives, children, and grandchildren, sometimes numbering as many as one hundred and fifty. His devotion to his company made it a gala day with him, and he was always accompanied by his wife or daughter. He was a brave soldier, a devoted husband and father, and a useful citizen.

[W. H. Ogilvie, Allisona, Tenn.]

JAMES JEFFERSON RAY.

James Jefferson Ray was born near Healing Springs, Barnwell County, S. C., on August 6, 1847. He received his education at the Healing Springs Academy; but before completing the course there the stern voice of war called, and the youth of sixteen joined the Confederate forces in June, 1864. He was assigned to Secessionville, James Island, being



J. J. RAY.

a member of Company B, 2d Artillery, Lamar's Battalion, Capt. Wyatt A. Lancaster's company. He did duty there until Charleston was evacuated, and his company marched to North Carolina. There he was in the battles of Bentonville and Averysboro. After the surrender he returned to a despoiled home and took up the task of making bread for his father's family.

He made farming his life work and enjoyed seeing the earth bring

forth her increase. In 1887 he married Miss Sallie Cain, and from this union nine children survive him.

He was a consecrated Christian gentleman, a trustee of the Healing Springs School, and a deacon in his Church. He was always deeply interested in these institutions and always gave his aid and support in all work for the betterment of his community and country.

He "crossed over the river" June 26, 1918. Truly "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

J. A. WYNN.

J. A. Wynn, of Cedartown, Ga., died on August 3, 1918. He was born in Dekalb County, Ga., February 6, 1846. While he was a small boy his father died, and his mother moved to Polk County, where sometime in 1863 "Jule" Wynn, as he was familiarly known, entered the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 1st Georgia Cavalry, with which he remained until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. He was in many hard-fought battles during that time, with many minor engagements while on scouting duty under Gen. Joe Wheeler, who had great confidence in the 1st and 6th Georgia Cavalry. It is on record by a marker that these two regiments opened the battle of Chickamauga early on Saturday morning under the command of General Forrest and held the ground occupied until they were relieved later in the day by infantry.

Early in 1869 Comrade Wynn joined the Methodist Church, in which he served as steward for a number of years. On December 23 he was united in marriage to Miss Olivia Borders, who survives him with four children, two daughters and two sons. Both daughters are married. One son, F. A. Wynn, is a captain with the American forces in France, while the other is a lieutenant in camp at Dallas, Tex.

More than twenty years ago the 1st and 6th Georgia Cavalry Regiments, which were very closely allied during the war, formed a reunion association, which meets the first Wednesday in August of every year. Comrade Wynn was

adjutant, secretary, and treasurer of the organization until his death, which occurred three days before the time this year, and on this account the meeting was postponed two weeks. He was the main factor in keeping the association up to a high standard and was ever ready to defend the cause for which the South so nobly fought, always maintaining that the cause was not lost or dead, but more alive to-day than it was in 1861. He will be sadly missed by his comrades when they meet hereafter in reunion.

M. L. PAYNE.

M. L. Payne was born in Berkeley County, Va. (now W. Va.), on April 19, 1840, and died at his home, in Bunker Hill, on September 12, 1918, having passed his seventy-eighth milestone. At the outbreak of the War between the States, in April, 1861, he entered the Confederate army, serving in Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry. He was twice wounded, and in April, 1865, he was captured at or near Martinsburg and sent to Elmira Prison, New York, where he remained until June 23, 1865.

After the war he returned to Berkeley and took up farming. He was married in 1867 to Miss Mary C. Dillen, of Berkeley County, who died in 1906. He is survived by one son, five grandchildren, four brothers, and three sisters.

Comrade Payne was a member of the Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of Winchester, Va., also a member of Triluminal Lodge, No. 117, A. F. and A. M., and was buried with Masonic honors.

WILLIAM HOUSTON HARRIS.

Comrade William H. Harris died at his home, in Humboldt, Tenn., on August 18, 1918. He had for many years been the efficient representative of the VETERAN in that city and had done much to keep up interest in Confederate history. As a Confederate soldier he served as first lieutenant of a company in the 7th Tennessee, Hatton's Regiment, and did his duty faithfully and well throughout the four years. He was born in Wilson County, near Lebanon, Tenn., May 6, 1830, and just after the war he removed his family to Humboldt, which had since been his home. He was twice married and is survived by his second wife and six children, three sons and three daughters.

Comrade Harris was a member of the Methodist Church for seventy-five years and took great interest in Church work. His life, long in years and ripe with experience, was that of a Christian, and the reward of the faithful should be his. He will be missed by many friends, for few were more faithful as a friend.

W. M. McCall, who was in the same company with this comrade at the beginning of the war, adds the following: "W. H. Harris was born and lived until manhood near Silver Springs, Wilson County, Tenn. At the beginning of the war he volunteered and was elected first lieutenant in Company I, 7th Tennessee Infantry. He was known in the brigade as the 'tall lieutenant of Company I.' He was under General Lee in the campaign in West Virginia; then, under Gen. S. R. Anderson, we went to Winchester, Va., and from that point to Newport News to reinforce Johnston. At Yorktown on the 26th of April, 1862, the army was reorganized, after which I never saw Comrade Harris until I removed to West Tennessee. All that I know of his army life is creditable."

JAMES PRUETT BRIAN.

James Pruett Brian, son of James Henry and Caroline Gertrude Brian, was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., September 3, 1840. When the War between the States came on he was among the first to enlist on the side of the South, and he entered the service as a member of Company A, 3d Kentucky Regiment, and served throughout the entire war. In the organization of Forrest's Cavalry Corps he became a member of that immortal command and remained with it until its banner, emblem of a hundred glorious victories, was furled forever. He attained to the rank of first lieutenant. To say that Lieutenant Brian was a Kentuckian is to say that he was a hero. Forrest never suffered any uneasiness when he knew that he was supported by a Kentucky regiment.

After the war was over, Lieutenant Brian took up the duties of civil life with as much heroism as he had entered the war, and he made a commendable success. He married a splendid woman, Miss Hermina Bush, who, with four children, survives him.

Young Brian belonged to a Southern family not one of whom ever showed the white feather or proved traitor to the cause. His noble brother, Western Brian, who preceded him to the heavenly home, was also a Confederate veteran of the most royal type. The wife and daughter of the latter now live in Kansas City and are active and zealous members of the U. D. C. there.

Comrade James Brian was a worthy and exemplary member of the Church of the Disciples. He sleeps in honor at Palmer, Ky.

[J. C. Hooks, Luray, Va.]

THOMAS W. DICKINSON.

Thomas William Dickinson was born August 7, 1846, near LaVergne, Tenn., his parents removing later to Christiana, where his boyhood days were spent. In May, 1861, when he was only fifteen years old, he enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company B, Capt. Frank Webb, of the 18th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Joe Palmer, which was a part of the brigade under Gen. S. B. Buckner. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Butler, Ill., remaining in prison for seven months. After being exchanged at Natchez, Miss., he enlisted for three years more of service; but on account of his youth and his mother's advanced age, her other sons being in the army, he was given a furlough to go home to stay with her. That furlough is among some relics kept by Capt. Pat Griffin now. Comrade Dickinson was made an honorary member of the 20th Tennessee (Company B) on account of there being no surviving members of his own command in or near his community.

On October 13, 1863, Thomas Dickinson entered the service of the N., C. & St. L. Railway, and he went to work as a car repairer at Stevenson, Ala., the Confederate forces being camped there at the time. His death occurred on July 9, 1918, in a railroad wreck near Nashville, ending his fifty-fifth year in the service of the N., C. & St. L. Railway. He was the oldest in service.

Comrade Dickinson was married to Evelyn Carter, granddaughter of Col. Nathan Carter, of the well-known Carter Scouts, serving under Gen. Joe Wheeler. She survives him with three children, a son and two daughters. One son shortly preceded him to the spirit land.

ROBERT BATES GARNETT.

One of earth's noblemen is gone in person only, in spirit never, for his personality was such that its impress will go down to the coming ages. He was a true Christian gentleman. In all the relations of life he was faithful to his country, his family, and his friends, despising meanness and hypocrisy either in high or low places.

Robert Bates Garnett was born in Palmyra, Fluvanna County, Va., on December 25, 1840. While still in military school he answered his country's call to arms and joined the Southern army, where his record as a Confederate soldier will always be an honor to his family and to that cause he loved so well and constantly. He was lieutenant of Company C, 14th Virginia Infantry, formerly the Fluvanna Rifle Guards; but in 1862 he resigned to become a member of Company D, 39th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, scouts, guides, and couriers for his beloved commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee.



R. B. GARNETT.

At the close of the war Comrade Garnett moved to Galveston, Tex., where he lived until he heard the

"bugle call" across the mystic tide and answered to bivouac on the camp ground beyond the river September 21, 1918.

His wife, who was Miss Eva Dunkum, survives him, also three children, J. I. Garnett, Mrs. J. B. Franklin, and Miss Pearl Garnett.

T. A. ROSE.

T. A. Rose was born in Lawrence County, Ala., October 10, 1844, and died at his home, in Cisco, Tex., on April 10, 1918, after a long illness, having been confined to his home some eight months.

Comrade Rose volunteered his services to the Confederacy during the War between the States and served at Galveston, Tex., six months on the gunboats. He then entered the cavalry and served in one of the Texas legions of Ross's Brigade under General McCulloch; and while his service as a soldier extended throughout the full four years, it is not clearly known just when and where he was under Price and Forrest, though it seems that he was at Corinth and Iuka; and he also served in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama under Capt. B. H. Norsworthy. He was in the battle at Thompson's Station, Tenn., at Jonesboro, Ga., and in another hard-fought battle at Middleburg, Tenn., in which he was wounded. He surrendered in Mississippi and remained in that State until his marriage, in November, 1867, to Miss Louisa P. Davis. Two children were born to this union and survive him—Walter Rose, of Fort Stockton, Tex., and Mrs. W. R. L. Williams, of Merincea, Ariz.

Mr. Rose was a member of the Methodist Church, a devoted Christian, and a loving husband and father.

[Mrs. L. W. Jensen.]

N. W. PHILLIPS.

Nathan Wilson Phillips died at the home of his son, R. K. Phillips, at Weatherford, Tex., on January 1, 1918. He was born in Mississippi on August 14, 1840, but was reared in Alabama and enlisted from that State in the Confederate army. During most of the war he served in Company B, 43d Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade. He served until the close of the war, surrendering with Lee at Appomattox.

At the close of the war Mr. Phillips returned to his old home, in Dallas County, Ala., and two years later married Miss Fannie Smith, of Talladega. In 1870 he moved to Talladega County, where he lived until he went to Texas in 1898. His wife died three years ago, and he is survived by the following sons: E. B. Phillips, of Rockdale, Tex.; C. R. Phillips, of Cameron, Tex.; Capt. N. H. Phillips, of the United States army; and R. K. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex.

Mr. Phillips was a consistent Christian gentleman, a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. His father, Rev. N. G. Phillips, was a minister of that denomination and died while serving as chaplain in the Confederate army.

The cause of the Confederacy came next in the affections of Mr. Phillips to his family and Church. He had attended a large number of reunions during the past twenty years and had met in this way many of his old comrades of the trying days of 1861-65. While he had become reconciled to the outcome of the struggle, he never ceased to champion the principles for which the Southern Confederacy stood and the gallant men who had suffered and died for it. He loved the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and had not missed reading an issue of it for many years. He had many friends in Texas and Alabama who heard with sincere regret of the passing away of this true gentleman and gallant soldier.

J. MILTON KINDER.

J. Milton Kinder was born July 3, 1843, and, with the exception of the four years of faithful service in the cause of the South, his entire life was spent at the ancestral home, near Marquand, Mo. His death on June 28, 1918, was sudden and unexpected; but by his consistent Christian life and his devotion to the service of humanity he was ready and waiting when the final summons came.

When hostilities began between the North and the South, Milton Kinder joined the 1st Arkansas Battery and was assigned to service under Colonel Cleburne, who commanded the 1st Arkansas Regiment until promoted to brigadier commander. During July, 1861, the Arkansas Military Board transferred Colonel Cleburne's regiment and other State troops to the command of Gen. W. J. Hardee, and henceforth the service of this regiment was rendered east of the Mississippi. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Franklin, and many others. In the battle of Franklin he was the only man who escaped injury or death among the gunners who served a piece of artillery in that fierce conflict.

On March 11, 1875, he was married to Miss Martha Allbright. Two sons and one daughter were born to them. The daughter died on January 21, 1902, soon after her marriage. The two sons, Ula and Amzi, have families and reside on their father's farm, situated along Castor River, the younger in the home with his mother.

More than twenty years ago the writer was Milton Kinder's pastor. He was one of the most faithful members of Kinder's Chapel Methodist Church; and in view of my high appreciation of this worthy soldier and friend, I gladly lay this brief tribute on his grave.

[Rev. L. H. Davis, Fredericktown, Mo.]

CAPT. MILTON BROWN.

After many years of invalidism, caused by injuries received during the Galveston flood of 1900, Capt. Milton Brown died at Hagerman, N. Mex., on September 30, 1918, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born at Columbus, Ga., March 26, 1840, the son of Reuben Ross Brown and Jane Elizabeth Milton, who was a sister of Florida's war Governor. His father was a hero of three wars.

Captain Brown's life was of more than passing interest, filled as it was by activities of public service and usefulness to his fellow man. Enlisting as a private in the Confederate army, he served with the Army of Northern Virginia until Lee's surrender, rising to the rank of captain through conspicuous service and gallantry on the field of action. He was wounded in the battle of Reams Station, Va. The following letter from his commander is evidence of the high order of his military service: •

"CAMP OF ANDERSON'S BRIGADE, April 11, 1865.

"Capt. Milton Brown, Company G, 59th Georgia Regiment: On the eve of our separation I desire to express to you my high appreciation of your gallantry and good conduct, both as an officer and gentleman, since you have been under my command. I have often remarked your coolness and gallantry on the battle field and regret that circumstances beyond my control have kept you in a position incommensurate with your ability.

"Trusting that your future may be as prosperous and happy as the past four years have been brilliant, I am, Captain, truly your friend,

GEORGE T. ANDERSON, Brigadier General P. A. C. S."

After the war Captain Brown removed to Galveston, Tex., where he practiced law for a number of years, then removed to Comanche, and later went back to his boyhood home in Brazoria County. He served two terms in the Texas Legislature, in which he became a leader. He was married to Miss Grace K. Vedder, of Galveston, in 1871, and seven of the eight children born of that union, five sons and two daughters, survive him. He was a devoted member of the Baptist Church.

DUNCAN ALEXANDER BUIE.

Duncan Alexander Buie, one of the oldest Confederate twins, died at his home, in Buies, N. C., on October 3, 1918. He would have been eighty-five years old on November 12. His twin brother, Daniel Calvin Buie, survives him.

The VETERAN for August, 1915, page 378, gave a short account of these twin brothers in the Confederate army. They were in their junior year at Davidson College when the war began, went home, enlisted in August, 1861, in Capt. Malcolm McNair's company, and shortly were put on detached service. Duncan was ordered to Wilmington and appointed quartermaster sergeant of the 40th North Carolina Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He remained at Baldhead Island until the fall of Fort Fisher, marched through Wilmington the day it was evacuated to Kinston, N. C., and was in the battle there on March 9. He went from there to Bentonville and surrendered with General Johnston April 27, 1865. He then walked home, reaching it sometime in May.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Kate McGeachy, and two daughters, Miss Kate Buie, who lives at the old home, and Mrs. J. T. Kenyon, of Washington, D. C.; also three sisters and two brothers besides the twin survive him. He was the son of Archibald and Flora McInnis Buie and was born at Philadelphia, N. C., November 12, 1833.

COMRADES AT CAMBRIA, VA.

George W. Fagg, Adjutant of James F. Preston Camp, No. 33, U. C. V., of Cambria, Va., reports the following loss in membership for the year 1917-18:

Capt. J. W. Shelburn, 25th Virginia Cavalry, died October 28, 1917.

Thomas Depp, ———, died November 12, 1917.

E. P. Williams, Company E, Stonewall Brigade, died April 4, 1918.

E. A. Duoly, Company F, 25th Virginia Cavalry, died April 4, 1918.

James W. Kirby, Company E, Stonewall Brigade, died May 1, 1918.

Jacob Woolwine, Company I, 63d Virginia Infantry, died June 8, 1918.

W. D. CHIPLEY.

W. D. Chipley, a loyal Confederate veteran, died at his home, near Stephens City, Va., on October 14, 1918, after an illness from paralysis covering a period of five weeks. He was born near Stephens City (then Newtown), Va., December 22, 1840. He served the four years in the War between the States, having entered with Company A, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Drake. Later he was transferred to the 62d Infantry.

Mr. Chipley is survived by his widow, who was Miss Martha McLeod, one son, H. D. Chipley, of Lynchburg,

Va., and three daughters, Misses Beel and Willie Chipley, at home, and Rebecca Chipley, of Richmond, Va.

Mr. Chipley was a gentleman of fine character, quiet and unassuming in his manner, a devoted husband and father. Besides his family, he leaves a wide circle of friends and relatives to mourn their loss.

VETERANS AT SEATTLE.

James N. Gilmer, Secretary of the John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1456, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., announces the passing of another comrade in the death of Past Commander William P. Cochran, on September 22, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, of whom he says: "His presence at our little assemblies will be sadly missed. He was a true and loyal patriot, one of ten brothers who were Confederate soldiers. He enlisted on March 25, 1862, in Company C, 17th Tennessee Infantry, was captured in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and held a prisoner for several months, and then served with his company to the close of hostilities."

COMRADES AT BERNICE, LA.

Commander R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., writes that two comrades of the R. J. Tabor Camp, No. 1780, U. C. V., passed away in August, 1918: John Marable, of a Mississippi regiment, seventy-seven years, and W. N. Autrey, Company E, 12th Louisiana Regiment, eighty-eight years.

MRS. MAY STARK FOWLER—A TRIBUTE.

DIED AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK., ON AUGUST 10, 1918.

"Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers wither at the north wind's breath.

And stars to set; but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

In the passing of Mrs. May Stark Fowler the older citizens of Little Rock mourn the last but one of a family long identified with the social and professional life of the city.

Mrs. Fowler, through a long line of distinguished ancestry—Starks, Cannons, Stuarts, Sharps, Roauls, Bollings, and others noted in colonial days—was eligible for membership in the societies of Colonial Dames and Daughters of the American Revolution. Through her father, the late Dr. Louis Roaul Stark, she was a member of the Little Rock Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was beloved of the Confederate veterans, having been many times honored by them in being made sponsor for various Reunions, and she will be remembered by many of them as matron of honor for the Department of Northern Virginia, Gen. C. Irvine Walker commanding, at the Reunion at Little Rock, where she kept open house to honor her father's comrades. Her beauty and charm

made her a notable personage in many Southern cities as well as in the North and East, where her acquaintance was extensive. Though unusually gracious of manner and possessing rare tact, which eminently fitted her for any place of life, her choice was her home. As faithful daughter, as devoted and adoring mother she was beyond compare.

Since the death of her beautiful young daughter, three years ago, her friends have felt that she bore a broken heart. Gay of temperament, unselfish, only those who knew her best realized the undercurrent, the passionate devotion to those she loved. Those who loved her are from all walks of life. For two days she lay in state in the home of her childhood, her features calm and beautiful with the peace which passeth understanding. Old and young, rich and poor, black and white came to pay her homage—so many with a story to tell of some act of kindness, of the merry little girl, of the young mother, of the woman of mature years—each with a tribute of flowers and love and tears. Yet one could not look upon the divinely radiant peace that enveloped her and wish to call her back to earth; only prayers for the stricken mother and those who will miss her most deeply that

time, the great healer, will bring them comfort until the day when they shall meet and God shall wipe away all tears.



MRS. MAY STARK FOWLER.

LEST WE FORGET.

BY MRS. JOEL AIKEN, GREENWOOD, S. C.

Women have had a place in the history of every war since the creation of the world. Volumes could be written on the trials and calamities the women in Europe have experienced in the last four years. It would form an extensive series of volumes, equally portraying the separate griefs and glories of every patriot, from the woman of royal lineage to the simple-hearted peasant. The way in which these women have adapted themselves to the shocking reverses of their country furnish us an example of all that is noble and exalted in womanhood.

In trying to emulate the example of these brave, broken-hearted women of Europe our women are coming to a serious realization of their better selves, and it has impressed upon us as never before the hardships and heartaches that our own mothers and grandmothers endured during the War between the States. While it was not a world's war, the example set us by these heroic women is equally as well worth emulating as that of the women "over there." Many of us have treasured stories of those days told by voices now grown old or maybe hushed in sweet silence, but I recall one as the best-loved story of the many told by my mother at the soft twilight time, when we were wont to gather around her for an evening story. She left us many heritages of hand and heart, but this true story will be handed down to her children's children as a reminder of what love, ability, and determination can accomplish.

We lived in a rural district of South Carolina. Just at daybreak one winter morning during the sixties a loud "Hello" was heard at our front gate. The door was cautiously opened by a trusted servant, and a faint "Hello, who dat?" answered the call. Instead of the dreaded foe, it proved to be one of our neighbors who had returned from Virginia on a short furlough. He brought a letter to my mother from father, who was with Lee's army somewhere. The letter was typical of those strenuous days, breathing love and anxiety in every line for the happiness and safety of the young wife and babies at home. It also told that somebody had stolen his overcoat and asked mother to get one, if possible, to send back by his friend. The neighbor would leave for his post in Virginia the next morning at daybreak. Just one little sentence in the letter, "It is cold up here," was all that was required to arouse the instincts of true womanhood—the protection of the man at the front. There were no overcoats to be bought and none to be borrowed, as every man in the neighborhood had gone to the war. The old men who were left had none. There was only one thing to be done.

A hurried breakfast was eaten, and, sending two men-servants in advance, mother mounted her horse and galloped down to the sheep meadow. With her personal aid and direction, the sheep were herded and sheared, and, mounting, with one bag of the fleecy stuff thrown across her saddle horn, she turned her horse's head and galloped homeward, leaving the negroes to follow with the rest of the wool.

Log fires crackled and burned brightly in the fireplaces of the workhouse in the back yard. The wool was washed by the faithful women servants and dipped in walnut dye already prepared. Then came the interminable drying of the wool. To the woman who was waiting it seemed that all the "waters of the sea" had rained down upon it. In reality, with her supervision, it was dried quickly in front of the fires by those experienced in the art.

At noon spinning wheels were a-tune in the loom room, with dark, silent women standing near, and low-backed chairs were placed around and occupied by the card women, who were chafing like race horses ready for the track. The wool was given them, and the race began. The spinners at the wheel swayed back and forth in perfect rhythm to the "Song of the Spinning Wheel," accompanied by the low pitapat of the carders. The log rafters overhead caught it up, reverberating joyfully, then sent it echoing down the valley.

Roll after roll was carded; but however fast the carders, they could not get ahead of the spinners. The limp, pitiful batch of rolls lying across the wheels never increased in volume, though many a merry jest was passed between the racers. Then the workers began a weird, crooning melody, crescendoing into an old plantation song, often improvising, but never striking a false note; and the woman whose husband was "cold" was seen moving here and there directing every detail, with a halo of courage and determination crowning her fair young face.

As the purple rays of the sunset penetrated the small window two expert weavers took their places at the looms, and then began the clickity-clack as the women with brawny arms and mighty fingers sent the shuttle now forward, then back again. To the waiting woman with the halo around her face minutes were hours.

At last, when three-fourths of a yard was woven, a sleeve pattern was laid over it, and the sleeves of a coat were cut from the cloth while in the loom. Fresh candles were brought from the "big house" and set close around her like so many little twinkling stars. There was no machine to thread up, but the silent worker with swift, willing fingers plied the stitches, racing with the weavers.

An inexperienced but sympathetic neighbor came to sit through the night and do most cheerfully what small bit she could.

When the sleeves were finished and pressed, the pattern was laid for fronts and collar. Then the stitches fairly flew, for it was past midnight. Fresh candles were gotten, and big brass buttons adorned with the raised Palmetto tree were sewed fast to fit the tedious buttonholes. There were no misgivings; the coat would be finished.

A night bird cooed a love song to its mate, and, thinking it was a baby's wail, mother ran out into the moonlight, down the little hard, crooked path to the "big house," only to find the babies close and warm in mammy's embrace, smiling back from dreamland.

The card women had finished their tasks and, wrapping themselves in blankets, made dull gray mounds on the floor. The silent worker stepped quickly over them toward the looms. Clickity-clack, not quite so fast now, but the tread is steady and the aim of the shuttlecock sure. The back of the pattern was laid on the cloth in the loom, and sharp shears glided along like the trail of a black snake.

When the dawn was breaking she opened the door and walked wearily across the fading shadows of aged oaks, down the crooked path. The fingers were pricked and bleeding, but the buttons on the coat hanging across her arm matched the gold in the far east, and it was very beautiful. As the old stone steps were reached a "Hello" was heard at the gate. The coat was finished and ready to be sent to the man at the front who was cold and waiting.

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the Sunny South so dear!

Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear!"

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKES, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Your Fifth Ward in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, was completed on September 26, and the Associated Press carried the news on October 2 to you all. It is a great gratification to your Chairman of War Relief, Mrs. Rountree, and your President General that you reached this splendid goal by October 1.

The following are the beds composing Ward Five: (1) R. E. Lee Chapter of El Paso and Mrs. K. B. Franklin, in memory of Judge John Franklin; (2) Richmond (Va.) Chapter, in honor of Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas"; (3) Children of the Confederacy Chapter of El Paso, in honor of our men in France; (4) Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chapter, to honor the American expeditionary forces, in memory of the boys of 1861-65; (5) the Ellenton (S. C.) Chapter, no name; (6) Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, Colo., and the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, Colo., to honor the Confederate privates of 1861-65; (7) the Natchitoches (La.) Chapter, to honor the Confederate soldiers of Natchitoches Parish; (8) Dallas (Tex.) Chapter, to our brave boys fighting in France; (9 and 10) two beds by Alabama Woman's Council of National Defense, to the Alabama boys fighting in France.

This department of your war relief work has attracted nation-wide attention to you as a great American patriotic society and shows in definite, concrete form your ability to accomplish work. On October 1, in New York City, your President General had a brief visit with Mrs. Robert Bacon, Chairman of the American Committee for this hospital. She expressed the most grateful appreciation of the material help you have given this hospital and her unbounded admiration for your capacity to work as an organization so systematically, so faithfully, and always under direction—characteristics which mark the good soldier in every great crisis. She gave me a detailed account of the different departments at Neuilly Hospital, showed me several of the brass plates already marked and being wrapped to go by hand to France that week, and told me much about the hospital. All this information I shall try to give at the meeting of the State War Relief Directors at Louisville on Tuesday, November 12, and they in turn will pass it on to their Divisions. We may feel sure that our hospital work is recognized and counted by the Red Cross in all their records of hospital work.

Again let me impress upon each group which has placed a bed in 1918 at Neuilly that that they are in honor bound to maintain that bed through 1919. The good name of the U. D. C. is at stake. We cannot diminish our wards by one bed. They must all continue under our patronage until the end of this war. I shall depend upon you all to hold the line firm

and let no break occur in our splendid men who trust our love for them to maintain this work of mercy as long as there is a sick or wounded man at the gates of Neuilly Hospital.

The *Geographical Magazine* for July, 1918, has a most interesting account and some very attractive pictures of the two wards which that society supports at Neuilly, which give a good idea of what our wards are and the attractive atmosphere which surrounds the hospital.

The Tulsa Reunion.—Your President General regretted her inability to go to the Reunion at Tulsa. It was a personal sacrifice on my part not to attend, but we were fortunate in the fact that our Second Vice President General, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, lives in Arkansas and, being near, was able to attend the great meeting. The following letter from her, under date of October 3, will show you how well she represented us as our ranking U. D. C. officer present:

"In the absence of yourself I represented you and the organization as Matron of Honor in Chief and with the other members of the sponsorial staff was extended courtesies which were many in the beautiful Tulsa. The Veterans, Sons, and Daughters all expressed their regrets at your not being there, but seemed to be pleased with your representative. One of the features of this Reunion was the entertainment given for the veterans and visitors, 'The Old and the New South.' Too much cannot be said in its praise. Probably the largest social affair of the week, as well as the most pleasant, was the reception tendered by the Clement A. Evans Chapter, U. D. C., at the Country Club. The club was festive in the Confederate colors blended with the Stars and Stripes and flowers. I was asked to receive with the official ladies.

"The parade was one of the largest in the history of the U. C. V. Reunions and passed in review before the Commander in Chief, with his staff and official ladies, of whom I was one. All in all, it was a grand success. I never saw a more beautifully decorated city in my life nor such hospitable people."

Necrology.—It is with deep sorrow that I announce to the U. D. C. the death of Mrs. Orlando Halliburton on September 13 at her residence in Little Rock, Ark. Mrs. Halliburton was a strong and vital force in our general association and as one of our brigadier generals gave faithful and loyal service to the U. D. C.

It was my privilege and pleasure to attend the Annual Convention of the Virginia Division in Richmond, Va., on October 3 and 4 and to speak at their Historical Evening on the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The cordial welcome the Virginia Daughters gave their President General will always be held in loving memory by her. The spirit of earnestness and the sincerity of purpose which pervaded the entire gathering showed in material results when

their splendid reports were presented. Their Confederate woman's relief work is on a tremendous scale, and I would recommend it as a department of work to other Divisions. The war relief work report was commensurate with the dignity of the State, and the Chapter reports showed just where all the work is done. It was most gratifying to hear so many Chapters report reading the President General's letter in the VETERAN at each of their monthly meetings. I try to put the most vital points of our work in these letters, and to find that the Chapters really get this information through these letters guarantees that our work will be done.

Owing to the epidemic of influenza, the meeting of the North Carolina Division in Wilson, N. C., was indefinitely postponed, and in consequence I am able only to express my appreciation of the cordial welcome promised me there and my regret that it was necessary for the welfare of the community that we could not meet in North Carolina.

My year's work has been completed. The problems which confronted me in the beginning I hope I have solved in such a manner as to build well for the U. D. C. as a great permanent patriotic society. The work which we have been able to accomplish together shows gratifyingly large proportions and very definite results. The honors and the joys that have come to me in my office have compensated for the time and strength I have put into the task committed to me.

If I have partially satisfied my friends in the office they gave me, I shall hope they will realize my physical and human limitations and know that their expectations inspired me to give my best faithfully and loyally to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in all their fields of endeavors.

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,
President General U. D. C.

EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the \$50,000 Loan Scholarship Endowment Fund for the month of September have been as follows:

Alabama Division: Athens, Joseph E. Johnston Chapter, \$2; Attalla, Forrest Chapter, \$2; Bessemer, Bessemer Chapter, \$5; Birmingham, Avondale Chapter, \$2; Birmingham, Pelham Chapter, \$10; Childersburg, Childersburg Chapter, \$2; Cropwell, John W. Jones Chapter, \$3; Eufaula, Barbour County Chapter, \$2; Fayette, Fayette Chapter, \$10; Florence, Florence Chapter, \$5; Fort Payne, DeKalb County Chapter, \$3; Franklin, Franklin Chapter, \$2; Gadsden, Etowah Chapter, \$2; Headland, Headland Chapter, \$1.50; Jacksonville, Gen. John H. Forney Chapter, \$2; Livingston, Sumter Chapter, \$2; Lowndesboro, Mrs. J. H. Higgins, \$2; Montevallo, Josiah Gorgas Chapter, \$2; Odenville, William T. Hodges Chapter, \$2; Prattville, M. E. Pratt Chapter, \$5; Selma, Selma Chapter, \$3; Tuscaloosa, R. E. Rodes Chapter, \$5; Tuscumbia, Tuscumbia Chapter, \$10; Troy, Troy Chapter, \$10; Union Springs, Union Springs Chapter, \$5; West Blocton, Leonard Calloway Pratt Chapter, \$3; Wetumpka, John B. Gordon Chapter, \$2; Woodlawn, R. D. Jackson Chapter, \$2.

Arkansas Division: Benton, James F. Fagan Chapter, \$2.

Georgia Division: Forsyth, Cabaniss Chapter, \$2; Hawkinsville, O. C. Horne Chapter (one war savings stamp), \$5; Lafayette, Chickamauga Chapter, \$2; Milledgeville, R. E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Sandersville, Mary Ann Williams Chapter, \$2.

Missouri Division: Keytesville, Sterling Price Chapter, \$2.

South Carolina Division: Allendale, Hampton Legion Chapter, \$5; Blackstock, Michael Brice Chapter, \$2; Brun-

son, William J. Gooding Chapter, \$2; Darlington, John K. McIver Chapter, \$2; James Island, Secessionville Chapter, \$10; Lancaster, Lancaster Chapter, \$2; Newberry, Calvin Crozier Chapter, \$5; Orangeburg, Paul McMichael Chapter, \$15; Prosperity, William Lester Chapter, \$2; Rock Hill, Ann White Chapter, \$2; Saluda, Lucinda Horn Chapter, \$2.

Previously reported, \$308.85; total October 1, \$481.35.

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Education Committee U. D. C.

COLORADO CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. W. T. DUNCAN, DENVER.

The many good things that our Chapters have been doing will more than repay for our seeming neglect in reporting. Our days are filled with sewing, knitting, selling war savings stamps, etc., and our nights with the duties of the home and writing to our dear boys in the service. Great credit is to be given the Robert E. Lee Chapter, and we are all so happy for them. They had the honor of placing the first hospital bed donated by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the American Military Hospital at Neuilly, France. The six hundred dollars for this bed was raised by means of an excellent musical. The Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter was not long in raising the second six hundred dollars, and its bed is now installed in the same hospital at Neuilly with the inscription thereon: "To the Memory of the Privates of 1861-65." Most of our fund was raised by subscription. We gave a tea at the Denver Club to complete the fund, which was well attended, and Mrs. Helen I. Grenfell, who had just returned from France, gave us a very interesting talk on the welcome that is afforded our American boys when they arrive in France.

Once a week the Daughters of the Confederacy sell war savings stamps on the streets of Denver, and we work in the gauze room at Daniels & Fishers' every week. A mentionable part of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter's war work activities finds expression in the Central Presbyterian Church, where all members and Southern friends, if they so desire, come together on common ground with our sandwiches and coffee after a busy week of work elsewhere to sew for the boys in our hospitals. Although the value of this day spent at the sewing machines cannot be even approximately measured, because such values are not reducible to the common denominator of the dollar, yet it nevertheless has a value far beyond mere dollars and cents, as most of our members have their own kin at heart, and the need for hospital garments is great. We must realize that we are at war, and every nerve, every muscle, every impulse must be devoted to our undertaking; and while we have perhaps only fifty of our members earnestly working at this time, we hope from week to week to increase our working power, so that we may truly feel that the Daughters of the Confederacy are doing their part in the service.

The Sunny South was apprised of Denver's good will and hospitality at the annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Tulsa, Okla., September 24-28. A distinguished party of citizens, headed by Governor Gunter and Mayor Mills, and the President of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Mrs. Clarence Harris, attended the Reunion and extended a cordial invitation to the many thousands of Southerners to include Colorado on occasions of pleasure travel. A novel incident of the visit of the Denverites was the presentation of an immense service flag to the Sons of Con-

federate Veterans, perhaps the largest flag of that nature in existence. On this flag the Sons inscribed in stars the record of their order in present war service. All of our Chapters had delegates who attended this meeting, and the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter entertained the State delegates at a luncheon on October 1.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Daughters and Children of the Confederacy: In this issue of the VETERAN is the concluding program for the year's study. If you will look over them, you will note that through them "one increasing purpose runs," and that is to set forth the character of men who could "swear to their own hurt and change not" and who, though they saw their world in ruins about them, maintained their own integrity and left as a heritage to their descendants characters more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. I remember reading an editorial comment by a Northern editor when the official dispatches of General Lee were published. He wrote that he almost feared to open the book lest he find, after all these years, some utterance that would change the estimate which history long ago placed upon the character of our great leader, but he found nothing that cast a shadow of blame. And, though not so conspicuous, there followed his leadership a band of men who placed honor before perquisites and who bequeathed to their children a poverty so universal and so honorable that to be rich in the South after the war was to be viewed with suspicion.

The list is incomplete. The VETERAN freely gave us this valuable space, and not more than three studies could be placed in one month; and as a selection had to be made, some were of necessity left out. One name omitted may be mentioned without invidious comparison, our beloved and knightly John B. Gordon, of Georgia. The "Confederate Military History" gave the date of his birth as July 6, so he was placed in the July list. After much correspondence it was proved that the date of February 6, as given in later works, was correct, but it was too late for the February program. An effort was made to select some leader identified with every Confederate State, so each State may celebrate the birthday of its own hero.

I regret that this material cannot be placed in a handbook for reference, as I have endeavored to secure accurate details, especially as to place of burial of our generals; but hospital beds and liberty bonds need our funds, and one of the imperative demands of our government is for conservation of paper.

Patriots do not wait for coercion, and upon the ear of no true Daughter of the Confederacy does the call of her country fall unheeded.

I am, faithfully,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1918.

GEN. WILLIAM WING LORING.

("Old Blizzard.")

Born December 4, 1818, in Wilmington, N. C.; died December 30, 1886, in New York City; buried in St. Augustine, Fla.

1. Relate his experiences fighting Indians in the Everglades of Florida at the age of fourteen years.

2. Describe his services in the Seminole War, the War for Texas Independence, and his gallantry in the Mexican War, which cost him the loss of his left arm as he entered the City of Mexico at the head of his regiment.

3. Tell of his many exploits when he held command of the Department of Oregon, marching his troops a distance of 2,500 miles, taking with him a train of 600 mule teams.

4. Give in full an account of his services for the Confederacy in West Virginia, on the Romney campaign, as commander in Mississippi, the Atlanta campaign, and in the fierce battle of Franklin.

5. And, as if he had not had his fill of wars, tell how this veteran achieved high rank in the army of Egypt and was raised to the dignity of Pasha for his services.

References: Volume II., "Confederate Military History"; "A Confederate Soldier in Egypt," Loring; "W. W. Loring," a pamphlet by J. W. Miller.

GEN. STAND WATIE.

("There is a *man* in this coat.")

Born December 12, 1806, near Rome, Ga., in the old Cherokee Nation; died September 9, 1871, at his home, on Honey Creek, Okla.; buried in the Old Ridge Cemetery, Delaware County, Okla.

1. Describe the noble characteristics of the proud race of the Cherokees which produced this Indian, who became the only brigadier general among his people in the Confederate army.

2. Tell of his trials and struggles as a leader in the "Treaty Party" west of the Mississippi River.

3. Describe how this Southerner by birth and breeding cast his lot among his own people and organized an independent force of Cherokees and whites for the protection of the northern boundaries of the Cherokee Nation in the early spring of 1861.

4. Narrate his services rendered for the Confederacy in the battle of Wilson's Creek, the battle of Pea Ridge, and the great raids and fierce exploits of Watie's Indian Brigade.

5. Follow to the end the brave career of the old warrior whose name meant "to stand firm" and who made the last surrender of the Confederate forces at Doaksville, Choctaw Nation, June 23, 1865, and show how he kept the faith.

Reference: "Life of Gen. Stand Watie," by Mabel Washbourne Anderson.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1918.

HENRY TIMROD.

(A Confederate poet who interpreted the Southern heart.)

Born December 8, 1829, in Charleston, S. C.; died October 8, 1867, in Columbia, S. C.; buried in Trinity Parish Cemetery, Columbia, S. C.

When I stood by the ivy-covered grave of Henry Timrod, in old Trinity Cemetery, and reflected how much that was wonderful and glorious perished with him, I was glad to recall the lines carved on the monument erected in his honor in Charleston:

"Genius, like Egypt's monarch, timely wise,
Builds its own monument ere it dies."

Otherwise the memory of his loss to the South would be too bitter to be borne.

Endowed with many gifts, both spiritual and mental, but encompassed by frail physical limitations, he, nevertheless, volunteered as a private in the cause of the Confederacy and went to the front, but his bodily infirmity forbade active service, and his physicians soon brought him back. He then became a martial voice for the land he loved so well and interpreted in verse the feelings of his people. The story of his sufferings is almost too sad to tell, but "the more the marble wasted, the more the statue grew," and his memory is enshrined forever in the hearts of his countrymen. Try to learn by heart his beautiful poems, "Springs," "Carolina," and, above all, his "Ode for Decoration Day in Magnolia Cemetery."

CAPT. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

(Soldier, author, poet.)

Born December 22, 1843, near Natchez, Miss.; died in 1904 in the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, Miss.

As a youth of eighteen, before he had finished his education, Prentiss Ingraham enlisted in the Confederate army and rose to the rank of captain. After the close of the war he went to Mexico and fought with Juarez against Maximilian. He then became a true "soldier of fortune" and fought with Prussia against Austria and soon after went with the Cretans against Turkey. Not having had enough of fighting, he took part in the Abyssinia campaign and subsequently became a colonel of cavalry in the Cuban War for Independence. He finally returned to America and became the author of many historical novels and poems.

A little poem written by Captain Ingraham, called "A Fancy Shot," depicting the tragedy of war, is found in many collections of poetry. Of all his war trophies, the old soldier prized most his Confederate Cross of Honor, which he proudly wore till the day of his death.

THE SOUTH AS A NATIONAL ASSET.

BY MRS. MARY D. CARTER, HISTORIAN WELBY CHAPTER, U. D. C.,
UPPERVILLE, VA.

In the present international crisis the South is the nation's greatest asset, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy is one of the greatest assets of the South. Loyalty is not a haphazard, uncertain quality; it is a constant psychic force and follows law just as unerringly and persistently as gravitation. Beginning in the human soul, it touches first the home, then the State, then the country, then the world. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," is the sublimest truth that Shakespeare ever uttered. Loyalty to one's ideals is the germ from which springs all forms of loyalty, and it is by virtue of the fact that in the past the South and these daughters of hers have always been so loyal to her ideals that now they are so helpful and dependable.

In addition to all its regular Confederate relief work and educational work, including the raising of a \$50,000 educational endowment fund, the U. D. C. has already subscribed over \$9,000,000 for liberty bonds, this amount being more than that subscribed by the D. A. R., a much wealthier organization. Following out the plan of its War Relief Committee, the U. D. C. has endowed five entire wards in the American Military Hospital at Neuilly, France, each ward containing ten beds, the fifty beds costing annually \$30,000. Each bed is marked with a brass tablet bearing the name of a Southern hero or group of heroes. Many U. D. C. women are serving on Red Cross and National Defense Committees,

a number of the U. D. C. Chapters are taking up cantonment service, some are collecting the names of boys of Confederate lineage who have gone into the war, some are contributing field ambulances and kitchen trailers, while others are taking French children to support, and all of the Chapters are coöperating with the local Red Cross Chapters in all kinds of war relief and conservation work—i. e., knitting, sewing, making surgical dressings and bandages and comfort kits, gardening, canning fruits and vegetables, etc. One member alone, Mrs. Robins, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Chicago, averages twenty comfort kits a week; another Chapter reported fifty trench bags and two hundred knitted garments. One of these U. D. C. workers, Mrs. Harriet Angeline Spinks Thornton, of Nashville, Tenn., celebrated her one hundredth birthday in October, 1917, yet she registered for war service.

In addition to the contributions being made by her daughters, the South is giving the bravest and best of her sons to the cause. The commander in chief of our army is a Southern man, and many other prominent officers in the army are descendants of Confederates.

The contribution of the Confederate navy is especially interesting. The Confederate navy, poor in resources, rich in genius, developed ironclads and fought the great battle in Hampton Roads that revolutionized naval warfare, created the ironclad, created the best and most effective rifled gun of the time, the Brooke rifle, created and expanded a torpedo service and operated the first successful submarine torpedo boat, and many of the descendants of the Confederate naval officers have gained place and fame in our present navy.

The old Confederates are making another rather unique contribution. United States marines in training are practicing the Rebel yell. The veterans, who take a keen interest in the activities of the sea soldiers, are teaching the boys their battle cry.

A word now about the South's material contribution to the war. It is the South that produces the cotton for this country and our allies, the cotton which is essential to the manufacture of all explosives; it is the South which is producing ninety-eight per cent of the sulphur, which is absolutely necessary in the manufacture of explosives; it is the South which is giving to the country all of its naval stores, more than half of its lumber output, a large proportion of its coal, and practically all the coal that is shipped abroad and used in the navy and commerce; it is the South that furnishes over one-half of the petroleum, the entire bauxite output, almost the entire output of pyrites, and practically all of the manganese. If the supply of these raw materials was cut off, the country would find itself incapable of maintaining its industrial interests or of making war.

Identity of ideals is the great bond that is holding the Allies together now. We are fighting with England and the North now for exactly the same reason that we fought against the former in 1776 and the latter in the sixties. The issue is the same—a battle for constitutional liberty and against tyranny and invasion. The ideals of the South have never changed, only the alignments are different. In 1776 the North and the South against England and Germany, in the sixties the South against the North and Germany, and now the North and the South and England leading the allied nations against Germany and her allies. Looked at in the light of subsequent history, the Revolutionary War and the War between the States seem to have been just a preparation and a testing out for the present great world conflict.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	<i>President</i>
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MRS. MARY A. HALL.....	<i>Historian</i>
1105 1/2 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate</i>
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
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VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

ECHOES FROM THE CONVENTION.

BY MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the U. C. V. Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., will pass into history as wonderfully successful gatherings and marked by a spirit of generous hospitality unsurpassed. The dominant spirit of the citizens of the amazingly progressive little city of Tulsa was to add in every possible way to the comfort and happiness of the visitors within her gates. Everywhere we met automobiles bearing cards printed "U. C. V.; get in and ride." All street cars gave free passage to veterans, and the social side had receptions, balls, and luncheons that filled to the limit every moment of time outside convention duties.

Our C. S. M. A. had rather a small attendance, owing to the great distance from the central point of activity. Almost every session of the convention was filled with repeated tributes and memorials to the beloved late President General and founder of the Confederation, Mrs. W. J. Behan, whose eighteen years of continued service as President General had so strongly endeared her to the membership and had left such an impress upon every phase of the memorial work that every report of official or Association was made the opportunity of loving eulogies in honor of its founder.

Again, at the great memorial services held by the U. C. V. and the C. S. M. A. was the sorrow over the loss of its splendid leader made preëminent and was brought to a conclusion by the reading of a tenderly beautiful poem to the memory of Mrs. Behan, written by the poet laureate of the C. S. M. A., Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.

With the life work of such heroic women as our past President General for example, it is not surprising that reports from all sections of the South gave such glowing accounts of the patriotism evidenced by the inspiring details of Memorial Day parades, that every city and hamlet poured out its wealth of patriotic sentiment in long lines of marchers to the sacred shrines of our boys in gray.

All officers of the Association were reëlected for the term of three years except that of President General, which had been made vacant by death. To succeed Mrs. Behan, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., formerly Vice President from Georgia, was unanimously elected. Mrs. Wilson brings to the office the experience of more than twenty-five years of activity in various lines of work—Y. W. C. A., club work, U. D. C., and D. A. R., having been President of each of these organizations, and she is now President of the Atlanta City Federation of Clubs, the largest in the South and possibly in the country, having one hundred and ten clubs, with a membership of about ten thousand. She has great

executive ability, is a leader among women, and will bring to the high office to which she has been called mature judgment and ability of no mean order.

While paying high tribute of love, reverence, and homage to the heroes, traditions, and sentiments of the Old South, yet loyalty to the nation in the present world crisis was everywhere emphasized, and no stronger evidence of this loyalty could be given than that embodied in the report of the Sons of Veterans when it was announced at the unveiling of a service flag of wondrous size and beauty, presented by the Colorado S. C. V., that more than one hundred and sixty-seven thousand sons of Confederate veterans were already in service overseas.

Organized for purely memorial work, yet staunch in allegiance to the present government, the C. S. M. A. Convention voted to do its bit of war work by raising six hundred dollars to endow a bed in a hospital in France for wounded soldiers as a memorial to their late President General, thus proving that, while we love, revere, and treasure the sacred memories of the Old South, we fail not in any measure of loyalty to the call of the South of to-day or from the nation.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT GENERAL C. S. M. A., ADOPTED BY THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED, SEPTEMBER 25, 1918, AT TULSA, OKLA.

Whereas our Almighty Father called our beloved President General, Mrs. W. J. Behan, on Sunday, July 28, 1918, to leave her earthly home and dwell at the foot of his heavenly throne; and whereas our beloved President General had lived her threescore and ten years in loyalty to all works undertaken by her in harmony with her fellow men, in Christian spirit toward the poor and suffering, and in justice and beautiful courtesy to her coworkers; and whereas she leaves as a splendid heritage to her coworkers many good works for their earnest effort and perpetual care; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Confederated Southern Memorial Association has sustained an irreparable loss in the going home of its leader, whose splendid executive ability, coupled with a rare charm and sweetness of nature, endeared her to all with whom she came in contact and left its impress not only upon her own immediate circle of friends, but touched countless lives in the many organizations to which she belonged and lifted to higher ideals.

Resolved, further, That, while we are bowed with grief, the sacred trust of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association shall be foremost in our hearts and responsibilities, as we know she would have them, and it will be our

endeavor to carry on the splendid work so ably planned and fostered by our President General.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
Vice President of Georgia;
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON,
Corresponding Secretary General;
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON,
Recording Secretary General.

RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AND REGENT OF THE LOUISIANA ROOM, CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VA.

Whereas the Confederate Memorial Literary Society learns with great sadness of the death of Mrs. W. J. Behan, President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and Regent of the Louisiana Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., in the city of New Orleans, on July 28, 1918; and whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to release from earthly suffering this loyal Confederate woman after she had crowned her threescore and ten years with great and lasting works; and whereas our society will honor her memory by always remembering and appreciating her able work for the Louisiana Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.; therefore be it

Resolved, That we now express to her bereaved husband and daughters our deepest sympathy, wishing them every consolation vouchsafed those in sorrow and in parting with loved ones.

MRS. SALLY A. ANDERSON,
President;

MRS. JOHN MASON,
Recording Secretary;

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON,
Corresponding Secretary;

MRS. H. T. ELLYSON,
Treasurer;

MRS. J. FENTON TAYLOR,
Vice Regent of Louisiana Room.

FOR THE CAUSE OF WORLD FREEDOM.—Mrs. Charles Montague, of Bandera, Tex., writes: "I have six boys in the service, three in France and another on the water now. Those in France have been at the front, and I never know when I am going to get word of their death. I have two in the service in this country. Lieut. Charles L. Montague is at the General Hospital No. 15, in Corpus Christi, quartermaster's department, and the other son is in the Medical Reserve Students' Corps at Galveston, finishing his studies and training there. I am left without any of my seven sons, as my eldest boy is at Kimberly, Nev., in charge of the copper mines and doing his part there. I have two daughters with me, and the youngest daughter is in Washington working in the War Department."

In renewing his subscription for another year G. H. Reid writes from Bishopville, S. C.: "I am growing old, and my life is in the past. I delight in memories of the war of the sixties, in which I spent four years. The VETERAN brings back vividly to mind many of the scenes through which I passed. I look forward now to that grand reunion beyond the border of time, when 'taps' will be heard no more, but

"The bugle sound of 'Reveille'
Will usher in an endless day."

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS OF WAR.

[Continued from page 470.]

battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they count for no more than dead men. I do not deem it justifiable or just to reënforce the enemy, and an immediate resumption of exchanges would have that effect without any corresponding benefit."

It was, therefore, General Grant and General Butler who prevented an exchange and who thereby caused a large share of suffering, disease, and death at Andersonville, and not the Confederate government.

CAPTAIN WIRZ.

Most people who investigated the subject carefully are of the opinion that Captain Wirz was judicially murdered. It is now known that reports favorable to Wirz were suppressed by the judge advocate who represented the government in that proceeding. Some of the reports were mutilated. The judge advocate refused in quite a number of instances to allow subpoenas to be issued for some witnesses in Wirz's behalf. Col. Robert Ould, who had been subpoenaed, was called before the judge advocate. His subpoena was revoked, and he was threatened with arrest if he did not leave Washington. He had come to testify in response to a summons issued at Wirz's request.

Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that a few days before the execution of Wirz he was offered his liberty if he would connect Jefferson Davis with what were claimed to be the atrocities at Andersonville. Wirz declared that Mr. Davis was absolutely innocent, and to save his own life he would not commit perjury and destroy the life of an innocent man. Like a hero he went to the gallows rather than falsely connect Mr. Davis with the things which happened at Andersonville.

In view of all these facts, which are now historically established, I submit that the statement and paragraph at the head of this communication is not only untrue, but it is a great wrong against the Southern people and the Confederate government.

Benjamin Hill, in response to Mr. Blaine's bloody speech in 1876, brought out the most of these facts, and no really fair or just man from that day to this has endeavored to place any stigma upon the South in regard to the treatment of prisoners.

J. B. Gaines, of Leesburg, Fla., would like to hear from any comrades of his uncles who can verify their records as Confederate soldiers. One uncle, Nathan Cromwell, of Union County, Ky., was captured with Morgan during his raid through Indiana and Ohio and died in 1864 as a prisoner of war either at Johnson's Island or Camp Douglas. Another uncle, Stephen C. Cromwell, was in the command of General Wheeler, and he also died, it is thought, in 1864. An uncle of these two boys, Henry C. Cromwell, from the same county, was in the battle of Fort Donelson. At one time he was a prisoner of war in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Alleghany City, Pa.

W. A. Lamb, of Salem, Ala., now past seventy-eight years of age, would be glad to hear from any of his comrades of the sixties.

SOLDIER AND SLACKER.

BY WILLIAM CARROLL VAUGHN, CHICAGO, ILL.

The gun soldier stands with his gun at rest,
 With visage determined and grim,
 A brave heart beating within his breast,
 But never a word from him.
 He waits for the captain's stern command,
 He waits for his country's call,
 Then he'll go forth with the hero band
 And with heroes fight or fall.

The mouth soldier cries aloud for war,
 For blood and havoc and hair,
 But when the drums beat and the soldiers march
 You can bet he won't be there.
 He'll growl at Wilson and Baker and Wood
 And wish the fight would begin,
 But when the ships sail and the cannons roar
 He'll stay at home with his chin.

WHERE WERE THE LOUISIANA TIGERS?

BY A. K. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

Referring to the article by F. F. Weed in the *VETERAN* for September, page 392, I am satisfied that he is in error in saying that after the battle of Carthage, Mo., Price's army had been reënforced by a junction with McCulloch, of Texas, "who had with him the famous Louisiana Tigers." As a member of Company A, 5th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, I can recall the arrival at Pensacola, Fla., during the last half of June, 1861, of Wheat's Louisiana Battalion, five companies, five hundred strong, from New Orleans, and always known as the Louisiana Tigers. They left for Virginia early in July, and the record of the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, shows that the Louisiana Tigers were in the battle; so they could not well have been at Carthage about the 5th of July, for early in July, when they passed through Augusta, Ga., my home town, our people gave them a good square meal. I think our friend Weed must have had in mind some other Louisiana troops. All were good ones, but it was understood that the Louisiana Tigers would rather fight than eat.

My regiment was the garrison of Pensacola from May 15, 1861, until the last of January, 1862; then we spent a month at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., February, 1862; then to Corinth, Miss.; then on Bragg's trip through Kentucky in the fall of 1862; then Murfreesboro, December, 1862; Chickamauga, September, 1863; Missionary Ridge, November, 1863; then Dalton to Atlanta in the spring of 1864; finally winding up at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Perhaps some survivor of Wheat's Battalion can set us straight on this.

POSTPONEMENT OF U. D. C. CONVENTION.

On account of the epidemic of influenza the U. D. C. Convention which was to have met in Louisville, Ky., on November 12 was indefinitely postponed. The Executive Board has been called to meet in Charleston, S. C., on November 19, at which time another date for the Convention will be set.

REFUND ON RAILROAD FARES.—The Reunion Committee has directed that those who failed to get the one-cent-per-mile rate to Tulsa because of failure to have proper certificate can get the excess refunded by filing receipt and satisfactory proof of being entitled to that rate.

From John S. Kritser, Taylor, Tex.: "I have been taking the *VETERAN* for a number of years and enjoy reading it more than any of the magazines I get. It is like a letter from home to me. I know there is no more loyalty and patriotism anywhere or among any set of men in this grand country of ours and our united country than the old Confederate veterans. Our sons are shoulder to shoulder, step to step with the sons of the Northern soldiers that we met on the battle fields from 1861 to 1865, and none go any farther into the sauerkraut ranks than the noble sons of the Confederate soldiers. God bless them all, our sons and the sons of our former enemies, and may they soon return home covered with the laurel wreaths of victory! I was a member of Gen. Joe Shelby's escort, Company E, 2d Missouri Cavalry. I went to Mexico with Generals Shelby, Price, Hindman, Kirby Smith, Governor Allen, Isham G. Harris, and others. I am now seventy-six years of age."

Mrs. Elijah O. Linch, now quite old and feeble, is trying to secure proof of her husband's services for the Confederacy so she may secure a pension. He enlisted in June, 1861, in Company D, Phillips's Legion of Georgia Cavalry, A. N. V. In 1863 he was transferred to the Confederate States navy and sent to Wilmington, N. C., to take training on the school ship Patrick Henry and then to go on a blockader. This ship cruised from Wilmington to Nova Scotia and back again to Wilmington, where they surrendered and were given their paroles. Doubtless there are still some survivors of that training ship who will recall him and can give testimony that will enable Mrs. Linch to secure a pension. Address her at Senoia, Ga.

D. P. Oglesby, Elberton, Ga.: "The *VETERAN* has been a delightful visitor to my home for the last twenty years and more. I now inclose my check for two more years, as I desire that my children and every Confederate soldier and their sons and daughters may appreciate and perpetuate the memories set forth in every issue, and I trust its publication may be kept up for the betterment of future posterity without any future limit."

W. Matthews, of Mays Lick, Ky., renews his subscription for two years and writes: "We who fought Sherman from Chattanooga to Bentonville, N. C., did not believe his destruction of property could be equaled, but I suppose the Germans will rank with him. The difference is only in degree, not in kind. I very much enjoy the *VETERAN*."

J. M. Griffin, of Houston, Miss., in renewing his subscription, writes: "If this is not enough, please notify me. I want it as long as I live. * * * I was at Tulsa and in the convention. From the physical appearance of a great many of the 'old boys,' I think that we will need or can have two or three more Reunions. Tulsa treated us royally."

W. A. Lamb, Salem, Ala.: "I have taken the *VETERAN* a long time and want to take it the balance of my time. I delight in reading the experiences of the old boys in camp and battle, and if any of Company F, 6th Alabama, see this I should be glad to hear from them. I am a little over seventy-eight years old."

E. J. Reed, of Roanoke, Va., also renews for two years, saying: "I do not want my subscription stopped as long as I live. I have all the numbers from May, 1903, which I am keeping for reference and for my grandchildren to get a correct statement of conditions during the war and after."



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SOLDIER INSURANCE.

Secretary McAdoo has called upon all local draft boards to acquaint drafted men with the provisions of the soldier insurance law and to urge every drafted man to take out this insurance. The boards have been furnished with literature to aid them in this educational work.

The law affording insurance to our fighting forces has well been called the most just and humane provision ever made by a nation for its soldiers and sailors. The government and the American people recognize the justice of affording this protection to the men who risk their lives for their country and to their families and dependents at home. It is only just to themselves and to their families and dependents that our fighting men avail themselves of this opportunity.

Every American enlisting should take out this insurance and carry with him into danger the heartening knowledge that, whatever happens, he and his dependents are protected by his government.

T. B. Gidman, of Williamsport, W. Va., writes that he is almost an exile, so far as Confederates are concerned, and he would be glad to hear from some of his old comrades. He was a member of Company K, 31st Virginia Regiment, which was a part of the brigade at one time commanded by "Extra" Billy Smith.

R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., again makes inquiry for any survivors of Company F, 1st Arkansas Battalion, who can testify to the service of J. L. Gilbert, who is now eighty-three years old and destitute. This information will help him to obtain a pension. His captain was Mike Wilson, and Bat Jones was lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

Mrs. Sallie A. Thompson, 567 Poplar Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., finds it necessary to locate some one who was with her husband the day he surrendered, so that she may prove her claim to a pension, and she asks if there are any Confederate soldiers living who served in detached service with Allison W. Thompson, of Capt. Thomas H. Arnold's Company, Forrest's Cavalry, to please write to her at once. Her husband was transferred from the 4th Mississippi Regiment during the last year of the war to this detached service with Captain Arnold.

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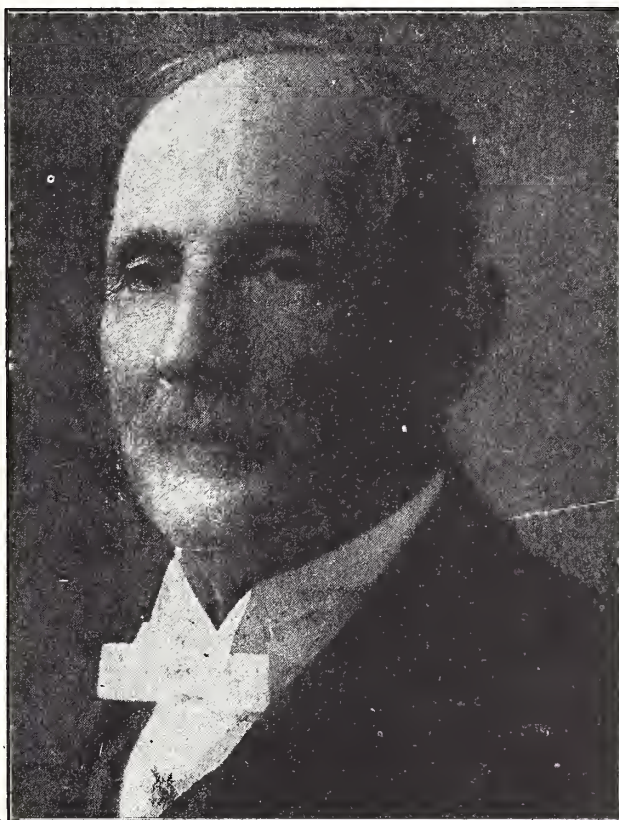
Confederate Veteran.

APR 1918

VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1918

NO. 12



COL. JOHN MARSHALL MARTIN, OF FLORIDA
(See page 507)


Read This Again

"Echoes from Dixie," old-time Southern songs, compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, leader of the Confederate Choir of America, and edited by Matthew Page Andrews, compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days," with an interesting foreword by Mr. Andrews on the place music holds in Southern life, has come under the President General's eye lately. This collection contains all the sweet old songs our mothers used to sing, the Confederate songs our fathers marched by in the sixties, the negro lullabies our old black mammy hushed us to sleep with, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained our grandparents when they were giving up their best beloved for the service of their country. The music accompanies the words, and the book is simply bound, easily handled, and would be a welcome asset to any Southern gathering. (From letter of President General U. D. C., in Confederate Veteran, September, 1918.)

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B. F. Brown, of Lubbock, Tex., would like to hear from any of his old command. "I am seventy-seven years old," he writes. "I have two grandsons in the present war against the Huns. May God grant them victory!"

REHABILITATION OF OUR WOUNDED.

The United States government is resolved to do its best to restore every wounded American soldier and sailor to health, strength, and self-supporting activity.

Until his discharge from the hospital all the medical and surgical treatment necessary to restore him to health is under the jurisdiction of the military or naval authorities, according to the branch of the service he is in. The vocational training, the reëducation, and rehabilitation necessary to restore him to self-supporting activity are under the Board for Vocational Education.

If he needs an artificial limb or mechanical appliance, the government will supply it free, will keep it in repair, and renew it when necessary. If after his discharge he again needs medical treatment on account of his disability, the government will supply it free. While he is in the hospital and while in training afterwards the soldier or sailor will receive compensation as if in service, and his family or dependents will receive their allotment.

A wounded soldier or sailor, although his disability does not prevent him from returning to employment without training, can take a course of vocational training free of cost, and the compensation provided by the war risk insurance act will be paid to him, and the training will be free, but no allotment will be paid to his family.

Every liberty bond holder who holds his bond is keeping up a part of this great work of restoring to health, strength, and usefulness the men who have suffered for their country.

Every holder of a liberty bond before he disposes of it, and especially before he trades it for stocks or other bonds, should consult a bank. Much money will be thereby saved to the owners of liberty bonds and the finances of the American people be better conserved.

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VOL. XXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 12.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

WITH PEACE ON EARTH.

BY D. G. BICKERS, SAVANNAH, GA.

Peace! Southrons, we know in a double sense
The meaning of the word; and now no people feel
More intimately all the recompense
For sacrifice, the sweetness of the calm's appeal.

Thanksgiving stretched itself through weeks of praise,
For garnered harvests vict'ry heaped about the feet
Of weary, worn humanity; the days
Were grateful peans pitched to harmony complete.

And now "Good will to men." The season brings
The rev'rent spirit that shall make men glad and free;
For while now "Peace on earth" the angel sings,
The life of service but begins with larger liberty.

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE.

In the death of Miss Mary Custis Lee the last of the children of Gen. Robert E. Lee has passed from earth. She was the second child and eldest daughter and bore her mother's name. Her death occurred at Hot Springs, Va., during November.

Robert E. Lee and Mary Randolph Custis were married at Arlington in 1831, and to them were born seven sons and daughters: George Washington Custis, Mary Custis, William Henry Fitzhugh, Anne Carter, Eleanor Agnes, Robert Edward, and Mildred Childe.

General Lee was very fond of children, and they responded with trustful affection. The story of his life is filled with incidents of his sympathy with childhood in general. To his own children he was a loved companion as well as a revered father, and his letters of love and wisdom to his sons and daughters are a lasting memorial to his affection.

"Now is there broken the last link grand,
Vanished from us is the last warm hand:
Now is there left to us here but a name,
Left us a name—but, ah! such a name!"

COL. JOHN MARSHALL MARTIN.

In presenting the picture of Col. John Marshall Martin as another surviving member of the Confederate Congress the VETERAN appreciates the opportunity to pay tribute to one of the South's best citizens as well—one of those men whose love and loyalty brought the South through the trials of Reconstruction and to her rightful place in the nation.

Colonel Martin was born in Hampton County, S. C., March 18, 1832. His grandfather, a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, was a captain in the Revolutionary War. Colonel Marshall went to Florida in 1855, having bought a large tract of land in Marion County, on which he prepared for a plantation home. In 1861, at the first sound of war, he offered his services to the State and was elected captain of the Marion Light Artillery, which he had helped to equip for service. He was commanding this artillery at the battle of Richmond, Ky., under Kirby Smith, and just before he fell from a severe wound he heard his commander say: "Martin, you have saved the day."

Upon his recovery Captain Martin was sent to the Confederate Congress as a representative from Florida, but he declined reelection, feeling that he was too young a man for the Congress and could serve the Confederacy better on the field. So he reentered the army as colonel of the 9th Florida Regiment and served in Virginia under General Lee until the close of the war. He took part in the battle of Cold Harbor, in the campaign of the Wilderness, in the siege of Petersburg, and in other engagements. And no less faithfully has he discharged the duties of civil life.

Colonel Martin has been twice married, his first wife being Miss Willie Welborn, of Meriwether County, Ga. In 1864 he was married to Miss Sarah Bonham Waldo, of Edgefield, S. C. Two sons of the first marriage and two daughters and a son of the second make up his family. His home is now at Ocala, Fla. In a late letter Colonel Martin says: "I fear there are few besides the Hon. J. H. Orr and myself who are surviving members of the Confederate Congress, but to those who may be living I extend my congratulations and best wishes."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A FRIENDLY CHALLENGE.

Since the beginning of the great war in Europe the favorite pastime of many writers of this country has been the comparison of Germany in this war to the South in the sixties, losing sight entirely of the reasons which led the Southern people to take up arms. To our shame much of this unjust comparison has emanated from the South. What can we think of a Southern man who says that "the South had no more reason to fight for her rights in the territories than Germany has to fight for a place in the sun"? For the next hundred years tongue and pen will be busy fighting over the great battles of the world war, and we can but expect those unfair comparisons of the South to continue. Ignorance as well as prejudice is responsible for much of it, and we should be able to combat that with knowledge of the real motive influencing our people in the War between the States.

In patriotic spirit and for the purpose of arousing more understanding of the subject J. A. Richardson, of Gainesville, Ga., author of "Richardson's Defense of the South," suggests the idea of a friendly discussion of the causes which led men to war in the sixties, and this suggestion he puts in the form of a challenge. He says that recently in Atlanta he was addressed by a major of the United States army in this wise: "You will confess now that you were wrong, will you not?" Such an assumption needs to be met with enlightenment as to the real motives which induced men to forsake all else and fight for what they thought was right, and Mr. Richardson is anxious to discuss the question through some channel that will reach the greatest number of Northern and Southern readers. He writes as follows:

"It is gratifying to note in the last issue of the VETERAN the friendly challenge of Will T. Hale, of Tennessee, to J. C. Reeve, of Ohio. Challenges of a dispassionate character and accepted in a cordial, friendly, chivalrous spirit are capable of great and good results to both sections of our common country. It is a lamentable fact that the masses, as a rule, in both the North and the South, have vague and erroneous ideas as to the true causes that led up to the great war of the sixties. What can be more desirable than to have these two great sections understand clearly why each went to war against the other? What better mode can be chosen for this purpose than to have true representatives, one from each section, discuss for the public in a most cordial and friendly manner the fundamental questions and facts that animated the time? Therefore, in view of the great good that may result, the writer in a patriotic spirit challenges any one, North or South, to discuss with him the following or a similar resolution:

"Resolved, That the cause of the Confederacy was entirely wrong' (in the exact words quoted by J. C. Reeve).

"The writer will espouse the negative and his opponent the affirmative.

"It is agreed by the disputants that the great American Constitution, as framed by the Philadelphia Convention in

1787, or adopted by the several States, shall be the only true basis of the discussion, and hence that all facts and arguments not sanctioned by this fundamental instrument are to be considered irrelevant.

"The disputants will arrange by correspondence all details and determine whether the discussion is to be put in a book or perfect form or in what periodical it shall appear, etc.

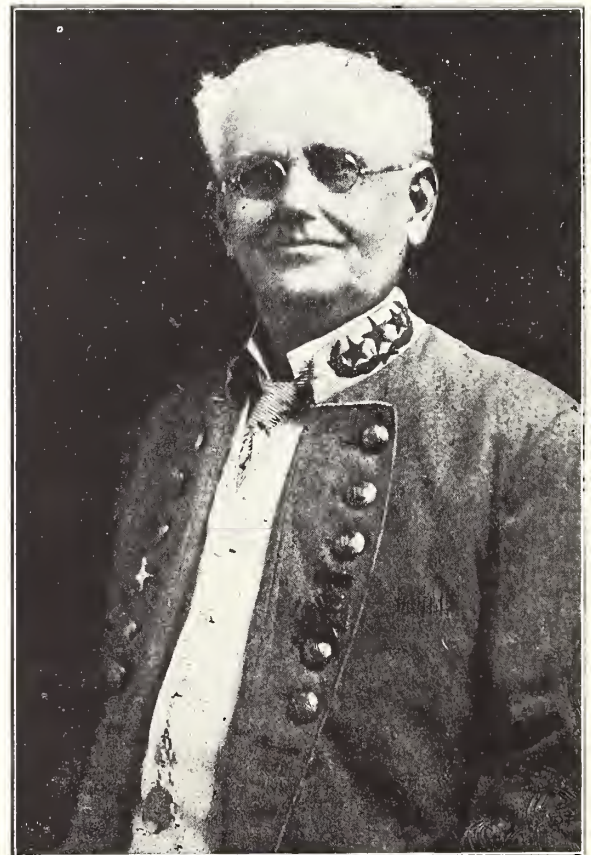
"I await a patriotic acceptance of this challenge."

COMMANDER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.
U. C. V.

Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, the new Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, is one of the young veterans of the Confederacy, having just passed his seventieth milestone. He entered the Confederate army in 1862 as a boy of fifteen and served with the Kentucky Brigade of Forrest's Calvary Corps. During the Spanish-American War, in 1898, he commanded the Second Arkansas Volunteer Infantry.

General Cook was born at Boydsville, Ky., but in 1866 he removed to Arkansas, which has since been his home. He now lives at Batesville and has extensive land interests in the Oil Trough Valley, noted for its rich cotton plantations.

General Cook is one of the most prominent Confederate veterans of his State and was Commander of the Arkansas State Division, U. C. V., for several terms. His election to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department gave universal satisfaction.



GEN. V. Y. COOK.

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.

BY JAMES CALLAWAY, IN THE MACON TELEGRAPH.

In much of the literature of Northern magazines and newspapers is still seen a disposition to impress the thought that the South fought to perpetuate slavery and that nothing else was behind the war. When we aver that our soldiers drew their swords in what they believed the cause of liberty and State self-government, the reply is that it was slavery only that inspired the fight on our part. This view does a grievous injustice to half a million patriotic soldiers who were animated by as pure a love of liberty as ever throbbed in the bosom of man and who made as splendid exhibition of self-sacrifice as any soldiers who ever fought on any field of battle.

In his book, "A Soldier's Recollections," Dr. Randolph H. McKim, of the Army of Northern Virginia, now rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., replies to this criticism of Northern friends in the following words:

"If slavery was the corner stone of the Southern Confederacy, what are we to say of the Constitution of the United States? That instrument as originally adopted by the thirteen colonies contained three sections which recognized slavery, Article 1, Sections 2 and 9, and Article 4, Section 9. And whereas the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy prohibited the slave trade, the Constitution of the United States prohibited the abolition of the slave trade for twenty years. And if the men of the South are reproached for denying liberty to three and a half millions of human beings at the same time they professed to be waging a great war for their own liberty, what are we to say of the revolting colonies of 1776 who rebelled against the British crown to achieve their liberty while slavery existed in every one of the thirteen colonies undisturbed?

"Cannot those historians who deny that the South fought for liberty because they held the blacks in bondage see that upon the same principle they must impugn the sincerity of the signers of the Declaration of Independence? We ask the candid historian to answer this question: If the colonists of 1776 were freemen fighting for liberty, though holding the blacks in slavery in every one of the thirteen colonies, why is the title of liberty denied the Southern men of 1861 because they too held the blacks in bondage?

"Slavery was an inheritance which the people of the South received from the fathers, planted in the colonies by the common law of England; and if the States of the North within fifty years after the Revolution abolished the institution, it cannot be claimed that the abolition was dictated by moral consideration, but by differences of soil, of climate, and of industrial interests.

"The sentiment in favor of emancipation was rapidly spreading in the South in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Wilson acknowledges that there was no avowed advocacy of slavery in Virginia at that time. In the year 1826 there were one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies in the United States, and of these one hundred and three were in the South. The Virginia Legislature, under the advice of Thomas Jefferson, so strong was the sentiment for emancipation, in 1832 came near passing a law for gradual emancipation, and under the growing sentiment would have passed it the next session but for an unfortunate reaction created by the fanatical agitation of the subject by the abolitionists led by William Lloyd Garrison. Garrison and his followers resorted to such violent abuse of the Southern people that the Virginia Legislature postponed action. A Massachusetts

writer, George Lunt, says: 'Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for gradual emancipation, and this movement was arrested by the violent aggression of the abolitionists.'

"These facts are beyond dispute: (1) That from 1789 to 1837 slavery was almost universally considered in the South as an evil; (2) that public opinion there underwent a revolution on this subject in the decade 1832 to 1842. What produced the fateful change? Not the invention of the cotton gin, as is often asserted, for that took place in 1793. No; but the abolition crusade launched by William Lloyd Garrison January 1, 1831. Its violence and virulence produced the result that such abuse does. It angered the South. It stifled discussion. It checked a movement on its way to gradual emancipation. At Farmington, Mass., Garrison before a great multitude burned the Constitution, declaring it a league with the devil and a covenant with hell. Vile literature was sent out among the negroes of the South advocating insurrection and the torch. It was so incendiary in character that President Jackson in his message to Congress in 1835 called attention to the transmission through the mails 'of inflammatory appeals addressed to the passion of the slaves, in prints, magazines, and various sorts of publications, calculated to stimulate them to insurrection and to produce horrors of a servile race war.'"

So we see that, but for the fanatical movement to accomplish results by violence and coercion, emancipation would probably have come. What a disappointment that would have been, for there was such longing to plunder the eleven Southern States, and they did it, even to the Kaiser's taste!

Dr. McKim says: "Not the Southern people, but the government of Great Britain, must be held responsible for American slavery. The colony of Virginia protested time and again against sending slaves to her shores. In 1760 South Carolina passed an act prohibiting the further importation of slaves, but England rejected the act of the Carolina colony with indignation. Virginia was the first of all the States to prohibit the slave trade, and Georgia was the first to incorporate such a prohibition in her Constitution. Virginia abolished the slave trade thirty years before New England was willing to consent to its abolition."

Dr. McKim continues: "The Southern soldiers were not thinking of their slaves; only a few owned any when they cast their all in the balance. * * * No. It was a fight for the sacred right of self-government. It was a defense of their homes and firesides; they fought to repel invasion and resist a war of subjugation. Not one soldier in ten was interested in slavery. Why, in February, 1861, Mr. Davis wrote to his wife: 'In any case our slave property will be eventually lost.'"

The fact is, the South expected peaceable secession and failed to recognize the "revenue" question involved. "If we let the South go," said Mr. Lincoln, "from whence shall we derive our revenue?"

HARMFUL AGITATION.—It becomes the duty of all States, and especially of those whose constitutions recognize the existence of domestic slavery, to look with watchfulness to the attempts which have been recently made to disturb the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the United States. The agitation of the abolitionists can by no possibility produce good to any portion of the Union and must, if persisted in, lead to incalculable mischief.—James Knox Polk.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We have heard much, very much, of late about the burying of all animosities of the Civil War, but now and then there crop out such criticisms as the following, which appeared in *Life*, published in New York City:

A MONUMENT TO THE CIVIL WAR.

"Strange things happen. The *Popular Mechanics Magazine* reports that in Kentucky, on the line between Christian and Todd Counties, there is rising an obelisk of poured concrete in memory of Jefferson Davis. It was begun about fifteen months ago, and the plan calls for a height of three hundred and fifty-one feet, which will be reached next year, war permitting. Parts of three States can be seen from the top of it. All of them are in the Union.

"Why so tall a monument to Mr. Davis? He was a gentleman and a scholar. He was the figurehead of an enormous and gallant effort to accomplish self-determination for some white people, accompanied by slavery for some blacks. His failure is rated nowadays as one of the great mercies of modern history, in spite of the much too drastic and prolonged miseries in which it involved his adherents. Why so tall a shaft of poured concrete to a man who won his place in history by an effort to dissolve the Union and whose failure has long since ceased to be regretted except by a few old-timers in the North, who groan and say that if the South had got away it wouldn't be running the country now?

"It is pure sentiment, that monument, like the French wounded eagle at Waterloo. It won't say anything about Jefferson Davis; there is nothing to say about him personally that calls for three hundred and fifty-one perpendicular feet of poured concrete. It will say: 'It took the States to the north of me four hard and bloody years to persuade the States south of me not to leave the Union.'

"They may call it a monument to Jefferson Davis, but it will really be a monument to the Civil War.

"No doubt such monuments will rise some day in Germany, but whom will they be named for?"

Monuments are built to commemorate the happenings of the past or the memories of those who have been prominent or helpful in producing those happenings.

Nobody can truthfully say that the war between the South and North from 1861 to 1865 was not one of the most important happenings in the world's history. It was great because transcendently important issues were involved and great because of the courage and heroism of those who engaged on both sides in one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the ages. A war that demanded the lives of over 600,000 freemen, citizens of the most enlightened and best-educated country in the world, must in the nature of the case always demand the attention of students of history.

In this conflict Jefferson Davis was the head of the Confederate States, the accepted and chosen leader of the Southland in its struggle for national life. Nobody can question his ability, none dare assail his public or private life, and his courage shines with an increasing brilliancy all along the half century that has passed since he began his career as President of the Confederate States. Even his enemies confess that his attainments were great, that his career as a soldier for the United States was of the heroic mold, that he was a gentleman, a statesman, a scholar, a patriot, and a man of the loftiest integrity and purest moral character.

He did lead the people, his people, who endeavored to with-

draw from the Union; but he and these people exercised what they conscientiously believed to be their rights under the Constitution of the United States, the compact or contract under which these States entered the Union.

As the President, commander in chief, and the leader of the Southern people, when by the stern decree of fate his office and powers ended he accepted the consequences of failure with a patience that elicited the world's admiration. He bore the humiliation and suffering imposed upon him by the victors in that war with a dignity, softness, and complacency that won for him the respect and reverence of all unbiased, honorable, and just people.

The tortures inflicted upon Mr. Davis during his two years' confinement at Fortress Monroe, in the judgment of even those who opposed him, are known now to have been needless and unworthy the history of a great republic. The humiliations and sufferings forced upon him made him very near and dear to the hearts of those for whom he suffered, and they deem it right, just, and proper that a great monument should be built to tell who and what he was and how he was penalized for their sakes. In this they are only following the promptings and grateful impulses of a noble and chivalrous people.

If we consider only Mr. Davis's sufferings for the South, he deserves the best memorial the South can give. Even though he was, in the judgment of his enemies, not a great man, the persecutions and indignities that marked his imprisonment would and should make him a great man in the minds and hearts of the Southern people. When we add to these his scholarship, his patriotism, his statesmanship, his purity of life, his heroic courage in the tribulations of his people's defeat, he looms up to them as a hero, and no monument, however grand or imposing, can be aught more than he deserves.

This superb monument to Mr. Davis at Fairview is not alone to him. True, it is built where he was born, but it is a monument to the men and women of the South who fought, sacrificed, struggled, and suffered in the war of 1861 to 1865.

The cause that gave to the world Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Joseph Wheeler, John H. Morgan, J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon cannot and will not be forgotten.

If those who were actors in the conflict or descendants of those who made such marvelous record should fail or refuse to honor the Confederate cause and those who battled for the rights of the South, the world will and ought to reckon them as ingrates and cravens.

The heroic memories that gather about Sharpsburg, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, Petersburg, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Galveston, and Wilson's Creek are immortal. They inspire brave men and women with grand conceptions of patriotism and courage. They stir the hearts of the men of every age who honor valor and true manhood, and this monument at Fairview, Ky., where Mr. Davis was born, stands for the Confederate name and the Confederate cause. It is great and ought to be great, for it will stand through the ages to come to tell of the deeds of a people who in four years made a history that will live forever, that has crowned the Southern name with imperishable glory.

These are some of the reasons that impel the men and women of the South to erect this magnificent memorial at the birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

The *Houston Post* gave expression to fine sentiment in the following:

AN UNTIMELY UTTERANCE.

"In the October 3d issue of *Life*, a supposed-to-be-humorous publication, there appeared an attempt-to-be-serious editorial abuse of the South's past history, memories, and heroes under the heading 'A Monument to the Civil War.'

"The article was evidently inspired by hearing or reading of the movement to erect a monument in honor of Jefferson Davis on the site of his birthplace in Kentucky.

"*Life* damns Mr. Davis with faint praise and belittles him by styling him the 'figurehead of an enormous and gallant

effort to accomplish self-determination for some white people, accompanied by slavery for some blacks.'

"Such language must inevitably offend thousands of whose convictions Mr. Davis was the exponent and whose ideals he typified. It is calculated to arouse sectional feeling; and just at this time, when all the people of this great nation are knit together in one common and patriotic purpose, and geographical lines are blotted out, and sectional feeling finds no expression, no man or no newspaper has the right to 'even by a breath fan into flame' the embers of settled strife.

"Mr. Davis was the exponent of the 'tragic hopes and fortunes of eight millions of freemen,' and he was no more guilty of violation of the Constitution or laws of the United States than was any one of his fellow countrymen of the South.

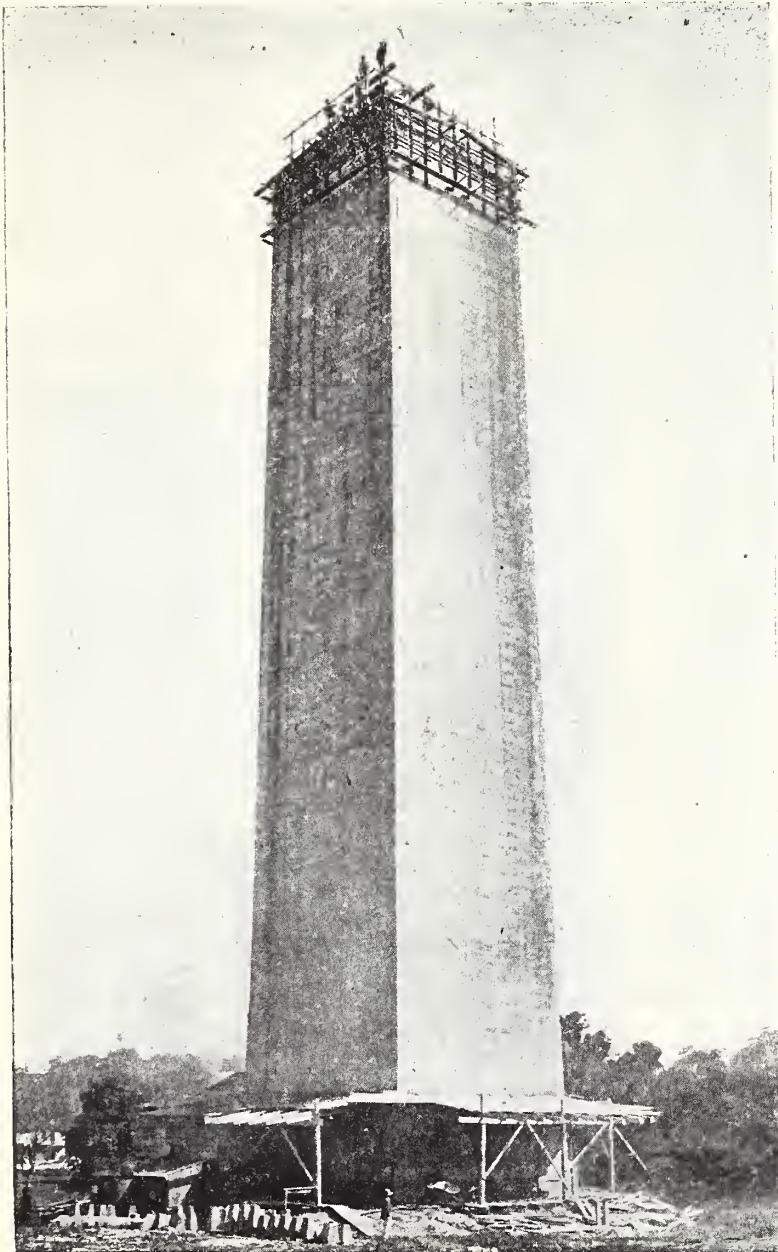
"Every man knows this is true, but because of his preëminent ability and fitness he was chosen as the chief executive of the young nation 'which rose and fell without a crime.' He was set apart as accursed; he was exempted from the general pardon; he was cast into a dungeon and shackled. The vocabulary of abuse was exhausted upon him, yet he made no reply. He was too great to revile, too brave to complain.

"*Life* speaks of him as 'a gentleman and a scholar,' but fails to say that he shed his blood under the flag of the United States leading the most brilliant cavalry charge of which up to that time there was any record in the annals of war. It forgets to say that he served with conspicuous efficiency as Secretary of War in the only cabinet which has ever remained unbroken for four years since the foundation of the government. It does not seem to know that in point of learning, scholarship, elegance, and profound knowledge of the science of government he was the peer of the proudest in that august parliament, the Senate of the United States.

"While he never asked for pardon—because pardon presupposes guilt, and he was conscious of no guilt—yet in the nearly twenty-five years in which he lived after the close of the war he never uttered nor wrote a word which was even remotely calculated to revive sectional bitterness. On the contrary, he counseled his people to obey the law, sustain the government, and strive to restore prosperity and peace.

"His people trusted him and loved him, because he served them faithfully and suffered for them sorely, and they will build a monument in his honor which will symbolize his firmness, his politeness, his courage, and all those qualities of his noble and knightly character which 'eagle plume men's souls.'

"They are indifferent whether *Life* is pleased or pained. They are discharging a duty owed to one who, though he may have been and may be yet anathema in the sight of many, nevertheless in the sight of his own people he was, in the isolation of political martyrdom, the most majestic figure ever projected on the canvas of history. Living, they loved him; dead, they mourned him with fervent sorrow, and they will cherish unto generations yet unborn his hallowed memory."



THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL

At a height of two hundred feet, when the work was suspended in September for the duration of the war. It will be higher than the Washington Monument when completed.

"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER AND JEFFERSON DAVIS."

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

When in the *VETERAN* for August last I corrected some statements made in the July *VETERAN* by Mr. H. T. Owen, of Richmond, Va., under the above title, I had no idea of the interest Mr. Owen's unusual statements and the correction of the same would arouse. Since the publication of the correction I have been deluged with letters from the North and the South asking for proof and fuller and more definite statements. With the permission of the *VETERAN*, I shall endeavor to comply with these requests.

In the first place, there have been two men prominent in the public affairs of this country each of whom bore the name of Benjamin F. Butler and, so far as is known, having no relationship. The elder of the two was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., in 1795 and died in 1858. He was a lawyer of distinction, being at one time a partner of Martin Van Buren, who succeeded General Jackson in the Presidency. He was Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Jackson from 1833 to 1837 and held the same position in the cabinet of Van Buren from 1837 to 1838; from October, 1836, to March, 1837, he also acted as Secretary of War. He declined an appointment subsequently tendered him in the cabinet of President Polk. Late in his life, dissatisfied with the attitude of the Democratic party toward Kansas and Nebraska and the Missouri Compromise, he joined the Republican party and voted for Fremont for President in 1856.

The other Benjamin F. Butler, sometimes known as "Beast" Butler, was born in Deerfield, N. H., in 1818 and died in 1893. He was in early life a Democrat and a persistent office seeker. He was a delegate to the Charleston Convention of the Democratic party in 1860, where, in common with forty-nine of his colleagues from Massachusetts, he voted repeatedly for Jefferson Davis for the nomination for President of the United States. In the "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by his wife, Mrs. Davis writes: "It was always a proud memory to Mr. Davis that Massachusetts gave him forty-nine votes in unbroken succession, a testimonial of confidence and respect that cannot be lost."

On the breaking out of the war Butler was commissioned a major general in the United States army. When in command at New Orleans he earned the title of "Beast," which clung to him while he lived. This was the result of an order which he issued in which he directed that any woman who should publicly insult United States officers should be "regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her vocation." For this and other violent acts of his administration President Davis in December, 1861, ordered by proclamation that Butler should be regarded as a felon and an outlaw and if captured should be immediately hanged. Butler was careful thereafter to avoid capture. His subsequent career in Congress after the war was in keeping with his course during the war. He was at this time the bitterest and most radical of Republicans and enemies of the South.

In 1884, pretending to be a Democrat, he was again a delegate to the National Convention from Massachusetts. Refusing to be bound by the action of the Convention, he accepted a nomination for President tendered by the Greenback-Labor and Anti-Monopoly parties, but was defeated, of course.

Butler was a very able and a very bad man, who lived and died execrated by many and regretted by few who were familiar with his career. That he should have been elected

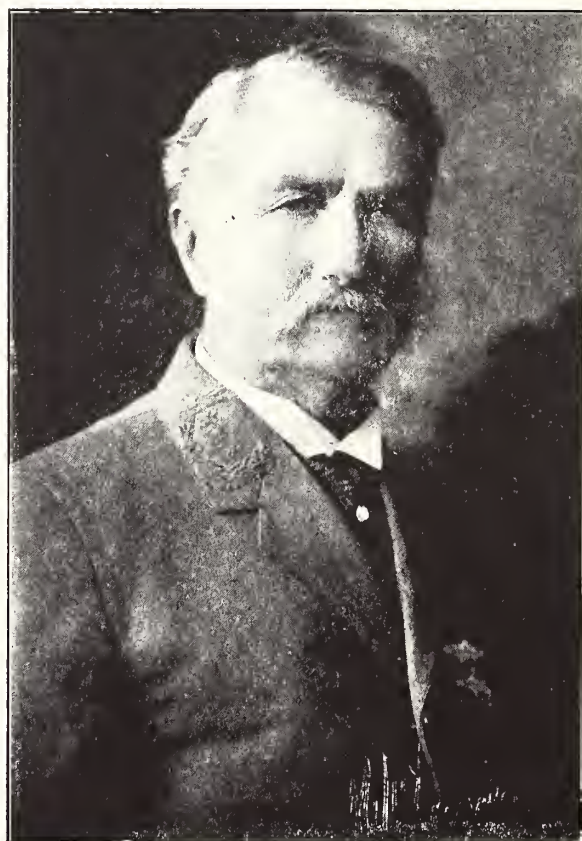
Governor of Massachusetts in 1882 as an alleged Democrat is a proof of the sins that are oftentimes committed by political partisans who blindly accept the symbol of their party on the ballot regardless of the character of the man or men whose names appear beneath it. The man whose boast it is that he never scratched his party ticket is not necessarily always a good citizen.

One word more, and this question will be closed, so far as I am concerned. In Mr. Owen's statement the following is found: "I think it well to state here that Ben Butler wrote every platform for his party from Andrew Jackson in 1832 to Grover Cleveland in 1884." As Ben Butler was born in 1818, he was but fourteen years old in 1832; and it is unusual, to say the least, for boys of that age, however precocious, to sit in conventions as delegates and assume the difficult task of drafting a party platform.

If Mr. Owen is familiar with the opera "Pinafore," he will recall that some one "mixed those babies up." Is it not probable that Mr. Owen "mixed those Butlers up"? Admitting this to be true, his statement as to the platforms is still incorrect.

COMMANDER ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT,
U. C. V.

Gen. Calvin B. Vance, who was reelected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., at the Tulsa



GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE.

Reunion in September, had four years' service in the Confederate army and was paroled at the end of hostilities. He commanded Battery A, 14th Mississippi Battalion of Light Artillery, during the last two years of the war, and a small

monument has been placed to commemorate the services of that battery during the siege of Vicksburg. He was wounded twice, at Vicksburg and elsewhere. In Reconstruction times he was one of the clansmen who helped to bring back white supremacy to the South.

General Vance was Commander of the Mississippi Division U. C. V. for three terms. He is now a member of the State Senate and Chairman of the Pension Committee. Two of his sons are serving under the United States flag to-day.

THE SECOND ARKANSAS BATTALION.

Died on the evening of the 26th of June, 1862, from wounds received whilst gallantly leading his command into action, Maj. William N. Bronaugh, of the 2d Arkansas Battalion, late professor of ancient and modern languages in St. John's College, located at Little Rock, Ark. In the death of this chivalrous and accomplished young officer the South has sustained a loss which cannot be easily repaired. Endowed with an unusual degree of mental vigor, thoroughly educated, and furnishing the brightest evidence of future usefulness, he has thus fallen a victim to the miscreant vandal hordes who have invaded our homes and firesides and seek to accomplish our subjugation.—*From the Richmond Dispatch, 1862.*

The following is also taken from the *Richmond Dispatch*:

"To the Editor of the *Dispatch*: Among the many instances of the gallant conduct of our Southern boys which you so faithfully recorded, I regret to see no mention made of the 2d Arkansas Battalion, Maj. William N. Bronaugh commanding, which participated in the bloody battle on the Chickahominy. These are the men who add to the name of patriot the sacred name of exile; these are the brave hearts who have answered the war call from a distant quarter and have come up to the rescue of their glorious old mother State, to strengthen and sustain her. Far from the care of kindred hearts, they have for more than a year endured suffering and hardship in utter oblivion, while many of their numbers have wasted away on the bed of disease in crowded hospitals, where the stranger has carried them out and placed the nameless stone without a tear. The pure and gentle influence of mothers and sisters, which once sustained them in the toils and dangers of a soldier's life and inspired them to higher sacrifice, is now but silently felt and renewed only by the power of memory. March-worn and weather-beaten, their drooping spirits were suddenly aroused when the clarion notes of war resounded, and General Pettigrew called on his brigade to meet the summons with all the spirit and chivalry of the South. Then front to front two armies stood. The carnage-covered field which lay around told many a heart the fate that awaited him, but they were cool and determined; they looked with confidence upon the calm, dauntless brow of their commander, Major Bronaugh, and hailed in their hearts the triumph yet to come.

"The enemy was intrenched upon an eminence flanked and guarded by an undergrowth almost impenetrable, and the position was such as to give him full play upon our advancing columns. Thus was our brigade very much cut up even before we could get into action. General Pettigrew made the attack about five o'clock; and although we were called upon to stand the most galling fire, night came on and found us charging desperately. The Arkansas Battalion lost more men in proportion to its numbers than that of any other command. They went into the fight like men and

discharged their duty bravely, and when darkness closed the conflict Major Bronaugh was found heroically at his post with but twelve men, whom he had rallied in the hottest of the fight,

"The whole brigade mourns the loss of our noble Pettigrew; all unite in asserting that but few can fill his place. As our number is greatly reduced, it is supposed that we shall be thrown into another command, which we regret exceedingly. I speak the sentiments of many when I hope, in conclusion, that the officers whom we shall leave may retain the places they have filled so faithfully.

"Our thanks are due to Dr. Francis L. Bronaugh, assistant surgeon of our command, for his assiduity and entire performance of his duty throughout the whole day when he followed the battalion alone after his whole corps had fallen on the field."

In sending these extracts from the *Dispatch*, with request for publication, Miss Cora Bronaugh, of Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I am very anxious for information further than this of the two young Bronaughs who served in the Arkansas command. Maj. William N. Bronaugh, 2d Arkansas Battalion, Pettigrew's Brigade, was killed on the 26th of June, 1862, in the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond while gallantly leading his command into action in the battle of Mechanicsville. He was a native of Loudoun County, Va., but at the time of the outbreak of the War between the States was a professor in St. John's College, at Little Rock, Ark. Responding to the country's call for troops, the college was closed, and the students enlisted for the campaign, and that is the way he happened to be with an Arkansas company instead of a Virginia company. After his death his battalion, having fought so heroically, was transferred to another command.

"Dr. Francis L. Bronaugh was assistant surgeon of the 2d Arkansas Regiment. After the death of his brother, Major Bronaugh, he was transferred to another division and later on to several noted hospitals, where he continued until the close of the war. He too was a native of Loudoun County, Va., and the second son of Dr. Joseph W. Bronaugh. After the war he went to San Buena Ventura, Mexico, where he died in 1879. He won for himself a brilliant reputation in his profession there. It was said that he was looked upon in that community as a demigod on account of his good qualities and noble sentiments and his indisputable merit. In his profession he had gained the confidence and esteem of the public in general.

"There was also a younger brother, Joseph N. Bronaugh, a member of Thompson's Battery, Chew's Brigade. He enlisted at the age of seventeen in 1863 and did active service until the close of the war. His last engagement, just before the surrender, was at High Bridge; he was with Captain Thompson when he was wounded in that fight and helped to carry him off the field. At the close of the war he returned to his paternal home in Manchester, North Richmond, Va., where, after filling several highly honorable positions, he was elected treasurer of the city, which position he acceptably filled for forty years, having gained the confidence and esteem of the whole community. He now sleeps in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. He was the youngest son of Dr. Joseph W. Bronaugh, of Loudoun County, Va., and went as a refugee from that county to Richmond in 1862."

SURRENDER AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Not long after I went to Tuscaloosa an immense cavalry force under General Wilson went through Alabama and into Georgia, making much the same kind of record as General Sherman made in his "march to the sea." General Forrest, with a far inferior force, was the only one to dispute his way.

A brigade of Wilson's force, commanded by General Croxton, captured Tuscaloosa. The small Confederate force there, aided by the cadets from the university, was unable to oppose him. The late Capt. William Hume, of Spring Hill, Tenn., was in charge of the pickets, and in trying to get them together he rode into the Federal lines and was captured. A marriage ceremony was interrupted by the entrance of the Yankees, who allowed it to proceed to a finish, then marched the groom off as a prisoner.

When we heard of the nearness of the Federals we put Mr. Davis and the young ladies of our household into a carriage, along with a trunk containing such jewelry and watches as we possessed, and sent them to an out-of-the-way plantation some ten or twelve miles from town. The old gentleman was opposed to going, but we feared that his presence with us and his fearless temper might get us into trouble and bring harm to him, so we prevailed on him to leave for a while.

During the night following the occupation of the town there was a good deal of looting of houses by the soldiers. I heard in various directions the cries of women who were trying to protect their property, especially jewelry and silver plate, from the thieves. A guard was placed at Dr. Anderson's house, and the next day the town seemed to be well patrolled by the guards. But the one who was placed over us, whose name was also Anderson, a very plain man, said that if he had known he was to meet people of his own name he would have saved for them some of the fine things his comrades had "captured," such as fine silk dresses and laces; he said that they had taken the things to send home. He seemed surprised when Mrs. Anderson said that she would not have accepted them, for we regarded them as stolen.

The worst piece of vandalism was the burning of the university, with its library of thirty thousand volumes. The university had the third finest refracting telescope in America at that time. The observatory was blown up, and this splendid instrument was battered to pieces by the soldiers, and many of the finest instruments were destroyed. I saw little negroes with lenses set in brass, which they said the soldiers had given them. Of course this destruction did not help the cause of the Union, and only showed the unmitigated malignity of the Union savers. The excuse I heard given was that it was a military school, and the cadets had fired on the Union soldiers as they came into town.

There was one officer in this brigade, a captain or major, who did all he could to protect the people and put a stop to the devilry of his comrades.

One of the ridiculous episodes was the way this valiant brigade left the place. I was a prisoner and expected to be paroled. I only knew that the leaving was so rapid and confused that they didn't stop to parole any of us. The rest of the story was told to me by those who said they saw it. About daybreak I heard desultory firing and shouting in the direction of the Yankee camp. Immediately there was great

confusion, hitching up of teams to wagons, mounting of men in hot haste, and the whole brigade rushed across the bridge and set it afire. I heard that the cause of the whole panic was about a half dozen Confederates who rushed on to the camp firing from two or three directions and shouting: "Forrest has got you now!" Their armament consisted of a Colt's revolver, a double-barreled pistol, a couple of double-barreled shotguns, and a musket; but they produced a stampede. After the bridge was destroyed the Federals could not get back without making a long detour. The cadets very impudently stationed themselves on the bluffs and fired on the Yankees, ridiculing their flight with loud shouts. The very next day Wirt Adams attacked this brigade, capturing a number of prisoners and the general's ambulance or headquarters wagon.

After the departure of Croxton's brigade, about the first week in April, 1865, we were for some time constantly anxious, as all kinds of rumors were abundant. At length came rumors that General Lee had surrendered, and later we were definitely told that all the armies of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi were surrendered, and soon we would be paroled. On a beautiful day about the middle of May a detachment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry rode into Tuscaloosa, established headquarters at Dr. Anderson's main hospital, and notified all Confederate soldiers to come in and avail themselves of the terms of surrender. At once they came pouring in to take the oath of allegiance and were treated with scant courtesy by the Federals, who abused them freely. There were a half dozen of us who had not given up hope of getting away, so we determined to try to escape from the town and join Kirby Smith; but we found every outlet securely guarded, and there was no escape. We then went together to surrender and took the parole oath not to take up arms again until exchanged. The officer treated us very courteously and said that we could take the oath as we wished, but he thought the war was over for good. As I have never been exchanged nor taken the oath of allegiance, I suppose I am still a paroled prisoner, but I have not suffered any inconvenience from that condition.

When I thanked the Colonel for his kindness and told him we had not expected such consideration from what we had heard, he asked: "What have you been told?" And when I repeated the reports of the treatment of those he had paroled he replied: "I hope that you do not think I would class you with those fellows. They are deserters. They were worth nothing to you; they will be worth nothing to us. They would break their oath to-morrow if they dared. You have stuck to your colors all through, and you can have anything I can give." My parole is dated May 20, 1865.

This officer gave us orders for transportation to our homes. If I could have gone from Tuscaloosa to Decatur, Ala., I could have taken a train there to Nashville, and the whole distance would not have been more than two hundred and fifty miles. But I would have had to go alone through the bushwhacker region, and my journey would have ended in my death. So my orders were good for government transportation by Mobile, New Orleans, and by river to Nashville, a distance of two thousand five hundred miles. Now one can reach Nashville from Tuscaloosa in eight or ten hours; it took me ten days to get home.

Back in Mobile I took a long farewell of friends who had shown me unnumbered kindnesses and whom I was to see no more for forty years. It was a sad leave-taking. There, too, our party broke up, never to meet again in this world. Major Bursley, a member of Gen. Joe Johnston's staff and

a son-in-law of Dr. Anderson, accompanied me to New Orleans to seek employment and to arrange for the coming of the others of his family; and the Rev. John W. Neil, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in the city, also joined us. He had been a staff officer in the battles around Mobile, and he was going to Danville, Ky., to be married. The Federal authorities kindly gave him transportation on the government steamer as a paroled soldier.

After visiting my friends there was limited time before the boat left in which to get my papers fixed up so as to secure passage. I hurried to the provost marshal's office, where I found a line of people extending from his desk out into the street, each waiting to be served. I saw that if I had to await my turn the boat would be gone, so I sidled up to the guard at the door and looked in as if from mere curiosity. He was a full-blooded Irishman. I spoke to him casually to strike up acquaintance, then in my most insinuating tones I said: "I am in a desperate hurry, and I want very much to get in there at once. Can you help me now?" But he was obdurate and answered shortly that I would have to await my turn. "But, Pat, I have to go to New Orleans, and the boat is to leave at two o'clock. I'm just obliged to get in to have these papers signed." "What do you want your papers signed for?" said Pat. "Well," said I, "I'll tell you. For four years I have been trying to whip you fellows, and I couldn't do it. And now I'm going to eat you out, so that you'll starve to death. These are orders for rations." "Well, you can't do that either, and you just can't get in, so go away and take your turn." The situation was growing desperate, and I said: "Well, I'm going in if I have to run over you." I was about a hundred-and-fifteen-pounder, while his weight was nearly two hundred pounds. He said: "Now, if you try that game, I will stick this bayonet into you." I responded: "No, you won't do anything of the kind. You watch for a good opening for me and let me know." With apparent indignation he said: "You impudent little devil! I tell you if you try to slip in before your time I'll stick my bayonet through you."

Just then there was some confusion at the door among the crowds coming out and going in, and my Irish friend whispered: "Now's your chance." I made a rush through the door. He made a lunge at me and stuck his bayonet into the side of the door. As I came out a few minutes later he said: "Did you get it fixed?" "Yes, it's all right. Good-by." "I'm glad of it," he said. "Good-by, and God bless you."

When we reached New Orleans I did not know a soul in the city, expecting only to go to the provost marshal's office and get orders for transportation to Nashville on one of the government transports. But Major Bursley's cousin, a Mr. Hendren, to whom he had gone for help in securing employment, insisted on taking all three of us to his home and entertaining us as long as we were in the city. He lived in fine style, and for several days we were royally entertained. My \$2,000 suit of clothes given by the Mobile Church enabled me to make a creditable appearance, though the style was rather antiquated. I had a handsome new uniform of Confederate gray made from cloth given me by the officers of the 1st Alabama Regiment. This regiment was in our brigade for some time, and I had rendered them service in caring for their sick and wounded and in burying their dead. A Tuscaloosa tailor had made it up for me, and I felt decidedly proud of that uniform with its glittering buttons.

But Mr. Hendren warned us not to go on the street in uniform because of an order issued by the general in command, N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, known as "Stonewall Jackson's Commissary," who had never won a battle. The order was that whenever three or more Confederate soldiers were found together they should be required to separate and move on, and also that the Confederate buttons should be cut off of officers' uniforms. The execution of these orders was intrusted to negro soldiers, and I saw squads of them dispersing little gatherings of Confederates, and I saw uniforms from which the buttons had been cut. I was told that the negro soldiers carried scissors for that purpose. Of course this order was the expression of the intense malignity of a little soul which sought in every way to humiliate the brave men whom he could not conquer in battle. Before leaving New Orleans we had the satisfaction of having General Canby in command, a true soldier and a gentleman, and he soon rescinded the spiteful orders of hatred.

I found that for me to go home by government transport would be exceedingly unpleasant and would involve separation from my friend Mr. Neil, so I determined if possible to go with him to Louisville, paying my way; but the question of financing the trip was a very serious one. How to "raise the wind" for a thousand-mile journey was a more difficult problem than any I had faced during the war. I still had quantities of Confederate notes, but they would not pay for passage over the stage plank into a boat. I had spent the five-dollar greenback I brought out of Tennessee, and my total supply of anything like currency of value was twenty-four cents in United States postage stamps—and there was no mucilage on their backs. I needed forty dollars to get to Louisville, where I believed I could get whatever I might need. So I asked Mr. Hendren to see what could be secured on my watch and chain, the gold in which should be worth that amount. He would have been glad to supply me himself, but had been well drained by returning soldiers. Directly he came back, bringing the watch and chain, and said that a Mr. Symes, a druggist and an elder in the Presbyterian Church, said he would send me the money in an hour or so, and I could make a note at a thousand years. He sent me two twenty-dollar bills, and I made a note at six months, signing my father's name in addition. I tried for twenty years to pay that note. I wrote to Mr. Symes, and I sent messages to him by Dr. Markham, his pastor. I got no answer. And when I finally heard of his death I gave up the effort. Just before I left New Orleans Mr. Hendren told me of his appeal to my benefactor; how he told of my wondrous exploits as a Confederate soldier. He made me out a hero in war and a preacher equal to Dr. Palmer. I have always had a twinge of conscience over that money, as if obtained by false pretenses. The generous people of New Orleans expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in keeping penniless Confederate soldiers.

Mr. Neil and I took passage on a splendid new passenger steamer, the John Kilgour, running to St. Louis. We were to go to Cairo and from there by rail to Louisville. We were to be five days on the boat, which was fitted up with every comfort that could appeal to men wearied by four years of marching and fighting. The fare was so abundant, so varied and delicious that we felt it was our chance to make up for the monotonous experiences of corn dodgers, poor beef, and fat bacon, and I performed such exploits in eating that I have never been hungry since.

BATTLE OF CALCASIEU PASS.

SENT BY W. C. VON ROSENBERG, AUSTIN, TEX.

Among the "Records" of the War between the States, published by the War Department in Washington, in Volume XXXIV., Series I., pages 912 to 914, there are several reports of the affair at Calcasieu Pass, La., on May 6, 1864, which are incomplete in that Col. William H. Griffin's report on the fight is missing. As the capture of two gunboats was effected, the affair, as small as it appears, is interesting enough to be preserved.

The statement of a participant in that affair would not be out of place, and I give a letter of May 10, 1864, from my brother, C. Walter von Rosenberg, who was active in that engagement. This letter, supplementing the "War Records," should be of much historic value. Special attention is called to the action of that brave infantryman, who alone stood out in the open prairie, continuing to fire in defiance of the bullets whistling around him:

"CAMP OF CREUZBAUR LIGHT BATTERY,
May 10, 1864.

"*Dear Brother William:* We are in camp on the coast, six miles from Sabine Pass, having just returned from Calcasieu Pass, La., where we had a fight with the Yanks. Brother Alex and I came out of the fight without injury. William Kneiss was killed by the first shot from the enemy.

"On the 4th of this month at noon we received orders to get ready to start for Calcasieu by dusk, so that the United States gunboats out in the Gulf observing our coast could not see the movement. A detachment under Lieut. W. Meitzen was up in the country, where part of our horses were grazing, leaving from forty to forty-five officers and men on duty. With what teams remained we had to move the battery to Sabine Pass. There, after completing the teams with mules, the battery was loaded on a steamboat, and we went up Sabine Lake and into one of the bayous, where we unloaded about noon on the 5th and in the latter part of the evening started on our march. The men had to walk on account of the deep sand, which caused slow progress. However, before day we were in position facing two gunboats. Our battery consisted of two twelve-pounder guns, No. 1 and No. 2, and of two six-pounder guns, No. 3 and No. 4.

"Captain Creuzbaur was in command of the battery, Lieutenant Welhausen commanded guns Nos. 1 and 2, and Lieutenant Micksch commanded guns Nos. 3 and 4. No. 1 was manned by brother Alex, orderly sergeant; myself, gunner; H. Kneiss, W. Kneiss, W. Peters, W. Guers, John Winn, and—; the drivers were F. Koch and F. Kiel. Guns Nos. 1 and 2 were on the right, facing the gunboat Granite City; guns Nos. 3 and 4 were opposite the gunboat Wave. We were about twelve hundred yards from the gunboats when I was ordered to open fire. Our fire was soon answered, and W. Kneiss fell at the first shot. We continued firing, notwithstanding the fact that we were subjected to a heavy cross-fire from the gunboats which were lying in position, a bend in Calcasieu Bayou between them. In a short time gun No. 3 became disabled; F. Fahrenhold, H. Foerstermann, J. Lynch mortally wounded. Gun No. 4 bravely kept on firing, but could not advance for want of teams, the horses by mistake having been ordered back.

"We could not observe whether our shots were effective, and Captain Creuzbaur ordered us to advance. Only guns No. 1 and 2 could advance, No. 3 being disabled and No. 4 without horses. At about nine hundred yards I was ordered to throw shells to obtain the distance to the

Granite City. Then I followed up with solid shot. We continued to advance, thereby getting out of the cross-fire. Gun No. 1 led the advance up to about six hundred yards, when the Granite City hoisted a white flag just as I gave an order to load. About that time gun No. 2 sank in a swamp, and all efforts of officers and men to raise it were unsuccessful; it was, however, dug up after the fight was over. We had now only two guns left for action; but gun No. 4 being still in the first position without horses, gun No. 1 was the only one that could be advanced in action. There being no officer near, I as gunner ordered an advance on the Wave. This order was executed so quickly by the drivers that when we halted about three hundred yards from the Wave I was the only man with the gun, and, noticing some infantry to the right behind a plank fence, I called on them to assist in bringing the gun into position. They cheerfully responded, and upon the arrival of the men of No. 1 on a run, led by H. Kneiss, we immediately commenced firing. We were short of men at our gun. W. Kneiss had been killed and W. Guers wounded, although he had heroically attended to his duty for some time kneeling. I sent solid shot at the Wave, and, as subsequently disclosed, our balls went lengthwise through the gunboat. An effort to raise gun No. 2 had been given up, and soon gun No. 1 had men enough to work her and bring up ammunition, which Alex had done for some time alone, for we had exhausted ours.

"The Wave had steam up, and we could see men in the pilot house, whereupon Lieutenant Welhausen ordered me to send canister into the pilot house. After a few shots the pilot house seemed to be abandoned. By this time we had plenty of ammunition brought from gun No. 2. Lieutenant Welhausen ordered me to aim for the engine. After a few more shots the steam was seen escaping. At last gun No. 4 came up and took position by No. 1, but fired only one shot, when a white rag was raised on the Wave. There being no officer near, I as gunner ordered the guns to cease firing. We called on the gunboat to lower her boats in order to board her, but none were sent. Whereupon Major McReynolds, who had come up, asked: "What is up here?" I reported to him the above facts. He then called for boats to be put off to shore and, as none were coming, ordered gun No. 4 to send a warning shot over the gunboat; then, turning to me, he said: "Give it to them." This done, the white flag came up like lightning, and a skiff left the steamer for shore. Major McReynolds, accompanied by me and several comrades, boarded the Wave. We found that she had suffered fearfully.

"Our infantry did splendid service by their constant fire, sweeping the decks of the gunboats and making it difficult for the Yanks to handle their guns on deck. I saw an infantryman standing out by himself in the open field toward the Wave firing unflinchingly. I was anxious to learn his name, but could not. This man's bravery was noticed on the Wave, and afterwards prisoners inquired for him, stating that his daring irritated their men when firing at him.

"The battery was ordered back to Sabine Pass and to this camp; the infantry was left in charge of prisoners and gunboats. We captured sixteen guns and one hundred and sixty-six men.

"The other forces engaged with us were the 21st Texas, Major McReynolds, and part of Daly's and Spraight's Battalions, in all 250 to 300 men. All the forces engaged were under command of Col. W. H. Griffin, of the 21st Texas Infantry."

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

A Military Study.

BY THE LATE GEN. L. W. V. KENNON, U. S. A.

[General Kennon served as a lieutenant in the Federal army. He died in September, 1918, while Commander of Camp Greene, at Charlotte, N. C.]

The true objective of an army is the enemy's forces in the field. Prefacing his campaign of 1864 by a statement of this principle, General Grant directed his Eastern operations against Lee's army rather than against Richmond. At the same time several auxiliary movements were ordered with a view of seizing important points and destroying the lines of communication upon which the Southern army depended for supplies and reinforcements. The combined movements began early in May, when the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan. By the middle of June, and after a hard-fought campaign, Lee was pushed back upon the defenses of Richmond.

With the exception of the victory at Cloyd's Mountain and the burning of the New River Bridge by the forces under Crook, the auxiliary operations designed to aid the Army of the Potomac had proved failures. In the Shenandoah Valley Sigel had been badly beaten at Newmarket and relieved of his command. Butler failed to hold Petersburg and at Bermuda Hundred was powerless for offensive action. Hunter was assigned to Sigel's command and won a victory at Piedmont. Having, united with Crook at Staunton, he was advancing about the middle of June upon Lynchburg. This was a point of the greatest importance to the Southern army, and to save it and the canal and railways in his rear Lee detached his 2d Corps, under Gen. Jubal A. Early, to relieve the threatened city.

On the 13th of June, 1864, Early left Cold Harbor on what proved to be one of the boldest and most brilliant campaigns of the war. He reached Lynchburg in time to save the city and drove Hunter into the mountains of West Virginia. There Early left him to make his way to the Ohio River. The rich valley of the Shenandoah lay open before the Confederate command, and, with Lee's sanction, he swung his force down to the Potomac, which was reached on the 4th of July. From this position he threatened Pittsburgh, Cumberland, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, creating great alarm in all of these cities and consternation throughout the entire North.

Sigel, in command of the reserve forces of the Department of West Virginia, had withdrawn to Maryland Heights, where he was safe from capture. Wallace at Baltimore got together such troops as he could and with good judgment in his choice of position placed them at Monocacy Bridge, covering the roads both to Baltimore and to Washington. Here he was struck by Early on the 9th and after a gallant but unequal fight was driven back upon Baltimore, having succeeded in delaying for a few hours the advance of the invading army.

Early pushed forward, and on the 11th he halted before the defenses of Washington. As his exhausted troops were forming in front of the national capital, the 6th and a portion of the 19th Corps were entering the city from the opposite side. On the night of the 12th he withdrew his forces, recrossed the Potomac at White's Ford, and returned to the Valley by way of Snicker's Gap.

To have entered the capital Early must have sacrificed his army without materially aiding his cause, and he displayed sound judgment in withdrawing his troops when he did. He

had, in fact, fully accomplished his mission under Lee's instructions, which were merely to threaten Washington and by this means to cause a withdrawal of troops from Grant's army and so relieve the pressure upon Richmond. Lee's hopes were at least partially realized, for the 6th and 19th Corps were both diverted from their intended use at Richmond and sent to the defense of Washington.

Wright was placed in command of all the troops available to operate against Early with orders to get outside of the trenches with all the force he could raise and push the enemy to the last moment. The 19th Corps was directed to report to him, and instructions were given to form a junction with Hunter. The latter by this time had reached Harper's Ferry, it having been more than three weeks since he had started on his eccentric retreat to the Ohio.

Crook was placed in command of the West Virginia troops in the field, and on the 16th he joined Wright. But Early had just slipped between them and had escaped with all of his immense booty except a small wagon train, which was captured by some of Crook's cavalry under Tibbets.

After a slight action at Snicker's Ferry, Early moved toward Strasburg, where his retreat ended on the 22d, for on the 20th the 6th Corps had started back for Washington, while Crook took a position at Kernstown.

On learning of this division of the Union forces Early made a quick return, and on the 24th he struck Crook and drove him to Bunker Hill. Crook, fortunate to save his artillery and trains, withdrew across the Potomac, taking post by Hunter's direction at Sharpsburg to hold the South Mountain gaps. Averell with the cavalry took a position at Hagerstown. Again Early held undisputed possession of the Valley. He cut the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, burned bridges, and sent his cavalry across the Potomac to collect supplies of horses, grain, provisions, and money; he levied contributions on towns able to pay a ransom, burning Chambersburg because it did not raise the amount required.

The news of Early's second invasion of Maryland reaching Washington, the Union forces were hurriedly marched and counter-marched under Halleck's orders until the 6th Corps and Crook's command were finally reunited on the 29th of July.

Grant now determined to bring an overwhelming force against Early to crush him and relieve the Richmond campaign of a constant hindrance. The troops operating against him were consolidated into a single command, the Middle Military Division, under Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan. The newly organized command numbered about 26,000 men "present for duty" in the field, with prospect of considerable reinforcement both of infantry and cavalry. Early's force at this time was less than one-half of Sheridan's.

Grant himself visited the headquarters of the new division, ordered a concentration of the troops at Halltown, and issued the general instruction for the ensuing campaign. The effect of his disposition was at once visible. On the 4th of August Early had advanced his infantry into Maryland, but, noticing the concentration at Halltown, he hastily withdrew to Martinsburg and thence to a position covering Winchester and the Millwood and Front Royal roads.

On the 10th Sheridan moved out from Halltown and on the next day occupied the line of the Opequon Creek. Early retreated toward Strasburg, the cavalry of the two armies coming in contact during the day without important results. On the 12th he took up the strong position at Fisher's Hill, there to await reinforcements. Sheridan followed the next day as far as Strasburg.

Rumors of Early's expected reinforcement had reached

Sheridan, and on the 14th he received a telegram from Grant, written two days before, stating that it had just left Richmond for the Valley. Accordingly on the nights of the 15th and 16th he retreated. Marching all night, he reached Winchester in the morning, "the whole operation being conducted so secretly in the darkness as not to be discovered." Early quickly followed, and on the afternoon of the 17th he struck the Federal rear guard, inflicting a loss of more than three hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The retreating army passed through Winchester and again occupied the line of the Opequon.

About this time Sheridan was joined by Wilson's and Averell's cavalry and Grover's Division of the 19th Corps, while Early's command was increased by a force under Anderson, consisting of Kershaw's Division of Infantry, Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery, and two brigades of Fitz Lee's cavalry. The opposing forces now numbered about 55,000 and 21,000, respectively.

On the 21st of August Early made an attack which fell mainly on the 6th Corps. Anderson was so retarded by the Union cavalry that he took no part in the infantry engagement, which was not accompanied by decisive results. In the night, however, Sheridan retreated to the strongly entrenched position at Halltown.

Early spent three days in demonstrating against this line; but finding it too strong to attack, he left Anderson in front of Sheridan and went with the rest of his force to Williamsport and Shepherdstown, on the Potomac, as if to cross into Maryland. This, he states, was for the purpose of keeping up a fear of an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In making the move he struck Wilson's and Merritt's cavalry divisions, driving them back upon the army by different roads, Custer barely escaping capture by hastily crossing the Potomac.

Sheridan hoped that Early would go into Maryland, but wrote that "he hardly thought they would attempt to go to Washington" and that he hoped to strike the enemy when divided. The Confederate leader was too shrewd to cross the river with so strong a force on his flank and rear and soon fell back to Winchester, where he was rejoined by Anderson. Some days later Sheridan reoccupied the Clifton-Berryville line along the Opequon.

The seizure of the Weldon Railway and the pressure upon Lee's army at Petersburg caused him to request the return of Kershaw's Division. On the 3d of September, therefore, Anderson started for Richmond with this division and Fitz Lee's cavalry by way of Berryville. This road had been open up to this time, but it happened that the move was made on the very day that Sheridan was reoccupying his former lines, and Anderson stumbled upon a brigade of Crook's command as the latter was going into camp. An engagement ensued, to which night put an end. In consequence of this encounter it was decided that Anderson should for the time being remain at Winchester.

The next ten days were spent in unimportant skirmishing, but on the 14th Anderson again started for Richmond with Kershaw's Infantry and Cutshaw's Artillery. His departure was unmolested and unnoticed, as he took a road which carried him beyond the Union left.

Having been informed that a force was repairing the railway at Martinsburg, Early moved Rodes's and Gordon's Divisions to Bunker Hill on the 17th, and on the morning of the 18th, with Gordon's Division, some artillery and cavalry, he went to Martinsburg. While there he learned at the telegraph office that Grant was with Sheridan at Charlestown.

Early's moves up to this time had been conducted with consummate skill and judgment, although with audacity that verged upon rashness. He states, however, that "the events of the last month had satisfied him that the commander opposed to him was without enterprise and possessed of an excessive caution which amounted to timidity." Otherwise he would not have ventured to make so perilous a move as this one to Martinsburg. It is evident that he held a different opinion of Grant, for on learning of his presence in the Valley he "expected an early move" and at once sent Gordon back to Bunker Hill with orders to move on to Stephenson's Depot by sunrise the next morning. Rodes's Division was moved the same night to Stephenson's, where Early also returned.

The appearance of Grant was in truth indicative of an urgent desire for speedy action. Early's continued presence in the Lower Valley was not merely annoying and humiliating, but it was retarding the progress of the campaign in front of Richmond and was a hindrance of which Grant was very anxious to rid himself.

The campaign from the beginning of August to the middle of September was at the time a disappointment to him. In excusing his inaction Sheridan states that, although he knew he was stronger than Early, "yet in consequence of the injunctions of General Grant he deemed it necessary to be very cautious," and that, "notwithstanding my superior strength, I determined to take all the time necessary to equip myself with the fullest information and then seize an opportunity under such conditions that I could not well fail of success." This applies particularly to the time spent in the Lower Valley. It must be said, however, that from the beginning of the campaign opportunities had repeatedly been offered to him which might have been made brilliantly decisive. On several occasions he was in a position to throw a greatly superior force on Early's line of communication, and in the advance upon Strasburg an opportunity was offered him of successively overpowering both Early's and Anderson's commands, which were separated by practically impassable obstacles. Instead of attempting this Sheridan ordered a retreat. Again, it is difficult to conceive of conditions more favorable to success than those which existed on the 25th and 26th of August, when he could have placed an army nearly or quite three times as strong as Early's across the latter's line of retreat without endangering his own. Such an opportunity is seldom presented to a general. The issue could hardly have been doubtful; yet nothing was attempted, though a reconnoissance on Anderson's front showed the weakness of the contending force.

In his report of the year's operations Grant, with the magnanimity characteristic of him, assumed the responsibility for Sheridan's inaction. This report, however, was written in July, 1865, nearly a year after the event and a year, too, so crowded with great occurrences that the recollections of anxiety may possibly have been swept away in the rejoicing over ultimate success. His orders and telegrams afford a surer index to his views at the time. His orders evidently contemplated a sharp, vigorous, and quickly ended campaign. Early had retreated before Wright, and Sheridan was given the 6th Corps, two divisions of the 19th Corps, the reorganized Army of West Virginia, with Averell's Cavalry, and two divisions of cavalry from the Army of the Potomac. This splendid cavalry force was sent to him at his own request to enable him, as he expressed it, "to drive the enemy clear down to the James River." With such an army Grant did not doubt that Early would be quickly overpowered or

driven from the Valley. "Follow the enemy to the death," he ordered. "Wherever he goes let our troops go also. Once started up the Valley, they ought to be followed until we get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad." And later, by way of final instruction, he wrote: "What we want is prompt and active movements after the enemy in accordance with the instructions you already have."

When Kershaw was sent to the Valley, Grant notified Halleck of the move, and upon this notification Sheridan justified his retreat from Strasburg and his assumption of the defensive. In his telegram Grant stated that two divisions of infantry had gone to the Valley and that Sheridan must be cautious and act on the defensive until Early's force should be weakened. Two days later, August 14, Grant learned that one division only had been sent to Early and, informing Sheridan of the fact, rescinded the instructions conveyed in his telegram to Halleck. "This reinforcement," he said, "will put Early nearer on an equality with you in numbers than I want to see and will make it necessary for you to be more cautious about attacking. I would not, however, change my instructions further than to enjoin caution." To Halleck he wrote that Sheridan was superior to Early, "but not sufficiently so to attack fortifications." These were the only orders given Sheridan modifying his original instructions, for Grant in assigning him to the command had written: "I will leave you, so far as possible, to act on your own judgment and will not embarrass you with orders and instructions." Sheridan, however, was almost for the first time placed in a responsible position where it devolved upon him to decide upon a course of action without depending upon a superior for explicit instructions. The serious consequences of a defeat had apparently been impressed upon his mind by Stanton, who had thought him too young for so important a command. It was perhaps natural that he should choose to assume a strict defensive.

As a matter of course, Grant formally approved of his subordinate's course, but none the less persistently urged him to attack if opportunity presented. Hardly a day in August passed without bringing to Sheridan a telegram from Grant, showing the latter's earnest desire for decisive action in the Valley. To these Sheridan replied that he had not deemed it best to attack until Early should detach troops for Richmond. "There is no interest suffering here," he wrote, "except the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and I will not divide my forces to protect it."

Grant, however, thought differently. He stated that the use of this railway was "indispensably necessary to us," and, besides, it was the whole Eastern campaign that was suffering and was held in check by Early's diversion in the Valley. He therefore determined upon instant action. Although Early had blinded Sheridan as to his strength and purposes, Grant believed that an attack would prove successful. On the 14th of September, therefore, he telegraphed that he would visit Sheridan at the latter's headquarters, and before starting he drew up specific instructions to attack and a plan of battle to give him. On the 17th he met Sheridan at Charlestown and found him "so ready to move, so confident of success, and his plans so thoroughly matured" that he kept his plan in his pocket and simply ordered the attack.

In fact, the detachment for which Sheridan had so long been waiting had taken place three days previous to this interview, although he had learned of it only the night before. Averell had also informed him of Early's move to Martinsburg. On the 18th orders were issued for an advance of the entire army on the following day. The advance was

made and resulted on September 19 in the battle of the Opequon.

Early in the morning Wilson's Cavalry galloped through the Berryville Gorge, which is between two and three miles long, and at dawn carried the earthworks at the head of this defile. The 6th and 19th Corps followed and in seven hours, or by noon, were able to form in line of battle about two miles from Winchester. Crook was left in reserve at the Opequon ford with orders to establish artillery for its protection. Averell advanced up the pike from Darksville, and Merritt moved toward Stephenson's Depot to unite with Averell.

During the morning Ramseur's was the only division confronting Sheridan, but while the Union line was forming Gordon and Rodes were hurried from Stephenson's. The former before eleven o'clock was placed on the left of Early's line, near the Red Bud Run; Rodes when he arrived was placed in the center. The Confederate line was halfway between the Union line and Winchester.

A few minutes before noon an advance was ordered by both commanders. A portion of Rodes's Division pierced the Federal line, driving back Rickett's Division of the 6th Corps and Grover's Division of the 19th Corps. The reserve of the 6th Corps, first under Russell and afterwards under Upton, repulsed this attack and saved the army from defeat. The Union left had succeeded in pushing the Confederates back somewhat, but the right had been beaten, and the left had to be recalled from some of the ground it had won.

Almost as soon as the action opened, the weakness of Sheridan's right became apparent; and as the stream of fugitives continued to pour from the woods, he became very nervous and anxious about the result of the battle and ordered Crook's force to be brought up, sending all of his own and all of Crook's staff to hasten its coming. The road from Opequon to the line of battle was filled with wagons, caissons, ambulances, and stragglers, which impeded the progress of the reserve; but by two o'clock the head of the column reached the field. Crook was directed to place his command "in support of the 19th Corps, looking well to the right," for it was feared that the Confederate divisions returning from Stephenson's might fall upon this part of the line.

Crook placed one division under Thoburn in support of the 19th Corps. With the other he crossed the Red Bud Run. To his surprise he found no evidence of the enemy's presence beyond this stream and at once resolved to move up its bank and strike at Early's flank and rear. Having obtained a position favorable to this move, he sent word to Sheridan that he was on the enemy's flank and would attack at once, at the same time asking that he be supported by an advance of the whole line.

Crook's turning column was gallantly led by Gen. R. B. Hayes, afterwards President; the cavalry, under Merritt, joining on the right of the infantry, took part in this flank attack, which resulted in victory to the Union army.

Early's lines being broken, he retreated through Winchester. Ramseur's Division maintained its organization and effectually covered the retreat. Early saved his trains, most of his artillery, and his army.

The battle, which had lasted from noon until night, was hard fought and bloody. The Union loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 5,018; the Confederate loss was nearly 4,000, about one-half of whom were prisoners, mostly captured by the flanking column.

The Union army numbered 40,000 men actually engaged on the field, the returns showing a "present for duty" strength

of more than 50,000 men. The Confederate "present for duty" strength was less than 17,000 men of all arms.

The plan of the Union commander was exceedingly faulty and would have proved disastrous had it not been for the great numerical superiority of his force. As it was, the issue was for some time in doubt, although with such superiority in numbers failure could hardly have been expected of any plan which involved an attack. Of the several courses open to him, it would seem that Sheridan chose the worst. It required, first, the moving of two army corps through a long and narrow defile and, second, a front attack pure and simple upon an enemy occupying a favorable and chosen position. Besides, the reserve for the methods of warfare of that date was too far to the rear to be available in any sudden emergency.

This was not the plan Sheridan had submitted to Grant and which the latter had approved. That plan was to move upon the pike south of Winchester across Early's line of retreat, a plan according with Grant's ideas and instructions from the beginning of the campaign. Had it been carried into effect, it is difficult to see how Early could have prevented the capture or dispersion of his entire force. Such a move would have been entirely practicable and more easily and quickly executed than the one actually made. Sheridan hoped by prompt movement to crush Ramseur before the divisions at Stephenson's could come to his aid, but so prompt a movement of the two corps through such a defile was plainly impracticable, if not impossible. Believing that Early's force stretched from Winchester to Martinsburg, as Averell had reported, it would have been better to attack the center of so extended a line by a move on Stephenson's Depot.

On the day of the battle another plan still had been urged upon him by Crook, who begged authority to move his command against Early's right. Sheridan, as he states, had intended this at first, but had felt compelled to bring Crook up to save his army from defeat. It would have been better to have allowed Crook to make the flank attack on the Confederate right even under the existing conditions, and Sheridan himself says that by doing so he always thought "we might have captured the bulk of Early's army."

On the 20th of September Early withdrew to Fisher's Hill, sending Fitz Lee's cavalry up the Luray Valley, and on the 21st Sheridan placed the 6th and 19th Corps opposite Fisher's Hill, with Crook in reserve near Cedar Creek. Torbert, with Wilson's Cavalry Division, and two brigades of the 1st Division, was sent after Fitz Lee with orders to push him vigorously.

On the 21st probably Sheridan determined to attack again, but he did not apparently decide how, and the only infantry movement made was the capture by the 6th Corps of a position closer and more nearly parallel to Early's line. There is considerable evidence that Sheridan had resolved to attack Early's right flank, but this part of the latter's line was so strong naturally that it is impossible wholly to believe that he could have seriously entertained such an idea for a moment. It is possible that at first he did intend an attack with Crook's force on some point on Early's front. Wherever it was, the plan met with Crook's disapproval on account of the great and certain loss it would cause. Moreover, he had carefully reconnoitered the country near the Back Road and the North Mountain and had conceived the idea of moving his command along the mountain side until he could get on the left and rear of the Confederate line, as he had done in the battle of the Opequon. Sheridan did not think the move practicable, but finally on the afternoon of the 22d allowed

himself to be persuaded by the joint arguments of Crook and Hayes and somewhat reluctantly gave authority to the former to carry out his plan.

Unobserved by the enemy in his signal stations on both sides of the narrow valley and on foot leading his command through ravines and woods, Crook reached the mountain side and under cover of its woods attained a point on the left of the Confederate lines. Encountering the enemy's pickets, the command was faced to the left and ordered to charge. The injunctions to preserve silence were unheeded, and with a wild yell the Army of West Virginia rushed down the mountain side, rolling the Confederates back in surprise and disorder. So sudden, so unexpected was the attack that the efforts of Early's division commanders to meet it by changing front served only to increase the confusion. Crook pressed on across the Valley, the entire line of the enemy giving way before him. He reached the pike about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the right of Early's position at the beginning of the attack. Crook's men followed the enemy a short distance up the pike, but they were exhausted from their four-mile charge, and, night coming on, they bivouacked on the roadside, where they were passed by the other corps.

Early's loss was about 1,350, of which about 1,100 were prisoners, and a number of pieces of artillery, which were abandoned. Sheridan lost in killed and wounded and missing less than 500 men.

By direction of the Secretary of War a salvo of fifteen hundred guns was fired to celebrate the victory at Fisher's Hill. It was in truth most complete, and the battle affords one of the finest examples of grand tactics to be found in the history of the war. The attack was made so late in the day, however, and the cavalry coöperation was so poor that its full fruits were not gathered. In the Luray Valley the cavalry did nothing; the operations there were a failure. Torbert, "not knowing that the army had made an attack," did not act with vigor and allowed himself to be held in check by a very inferior force. If he could have descended on Early's line of retreat at Newmarket, the victory might have been even more decisive and the captures much greater. It must be said, however, that on the 22d Torbert had no information of Sheridan's intention to attack.

After the battle Early retreated to the line of the Blue Ridge, Sheridan following to Harrisonburg, occupying Staunton and Waynesboro with his cavalry. All this part of the Valley he laid waste, burning crops, barns, wagons, provisions, factories, and military resources generally. This work completed, he started on October 6 on his return down the Valley.

In the meantime Early was rejoined on September 25 by the cavalry from the Luray Valley and on the following day by Kershaw's Division. On the 5th of October his strength was further increased by the arrival of Rosser's Cavalry Brigade.

Sheridan's destructive measures had greatly enraged the soldiers of the Southern army, and they were eager to be led against him. Many of Rosser's men were from the Valley, and that officer, full of confidence in his "Laurel Brigade" and in defiance of Early's cautions, pressed vigorously but rashly against the Union rear guard. He caused so much annoyance that on the 9th of October Sheridan directed Torbert to "whip the Rebel cavalry or get whipped himself." Rosser was driven about twenty miles, losing three hundred and thirty prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery, and many wagons.

On the 10th the Union army was posted under Sheridan's

personal supervision on the north bank of Cedar Creek, where it intrenched.

From the time of Grant's visit Sheridan's success in the field had been complete, and he was of the opinion that Early's force was too much shattered to make further trouble. He wrote to Grant: "With Crook's force the Valley can be held." As late as October 11 he telegraphed: "I believe that a Rebel advance down this Valley will not take place." Preparations were therefore made to send the 6th Corps to Richmond, and it had already started when Grant, returning to his long-cherished plan of cutting Lee's communications, gave positive orders to Sheridan to operate against them. Upon this Sheridan telegraphed to Halleck: "If any advance is to be made on Gordonsville and Charlottesville, it is not best to send troops away from my command, and I have, therefore, countermanded the order directing the 6th Corps to march to Alexandria." Sheridan had been very loath to carry out Grant's wishes in this matter, and on the 15th he started for Washington to discuss the situation with the authorities there, leaving Wright in command of the army.

Meanwhile Early had moved down the Valley and on the 13th had reoccupied Fisher's Hill, with a part of his forces thrown forward to Hupp's Hill, directly in front of Sheridan's lines. His force was now larger than at any time since his defeat at Winchester, and he was again planning an energetic offensive return; besides, Lee had suggested to him that the Southern cause needed a victory, and he relied upon Early to gain it. Nothing further was needed to spur him to battle. On the 17th he reconnoitered the Federal position; but finding it too strong for front attack, he determined to move against its left and planned one of the most daring and brilliant attacks recorded in history.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

During the night of the 18th of October he moved his army forward, so that by morning he enveloped Crook's force in front, in flank, and in rear. The Army of West Virginia had been greatly weakened by detachments, and Thoburn's Division, about half a mile in front of the main line, numbered considerably less than two thousand men. Upon this division Early threw Kershaw's infantry at daybreak on the 19th. It was instantly swept away.

Gordon and Kershaw then moved upon Crook's other division, striking it in front and flank, while Wharton bore down upon the 19th Corps. The fighting was desperate, but the surprised and half-formed troops were pushed rapidly back. The 6th Corps on the extreme right and at some distance from the point of attack had time to form line. It gallantly resisted the enemy's advance, but it also was obliged to fall back.

Early's first attack having spent itself, it became necessary for him to re-form his lines. The success of Gordon and Kershaw had carried them across the pike, and when the lines were reestablished they were nearly perpendicular to it and on its west. An attack upon the Union lines after this disposition was made was repulsed.

Wright immediately began to dispose his troops for a counter-attack and had given orders for an advance as soon as the lines were formed, when Sheridan arrived from Winchester. On being informed of the events of the day, he approved of Wright's orders, but delayed the attack in order more completely to organize the stragglers, who were constantly returning to their regiments.

The 19th Corps was formed on the right, the 6th Corps

was in the center, and Crook's command, burning to avenge its surprise and defeat of the morning, was posted on the left. Riding along the lines, Sheridan was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and the "inspiration of his presence" was indeed an omen of coming victory.

The failure of his last assault convinced Early that he could hope for no further success, and he bent his efforts to getting his prisoners and captured guns and wagons back to Fisher's Hill.

At four o'clock the Union lines advanced; and Gordon's Division, on Early's left, being broken and both flanks being enveloped by the Federal cavalry, the Southern army gave way and was driven from the field. At Cedar Creek the infantry pursuit stopped, though the Confederate columns beyond it were greatly broken by the fire of Crook's artillery, the greater part of which had been saved, in spite of its exposed position in the morning, by the admirable conduct of Captain DuPont, Crook's chief of artillery.

There was little serious pursuit, and Early camped at Fisher's Hill, moving the next day to Newmarket. He lost 1,860 in killed and wounded, about 1,200 prisoners, many wagons, and twenty-four guns, besides twenty-three of those he had captured in the morning. His losses in wagons and guns were chiefly due to the breaking of a bridge on the road between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill. The Union loss was 5,665 in killed, wounded, and missing. Early secured 1,429 prisoners, who were sent to the rear when captured.

The Confederate commander's plan was excellent, and it was in the main well carried out. The success of the morning necessarily disorganized his command, and this evil was still further increased by troops who stopped to pillage the captured camps. Still against such superiority of numbers² he could hardly hope to succeed unless he could keep up a continual pressure upon the broken lines of his enemy. It is possible that by moving down the pike and thus constantly flanking the 6th Corps he might have pushed it back upon Winchester. He states that the Federal cavalry prevented this move and would have rendered it impossible to execute. It seems certain, however, that here lay his best chance to continue and complete his success. Once the Union lines could re-form, his ease was hopeless.

On the Federal side the chief point of military interest is the surprise of the morning and how it was possible. It seems that the cavalry pickets had been removed from Cedar Creek and the Shenandoah River in front of Thoburn's position and had not been replaced. This enabled Early to cross the creek, ford the river, and to form his lines without detection, while the fog and darkness prevented his discovery by the infantry pickets until his attack was made. Thoburn's officer of the day heard a sound in the direction of the river and went with a patrol to investigate it and get information from the cavalry pickets, which he supposed were still at the ford, but he was captured without being able to give the alarm.

The chief cause of the morning's disaster, however, was the faulty position of the Union lines. Thoburn's Division should have been back on the left of the main line. It occupied a commanding position with a beautiful natural glacis of easy slope toward the river and was secure from ordinary front assault; but it was detached from any support, with a ravine between it and the rest of the army, and if flanked, as it was,³ the only salvation of the troops occupying it was to withdraw instantly. It is probable that Sheridan did not anticipate such a move as that so admirably executed by Gordon and which involved a night march with no road and

twice fording the Shenandoah River. Against any other move the position was secure from capture except by a *coup de main*.

After the battle the opposing forces rested quietly at Cedar Creek and Newmarket, respectively, until November 9, when Sheridan withdrew to Kernstown. Early, whose rest at Newmarket was the first he had allowed himself since leaving Cold Harbor, had quickly recuperated his losses and followed down the Valley, taking a position near Newtown, where he remained during the 11th and 12th. Sheridan was too strong to be attacked, and, Early's cavalry being roughly handled, he withdrew on the 13th toward Newmarket. The most important result of his move was the detention of the whole of the Union force in the Valley until the middle of December, when the 6th Corps and one division of the Army of West Virginia were sent to City Point.

About the middle of November Kershaw's Division had been sent to Lee, and Crosby's Brigade to Southwest Virginia. In the beginning of December Lee called for the return of the entire 2d Corps to Richmond. With his few remaining troops Early went into winter quarters at Staunton.

RESULT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Valley campaign was ended. Early had saved Lynchburg; he had threatened Washington; he had interrupted communication for three months over the important military lines of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, collected large amounts of money and supplies upon Northern soil, diverted a force more than three times greater than his own from Grant's army in front of the Confederate capital, and preserved intact the Western lines of supply to Lee's army and Richmond.

On the other hand, Sheridan had won a number of battles; he had destroyed a large amount of grain and supplies in the Valley and had improved the morale of his troops. Aside from this, from a military point of view there was little gained; and so far as the effect of the Valley operations on the general campaign is concerned, Sheridan would have accomplished almost as much had he remained during the entire season behind his intrenchments at Halltown, merely detaining Early's troops in the Valley.

It is remarkable that a campaign so completely victorious in the field should be so barren of decisive results, and this can be accounted for only on the supposition of very faulty strategy.

Looking back over the campaign, it is seen that from the beginning of the year all the operations in the Valley were intended by Grant to have a strategic and probably decisive connection with the main issue in Virginia. They were intended not merely to defend the Lower Valley, but to be offensive operations directed against Lee's communications. Crook had destroyed the New River Bridge, which connected Virginia and the west, and Hunter had been directed to "push on if possible to Charlottesville and Lynchburg and destroy the railroad and canal beyond possibility of repair for weeks." But Hunter did not go to Charlottesville at all and failed to take Lynchburg. Sheridan's orders were to follow the enemy until he could cut Lee's lines of supply, and this idea constantly recurs in Grant's letters throughout the year. It was without doubt the true line of operations for a force acting from the Valley and perhaps the only one which could have made the operations there a fruitful campaign rather than a mere episode. Lee was watchfully careful to preserve what Grant was anxious to destroy. Twice when these lines were threatened he weakened his own hard-pressed and out-

numbered army to protect them, knowing that its safety depended on their preservation.

After the battle of Opequon, Grant telegraphed, "If practicable, push your success and make all you can of it," and after Fisher's Hill, "Keep on, and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond." A few days later, September 26, he telegraphed again: "Your victories have caused the greatest consternation. If you can possibly subsist your army to the front a few days more, do it and make a great effort to destroy the roads about Charlottesville and the canal wherever you can reach it." Sheridan's views did not accord with those of his chief, and he raised many objections to the course marked out for him. He complained of the length of his line of supply. Grant, however, had planned⁴ to rebuild the railway from Alexandria to Culpeper and, in fact, had already rebuilt it as far as Manassas Junction. This would have given Sheridan a shorter line and a base from which to push south; but he refused to be convinced and wrote: "I will go on and clear out the Valley. Early's army was completely broken up and is dispirited. It will be exceedingly difficult for me to carry the infantry column over the mountain and strike the central road. I cannot accumulate sufficient rations to do so and think it best to take some position near Front Royal and operate with the cavalry and infantry." In reply to another telegram from Grant he wrote: "The difficulty of transporting this army through the mountain passes on to the railroad at Charlottesville is such that I regard it as impracticable with my present means of transportation." In another letter he said: "My judgment is that it would be best to terminate this campaign by the destruction of the crops, etc., in this Valley and the transfer of the troops to the armies operating against Richmond. It is no easy matter to pass through mountain gaps and attack Charlottesville, hauling supplies through difficult passes fourteen miles in length and with a line of communication from one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty-five miles without the organization of supply trains and all the appointments of an army making a permanent advance." In his "Memoirs" he states that for many reasons he was much opposed to the plan of acting against Charlottesville, "but mainly because its execution would involve the opening of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad," and this would require troops to guard it. Then, too, he feared that "a number of troops sufficient to crush me might be detached by Lee, moved quickly by rail, and after overwhelming me be quickly returned to confront General Meade." As opposed to his own plan, he states that Grant advocated the "wholly different conception of driving Early into Eastern Virginia and adhered to this plan with considerable tenacity. Considerable correspondence regarding the subject took place between us, throughout which I stoutly maintained that we should not risk by what I held to be a false move all that my army had gained. I being on the ground, General Grant left to me the final decision of the question."

In truth, seeing the extreme reluctance of his lieutenant to carry out the instructions given him, Grant finally yielded, though much against his own judgment. It is proper to state that the official records contain no mention of his "wholly different conception of driving Early into Eastern Virginia"; and, besides, Sheridan had reported Early's army to be "completely broken up."

The army had no sooner taken up the position at Cedar Creek than Grant returned again to the subject and wrote: "What I want is for you to threaten the Virginia Central Railroad and canal in the manner your judgment tells you is

best." After the battle of Cedar Creek he telegraphed, "If it is possible to follow up your great victory until you can reach the Central Road, do it, even if you have to live on half rations," and gives a hint of what perhaps he hoped might be done by adding: "I say nothing about reaching Lynchburg with a portion of your force because I doubt the practicability of it."

Sheridan, however, did not follow up his victory and replied: "I have found it impossible to move on the Central Road, as you desire. To advance against Gordonsville and Charlottesville with a line of communications up this Valley and through the Blue Ridge is impracticable." He adds that such a move "would demoralize the troops, now in magnificent trim."

No attempt was made, therefore, against these points until late in December. Grant could not give up his long-cherished project, and at his urgent appeal a force was finally sent against Gordonsville; but the weather being intensely cold, the roads slippery with ice and hail, and the expedition being solely of cavalry, unprovided with either guns or wagons, it accomplished nothing, although Torbert "demonstrated against" the town.

This was the only move made against these points until the following March, when they were easily taken. Their fall was closely followed by the evacuation of Richmond.

The reasons assigned by Sheridan for his course do not seem sufficiently weighty to justify him in his refusal to obey his chief. The "mountain passes fourteen miles in length" and the long line of supplies could hardly have been insuperable obstacles, for in his final report he says that the Blue Ridge "has many passes with macadamized roads through them and indeed are not gaps, but small valleys through the main chain. The general bearing of all these roads is toward Gordonsville and are excellent for troops to move upon from that point into the Valley; in fact, the Blue Ridge can be crossed almost anywhere by infantry or cavalry." Moreover, while the correspondence with Grant was going on Sheridan's forces occupied points within twenty-five miles of both Charlottesville and Gordonsville. As for the organization of wagon trains and rations, long wagon trains of supplies were within his reach, and others yet larger were well on their way to him. He had already penetrated far into the enemy's country and was close upon his most important lines of supply with a large and victorious army. In a country abounding in food and forage, with no obstacle to overcome but a beaten, demoralized, and scattered enemy of less than one-third his strength, it seems that an attempt should have been made to comply with the earnest wish of his commander, even though he may have doubted its wisdom. That Grant was disappointed is evident; he had "expected" Sheridan to move on Charlottesville.

It is, indeed, difficult to understand the latter's "stout" resistance to Grant's wishes and even express orders. Grant's judgment was sound, while Sheridan's action practically nullified his victories won in the field. It seems not unlikely that if he had complied with Grant's instructions immediately after the battle of Fisher's Hill Richmond would have fallen in September or October, 1864, instead of April, 1865.

In commendation of this article Maj. John W. Daniel wrote to Lieutenant Kennon from Lynchburg, Va., on May 27, 1895:

"I have read with great interest and much pleasure your historical essay on the Valley campaign of 1864.

"I do not doubt the correctness of your conclusions. Grant, to my mind, had far better conceptions of the situa-

tion than Sheridan, and his plans were far more in keeping with it. Sheridan seems to me, who reads the story at this distance of time, to have been weighed down by a spirit of timidity and distrust. A bold push in the light of facts as we now perceive them and as he then should have been able to know them would have been as nearly sure of success as any adventure in war.

"To my mind, your views are characterized by an eminent spirit of justice and truth and contain a correct and clear exposition of the campaign.

"I had wished before returning your manuscript to study it carefully. It is searchingly critical and opens aspects of affairs that had not so clearly presented themselves to me until I read it. I regret that I have not had opportunity to read contemporaneously and refresh myself with other accounts. But I am sufficiently familiar with the armies and their movements to appreciate the accuracy and clearness of your statements; and as to your criticisms, I do not perceive even one to which I would take exception. You have summed up the matter in a masterly manner.

"Beyond the éclat of victory, Sheridan accomplished little by the campaign, and beyond the depression of repulse the Confederates lost little by comparison. The net result of so great an army and outlay and anticipation did not pan out commensurately and did not show the quality that improves opportunity. The Union general seemed too content with the name of victory without furthering its truths, and when doors were open he stayed out, content with safety.

"I do not think Sheridan can be counted as an aggressive or enterprising general by any one who justly weighs his chances and his accomplishments.

"I am no expert in such matters by a long shot, but to my mind you have shown the highest qualities of a military critic—justice, comprehension, clearness."

¹Sheridan's "Memoirs."

²The Union forces in this battle numbered about 40,000 present for duty; the Confederate strength is estimated at about 17,000.

³Not flanked, attacked squarely in front. See map.—Ed.

⁴Halleck's plan, not Grant's.—Ed.

SACRIFICE.

Another victim for the sacrifice!

O, my own mother South,

How terrible this wail above thy youth,

Dying at the cannon's mouth!

And for no crime, no vice,

No scheme of selfish greed, no avarice

Or insolent ambition, seeking power;

But that, with resolute soul and will sublime,

They made their proud election to be free,

To leave a grand inheritance to time,

And to their sons and race, of liberty!

O, widowed woman sitting in thy weeds,

With thy young brood around thee, sad and lone,

Thy fancy sees thy hero where he bleeds,

And still thou hear'st his moan!

Dying, he calls on thee, again, again,

With blessings and fond memories. Be of cheer.

He has not died—he did not bless—in vain;

For in the eternal rounds of God he squares

The account with sorrowing hearts, and soothes the fears,

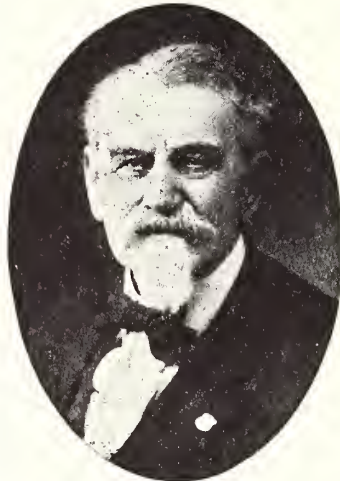
And leads the orphans home, and dries the widow's tears.

—From "War Songs of the Confederacy."

A CLOSE CALL.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

Not often did a soldier of the Confederacy have as close a call as did John E. Boyd, of Martinsburg, W. Va., and live to a ripe old age to recall the occurrence. "Colonel" Boyd, as he is called by his host of friends, is a scion of one of the best families in Virginia and was born at Bunker Hill, Berkeley County (now W. Va.), in 1840. He was a member of the famous Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, made up almost exclusively of Berkeley County men, and which won enviable distinction by its gallantry and bravery during the War between the States. Colonel Boyd is to-day a well-preserved, fine type of the enthusiastic Confederate soldier and is given to many stirring reminiscences of the days that tried men's souls. He is prominently known in social, civic, business, and Confederate circles. His own brief account of the incident which so nearly resulted in his death is as follows:



COL. JOHN E. BOYD.

"I was a member of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee commanding. I was held as a spy by Philip Sheridan and sentenced to be hanged on the 12th of January, 1865. (See Special Order No. 8, 'Official Records,' Volume XLVI., Part II., page 109.) My coffin was made, and I ate a plate of oysters off of it while sitting on it. (We had no table in the room where I was confined.) I was offered my reprieve if I would disclose the route by which I came into the enemy's lines. I refused to do this from the fact that had I done so the enemy would have caught five other members of my company who came in with me on their way out.

"I was captured in a closet at my father's home at Bunker Hill. I was reprieved on the 14th of January, 1865. (See General Order No. 9, 'War Records,' Series I, Volume XLVI., Part II., page 130.) I was offered the parole of the town of Winchester, Va., which I refused, asking them no favors and only requesting to be tried as a prisoner of war. Cousin Bettie Dandridge appealed for my life, and her appeal was listened to by General Sheridan, she being a daughter of President Taylor, who was a graduate of West Point, and her husband, General Bliss, and General Sheridan also being graduates of West Point. I was sent to Fort McHenry on the 14th of January, 1865, paroled on the 1st of March, 1865, and sent to Richmond."

That there were thrilling associations and great peril for the young soldier between the date of his capture, January 11, and January 14, the date of his transfer to Fort McHenry, Colonel Boyd's own account given above and the following official orders show:

"HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
January 12, 1865.

"GENERAL ORDER No. 8.

"A Confederate soldier giving his name as John E. Boyd,

caught within the lines of the army under circumstances which leave no doubt that he is a spy of the enemy's, and his conduct since his capture confirming this, the said John E. Boyd will at twelve o'clock meridian to-morrow, January 13, 1865, or as soon thereafter as practicable, be hanged by the neck until he is dead. The provost marshal general of the army is charged with the execution of this order.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"C. KINGSBURY, JR., Assistant Adjutant General."

The revoking of General Order No. 8 is shown in another order which reached the condemned man just five minutes before the hour appointed for his execution:

"HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
January 14, 1865.

"GENERAL ORDER No. 9.

"General Order No. 8, January 12, 1865, from these headquarters, is hereby revoked. The prisoner, John E. Boyd, Confederate soldier to whom it alludes, will at once be sent to Fort McHenry, Md., there to be confined in charge of the guard until the end of the war.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"C. KINGSBURY, JR., Assistant Adjutant General."

The speedy intercession of many influential friends of Colonel Boyd, together with the report of the other members of the scouting party who returned to the headquarters of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, is all that saved the brave and dashing young Confederate scout from summary and unmerited death. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, on being informed of the peril of his trusty scout and learning of his peremptory condemnation to be hanged as a spy without the due procedure of court-martial, threatened in retaliation the execution of three Union soldiers. Sometime before Colonel Boyd was made a prisoner General Sheridan had issued an order that all Confederate soldiers caught within the Union lines should be treated as spies, and their fate would be death on the scaffold.

Young Boyd was a regularly detailed scout and under orders as such when captured. He was in uniform, wearing the usual dress of a Confederate cavalryman, and had his usual and prescribed arms as a soldier, all of which information was duly furnished from official Confederate sources. General Sheridan seemed bent on the execution of the young scout, for whom at the time not many gleams of hope shone. However, the following interesting correspondence ensued and resulted in the prisoner's exchange:

"Respectfully referred to Lieutenant Colonel Munford. I hope that the party named within will be speedily delivered under the recent agreement. He certainly comes within it.

"R. OULD, Agent of Exchange."

"OFFICE OF UNITED STATES ASSISTANT AGENT OF
EXCHANGE, FORT MONROE, Feb. 19, 1865.

"Respectfully forwarded to headquarters armies of United States.

JOHN J. MUNFORD,
Lieut. Col. of United States, Asst. Agent of Exchange."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES UNITED STATES,
CITY POINT, Feb. 20, 1865.

"Respectfully referred to Brigadier General Hoffman, Commissioner General of Prisoners, who will please forward the within-named prisoner for exchange.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

One of the most interesting incidents of the whole stirring event was the fact that the Union officer, Captain Inwood, who effected young Boyd's capture, used his utmost efforts to get General Sheridan to revoke the sentence of death. He personally went to the Union commander, stating that Mr. Boyd was captured in full uniform and therefore could not be treated as a spy. Captain Inwood declared to his commanding general that if sentence was executed he would at once resign his commission and return home.

Colonel Boyd, who won and wore his spurs and slept in his boots those war times and was ever alert for the bugle call, "Boots and saddles," says his hands were manacled, his boot tops cut off, and his feet hobbled after his arrest as a precaution against his escape. The captive prisoner in this sorry and helpless plight, while being carried to Fort McHenry under guard, between trains at Harper's Ferry was flagrantly insulted by one Union officer, Captain Gary by name. The prisoner's cause was at once championed by a Union man, a bystander named Prince, who lived in Washington. Mr. Prince soundly berated the cowardly captain and at the same time tendered his card to the young scout, with the assurance of service at any time. Colonel Boyd says he was in the hands of a brutal guard and lived strenuously until his arrival at Fort McHenry, where he again received most cordial and considerate treatment at the hands of a gentleman, General Munford.

The account of this stirring experience may be appropriately closed with the letter written by a Winchester (Va.) lady in behalf of the young scout:

"WINCHESTER, VA., January 13, 1865.

"General Sheridan—Sir: Feeling assured that the holding of the destiny of a fellow creature in your hands does not rob you of humanity, we therefore appeal to all your human sympathies as brother, son, kindred, and soldier in behalf of one whom you have this day condemned to the gallows.

"What shall we say in extenuation of his having been caught within your lines? Much, indeed, might be urged—the love of home, the sweet respite from the turmoil of camp life. O, General, has the soldier caused you to forget the truest, holiest feeling of the human heart, the love of home? I know it has not. But I will not urge this as the only reason for your clemency. Mercy is a holy attribute and goes hand in hand with justice. Give this soldier youth a trial by court-martial. Show your magnanimity by allowing him all the privileges you can consistently. We might plead the parent's agony, the sorrowing kindred's tears. The mother has long since gone where the horrors of war can no more annoy; but there are hearts whose anguish no pen can paint, but your own can well imagine.

"Our object is to secure trial by court-martial of young Boyd. Is this asking too much? It is in your power to grant, and surely your own conscience will reward you. Had we the time to call together the sympathizing friends, we might add a long list of petitioners. But hoping the few may prevail, we subscribe,

"Humbly yours, —."

Colonel Boyd survived the shock of looking into the grave dug to receive his body and sitting upon his own coffin. March of this year recorded the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding to the gentle lady of his choice some years after his release from prison.

The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of our enemy than in our own.—Robert E. Lee.

DEFEAT OF NEGRO UPRISING.

BY P. G. PALMER, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

After the evacuation of Charleston, S. C., by the Confederates in February, 1865, General Potter, in command of mostly negro troops, made a raid into the interior of the State. He inflicted severe injuries on the inhabitants of that section of old Charleston District now a part of Berkeley County. On his route up his troops raided the parishes of St. John's and St. Stephen's, pillaging and burning barns and dwellings and maltreating the planters and their families, some of them being rather roughly treated by the negro troops. They raided the village of Pineville, in St. Stephen's Parish, and burned all the unoccupied houses of the planters who lived in Pineville during the summer months. Mr. W. Mazyck Porcher lost both his houses in Pineville and the plantation house on "Mexico," situated on the old Santee Canal. He was also very roughly treated by the soldiers.

Sometime in 1866-67 Mr. Porcher told me this:

The negro population in the vicinity of Pineville sent some of their men to Charleston to get arms and ammunition and had made a plot to rise and kill all of those white persons living in Pineville and the neighborhood. Gen. Samuel Ferguson had left a small number of scouts under command of Lieutenant Pettus, from Alabama or Mississippi, who acted as guards to the inhabitants of St. John's and kept the negroes in some order.

The plot to kill the inhabitants of Pineville, mostly old women and children and a few old men, was revealed to Mr. Porcher in a strange way. He had gone on horseback one day to his plantation and was returning home when a voice from the woods on the roadside hailed him, saying: "Ride on to that little bridge, then turn back, and do as though you are looking for something in the road." He did so, and the negro told Mr. Porcher to meet him that night in a certain swamp a mile or so from Pineville, as he had something very important to tell him. He must come alone, or he would not see this informant, who was being watched.

Mr. Porcher, a man without fear, went as desired, and the negro revealed to him the murderous plot. He immediately notified Lieutenant Pettus, who was quartered about twelve miles from Pineville. A scout was sent to investigate. He was fired on by a party of negroes and wounded, but got back and gave the information.

On the day appointed for the wholesale murder of citizens the negroes gathered and under the leadership of an old woman, the trusted house servant of one of the families of the community, made preparation for their hideous work by having large pots gotten ready for the preparation of a feast after the execution of the whites. They marched around the village with ropes, yelling and cursing, and had gone back to a blacksmith's shop to make ready for their murderous work when Lieutenant Pettus quietly moved in on Pineville and distributed his men. The negroes were lined up along a ditch. Waiting until he got close with his men, armed with double-barreled guns, Lieutenant Pettus then gave the signal to fire. Nearly all the negroes were killed, but some escaped and hid out. They were afterwards found and shot.

This put a stop to any further attempts at a rising among the negroes. The actions of a Mr. Dennis with a small party of men who were left at home served to keep the negroes of Lower St. John's and St. Stephen's quiet until after Johnston surrendered and the Confederate soldiers returned home.

THE WORLD WAR: A COMPARATIVE AND HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

In endeavoring to discuss the origin, development, and possible results of the great world war from a historical and political point of view, I am desirous above all to define my own attitude so clearly and explicitly as to guard against the possibility of misconception or misapprehension. Whatever variety of form or diversity of presentation the discussion of so complex a theme must assume, for me there is a single conclusion possible: the autocracy of the Hohenzollerns must be overthrown hopelessly and beyond all power of revival or recovery under some novel and specious disguise which will conceal its real significance and veil the deadly peril involved in the new revelation. The situation, summarily stated, is that the sway of the North German Empire must be annihilated, or the civilization of Europe must become extinct. Between these two clearly defined alternatives no middle ground is possible or conceivable.

No feature in the growth of modern European history is richer in interest or instruction than the evolution of the German Empire, which acquired a definite character in January, 1871, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, France, the palace of that relentless foe of Germany who had humbled her pride and almost effaced her autonomy. Yet this was the Germany of the vanishing Holy Roman Empire which passed into oblivion in August, 1806, the final blow being received at the hand of the first Napoleon, the shadowy dominion portrayed by Voltaire as "neither holy nor Roman nor an empire." With Waterloo and the peace of Vienna, 1815, the Germany of the modern world emerges gradually into light. By an irony of historic fate the impulse or momentum which prepared the way for the shaping of its destiny was in no small degree the outcome of its prolonged grapple with its supreme foe. The tendency toward nationalization, the expansion of the sentiment of unity, the unfolding of political consciousness were revealed with increasing energy and vigor despite reverses and vicissitudes or seeming relapses toward the ancient order. The brief war of 1866 forever excluded Austria from Germany, and the North German Confederation, with its ephemeral life, was the prelude to Sedan and the empire of Bismarck. The disintegration and chaos which prevailed under the older dispensation were succeeded by the development of a power the most thoroughly unified and consolidated in every phase of its complex organism, a process of reconstruction and transformation unsurpassed in modern records. Every feature of Germanic life was involved, and in 1870 the speedy and annihilating overthrow of the third Napoleon displayed the mettle and revealed the possibilities of the fast-coming empire of the house of Hohenzollern.

Contemplated from whatever point of view, political or intellectual, the development of Germany (regarded apart from Austria) since the end of the Napoleonic wars and the reconstruction of Europe (1815) assumes a rightful rank among the phenomenal events which mark the evolution of the modern world. In the creation and expansion of philological science its attitude is unique. Marvelous is the transformation wrought by war in regard to our relation to Germany, as estimated from the vision of the scientist and the scholar, as well as the plane of the strategist and the statesman. Within a time still fresh in the memory of this contemporary generation the training and acquirement derived from her intellectual centers was the recognized criterion and "touch-

stone" of excellence in the sphere of education and scholarship in this very America that in a recent period has engaged in a remorseless grapple with her former oracle and inspirer in the special fields of culture and research. "All our best young men have been educated in Germany" was the comment of the president of a foremost American university in a conversation with the writer in April, 1880. His attitude was merely typical or illustrative of the prevailing conception and was in accord with the usage of our own country in its lowliest as well as its loftiest scholastic organization and expansion. Even the German language, the acquisition of which was so eagerly sought for that its propagation became a subject of municipal care and responsibility, has fallen into suspicion, if not disrepute, and bids fair to find a place in the *Index Expurgatorius*. With respect to the much-adored idiom of a former day, old things are passed away, all things are become new. To the student of psychology in its relation to linguistic life and growth this feature of our war history is rich in suggestiveness as in interest.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss in detail the several stages which have marked the present world struggle from its definite beginning in August, 1914. That the assassination of the Austrian archduke and duchess on June 28, 1914, by a Serbian student was its occasion merely, not its cause, does not require an explanation. The firing on Fort Sumter in April, 1861, affords a partial analogy with reference to the specific commencement of our American conflict. To the student of contemporary development a rich and stimulating field of inquiry reveals itself in the investigation of two complex and fascinating questions: the causes to which the origin of the present war may be traced and its influence, moral, material, political, upon the character of the nations engaged, special care being bestowed upon its possible relation to the future of our own country in these essential regards. The lust of dominion, the longing for political supremacy entered into the life of the Hohenzollern dynasty as it has revealed its power from the earliest stages of authentic historic development. However contrasted their organization, their social structure, their moral standards, their material expansion, the same vision of universal lordship of all prevailing absolutism was the dominant conception, the inspiring force of Babylonian and Assyrian rulers, as in our modern complex world the same ideal and the same aim have guided the fortunes and controlled the fates of Romanoff or Hapsburg, Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Hohenzollern. There is no valid historical reason for believing that the yearning for absolutism was more intensely implanted in the nature of the Hohenzollerns than in that of the other foremost families who have been their rivals in the far-reaching struggle for European ascendancy.

The element of persistency, of tenacity, and invincible energy in the attainment of a proposed result, a definite purpose, will in large measure serve to explain what is attributed to the mere assertion of a despotic instinct or a tendency toward absolutism unfolding in the race. "Every schoolboy knows" how marvelously these racial characteristics asserted themselves in the life and campaigns of Frederick the Great. That Prussia emerged from the chaos of the Napoleonic wars with the vision of supremacy beginning to reveal itself admits of no rational question. France was prostrate, the Holy Roman Empire was only a memory, the emperor of Austria was the head of the German Confederation, a dignity formal or nominal in its nature, and in 1866 even this relation ceased to exist as one of the results of the Seven Weeks'

War, Austria being absolutely excluded from Germany. Whatever the political attitude from which we may contemplate it, the advance of Prussia, the central feature of the Hohenzollern empire after the overthrow of the first Napoleon in 1815 until the coming of 1870, must forever retain rank among the phenomenal developments of which our modern historic world holds record. The growth of the tendency in the direction of absolutism must have received a marked impulse from the Dano-Prussian War of 1863-64, as well as from the humiliation of Austria in 1866. The fates were clearly marshaling Prussia in the way that she was going. The almost simultaneous unification of Italy and North Germany, 1870-71, are for the historic researcher invested with a charm as well as a richness of inspiration such as maintains an isolated, if not unique, grandeur in the annals of the preceding century.

Yet with the development of her imperial life and the establishment of a system in which military autocracy was the vital element and the controlling force, the ancient German charm forever faded in the light of the new day. The idyllic flavor and fragrance, which had not been effaced even by centuries of disintegration and laxity in the political sphere, were now a memory, and Germany was no longer a land of dreams, of music and song, whose people were "lords of the air," while those of France and England bore sway on land and sea. The new empire of 1871 in large measure transformed the national ideals and petrified the national temperament. The genial and kindly elements of character were gradually superseded by the steadily expanding conception of centralized power, assuming the form of military absolutism. The Germany of the fairy story and of romance has passed into the realm of tradition. This tendency, however, reveals itself in nearly all nations as they advance from the stage in which myth and legend still abide and gravitate toward the austere and unsympathetic type which is the logical outcome of solidarity and unification. When these become assured results, the poetic susceptibility inherent in races is lost or attenuated in the prosaic, materialized life which follows.

Are not Germany since 1870 and America since 1865 notable illustrations? The marked characteristic of Germany has been the assumption of imperialism in military form alone, a feature which did not distinguish the Italian kingdom, simultaneously unified under the auspices of Victor Emmanuel in 1870-71. The entire evolution of Italian history, its centuries of foreign subjugation, of domestic anarchy and internal discord, would have afforded a strong and valid ground for a vigorous consolidation when the golden day appeared. Yet Germany alone assumed an autocratic cast and became a despotism as remorseless in aim as it is minute and all-embracing in character. Universal dominion was the dream, and the dream was to be wrought into realization by the power of the sword.

There is ample range for speculation and reflection in reference to the immense possibilities affecting the future of all the foremost powers that have been engaged in the world war in more than one essential regard, if it does not in large degree determine the form and fashion of the historic evolution which the future holds in reserve. The inevitable outcome of the present struggle will assert itself in a transformation of our contemporary life so far-reaching in range and scope that no single feature of the complex organism which is embraced in our civilization shall escape its influence or its agency. A new earth, if not a new heaven,

is unfolding itself to both America and Europe, and reflection or speculation in regard to "the form and pressure" of the novel stage into which both continents are passing is not merely legitimate and logical, but rich in suggestiveness and inspiring power. The vision of an established order yielding place to another which is impending, but has not emerged into clear or defined outline, is a theme which affords rare possibilities to the student who has dedicated his energies to the quest of these unexplored spheres of life and expansion that are ever rising before the vision of the researcher, whether in the field of science or in the ranges of political, social, or intellectual evolution.

As our own country cast off its isolation and, ignoring all the teachings and precedents which marked its past from the origin of its constitutional existence, entered into the deadly grapple as a determining factor, the possible effect of her novel attitude upon our national character, especially as contemplated from a political viewpoint, is worthy of investigation and critical analysis. That to engage in the conflict was for the United States the only alternative consistent with honor and dignity admits of no rational doubt; that phase of the subject has passed beyond the scope of discussion or debate. The possible impress wrought in our character as a nation by our participation in the war drama is a feature of that "great unknown" in reference to which we have not a dim intimation and can find no comfort in conjecture or in our unsatisfying efforts to penetrate the veil which shrouds the future from our eyes. To the writer an influence or a sequence, which may be described as reactionary in its nature, suggests the principal, if not the single, danger to which we may be exposed. The centralization of absolute power and the supreme control which we deplore when exercised by William II. may descend upon our own heads when intrusted to the hands of an American executive. To the President of the United States there has been confided a measure and range of authority such as Lincoln never contemplated during the most critical stages of our national conflict. No English sovereign since the age of James II., 1685-88, has been accorded a prerogative so unqualified and unchallengeable.

The tendency of war, even under the auspices of the most liberal forms of administration, is in the direction of a centralization of executive authority. The prevailing conditions, the exigencies of the time may render this line of development inevitable; but it involves none the less a serious peril, as the abdication of prerogatives, however legitimately acquired, is notably more difficult than their attainment or assumption. The crisis may demand the concession of dictatorial functions, as well as justify their almost unrestrained exercise, but only national self-control and political discernment can guard effectually against the grave and far-reaching perils which they may possibly imply. In regard to this essential feature of a condition without parallel or precedent in our history, we must build our trust upon the wise intuition and conservative spirit of the American people.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

SURGICAL TREATMENT IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY T. M. EARNHART, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Reading of the crude, inefficient, unsanitary preparedness of the surgery of the dark days of the War between the States awakened recollections of my own experience as a wounded soldier.

At the age of seventeen I enlisted in Light Battery D, 10th North Carolina State Troops, known in the Army of Northern Virginia as Reilly's Battery; and I was with General Lee's army from March, 1862, to the 24th of June, 1864, participating in every battle between those dates except the battle of Chancellorsville. We were detached during that battle and did some fighting in Eastern North Carolina on Tar River and around Little Washington. We made a forced march to reach the battle field of Chancellorsville, but Hooker had been defeated and recrossed the Rappahannock before we arrived.

Sometime during the first of June, 1864, our battery took position in front of Petersburg, Va. We built a redoubt for our gun and a pit similar to a rifle pit for protection of men at the limber ammunition box. During the whole time I was on this line the firing of sharpshooters never ceased. As we were on a line considerably in the rear of our infantry, and the lines of opposing infantry were probably at that time half a mile apart, the Miniés from sharpshooters were pretty well spent when they reached our position, but were still swift enough to penetrate one-inch-thick palings around the yard and garden in which we were intrenched. I was No. 6 at our gun, and my position was at limber fixing ammunition, and of course my protection was in the aforementioned rifle pit; but lying all day in a rifle pit or redoubt without protection from the sun became extremely irksome. So to get some relief from the confinement and discomfort we got rather reckless, and many were wounded by exposing themselves. I had been out of my pit for some time and had gone into a house near by which had been struck often by shells, some of which had struck timbers of the house, but had not gone through, lodging on the floor and other places. I had been examining some of these shells to see how, if in any way, they differed from ours.

I was just returning to my pit and stopped a few feet away from it to get a drink from a bucket sitting under an apple tree when one of those spent Miniés struck me in the right arm near the shoulder. It felt as if some one had struck me a heavy blow with a club or heavy piece of board. I had no idea that the bullet had broken the skin until blood commenced streaming down my body into my shoes. One of my comrades called to me to come into the redoubt, where we would be out of danger, and he tore my shirt into strips and bound up the opening on my shoulder blade where the bullet had entered and partly stanching the blood.

One of our company was detailed to take me back to the rear, where there was an ambulance. There I found an assistant surgeon, who examined my wound and found that the bullet had lodged in my arm and made quite a lump under the skin. He got some kind of a knife (I do not know whether it was a surgical instrument or a pocketknife) and said he would remove the bullet. He made two or three strokes over where the bullet lodged, but did not scratch the skin; then he said he would leave it until I got to the hospital, where possibly there was a knife that would cut the skin. So they loaded me into an ambulance and drove out

and through Petersburg to the field hospital, which consisted of tents for surgeons and flies for the wounded.

Shortly after I arrived at the hospital Dr. Buist, assistant surgeon, examined my wound; and after extracting the bullet and probing the hole with his finger, he said the bone was badly shattered, and amputation or resection was the only way to treat it. I asked him what resection meant, and he said to take out the bone. I begged him then to save my arm if possible, and he promised me he would. He then said Dr. Post, the ranking surgeon, was over in Petersburg, and he would prefer that he was present while making such an operation. So he waited for a while, but finally said if he waited longer it might be dark before he got through, and that with what assistance he had he could do it himself. I was placed on a board, propped up on some kind of scaffold, and the chloroform administered. I soon felt as if I would float away, and I knew no more until I found myself sitting on a stool by the table, with my arm bound up and in a sling. Afterwards Dr. Buist's assistant told me that when Dr. Buist had started to operate Dr. Post arrived and asked what he was trying to do to me, and Dr. Buist said he was trying to save my arm. Dr. Post berated him and said he had better cut it off, as there would be less danger, and I could better care for myself and be less trouble. After talking it over, Dr. Buist said he thought he could save the arm, and he had promised to do so; that Dr. Post ranked him and could amputate if he wished, but he (Buist) declined to do it. "O, well," said Post, "if you feel that way, go ahead. If you lose the man, it will be your fault." If this was so, and I have no reason to doubt it, all honor to Dr. Buist. Dr. Buist told me that he took out about five inches of the bone, including the head of the bone humerus.

I was then very weak from shock and loss of blood, as I was from strenuous work and reduced rations at the time I was wounded. I was then removed to a fly stretched in a lean-to position and made comfortable (?) by having a single blanket spread on the ground, with my coat or army jacket for a pillow, as I was practically helpless. The position of the wound made bandaging to prevent bending of the wounded arm impossible. Lieutenant Myers, of our company, came to see me next day; and as there seemed to be no one to take care of me, when he went back to the line he had a man detailed and sent out to take care of me; but, unfortunately, he sent one of the least useful men in the company, presumably because they could better spare him than a good man. As a nurse he proved nearly useless.

The next day I inquired about the care of my wound and was told that it would not need to be dressed for the first forty-eight hours. My bloody clothes had been left on me, and blood had clotted and dried and made a frightful mess; but no attention was paid to me for two nights by the doctors and very little by the nurse. The first night I was feverish and restless; the second night I was, I think, partly delirious, and something seemed to be buzzing around my head all night. On the second morning when daylight came I found that I was literally covered with maggots. I don't think I ever before or since felt so disgusted and discouraged, as I did not know what the result would be if worms got into the wound. I called the nurse and begged him to call the doctor, but he demurred, saying the doctor was not yet up and would be displeased if awakened. I considered my life at stake, and what I said to him was more forcible than polite; but he would not budge. I finally prevailed on him to help me up and lead me to Dr. Buist's tent, which was not more than two hundred feet from where I was lying. When

I got to the doctor's tent, with my good arm I raised the flap and turned my back toward the couch where the doctor was sleeping and called: "Doctor, look at me." He threw back the cover, raised to a sitting posture, and looked me over. He then said: "Don't be alarmed. Go back and lie down, and as soon as I can dress I will be down and attend to you." It was not long before he came, but it seemed to be hours. He immediately stripped me, dressed my wound, cutting one stitch and filling the wound with calomel to destroy the maggots that had gotten in, and had me bathed in cold water and clothed in clean white underwear. After that for ten days or more he dressed my wound himself and had me bathed and my clothes changed every morning. He also communicated with Lieutenant Myers and had another comrade, H. M. Brown, detailed to take care of me; and largely to his faithfulness and care I owe my recovery. My wound was painful unless kept wet with cold water; and no matter what time of day or night I called him, he attended to my wants without a murmur. God bless him!

The North Carolina wounded were generally sent from the field hospital to the Winder Hospital as soon as the wounds were attended to; but owing to the Weldon Railroad's being cut, transportation to the South was partly cut off, so that the wounded could not be sent to their homes as fast as desired. There was no room in Winder, so I remained eleven days in the field hospital under the care of Dr. Buist.

I have never heard directly from Dr. Buist since, but a few years ago I heard that he was professor of anatomy in the Charleston Medical College. He may be still living, as he was a young man, and he was no doubt an excellent surgeon for that day and time. He was surgeon to Bachman's Battery, of Charleston, S. C., made up mostly of Germans, and was in the same battalion as our battery.

After eleven days I was moved to Winder Hospital and assigned to a cot in a ward of probably one hundred cots. Here was every kind of misery conceivable, and some of the worst cases got well, while many with only scratches died. The ward was full of gangrene and erysipelas, which were said to be highly communicable. My wound being so near the body made it nearly certain death to me if it became infected. Each patient had his own wash pan and sponge, which were intended to be used on no one else; but as nurses were largely exempted from active service and often hardened and indifferent to suffering and death, it was up to me to keep a lookout that my pan and sponge were used on no one else and that no one else's were used on me. But I got through all right and in six weeks was entirely well, and my wound has never given me any trouble since. Of course I did not have the use of my arm as I had before, but it was far better than no arm at all.

While in the field hospital the doctor gave me a quarter of a grain of morphine every night after the second night to make me sleep; but after I went to Winder Hospital the doctors refused to let me have it, and I had a few bad nights. However, nature soon asserted herself, and I slept all right.

The worst that happened to me at the Winder Hospital was on account of the food. Badly hurt as I was and as weak as a cat, I was listed as convalescent and of course had convalescents' food, which consisted largely of corn bread and tomato soup, neither of which I could relish. When I went to the hospital I could walk if helped to my feet; after a week or two I would get dizzy and blind if raised up in bed. I realized that I was daily growing weaker and that to be

strong enough to bear the journey home when the railroads were again in repair I must have something different to eat. I understood there was a matron in charge of our ward who had the ordering of suitable food so far as it was obtainable, but I had never seen her. I appealed to the nurse to let her know that I would like to see her, but nothing came of it. I then wrote a note and hired a boy to deliver it, and the next day she came to see me. She was a kindly, motherly-appearing lady. I explained to her that I would like to maintain my strength against the time I could go home, but instead I was daily growing weaker and could no longer stand on my feet. She ordered me two wheat biscuits per meal and some other food that I could eat; so in a few days I began to regain my strength, and by the time I was ordered home I could walk alone again. Even after that I often had to fight for what was sent down for me, as the nurses liked hot biscuits and other good things, and often they had favorites to divide it among. Of course I would have liked to share with other poor devils worse off possibly than I was, but self-preservation was then, as now, the first law of nature, and I wanted to go home.

ISAAC CROOM MADDING.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT BY "ONE OF THE 16TH" OF WACO, TEX.

In the great battle of Chickamauga, where so many brave men laid down their lives for their country's cause, there fell one of North Alabama's bravest and most promising sons. I speak of Lieut. Isaac C. Madding, of Company B, 16th Alabama Regiment, General Wood's brigade. On that Sunday morning, September 20, in the fury of the battle, the line was ordered to charge, and, the rain of shot and shell being terrific, the men faltered. Lieutenant Madding, in command of the company, stepped to the front, waving his sword and calling on his men to follow. The next instant he received a bullet in the brain. I first knew him at La Grange College, North Alabama, where he had just completed his education as the war opened. At college he was loved and esteemed for his manly qualities as well as intellect. He was six feet high, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, perfectly proportioned, and as handsome as a woman—a perfect specimen of young manhood. His wit and jolly good nature captivated every one with whom he came in contact. He was a prime favorite in the old 16th, his happy disposition being a source of great delight to his companions, and his death cast a gloom over the entire command.

In those days it was common among families of wealth for each son to have a negro boy about his own age to claim as his own and to serve him as playmate as well as servant, and they generally grew very much attached to each other. Lieutenant Madding had such a servant, and he followed his young master to the war. He was an old-fashioned negro named Josh. There was nothing unusual about him to attract attention, but he was a man "for a' that," and when he found his young master dead at the field hospital he got permission to remove the body to a farmhouse. He then went some three miles to a mill to procure plank for a box. The captain detailed a man to go with him, and they carried the plank on their shoulders. Extracting nails from an old plank fence, they made a rude coffin and buried him in the yard under a tree and by his side buried the remains of the gallant Gen. Jim Deshler, who had fallen in the same battle. They were friends and neighbors, and it was well they should sleep side by side on that battle field.

There could not have been found among all the thousands of brave men slain in that battle two more typical Southern gentlemen and Southern soldiers. After the war Mr. James Madding, the only brother out of four who escaped death on the battle field, accompanied by the father of General Deshler, with Josh, went to Chickamauga and took the remains of the two heroes home, burying General Deshler at Tusculum, Ala., and Lieutenant Madding at the old home, near Leighton, between the other two brave boys, leaving another grand old mother to weep over their graves.

PRISONERS OF WAR AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

The twenty wearers of the gray in this picture, members of Company C, 48th Tennessee Infantry, were captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., Monday morning, February 16, 1862, when the fort was surrendered by Gen. S. B. Buckner to Gen. U. S. Grant. The prisoners were taken on the boat, the Gen. Phil Anderson, to East St. Louis, and by rail to Chicago, Ill., and placed in Camp Douglas Prison. They were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862, after being in prison for seven months and seventeen days. From Vicksburg they were sent to Jackson, Miss., where they were clothed, armed, etc., and sent to Port Hudson, La.; then on and on to the close of the strife. This picture of the twenty in prison was sent to the *VETERAN* by T. F. Fleming, of Louisville, Ky., one of the number, who says that only three of the twenty are now living, so far as he knows.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

Boats to Escape from Vicksburg In.—A Confederate deserter told General Grant on June 21: "The soldiers in Vicksburg are persuaded to continue on duty by being told they have provisions enough on hand for seven days and that in that time they would have two thousand boats finished, and they could make their escape by the river." The rebel also said they were tearing down houses to get the material out of which to build boats. Another pipe dream.

Soldiers Appeal to General Pemberton.—On June 28 the following communication was received by General Pemberton: "We as an army have as much confidence in you as a commanding general as we perhaps *ought* to have. We believe you have displayed as much generalship as any other man could have done under similar circumstances. We give you credit for the stern patriotism you have evinced in the defense of Vicksburg during a protracted and unparalleled siege. We also feel proud of the gallant conduct of the soldiers under your command in repulsing the enemy at every assault and bearing with patient endurance all the privations and hardships incident to a siege of forty-odd days' duration. Everybody admits that we have all covered ourselves in glory; but, alas! General, a crisis has arrived in the *midst* of our siege. Our rations have been cut down to one biscuit and a small lot of bacon per day, scarcely enough to keep soul and body together, much less to stand the hardships we are called upon to stand. We are actually



"WEARING THE GRAY" IN CAMP DOUGLAS PRISON.

Top row (from left to right): Allen Adcock, Reuben Adcock, Hewlett Rains, Henry Eason, J. T. Mackey, Zeke Campbell, Pat Barrington, John T. McGill, Junius Hayes.

Second row: ——— Smithson, Walter Akin, T. F. Fleming, John Porter, John Conner.

Bottom row: Tom Shea, Dave Trousdale, Jim Booker, William H. Trousdale, Joe Rainey, S. S. Porter.

on sufferance; and the consequence is, as far as I can hear, there is complaining and general dissatisfaction throughout our lines. We are and have been kept close in the trenches day and night, not allowed to forage any at all; and, even if permitted, there is *nothing to be had* among the citizens. Men don't want to starve and don't intend to, but they call upon you for justice if the commissary department can give it; if it cannot, you must adopt some means to relieve us very soon. The emergency of the case demands prompt and decided action on your part. If you cannot feed us, you had better surrender us, horrible as the idea is, than suffer this noble army to disgrace themselves by desertion. I tell you plainly men are not going to lie here and perish, if they do love their country dearly. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and hunger will compel a man to do most anything. You had better heed a warning voice, though it is the voice of a private soldier. This army is now ripe for mutiny, unless it can be fed. Just think of one small biscuit and one or two mouthfuls of bacon per day! General, please direct your inquiries in the proper channel and see if I have not stated stubborn facts which had better be heeded before we are disgraced." This certainly does not agree with General Pemberton's statement of the subsistence in Vicksburg, but I judge there was some truth in the article. It was signed, not by many soldiers, but as "Many Soldiers."

General Pemberton.—On May 18 General Bowen told General Pemberton: "Prisoners captured in our late battle have asserted that Grant and yourself had an understanding and that they would have this place (Vicksburg) on the 20th. This, I hear, is general throughout the army. Would it be well to issue an order that a council of general officers had unanimously supported you in your determination not to evacuate or surrender, but to hold the place to the bitter end?" On August 15 General Pemberton wrote President Davis: "I rejoice to hear unofficially that a court has been called to inquire into the fall of Vicksburg. I desire a searching investigation and hope the court will not only be allowed the largest latitude, but that it will invite testimony against me." Now, was that man a traitor?

Negro Prisoners.—On August 12 General Halleck called General Grant's attention to an article in the *Missouri Democrat*, reading as follows: "Major Hubbard's battalion followed the retreating rebels to Tensas Bayou and were horrified to find the skeletons of white officers who had been commanding negro regiments who had been captured at Milliken's Bend. In many cases these officers had been nailed to the trees and crucified. In this situation a fire was built around the tree, and they suffered a slow death from broiling. The charred and partly burned limbs were still fastened to the stakes. Other instances were noticed of charred skeletons of officers which had been nailed to slabs and the slabs placed against a house, which was set on fire by the inhuman demons, the poor sufferers having been roasted alive until nothing was left but charred bones. Negro prisoners recaptured confirmed these facts." General Grant looked carefully into the matter and wrote General Halleck: "The letter referred to from the *Missouri Democrat* I think entirely without foundation, and I have no evidence of ill treatment to any prisoners captured from us further than the determination to turn over to the governors of States all colored soldiers captured." And that is why General Sherman had an antipathy for newspapers, of which he wrote General Grant: "As to the reports in newspapers,

we must scorn them, else they will ruin us and our country. They are as much enemies to good government as the 'secesh'; and between the two I like the latter best, because they are a brave, open enemy and not a set of sneaking, croaking scoundrels." Sherman didn't like newspapers at all and didn't mind saying so.

Negro Troops.—General Grant said: "Negro troops should be kept aloof from white troops in camp, but not in a campaign, where they are to be treated exactly alike." "No more details of white troops will be made for work on fortifications. Negro troops will be used for that purpose, as during the hot weather it is necessary to save our white men as much as possible from fatigue duty in the sun." "The negro troops are easier to preserve discipline among than our white soldiers and, I doubt not, will prove equally good for garrison duty. All that have been tried have fought bravely." They let them fight shoulder to shoulder with whites, but preferred them at a distance in camp.

North Not United Like the South.—General Halleck said: "If the North were as united as the South and would fill up our ranks now, we could soon end the war; but, unfortunately, the enemies of the administration make themselves the enemies of the country and will ruin the latter for the sake of defeating the former." There were also some of these in the South, but well in the minority.

Pillaging.—Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, U. S. army, reported that during the Yazoo expedition he was "pained to witness the pillaging and plundering of some of the commands of this expedition. This morning we came up with the *Ida May*, the men from which boat were on shore shooting cattle and many of them running pell-mell around and through the houses, catching chickens, turkeys, geese, pigs, etc. The women were greatly frightened and fearful that they were to be slaughtered. I have issued an order against pillaging; and, with the grace of God sustaining me, I will enforce it if I have to shoot men both in and out of shoulder straps. We cannot make good soldiers of thieves and robbers, neither can we expect success to follow us if we thus outrage every principle of truth and justice. I am ashamed when I see our good cause thus prejudiced." Some Northern leaders evidently tried to put a stop to this practice.

The Innocent Suffer, and the Guilty Go Free.—On March 29, General Hurlburt, U. S. army, issued the following order, which I think was probably the most unjust one of the entire war: "A cowardly and murderous attack has been made by guerrillas on a passenger train near Moscow containing women, children, and citizens, resulting in the capture of part of the passengers and the robbery of all. It is therefore ordered that the provost marshal of Memphis forthwith select from the secessionists or rebel sympathizers within the city ten families of the greatest wealth and highest social position and cause them to be sent south of the United States forces, not to return. Three days will be allowed them after notice to make their preparations." This order was drastic and absurd.

Incompetent Officers.—Gen. T. J. Jackson wrote General Lee, on February 28, 1863: "I have had much trouble resulting from incompetent officers having been assigned to duty with me regardless of my wishes. Those who assigned them have never taken the responsibility of incurring the odium which results from incompetency." This class of people never tarried long with Jackson either.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

TRIBUTE.

[Read at the September meeting of the U. D. C. Chapter at Stanton, Tenn., as a memorial to a beloved friend, G. N. Albright.]

Once again our hearts are saddened,
For a friend has passed away,
And another place is vacant
In the thinning ranks of gray.
When the South he loved so dearly,
Startled, heard War's dread alarms,
He was quick to answer "Ready!"
To the stirring call "To arms!"

Many years of storm and sunshine
He has answered duty's call;
Faithful still to friend and comrade,
He was honored, loved by all.
Now the tired feet are resting,
For the weary march is done;
And, the last hard battle over,
Peace is his, the victory won.

Never once his courage faltered,
Soldierlike he stood the test
Till he crossed the silent river,
There beneath the trees to rest.
Few are left who stood beside him
In those thrilling days of yore;
Soon the army all will answer
Roll call on the other shore.

TAYLOR VAUGHAN.

After a long and painful illness, Taylor Vaughan died on August 19, 1918, at Sherman, Tex., where he had been taken for an operation. He was buried at Stringtown, Okla., by the Masonic order, of which he had been a member for years. He bore his suffering bravely, never murmuring.

Taylor Vaughan was born at Double Springs, Miss., on May 5, 1846. He was left an orphan at the age of seven and was reared by his brother George. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in Company K, 35th Mississippi Infantry. He was captured on April 9, 1865, at Blakeley, Ala., and was taken to Ship Island and put under negro guards. On May 1 he was transferred and was received on May 6, 1865, at Camp Townsend by the Confederate authorities as a prisoner of war. He was a brave soldier and served well his beloved South.

In 1866 Comrade Taylor was married to Miss Emma Jane Gregg, and to them a son and a daughter were born. Both wife and children he laid to rest. In 1909 he was married to Miss Mary Francis Cannon, who survives him. He was a true Christian, a member of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, South, and was always working for the upbuilding of the community in which he lived.

G. N. ALBRIGHT.

After an illness of several weeks, G. N. Albright died at his home, in Stanton, Tenn., on September 6, 1918, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Alamance County, N. C., and received his education at the old Bingham School, of that State. When the war came on in 1861 he enlisted with the 6th North Carolina Regiment. He was a brave soldier, taking part in some of the important battles the first two years of the war. He was captured and imprisoned; he was one of the "immortal six hundred." He wrote a sketch of his prison experiences by special request of the Joe Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., of Stanton. Three daughters and three sons survive him.



G. N. ALBRIGHT.

DANIEL JASPER DOSSEY.

On November 23, 1917, at the home of his son, in Okemah, Okla., a loyal son of the South answered the roll call of the Great Commander and passed on to his greater reward. Daniel Jasper Dossey was born August 21, 1848, in Stuart County, Ga. Soon after the outbreak of war in 1861 he volunteered and served throughout the war as a member of Company I, 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. Twice during the war he was on a ninety-day furlough, both times after receiving severe wounds, one in the first battle of Manassas; and in the battle of Gettysburg he received three slight wounds, but none that called for a furlough.

After the close of the war he returned to his old home in Georgia, and on January 2, 1868, he was married to Narcissus M. Matthews. While a young man he removed his family to Wills Point, Tex., where he engaged in the lumber business for thirty years. In 1908 he moved to Okemah, Okla., where he lived till 1913, going then to Riverside, Cal.

Comrade Dossey was a faithful member of the Primitive Baptist Church the greater part of his life. During his declining years one of his greatest pleasures was to attend the regular monthly meetings of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., there being no Camp of Confederate Veterans in Riverside. He doubly appreciated the hospitality of the Daughters in Riverside. He was a charter member of the Wills Point (Tex.) Camp, U. C. V., and after moving to Oklahoma he organized the Walthall Camp, U. C. V., and served as its Commander for five years. The cross of honor presented him by the Mrs. Cone Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., was his most prized possession.

He lived a life of love and sacrifice for his country and his family. A wife and eight children survive him. His body was laid to rest in the Highland Cemetery at Okemah, Okla.

JOHN J. ERWIN.

John J. Erwin, known to his friends as "Uncle John," died October 25, 1918, at Lake Providence, La. He was by birth a Mississippian, and he volunteered at Starkville, Miss., in Company L, Field's Battalion, which was afterwards sent to Virginia and formed the 48th Mississippi Regiment, surrendering with Lee's army at Appomattox. At the close of the war we had the following commanders: Colonel of the regiment, Joseph Jayne; brigadier general, Nat Harris; division commander, William Mahone; corps commander, A. P. Hill.

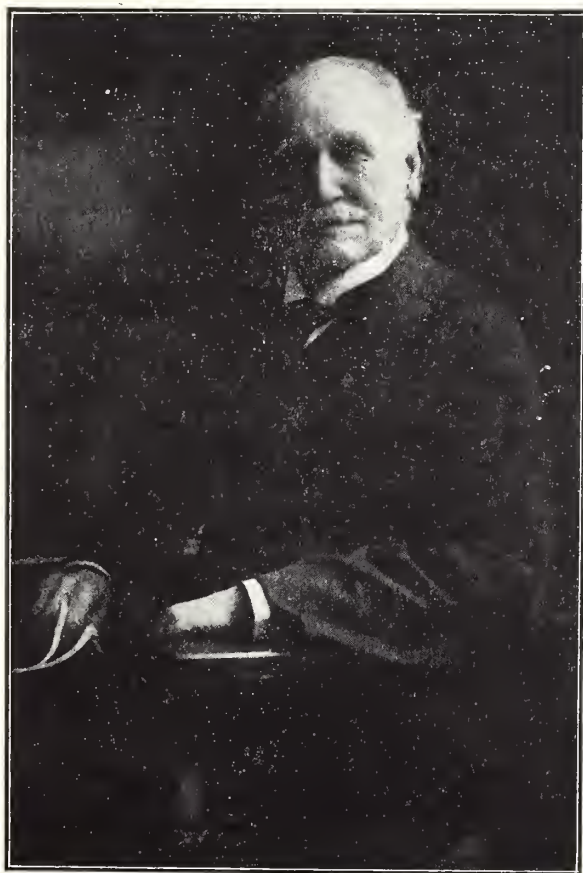
No braver, more loyal soldier ever lived than John Erwin. Returning home after the surrender, he married and moved to Louisiana. His wife and many children and grandchildren survive him.

[D. A. Bardwell, Greenwood, Miss.]

MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL

In his eighty-sixth year, Maj. T. H. Blacknall died suddenly at his home in Chicago, Ill., in the month of October, 1918. He is survived by his wife and seven children.

Major Blacknall was a brother of Col. C. C. Blacknall, of the 23d North Carolina Infantry, and himself commanded an Arkansas regiment. Finding that his large cotton plantation in Arkansas had been ruined by the depredations of the invading armies, he sought his fortune elsewhere and had for many years been a resident of Chicago. He was an inventor. For some time Major Blacknall had been a contributor to the *VETERAN*, his bits of verse giving expression to his optimistic spirit to be only as old as he felt. On a card



MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL.

sent out on his eighty-fifth anniversary, January 23, 1918, he said:

"To know the full value of our worth
We should forget the day of our birth."

THOMAS A. HUNT.

At his home in Tulsa, Okla., Thomas A. Hunt died suddenly on the 8th of September, 1918, in his seventy-eighth year. Five children survive him.

Thomas Hunt was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving in the 34th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. He was prominent and active as a Confederate veteran, having served for a long time before his removal to Oklahoma as the adjutant of the Tippah County (Mississippi) Camp U. C. V. His father, Daniel Hunt, was one of the pioneer settlers of Tippah County and one of its best citizens. Both before and since the war he had served as probate and chancery clerk of the county. Thomas Hunt had also served as chancery clerk and as sheriff; while his elder brother, Dr. E. N. Hunt, who served throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, practiced medicine in Tippah County until his death. No family ever left a stronger impress upon the affections of the people of the county than did the Hunts.

His body was taken back to Mississippi and after services at the Methodist church in Ripley, of which he was for a long time a leading member, he was laid to rest by the side of his wife, who died many years before.

[Thomas Spight, Ripley, Miss.]

DR. SAMUEL A. HAYDEN.

Dr. Samuel Augustus Hayden, of Dallas, Tex., died in that city on October 7, 1918. He was born April 7, 1839, in East Feliciana Parish, La., and received his education in the public schools there, at the Floridian Classical Academy, Greensburg, La., and at Georgetown College, Kentucky. At the breaking out of the War between the States Dr. Hayden helped to raise a company, later a part of the 16th Louisiana Infantry, of which he was made captain and placed in command of the Confederate barracks at New Orleans. After the battle of Shiloh Captain Hayden was appointed brigade judge advocate. By order of Gen. Randall Lee Gibson he commanded the Louisiana Brigade at Atlanta in an action on August 8, 1864. General Gibson said of him: "I never had the honor to command a braver or more skillful soldier. There was no officer of his rank in the Army of Tennessee more conspicuous for daring, skill, modesty, and Christian virtues than Capt. Sam Hayden."

Immediately after the war Captain Hayden returned home, and in 1866 he was ordained to full work of the ministry in the Baptist Church. His first pastorate was at Clinton and Jackson. He was next pastor of the First Baptist Church of New Orleans, removing from there to Texas in 1875, where he held pastorates at Paris, Jefferson, Galveston, and Dallas. He was editor and publisher of the *Texas Baptist and Herald* for twenty-five years.

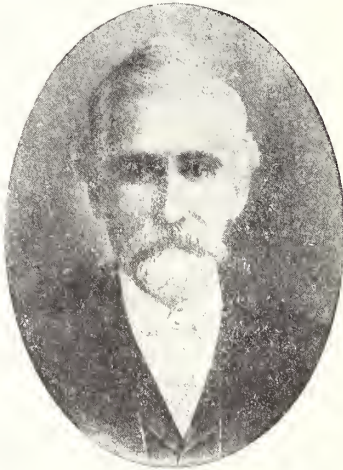
In 1868 Dr. Hayden was married to Miss Maimie Guion Relyea, and of this union there were six children, of whom a son and three daughters are left. His second marriage was to Miss Jennie Salmon, who survives him with four of the five children born to them.

B. F. Brown, of Lubbock, Tex., adds to this tribute: "Captain Hayden was a high-toned Christian gentleman and one of the most chivalrous soldiers of our command. Sam was always jovial, lively, and full of fun. Firm, strong, and reliable on duty and mild, gentle, and conscientious when off duty gained for him the honor and respect of all."

WILLIAM P. JONES.

William P. Jones, born in Buncombe County, N. C., November 26, 1844, died at his home, in Andrews, N. C., on October 7, 1918, after a brief illness.

In the autumn of 1861 William Jones volunteered in the Confederate army and served faithfully till the surrender. No survivor of those four years of hardships enjoyed more the companionship of his veteran comrades, and he attended many of the Confederate reunions. He had just returned from the Tulsa meeting when he was stricken with influenza, to which he succumbed within a few days.



WILLIAM P. JONES

Comrade Jones doubtless had a greater knowledge of the history of the leading families in the western counties of his State than any one. In 1860 and 1861 he was the mail carrier from Asheville to Murphy, a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles, making the round trip in a week, and he thus became well acquainted with the people of Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, Macon, and Cherokee Counties.

In 1867 Mr. Jones was married to Miss Rebecca M. Dills, of Dillsboro, N. C., and to them were born eight children, five daughters and three sons. His wife and four children survive him. He had been a member of the Baptist Church since early manhood and was ever faithful to his Christian duties.

[From sketch by George W. Kinsey.]

B. J. ARMSTRONG.

The committee appointed by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158, U. C. V., Fort Worth, Tex., Col. William Barr, Commander, to draft resolutions on the death of Comrade B. J. Armstrong reported as follows:

"Comrade Armstrong was born in Mississippi on the 1st of March, 1845. He enlisted in 1861 in the 41st Mississippi Infantry Regiment and served in the Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Nashville, Franklin, and many others.

"Comrade Armstrong died on the 25th of September, 1918. He died as he lived, a true Confederate soldier and a true soldier of the meek and lowly Lamb. He was always ready and willing to defend the right on all occasions. He was an unassuming man, a true friend, a good citizen, a loving father, and a faithful husband. Therefore be it

"Resolved, That the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., has lost a faithful member, the community a good citizen, and his family a loving father and faithful and loving husband. And R. E. Lee Camp extends to his family their sincere regards and deepest sympathy in the death of their father and husband.

"[Signed] THE COMMITTEE, by A. P. Jones."

HENRY GILBERT HAYNES.

Henry G. Haynes died at Mount Vernon, Tex., on June 9, 1918. He was born in Henry County, Tenn., on May 31,

1836. He was a member of Company I, 9th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, during the war and served in the Tennessee Department. He was a lieutenant in his company and noted for his courage in battle. Comrade Haynes was a man generous in his gifts to the needy and poor. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at Mount Vernon. He was a true Confederate soldier and often attended our national Reunions. His wife survives him. Members of Ben McCulloch Camp assisted in his burial. He rests well.

[P. A. Blakey, Commander.]

MAJ. DAVID A. JONES.

Maj. David A. Jones, of Abingdon, Va., died on October 7, 1918. He was a native of Rockingham County, Va., and was among the first to enter the Confederate army from that county. This gallant soldier was promoted from a lieutenantancy to major and was made brigade commander in Lee's army. He was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and from there he was taken to Charleston, S. C., as one of the "immortal six hundred." After the war he moved to Abingdon, Va., and resided there until his death. He was a member of the W. E. Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans of Abingdon.

[L. T. Cosby.]

WILLIAM LOCHIEL CAMERON.

With sorrow the VETERAN records the death of William Lochiel Cameron, Lieutenant Commander of Camp Magruder, U. C. V., at Galveston, Tex., one of the loyal-hearted veterans of the sixties, a man of broad culture and most kindly disposition. His early life was connected with Memphis, Tenn., and from that city he went out as a Confederate soldier, enlisting in June, 1861, as a mere boy of sixteen. He was first a private in the Young Guard, a company which went out from Memphis under command of his older brother, Capt. John Fraser Cameron. In a few months he was detailed to the Confederate States arsenal at Selma, Ala., and later was an officer in the Confederate navy, reporting to Commodore Page at Savannah, Ga., where he served on the C. S. steamship "Oconee" and then on the "Savannah." In the fall of 1863 he was transferred to Mobile and there attached to the Confederate ironclad "Huntsville," which was ordered to join the wooden fleet operating about Mobile. This boat survived a terrible storm on the night it reached Fort Morgan and the next morning sailed up the bay, so it did not take part in the fighting in the lower bay when Farragut came in. Young Cameron was transferred to the flagship "Nashville" after this battle and surrendered with that vessel. An article by him in the VETERAN for July, 1915, gives a graphic description of the battles about Mobile and the retreat of the fleet, with its final surrender on the 10th of May, 1865.

Since the war Comrade Cameron had been actively engaged as a waterworks manager, constructor, and engineer. At one time he was superintendent of the waterworks of Memphis. His work in Galveston was connected with the engineering department of the city. He was a member of the Chickasaw Guards of Memphis, one of the crack military companies of the State during the late seventies. The passing of this good friend is a sad loss to the VETERAN, in whose welfare he was ever interested and active.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET-SCOUT.

A unique personage was lost to earth in the death of Capt. Jack Crawford, ex-Union soldier and known as "the poet-scout," who lectured all over this country, entertaining great audiences, both North and South, with his tales of mountain and plain, his wit and wisdom, poems, mimicry, and song, through which radiated a spirit of good will that had its effect in eradicating the animosities aroused by sectional strife. A communication from A. C. Wendell, of Minneapolis, who served as Captain Jack's secretary for several years, tells of this kindly spirit. He had a great heart for all humanity and spent his life nobly in its uplift.

Captain Jack attended the great meeting at Gettysburg in July, 1913, and in a short talk to his "comrades of the blue and the gray" he told the story of how he assisted in raising a fund for the children of General Hood when orphaned almost in infancy. He said:

"Thirty-four years ago, while at breakfast in a San Francisco hotel with Tom Keene, the famed actor and ex-Union soldier, then leading man at the California Theater, he handed me a morning paper and with moisture in his eyes said: 'Jack, there is something that will touch a tender spot in your sympathetic heart. Read it.' It was the telegraphic story of the death of Gen. John B. Hood and his devoted wife, who had fallen victims to the scourge of yellow fever at New Orleans, leaving eleven orphaned children.

"That same evening I attended a meeting of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., as a visiting comrade, and when the 'Good of the Order' was reached in the ritualistic work I was called upon to address the meeting. I read the Hood story and then said that when Lee surrendered at Appomattox the war was over with all good soldiers, North and South, and if Lincoln Post wanted to do a great patriotic act and would cooperate with me I would get up a benefit for the orphaned children of our late enemy and would guarantee to raise five hundred or a thousand dollars for the destitute ones. Without any objection my suggestion was accepted, and a committee was appointed to aid me in the charitable work. After the meeting we looked up Colonel Flournoy, an ex-Confederate officer, and he gladly joined us.

"We then visited the Baldwin Theater, where James O'Neil and his dramatic company were playing an engagement. Acting as spokesman for the committee, I told Mr. O'Neil the story and asked his company to donate their services for a benefit. 'Yes, two benefits, if necessary,' said Mr. O'Neil; and then the actors, Rose Cogan, Louis Morrison, C. B. Bishop, Lou and Alice Harrison, Nina Varion, and all the other lesser lights cheerfully voiced their willingness in the matter. On the afternoon before the benefit I was informed that I must make a speech before the curtain at the performance. I demurred, saying I was not an orator; but Colonel Flournoy ordered me to my room under guard, to

be held there until I had written a poem worthy of the occasion and to be read by myself. A few hours later I was on the stage facing an immense audience, telling the story and reading the poem. I am proud of the fact that I was able to bring about that great benefit and that in the preliminary work was perhaps seen the first fraternal reunion of the blue and the gray, and I feel that this is a fitting story to tell at our great reunion at Gettysburg."

The poem is here given:

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"Dear comrades and friends in the Golden Land,
You may say I'm rough, you may call me wild;
But I have a heart and a willing hand
To feel and to work for a soldier's child.
Do you think I ask on which side he fought,
If man and soldier his record was good?
For, though our Union was dearly bought,
All hatred is buried with Hooker and Hood.

And, comrades, I'll tell you right here to-night
The men most bitter against the gray
Are men who never were seen in a fight,
But who always got sick on a fighting day.
But with soldiers, my friends, it is not so;
They respect each other, the gray and the blue,
Nor are they ashamed that the world should know
How they stood by their colors, brave and true.

O, generous hearts in the Golden State,
You are forging the links of a Union chain
That will cable one end at the Golden Gate
And will circle the States to the Gulf-swept main—
A chain that will bind us, the blue and the gray,
In a union of purpose that God will approve,
In love that grows strong in adversity's day,
And in hearts that will stand by the flag we love.

The past, it is dead, but we cannot forget it,
And, comrades, we wouldn't forget if we could;
And as for myself, I shall never regret it,
This poor little service that I render for Hood.
His loved ones will not be distressed nor discarded,
And to-night I am proud of a share in the stock;
I shall feel, as a soldier, I'm fully rewarded
By one little prayer from his innocent flock.

One little prayer from the loved ones we foster,
His latest bequest to his comrades in peace,
While the pale hand of death wrote his name on the roster
And the angel on guard gave his spirit release.
Dear comrades, let charity's mantle enfold them.
Old Abe had no malice, no hate in his soul.
On the ramparts above let us hope to behold them
While Washington musters each name on the roll."

Captain Jack told his secretary of having once met a son of General Hood who thanked him for the San Francisco gift.

And ah! the widows' wails, the orphans' cries
Are morning hymn and vesper chant to me;
And groans of men and sounds of women's sighs
Commingle, Father, with my prayer to thee.

—Father Ryan.



CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREF, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILLEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Official Editor, Greenwood, Miss.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The twenty-fifth Annual Convention of our Association, which was scheduled by our constitution to take place November 12-16 in Louisville, Ky., was postponed indefinitely by order of the Kentucky State Board of Health because of the prevailing epidemic of influenza, which swept through our country from ocean to ocean during the months of October and November and necessitated a strict quarantine to control its ravages on the health of all communities. It was with deep regret that your President General issued the recall for all preparations and attendance at this meeting, for practically all of our officers and committees had their reports completed and ready for the meeting, and the U. D. C. of Kentucky and Louisville had completed the most delightful arrangements for our comfort and entertainment during our annual meeting there. These devoted Daughters feel keenly the disappointment of the postponement and have assured the President General that they stand ready, and anxious to have our meeting with them as soon after January 15 as our Executive Board considered it wise and practicable to call our convention.

By constitutional authority the President General called a meeting of the Executive Board in Charleston, S. C., for November 19-21, when the date for the postponed meeting was decided upon and all business necessary for the proper conduct of the General Association until the Convention can be held was transacted. April 1-5, 1919, was decided upon for holding the Convention in Louisville. The result of this meeting was immediately transmitted to all Division Presidents and chairmen of committees, who were requested to give it to their State press as early as possible, so that Chapters might not be hampered in their work by the postponement of the General Convention. The inspiration and information which a General Convention give are great, and for that reason your President General tried to arrange for your twenty-fifth Annual Convention as early as possible.

A Sixth Ward.—With the extra pressure of work and plans for the postponed Convention and the unusual call of an extra Board meeting, your President General still has the comfort and satisfaction to announce to you that your ever-faithful and splendid War Relief Committee, through its Chairman, Mrs. Rountree, reports the completion of your sixth ward at the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, on October 26, and this good news was immediately put on the Associated Press wires, and probably many of you saw it. This ward is composed of the following beds: (1) Children of the Confederacy of El Paso, Tex., "honoring our men in the service"; (2) in honor of those Southern

women who ministered to the relief of suffering soldiers in 1861-65, by the War Relief Committee itself; (3) Duncanville, Tex., honoring her brave boys in service; (4) Louisiana Division, in honor of Gen. Alfred Mouton, C. S. A.; (5) Lee Chapter, Richmond, Va., in honor of Miss Mary Lee; (6) citizens of Dallas, Tex., and Dallas Chapter, in memory of Brig. Gen. W. L. Cabell, C. S. A.; (7) in loving memory of Wilcox King, Dallas, Tex., by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. King, Jr.; (8) in loving memory of 1st Lieut. Ernest McWhirter, by his mother, Mrs. J. L. McWhirter, Jonesville, S. C.; (9) Mississippi Division, in honor of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederacy; (10) a memorial to the bravery of Alabama boys, by the women of Marion Junction (Ala.) Red Cross.

At this writing the United Daughters of the Confederacy are now supporting sixty beds at Neuilly Hospital at a cost of \$600 each per annum, or thirty-six thousand dollars given to hospital work in France each year. In every case the pledge was given that the bed would be maintained for the period of the war. In the providence of God we rejoice over the dawn of peace on November 11, and so the long road seems to have an end somewhere. But you must all remember that our hospital will be needed until the army is demobilized and the boys come home. Your President General and your chairman of war relief urge upon you the necessity for providing for the upkeep of your beds through 1919, if not longer. The U. D. C. will not be willing to abandon this work until there is no longer any need for it, when our hospital is closed and the building reverts to its original use.

In October your President General received a letter of thanks from the occupant of our General U. D. C. Bed No. 1, "A Tribute of Honor and Devotion to Jefferson Davis"; and as this bed is the united work of all the U. D. C., I give the letter in full as follows:

"AMERICAN RED CROSS, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
September 25, 1918.

"Dear Miss Poppenheim: At present I happen to be the occupant of your bed at this hospital, in Ward No. 247, American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, sur Seine, France.

"Being wounded at a certain American sector during an attack, I was brought here and am receiving very good attention while occupying your much-appreciated kind gift, for which I am sending you my sincere thanks.

"Gratefully yours,
CORP. M. G. MAHONEY,
Company F, 308th Infantry, A. E. F., France."

I have also received letters of thanks from the occupants

of the following three beds, and the original letters have been forwarded at once to the War Relief Directors of the respective States and should be in the press of those States long before you read this:

1. The Harry Heth Bed, given by the District of Columbia Division, occupied by Corp. Louis Klebanon, Company E, 307th Infantry.

2. The Raphael Semmes Bed, given by the Alabama Division, occupied by Private A. F. Heyne, Company H, 109th Infantry.

3. The Stonewall Jackson Bed, given through the Richmond (Va.) Chapter by Mrs. Charles Seuff, occupied by Soldier Pierre Chatouillot. This last letter was written in French, and the translation accompanied the original letter.

I am sure these personal expressions of gratitude inspire us to go on with this work for the comfort and relief of those brave boys who so valiantly upheld their country's cause on the field of battle. Need I impress upon each Division, Chapter, or individual who has so generously endowed a bed for this year that the need for its upkeep for next year is still imperative and that the U. D. C. wards must be kept "faithful unto the end"?

Your President General feels too deeply the keen regret at the necessity for the postponement of your annual meeting to attempt to put her feelings into words; but she is assured by hundreds of letters coming to her every day and by the unanimous opinion of your entire Executive Board that the postponement was not only the wisest, but the only possible action to be taken under the health conditions which confronted us. Your Executive Board has provided as carefully as they knew how for the maintenance of your dignity as an organization and arranged for the proper discharge of all your responsibilities until the auspicious day when we can hold our twenty-fifth General Convention and enjoy the opportunity and privilege of working out our plans and problems for 1919.

With assurances of my best efforts in the office to which you have called me,

Yours faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE MARTYRS OF THE SOUTH.

BY A. B. MEEK, OF ALABAMA.

O weep not for the gallant hearts
Who fell in battle's day;
They well performed their hero parts
And passed from earth away.
They lie asleep on honor's bed—
Young Freedom's martyred band;
For all that's dear to man they bled,
For God and native land.

Weep not for Jackson, who laid down
His life in fullest fame,
Who always wore the victor's crown,
Now wears a deathless name.
O what a loss that day was ours
When that great light grew dim!
We weep among our darkened bowers,
But do not weep for him.

For Sidney Johnston, whose high worth
Was Freedom's polar star,
Who, like Elijah, passed from earth
In battle's fiery car,
Shed not a tear. He is not dead,
But up from Shiloh gone,
Where wreaths ambrosial deck his head,
Beside great Washington.

Weep not for Garnett; his young brow
Among the earliest paled.
Though Death compelled his form to bow,
His spirit never quailed.
Among Virginia's mountain heights,
With Garland by his side
And Starke—they fought for Southern rights
And for their country died.

O for McCulloch do not weep,
The Marion of the West;
Nor for Bartow, nor Bee, but keep
Their memories in the breast.
They realized man's noblest fate,
In Victory's lap to lie.
We all must die, soon or late—
How blest like him to die!

Fair Mississippi's stalwart chief,
Brave Barksdale, too, has gone;
And Zollicoffer's life too brief;
Moulton and Green passed on;
Kentucky's Hanson slumbers low,
With Helm and Branch as well.
Pour not for them the stream of woe;
With heroes now they dwell.

For Alabama's own loved dead,
Though humbler be their names,
Why should the selfish tear be shed?
For they are God's and Fame's.
Rest Irby, Webb, Jones, Hobbs, and Hale;
Rest Jewett, Somers, Moore,
Inge, Garrott, Lomax, Pelham, Baine,
On Death's wide, peaceful shore.

What stars crowd out upon the sky
Of history as I write!
Would I could number them on high,
The planets of our night!
They live immortal, and for them
We need not shed a tear;
Each wears a golden diadem
In a heroic sphere.

But we must weep—aye, deeply mourn—
For our own selves bereft,
The priesthood from our altars torn,
Our homes in darkness left,
The widowed and the orphan band
On Fate's rude waters tossed;
Weep for the anguish-stricken land
That such great souls has lost.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President*
Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me at the Tulsa Convention and of the great responsibilities involved in the office of President General, I stand pledged to carry forward the great work left us as a sacred heritage by our beloved and lamented leader who for so many years stood at the helm and directed your movements.

Only through united coöperation and effort can success be achieved, and to that end I shall work and hope to claim your support. As no chain is stronger than the weakest link, so no confederation can spell success without the union which forges each link into a complete whole.

Entering upon the sacred season which ushered in the Prince of Peace, when the Spirit of the Saviour of mankind fills all hearts with good will toward men, I send you most cordial greetings and best of good wishes that through the gloom and anguish of the world-wide struggle of mankind the light of the Prince of Peace may truly shine upon the earth and heaven ring with the echo reverberant throughout the spheres: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The South would not be the South that has charmed the world by its high ideals were it not for the exquisite sentiment that lies close to its great heart, blossoming in abundant love and reverence for its heroes of the past and its pride in the heroes of to-day. This sentiment has found expression through many romantic, beautiful, and practical avenues, one of which is the custom of keeping alive the memories of the Confederacy and the glorious heroism of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought the most remarkable battle ever waged in this country.

And right here it seems appropriate to pay an added tribute to the new President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, whose official honors are regarded in the South with pride and deep appreciation.

Mrs. Wilson is especially fitted for the high office to which she has been elected, belonging, as she does, to an ancestry which represents the best blood of the Old South, which gave to the Southern cause six of her male relatives, her father and his four brothers and an uncle who was the only male relative on her mother's side. These men fought valiantly, and it is with grateful appreciation of their devotion that Mrs. Wilson remembers her father as a Confederate

soldier. Mrs. Wilson has been closely identified with all sacred works of memorializing the Confederate heroes and helping to keep the memory of their gallantry and courage fragrant in the hearts of the present generation. As presiding officer for twelve years she served the Young Women's Christian Association in five Southern States. She has made an efficient First Vice President of the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and for four years she has held the office of Vice President for Georgia of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Mrs. Wilson is a forceful and graceful speaker and has yet to fail in any effort for the upbuilding and development of the best interests of the people and the cause with which she is identified. Her name at the head of an organization means success for that organization.

Another reason that seems good to me in the election of Mrs. Wilson is that she is a woman Georgia born and reared, and the memorial work that has been one of the important factors in the life of the South had its origin in Georgia, her native State. It was at Columbus that the Memorial Association had its birth immediately following the end of the War between the States. Out of that first small organization of devoted Southern women has grown every Memorial Association in America.

The original purpose of the Memorial Association was to gather up the bodies of the dead soldiers, bury them in plots of ground selected for that especial purpose, and to mark each grave with a headstone. Identified with this work was the decorating of the graves and monuments with garlands of flowers and holding appropriate services each year on a day to be known as Memorial Day. On that day brilliant orators, whose minds are fired with the thoughts of heroic deeds and daring, are chosen to recount to the present generation the true story of the war of the sixties and tell of the courage of the men who died for what they believed to be right. On Memorial Days men, women, and children meet and mingle in pride and love with undying sentiment in their hearts for their sacred dead.

There are more monuments erected to the South's illustrious dead in the Southern States than in any other section of the world. These monuments have been erected through the efforts of women grouped into Memorial Associations and kindred organizations.

As the Christmas season approaches there mingles with the happy feeling of "peace on earth" a finer, sweeter sentiment that grows like a beautiful blossom in a mist of tears, a sentiment that turns proudly to the past where the honored boys in gray gave up their lives for the South and then looks forward with hope and wonder to the battle fields of France, where many of the sons and grandsons of the Confederacy are now fighting for the freedom of the world.

When the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association was organized immediately after the war, in 1866, the City Council gave to that organization a lot in Oakland Cemetery where the bodies of the dead soldiers could be buried and cared for. Since that time the Ladies' Memorial Association has purchased a larger plot of ground lying adjacent to the soldiers' lot, has marked the graves, and has erected a handsome monument to commemorate the valor of the dead Southern heroes. The monument is carved out of Georgia granite and is a representation of the famous Lion of Lucerne.

Mrs. W. D. Ellis is President for life of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association and is a woman representing the finer type of Southern womanhood.

The only definite work of the organization is to care for the graves of the dead and observe Memorial Day once each year. All the money that goes to the treasury is used for these two purposes. As individuals the members are doing a war relief work and have adopted a French orphan, whose living expenses are paid by the ladies of the Association from their private purses. Mrs. Ellis has knitted thirty pairs of woolen socks for soldiers, which she has sent to Washington, D. C., to go through a war relief circle at the capital in which she is interested. At the last Memorial Day exercises nearly six thousand children, carrying Confederate flags, marched in the parade out to Oakland Cemetery to honor the memory of the Southern heroes, a remarkable patriotic demonstration.

* * *

Miss Anna Carolina Benning, who succeeded Mrs. Wilson as Vice President for Georgia on the official board of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, is the daughter of General Benning, a brave and intrepid officer in the Southern army. Miss Benning has taken active part in all important patriotic organizations and is a woman loved wherever known. She has a pleasing personality and has rare ability and enthusiasm to support her in her patriotic work. Her home is in Columbus.

* * *

Miss Sophie Hall, Historian General C. S. M. A., has the distinction of being the only official woman member of a Confederate Veteran Camp in the South. Her home is at Augusta, Ga., and she has for many years been a certified member of Augusta Camp of Confederate Veterans. Miss Hall parades at every Confederate Reunion, wearing a gray uniform, which, though modeled on purely womanly lines, has the military insignia decoration that proves her a genuine Confederate veteran. This woman is true to the traditions of the Old South and is loyal to its dead heroes, and for this reason she had the special honor accorded her by the Augusta Camp of Confederate Veterans.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY SOPHIE KERR, IN THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, 1917.

One day last spring a business errand brought me to Washington. The beautiful capital city seemed to wear an air of unwonted festivity. Gay bunting and festoons of flags were everywhere. And holding a prominent position side by side with the Stars and Stripes was a banner, an unfamiliar banner to me, which carried crossed blue bars on a red field. Then it flashed over me. Washington was holding a reunion of the Confederate veterans. Every other person had gray hair, topping a gray uniform, but mingled with this symphony of gray was a new note. Every now

and then a stalwart figure dressed in khaki strode by, the upright, erect carriage and elastic step a strange contrast to the bent carriage and feeble step of the veterans who fifty years ago heard the call and answered, giving their all for the cause they believed in. And it seemed to me as I watched old men and young together that the younger generation had absorbed the splendid spirit of the older men and that the former too were not afraid to lay down their lives for their country and for the cause for which their country was at war—the cause of liberty and true democracy.

And when I sought my hotel I found the long corridor filled with these same men in gray, some straight and jaunty and quick as youth itself, but mostly bent and feeble, helped by canes or crutches or leaning on the arm of a daughter or granddaughter. Several were supported by husky grandsons wearing the khaki of the new and greater army of the United States.

And the old men made a picture that filled the eye and held the heart. Their camelike faces stood out clear and fine. Not one of them but seemed to say in every feature: "I am a man of character. I have lived clean and gallantly. Greed and materialism have passed me by." O, they were fine American faces, all of them! Not that they looked angelic by any means. I would be willing to vouch that more than one of the lot can be peppery and cantankerous and obstinate at times, but I can also vouch that not one of them was mean or base or self-seeking. Here and there one heard scraps of talks: "At that time, sir, I was under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg"; and, "There'll be a great handshaking 'mongst the boys to-day." And once when two veterans stood near me and two pretty Southern girls stopped to speak to them one said after the girls had passed on: "I hope I shall never be, too old, sir, to enjoy looking at a pretty girl." God bless them! I hope not too.

One gay youngster of nearly eighty waved a beseeching cane at the leader of the orchestra: "You, sir, up there, will you kindly play for me 'The Girl I Left behind Me'?" And every last one of them leaped to his feet and let out the Rebel yell when the orchestra swung into "Dixie."

Not many of these fine old men looked overly successful from a worldly point of view. Some were obviously poor—their poor old cheap shoes showed that—and they must have pinched and saved all year to come to the Reunion and enjoy the warm comradeship of it and the good talk of old days. But none were poor in spirit, and none were poor in integrity or honor or pride. They are the salt of the earth, those old-young fellows, a national asset.

One might say that they fought against America instead of for her and that they were "rebels" and should not now be allowed to bring their gray uniforms and their "bonnie blue flag" into the nation's capital. But it must be remembered that these men fought for what they believed right as honestly as our boys are fighting in France to-day; that they came back into the Union only to feel for years the grind of poverty and the bitter injustices of Reconstruction, and in spite of it all they have won our admiration through their devotion to the flag and the nation, undoubted, magnificent. This is the real glory of the conquered.

The Civil War ended over fifty years ago. Many of the grandsons of these veterans in gray are now in khaki. Fifty years from to-day they may be in the nation's capital to celebrate their battles in France and Flanders, cheering their officers, saluting their flag. They will carry on the torch of gallantry and courage that their grandfathers have bequeathed them. This is the true American spirit.

PEDICULUS VESTIMENTI.

BY C. C. HULET, COMPANY A, 40TH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Two Irishmen were busily examining the seams of their garments for those little pests that caused so much misery and profanity in the army. "Say, Pat, can you tell me for why did the good Lord make these evil-minded little devils?" asked Mike. "Why, if you don't know," said Pat, "it's for the same reason that he made fleas for the dogs." "And what is that same reason?" said Mike. "Shure, to kape their minds off their other troubles," replied Pat.

The same little tormentors that now infest the armies in Europe and are known over there as "cooties," "seam squirrels," and "trench rabbits" were in Civil War times called "graybacks."

I well remember my first introduction to those depraved little pests that we ever after had with us more or less, usually more. I was on picket duty near Nashville, Tenn. My post was on the high bank of a creek. It was a warm, sunshiny day in March. Soon I would be relieved and go to camp and eat my breakfast, write some letters, then go to the creek and wash up. After dinner I would sleep to make up for loss the night before. While walking my beat I became conscious that something was irritating my ankle. I remembered scratching that ankle several times with the toe of my shoe before I noticed that there was anything wrong with it; but now I stooped down, turned up my pants and rolled up my drawers, and there, nestling in the nap of those drawers, were three or four fat and lively specimens of the little bug with the big name and pestiferous reputation, that is no respecter of persons, that gets in its work on the highest officers as well as on the lowest privates, that regards neither time nor seasons, but prosecutes the war night and day to the bitter end—in fact, both ends and also the middle.

To say that I was shocked does not express it. I was horrified and ashamed. I had heard that there were such things, but never expected to see one, much less to find them on me, and to think that I had those disgusting vermin on my person was too much. I instantly skinned off my underwear and threw it into the creek, and as soon as I was relieved from duty I went to camp with a horrible secret burdening my mind. What to do I did not know. I did not dare confess the disgraceful thing to my comrades, for fear they would drive me from their presence. I hoped I had got rid of all the vermin when I threw the underwear into the creek; but my hopes in that direction were faint, as I imagined I could feel them crawling all over me, and the inclination to scratch was almost irresistible. I could scarcely eat. It was out of the question to try to write letters, and when I lay down to try to sleep the intolerable feeling that there were a thousand of the pests crawling over me made sleep impossible; so I got up and sneaked off into the woods. I simply had to examine my underwear or go crazy. I had gone only a short distance when I saw some one sitting behind a tree examining his shirt. I shied off to one side so he would not see me and ran onto our orderly sergeant behind another tree looking over his underwear, and near by were three more of my company engaged in the same interesting game.

I began to breathe freely again. A great load had suddenly rolled off my mind. I went back to the tent, pulled off my shirt, and began to look it over. Two or three of the boys

in the tent began to laugh. "O," I said, "you needn't laugh; you have all got them. The only difference is that you sneak off to the woods to hunt yours, while I hunt mine here in the tent." I did not find any that time, but a few days later—O my!

But the little bug with the big name was not the only affliction; there were others. Among them the nimble flea was not lightly to be passed by. The Scripture says, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," which is proof that at that time the flea was no better than he should be and that mankind had already learned that he was hard to catch. If there has been any change in his nature since that time, it has been for the worse.

There is this, however, to be said for the flea: he confined his activities to certain times and seasons and was not always with us as was the grayback; but when we were so unfortunate as to receive his attention, we found him exceedingly persistent, energetic, and bloodthirsty.

Our cavalry in raiding had captured a lot of flour that had been collected for the Confederate army, and, being threatened by a larger force of the enemy, they called for reinforcements, and our regiment was sent to help them hold the place. We made our camp in an open field in the outskirts of the town, but at night would move into the public square in the center of the town and barricade the four streets leading out of the square with wagons and other obstructions to prevent the enemy from rushing us. Like most small towns of the South, the streets around the square had been the roosting place for all the hogs, cattle, and stray dogs in the community and was literally alive with fleas, the most venomous, vicious, vindictive little villains I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with. Now, if a flea would only settle down in one place and eat a full meal at once, it would not be so bad, but that is just what Mr. Flea won't do. He has got to take a bite here and there until he has gone all over the person, leaving a trail of welts to itch and burn and torment one for hours. At least that is the way they serve me. But, then, I am pretty thin-skinned anyway, and those things hurt me more than most people. When we returned to camp after a night in the square a lot of fleas came with us, and soon there were more fleas in the tents than we could accommodate with comfort.

If the fleas had only made war on the graybacks, and cleaned them out, we could have borne their aggressions with better grace; but they seemed to work harmoniously together for our undoing. If there was any strife between them, it was to see which could make life the most miserable for us.

And still there were others—the chiggers, small in size, but mighty in action. Three or four of them could cause a person more misery than a wild bull of Basham. They were so small you could scarcely see them and could not feel them until they dug a hole in your anatomy and got fairly under the skin, when they felt as big as a tomcat and as hot as a hornet.

Then the pussy-footed wood tick, which would slip around on a person "unbeknownst," usually in the nighttime when his victim was asleep, and when he found a nice, tender place proceed to fortify himself until it took a surgical operation to dislodge him.

Then with skeeters, sand flies, various kinds of gnats, and numerous other insect pests, some of which would bite with one end and sting with the other, the life of the "bould soldier boy" was anything but one long, sweet dream.

WHERE WERE THE LOUISIANA TIGERS?

R. M. Bugg, of Potosi, Mo., writes:

"I can testify that the Louisiana Tigers were at Norfolk, Va., during the winter of 1861-62.

"The 2d Georgia Battalion was formed by four companies: The City Light Guards of Columbus (my company), the Macon Volunteers and the Floyd Rifles, from Macon, and a company from Griffin. We were ordered to Norfolk, Va., when the Federals burned the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Our company left Columbus on April 20, 1861, and we were quartered at the marine hospital in Portsmouth, doing guard duty there, and in Norfolk, especially on the ferry crossing Elizabeth River between the two cities, so many men being detailed from each company. One of the Macon Volunteers had been stationed on the Norfolk side to guard the ferry and had very strict orders not to allow any soldier to cross without a pass. One of the Louisiana Tigers started to get on the ferryboat and did not obey when ordered to halt. The order was repeated three times, with a threat to shoot if he persisted. His reply was very defiant, so the guard shot him in the leg, not wishing to kill him; but, unfortunately, the ball struck an artery, and he bled to death. Our battalion afterwards heard that the Tigers had it in for us and would get even at the first opportunity.

"Being twelve-month volunteers, our time expired April 20, 1862. Just before that time we had been ordered to Goldsboro, N. C., and as we were going into camp there imagine our surprise when Major Wheat and his Tigers marched in and occupied the ground next to us! As the alarmist is always at hand, it was said to be certain that we would have to fight the Tigers, and we knew that some one was sure to be killed. It seemed the irony of fate to have to fight these fellows after having gone through the first fighting in Virginia May 19, 1861, between the fort at Sewell's Point and the Federal battleship Monticello, without loss. Much to our satisfaction, however, we found the Tigers in such good humor over their time having just expired that if they ever thought of evening up it was not mentioned, and our officers visited each other, Major Wheat proving himself a courteous gentleman.

"As we were leaving Goldsboro on our way home we were solicited to reenlist; but being well-drilled and educated soldiers, we felt that there was no chance of promotion in a small battalion, so we preferred to join artillery or cavalry and thus continue in other branches of the service. For this reason we did not reenlist there, but started for home. On the way the ladies waved their handkerchiefs back toward Virginia, as much as to say: 'You are going the wrong way.' We felt pretty cheap, of course, but knew they did not understand the circumstances. We had been directed by telegraph to go home and remain for thirty days, then return to Wilmington, N. C., and reorganize as the 2d Georgia Battalion and continue as such for three years, or for the duration of the war. Most of our men were very blue over this, as some of them had already arranged to enter other branches of the service. As for myself, I was well pleased, being in good company, and I saw an opportunity of being elected an officer in my company, which would prevent my having to walk post on a rainy night; and in this expectation I was not disappointed.

"As soon as reorganized we were assigned to Gen. A. R. Wright's brigade, where our ambitious men got all the service necessary, and went through the entire war as the 2d Georgia Battalion."

BOOKS.

A LIEUTENANT OF CAVALRY IN LEE'S ARMY. By G. W. Beale. The Gorham Press, Boston. Reviewed by Dr. James H. McNeilly.

The record of the Confederate cavalry in the war of 1861-65 is one to thrill every Southern heart with pride; and now

that the asperities of the great conflict have disappeared, the genius and skill of such splendid officers as Stuart and Hampton and the Lees, who so often led their squadrons to victory, are freely recognized by their opponents in that terrible conflict.

This book, written by a lieutenant who served with the Army of Northern Virginia from the beginning to the end of the war, is a deeply interesting story of the battles of that splendid body of horsemen who followed Stuart until his death



LIEUT. G. W. BEALE.

and then were under Hampton until they were "worn to a frazzle" when the end came. The story is well and clearly told. The descriptions of various campaigns are vividly described briefly, yet so as to make plain the strategy of the commanders and the splendid courage and devotion of the men, while due credit is given to the fighting abilities of their enemies. There is no boasting in the narrative nor any attempt at fine writing. It is just an interesting account of heroic effort and sacrifice in the defense of their country by men inspired by the highest ideals of liberty and righteousness. The book gives special appreciation of the service of Gen. W. H. F. (Roony) Lee, the author's immediate commander.

It is such books as this, written by those who were active participants in the conflict, that will be of greatest value to the future historian who shall write the history of the war which changed our federated republic to a centralized nation. This is a story largely of personal experiences modestly told, and it reveals a man of absolute faithfulness to duty, who through severe sickness and serious wounds stood firm for the cause of the Confederacy until that cause went down in defeat.

"TIGERS" NOT AT BATTLE OF CARTHAGE, Mo.—W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., answers the query, "Where were the Louisiana Tigers?" by saying: "They were not at the battle of Carthage, Mo., and did not belong to Ben McCulloch's brigade. Hebert's 3d Louisiana Infantry belonged to McCulloch's brigade and were as gallant a set of men as ever wore the gray."

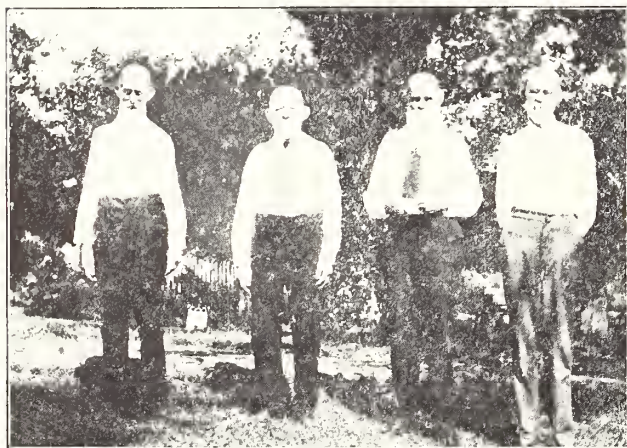
Dr. R. W. Trapnell, of Point of Rocks, Md., wants to learn something of one Philip Trapnell, major and chief of staff to Generals Cheatham and Forrest, who was born in 1834 and died in Memphis in 1886. He will appreciate any information of him. He mentions having known a Philip Trapnell, son of Dr. Philip Trapnell, of Harrodsburg, Ky., who was buried at Little Rock, Ark., beside his brother, Frederick William Trapnell.

CONFEDERATE FORCES ON WESTERN BORDER.

E. J. Hubbard, of Socorro, N. Mex., to N. F. Davis, of St. Louis, Mo., December 15, 1915: "I have located the graves of those Confederate soldiers. There are twenty-seven in all, and they were buried in a row in the corner of a large lot in the town. Considerable rubbish has accumulated over and around, and, owing to neglect and change of property, the location is liable to be lost. These soldiers, about five thousand, were from Texas and belonged to General Sibley's force in 1862 that went up the Rio Grande Valley, intending to capture Fort Union, and they came very near doing it. They were only checked by troops from Colorado at Pigeons' Ranch or somewhere in the Glorietta Mountains. Well, they retreated, burned some of their howitzers at Albuquerque, and wintered at Socorro. A portion of the force (cavalry) wintered about thirty-five miles west of what is now known as Texas Springs, and on their departure they burned much more of equipment. I inclose a view of their officers' quarters and view of the hospital. It is now almost as it then appeared except for shade trees and modern roof. It is now a hotel. There is now at this point one Confederate soldier from Louisiana, but not one of the Texas force. His name is James Leeson. Another of the Sibley force lives at Albuquerque or Las Vegas. He used to be with Brown & Manzararas when they were at El Moro, Colo. He would probably know all about this."

C. E. Montgomery, Locust Ridge, La., in renewing his subscription says: "I am now seventy-one years of age and one of the youngest of Confederate soldiers, having surrendered in 1865, before I was eighteen years old. I have been taking the *VETERAN* for a long time and want to continue taking it as long as I live. I consider it not only my duty, but a great privilege and pleasure, to contribute toward its support."

FOUR VIRGINIA JOHNNIES.



Four strong and active veterans of the Confederacy are here presented, all of them past threescore years and ten. Three of them are brothers, and the two on the right are twins. They are A. L. Ingles and Capt. William Ingles, who served in Company E, 25th Virginia Cavalry. Next to them is a cousin, J. R. Micou, who was in the same command. On the extreme left is E. M. Ingles, the oldest brother, who was with Company G, 4th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He is now Commander of the G. C. Wharton Camp of Confederate Veterans at Radford, Va.

LETTERS TO THE VETERAN.

Mrs. W. A. Craighead writes from Breckenridge, Tex.: "A few days after the *VETERAN* for August was published, in which you kindly referred to a 'War Time Picture,' I received a letter from Mrs. Mary Morgan Williams, widow of the Dr. Williams referred to. She will be eighty-two next February. She was a cousin of Gen. John H. Morgan. Her father, Hon. D. Morgan, was president of the building committee for the State Capitol at Nashville, and he is buried in the wall of the portico on the southern end of the building. Mrs. Williams lives at Rosewood Stock Farm, near Columbia, Tenn. I am so glad I thought to mention the picture in the *VETERAN*. This shows its wide circulation."

Maj. T. B. Gatch, Raspeburg, Md., renews subscription for three years and writes: "Your article in a recent issue on our overseas forces being designated 'Yanks' was worth treble the inclosed subscription. I have two sons and two grandsons 'over there,' and they all write me that there are only two things any reasonable man has a right to complain of, the delay in getting their mail and the extremely distasteful term of 'Yank' applied to them. I have heard numbers of our Southern and even Western men complain of it as insulting and sectional."

Miss Virginia C. Mayo, 3008 Forest Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., wishes to secure information as to the enlistment, company and regiment, date of death, or other data relative to William Mayo, son of William Helms Mayo and Mary E. Fort Mayo. He was a half brother to Walter P., Mary Virginia, Fanny, Junius B., and William Kentucky Mayo, of near Louisville, Ky. He enlisted in Mississippi and was in the cavalry service. He fell at the battle of Lexington, Mo.

I. E. Cornelius, Corinth, Miss., writes: "Many happy hours have been spent in our home by every member of the family reading the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. I now inclose \$2.50 to extend my subscription. I was in the Confederate army, and I have read many histories of the war, but find none so pleasant and truthful as the *VETERAN*. When my time expires please notify me."

W. H. Cosby, of Baltimore, Md.: "The *VETERAN* grows better each year and should be in the hands of every Southern family—or any other family that wants the truth of history. I do not see how you can issue it for the price."

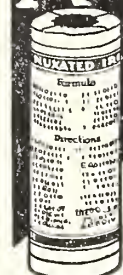
L. G. Phillips, 79 Sherman Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio, wants to hear from some of the old boys of Wade's, Landis's, or Guibor's Battery, consolidated after the fall of Vicksburg and commanded by Capt. Henry Guibor, of St. Louis.

Mrs. Mary L. Fletcher, 3852 Dakota Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, would like to communicate with any member of Bledsoe's or McNally's Battery, if any are living, with a view to establishing the record of service of her brother, Edward S. Violette.

Mrs. Frances E. McCall, of Wellsville, Mo.: "I shall continue the *VETERAN* as long as I live."

W. E. Crozier, of Dallas, Tex.: "The month does not seem to go right without the *VETERAN*."

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Dr. R. C. Ridley, of Council Hill, Okla., would like to hear from some one who was in the fight at Blakely, Ala., on April 9, 1865.

WANTED.—A set of "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," by J. B. Jones, issued in two volumes in 1866. Who can furnish it, and at what price? Address this office.

Mrs. Betty Clark, Holdenville, Okla., wants to hear from any surviving comrade of her husband, Louis Riddle Clark, who volunteered in 1861 in Blount or Randolph County, Ala. She is trying to secure a pension.

James Gaston Towery, 145 McDonough Street, Atlanta, Ga., who is an enthusiastic student of Southern history, wants to make up a collection of Confederate money and will appreciate hearing from those who have any bills to dispose of.

J. R. VanWinkle, of Mexia, Tex., is anxious to learn something of his father's service as a Confederate soldier. He has heard that he was a member of Company E, Crawford's Regiment, and thinks the command was made up in Columbia County, Ark. Doubtless some surviving comrade can furnish the information needed.

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